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# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XIII., No. 6

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905

RICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

An Irish School of Learning in Dublin—  
 A New History of Ireland by Mrs. Green—Dublin Celtic Society—Sir Robert Ball, the Irish Astronomer—  
 The Mother of Washington Was a Ball—Washington Claimed to be Half Irish—Toronto's Christmas Magazine and Some of the People Who Figure in it.

There has been founded in Dublin a school of Irish learning, and strange to say, the founders are a German professor, a Scotch savant and an English lady. Kuno Meyer is the German professor, Professor Strachan of Manchester University is the Scotch savant, and the English lady is Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the famous historian of the English people. Kuno Meyer is perhaps the foremost Gaelic scholar now alive, and with him the best teachers of Irish have to study before they go forth to teach. But Professor Meyer, notwithstanding his German nationality, may be a true Celt (a South German), and I believe he is. At any rate he has taken a wonderfully deep interest in Irish learning, and no one has dipped deeper into the old Irish manuscripts (of which there are thousands) than he has. Writing to a friend, Professor Meyer makes this explanation:

"Mrs. Green has told me of the great interest which you take in the matter, and has asked me to supplement her statements by an account of our work in Dublin, and by a programme of work for America. It was the fact in the first instance, that every one who wished to study Irish or Celtic philology, archaeology and history, had to resort to the German or French universities that gave me the idea of founding a school of Irish learning in Dublin. There, and there only, both old and middle and modern Irish can now be learned and studied systematically; while our school has at its disposal the enormous number of manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy and in Trinity College, of which I have given some account elsewhere. As a student of Irish for over twenty-five years, I do not hesitate to say that there is no other branch of learning except perhaps Oriental archaeology—where so much remains to be done, and where the results to be achieved are so far-reaching. For the whole civilization of Western Europe, the whole history of medieval culture, are closely bound up with Celtic civilization, and show Celtic influence at every point and stage."

Mrs. Green, evidently, is the next figure in importance, in this movement. She is not only the widow of a great historian, but is a historian herself, having finished her husband's "Shorter History of the English People," after his premature death. She has already planned a "History of Ireland," which will, no doubt, supersede every other history now in existence, because she will have at her hand all the Irish lore now in the archives. She has been to America to seek assistance, and has been promised the support of such men as Archbishop Farley of New York, President Butler of Columbia University, Underwood Johnson of the Century Magazine, Hon. Pourke Cockran, Joseph I. C. Clarke, the poet and dramatist; Prof. W. H. Carpenter and Thomas Addis Emmet. They have also promised to patronize the school of Irish Learning.

Kuno Meyer has already translated and printed several manuscripts and will keep right on with the work.

Besides this School of Irish Learning, there has been in Dublin for several years a Celtic Society headed by Lord Castletown, whose family name is Fitzpatrick, but the active man of the Society is a gentleman with the French name of E. E. Fournier, who seems to be familiar with all the Celtic languages, including Irish, Scotch, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx and Breton, and edits a magazine published in the interest of the organization, in which all these languages are used. The Celtic Society has had many great meetings in

the capitals of the countries which claim to be Celtic in their origin. There is another Celtic territory that has not been admitted into the organization because it has lost its language, and that is Cornwall in England.

An Irishman of much distinction at the present time is Sir Robert S. Ball, the eminent astronomer. Would you believe it, but a distinguished Irish scholar and a correspondent of mine, residing in Litchfield, Conn., assures me that he is of the same family as was the mother of Washington, whose name was Mary Ball. In ancient times some of the Balls were powerful enough to impose "eries" or tributes, one of which was known as "Ball's eric," imposed on the English in Ireland. Whether it be from this fact or not, Irish scholars in America are now claiming that George Washington was half Irish. Some of the Balls were dispossessed of their lands in Ireland by Cromwell in his time. Several of them were in the American revolution. One of them that my friend has traced, was a member of the revolutionary society of the "Sons of Liberty" or St. Tamany, a society in New York, which helped to force the revolution. James Jeffrey Roche, the editor of the "Boston Pilot," has written a brochure entitled the "Irish Washingtons," and I have met men who told me they knew people of the name of Washington in the "Old Sod."

Lord Baltimore, Lord of Avalon and of Maryland, was first Governor of Virginia, A.D. 1632. He and Henry Washington were great friends in Ireland. Henry Washington had several sons. It is claimed that one of these sons was the ancestor of George Washington. They all had important positions under the Stuarts and were their loyal supporters. One of those Washingtons was collector of the port of Limerick, appointed by James I. Not being loyal to the new government, he escaped from Ireland and turned up in Virginia, after being some time in Bermuda.

A writer in an Irish publication some months ago, signed the name "Uasaichtain" to a communication. This is an old and historic Irish name and is pronounced Washington. Can it be possible that the English genealogists are mistaken. Four counties in Ireland and two in England claim that the Washingtons belonged to them.

A friend has lent me a copy of "Toronto's Christmas Magazine," the appearance of which has greatly surprised me, especially for its artistic excellence. It is published by the Society of Elks with a benevolent purpose. There are pictures presented within its pages of many persons whose names are familiar to me, and of some ladies and gentlemen whose faces and forms were once well known to me. E. H. Coates signs the introductory article as editor-in-chief. I do not know Mr. Coates, nor of him, but wonder if he is a son of the Mr. Coates who published the original "Toronto Star" in the early forties? I recognize the name of C. E. Bunting, as one of the officers of the Elks. I presume he is a son of Mr. Christopher Bunting, the founder of the "Mail" newspaper, who was Irish and a dear friend of mine. I notice the advertisement of the Confederate Life Association, with W. H. Beatty, Esq., another old friend, as president, and what a magnificent building the company has, to be sure. There is the name of James Mason attached to the "ad." of the Home Bank of Canada as General Manager. How well he has held his ground. I remember the day down in Colborne street, when he took the place of Eugene O'Keefe, behind the bank's counter, and when it was only the Toronto Savings Bank, and now O'Keefe is Toronto's big brewer. That is nearly forty years ago. And there is the face of Hon. Chancellor Van Koughnet, who at one time I used to see nearly every day. I remember well the article John Sheridan Hogan wrote in the old "Colonist" newspaper, boasting Mr. Van Koughnet and John Hilliard Cameron as the two men most capable to govern us. Like President Roosevelt, Mr. Van Koughnet is Dutch on his father's side and Irish on his mother's side—"half poe" and half schnaps," as "Terry Finegan" used to put it. I view the face of Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, as I did fifty and more years ago. Mrs. Jarvis was a daughter of Mr. Thos. Stenson of Hamilton, and was the belle of the town. "Her father and mother were Irish and she was Irish too." The Stinsons were a great Hamilton family in the forties and fifties. If Mrs. Jarvis looks as well now as in the picture, which is a remarkable striking likeness, she has borne her years with but little change. I had a young friend in Hamilton named Owen Duffy, who used to rave about Miss Stinson, and out her as the heroine in a story he wrote more than fifty years ago. The sight of Mrs. Jarvis' most striking likeness refreshes my memory a very good deal, for I, too, liked to look at Miss Stinson. And there are the pictures of Sir John Beverley Robinson! I did know Sir John when he was member of parliament and president of the Northern Railroad. I was not on his side in politics, but I never participated in the buffoonery that his political opponents practiced against him, when they invented the cry of "up goes the donkey!" Mrs. Robinson bore a very close resemblance to one who was very dear to me. She was a very beautiful woman fifty years ago. I want to tell you something about the Robinsons. They were U. E. Loyalists and the father of the Chief Justice was a neighbor of General Washington in Virginia before the revolutionary war. So were the Beverleys, with whom the Robinsons intermarried. They were too loyal to the crown to remain in the United

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States, so they came to Canada and became the leading family in this upper country.

There is a picture of Mrs. Col. O'Hara, which reminds me of the O'Haras, which of course, and have a history somewhat similar to the Robinsons. When Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown to the Americans, he was so sick he was not able to attend to the ceremony himself, and commissioned Col. O'Hara, his next in command, to give up his sword for him and sign the conditions of surrender. And the O'Haras, too, found their time, to "Maddy Little York," the name by which Toronto was generally known in the early days of its history.

Col. Gzowski was a prominent figure in Toronto for many a day. He was a splendid looking gentleman and a civil engineer by profession. He was a Polish refugee and came here in early days. He had a companion, whose name I do not now call to mind, who paid his expenses travelling from New York to Toronto. The man had a jeweller's shop in Toronto for many years. A son of his that I met in humble circumstances in Chicago, told me this.

And there is Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, "lovers of to-day." I have seen three generations of the Gooderhams. When George Gooderham was president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1869 the writer was its secretary. When I went to California in 1870 I resigned the position in favor of Mr. John McLean, father of the member for South York, John McLean, the father of "the boys," was a strong protectionist, and so was I.

I learn from the San Benito (California) "Advocate," that James Slavin, son of Mr. Thos. Slavin, formerly of Caruga, Ont., has been elected a member of the California Legislature, on the Republican ticket. I knew Mr. Slavin both here and in California, and thought well of him.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

## BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Miss Lynch is visiting friends in Tottingham.

Miss Mary Ross, Elizabeth street, left on Saturday with a party of friends for an extended visit to Florida and New Orleans.

Mrs. W. L. Patterson, "The Glen," is visiting friends in Toronto.

The Christmas offering in St. Mary's Church was larger than any previous year.

The pupils of the Separate School enjoyed their annual sleigh ride on Monday afternoon.

The Conservatives of Centre Simcoe elected Mr. A. B. Thompson of Penetanguishene as their provincial representative, by a large majority.

On Thursday evening, 26th ult., the supporters of Mr. Thompson tendered him a reception in the operahouse, Barrie. The building was thronged to its holding capacity with ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were anxious to honor their member-elect.

Dr. Palling was chairman of the evening. As Mr. Thompson rose to speak, Miss Palling, a fairy-like child in white, appeared on the platform and handed the speaker a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which he tenderly received. The large assemblage listened to most entertaining and witty speeches, interspersed by original political songs, sung by Messrs. Soules, Boys and Heard, also a song in French by Mr. Pecaud, Reeve of the Township of King.

## A Great School

An educational institution which can show an actual daily attendance of 468 students gathered from all parts of the Dominion, and whose graduates are eagerly sought for by business firms, may reasonably be termed a great school. The one business training school in Canada which enjoys this standing is the Central Business College of Toronto. The catalogue issued by this well known school is an interesting production and may be had on application to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw.

It is an argument of clownery to do as other people do.

## A LUMBER CAMP INCIDENT

American Soo, Jan. 27, 1905.

Editor of the Register:

Dear Sir,—Appropos a false report that lately appeared in the public press, I beg to ask you to give space to the following incident that happened many years ago in a lumber camp in which I happened to be, as I was making a tour of the Ontario camps at the time in the interests of the company. One of the men was badly crushed with a log and died on his way home to his wife and six or seven small children. A missionary priest came to the camp three days afterward and after supper preached for over an hour to the men, on Death. I shall never forget it. At his closing words, speaking of the man who died from the accident, many rough lumbermen were moved to tears, and being a shorthand writer, I took notes of the latter part of his address, which now, after long years, I thought worthy to transcribe from my faded copy. "Men and Brothers," he said, "There is sadness in this camp to-night. One is missed from your ranks. You shall see his face here no more. He is gone the way of all flesh. We are travelling the same road at a rapid pace. Perhaps we are already approaching near to the Valley of Death. We hope the Crucified Saviour will have mercy on his soul. His poor wife and children! What a cross has come upon them! Their bread-winner is gone. Perhaps this very night hunger is staring them in the face. Sorrow's sword has pierced their hearts and the kindly voice that so often sounded as sweet music in their ears is hushed for ever. God pity them. Have we nothing but empty words for the widow and fatherless children. I didn't know this poor man. His wife and family probably I shall never see, as they live far from here. He didn't happen to be one of those who would send for me in their dying moments. There is not over half a dozen among you, as far as I know, that would care to have a Catholic priest beside your bedside at the hour of death. (In the camp were about 80 men, all Protestants except 8 or 10). Your belief in this matter differs from mine. Though I shall fail to convince you that He could be your greatest friend at that dread moment, let us not forget men and brothers in arms fighting for the same common cause, the salvation of our souls, let us not forget that we all owe our existence to one and the same God, that we are all redeemed by the blood of the same crucified Redeemer, that we are in the same world, each free to work out for himself his eternal destiny on the final day of reckoning, our loving Lord will receive us into the same mansions of blessing to be happy with Himself for one endless eternity. Have we not common interests to safeguard in this valley of tears, should we not assist each other to win the crown that will be ours one day as a just recompense for the good deeds we do in the flesh. Pene, then, is a sweet work of Christ-like charity which I earnestly invite you all to unite with me in doing tonight, to show sympathy and compassion for others in affliction is one of the most noble aspirations of the human heart, but to be genuine it must be something more than a mere form of spoken words, and must express itself into acts. Kind friends I am going to do something that I never did in my life before, take up a collection and I will head it with half the contents (taking out a pocket-book) of this little purse, which is all the money I have as my own in the world, which I find is \$7.50, and the foreman will do me the favor of making a present of our united offering to the wife and children of this poor man whom you knew so well but to me a perfect stranger."

The collection was over \$100, and acting on the advice of the missionary priest, I interceded with the company and got another \$100. I have never met that kindly and charitable soul since that night many years ago when with those burning words coming from the heart rather than from the lips. I am not ashamed to say I was one of the many whose eyes dropped tears. As I believe my noble friend is still alive, if he should chance to see this letter he may remember me from the fact that I gave him my photo, and I humbly ask his pardon for the freedom I take in looking up my musty manuscript and placing the deep impressions made upon us all that night on record.

## BELLEVILLE'S NEW PASTOR

The City Hall was crowded at the Welcome Ceremony—Expressed Gratitude at His Warm Reception

The new pastor of St. Michael's parish, Rev. D. A. Twomey, was formally received by his congregation in Belleville. At the conclusion of the mass a deputation consisting of Messrs. E. J. Butler, E. P. Carney, J. S. McGurn, Col. M. J. Hendrick, James C. Hanley, J. H. Hurley, ex-P.P., James Copeland and James St. Charles came forward and presented an address, which was read by Mr. Butler.

Following this Prof. Paul Denyes and Mr. M. J. Madden, of the Ontario Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, came forward and on behalf of the Catholic pupils presented an address. Mr. Madden made the address in the silent language of the deaf and Prof. Denyes interpreted it to the pastor and flock.

In replying to the address Rev. Father Twomey was very visibly affected, but from the moment he spoke his first sentence he had won the hearts of one and all of the large congregation present, one all too large for the City Hall. He expressed the deep gratitude he felt at the warm reception he had been given and the very kind, good wishes made for him. He had parted with his old flock with the greatest regret and reluctance and here paid a very high tribute to the work and worth of the people of the faith in Tweed and Stoco. He said the breaking of old associations was always painful. His new charge involved a sacrifice but it was amply repaid. He felt satisfied that he would have loyal support in the work he was about to undertake and that a new temple would arise from the ashes of the one destroyed by the inscrutable hand of Providence. The temple was gone but the Faith remained. His chief desire was for a spirit of union between pastor and people. He had been told Belleville's congregation was a poor one and he felt more like work at that. Had it been a rich one his heart would have sunk. The poor were the most self-sacrificing and came closer to the heart of the Lord. He exhorted them to look to God for everything and place all their works under the protection of His benediction. Another loss to the parish was that of their beloved pastor, Rev. Mgr. Farrelly. He would try to follow that good priest's example, but feared it would be at a long distance and very imperfectly. He wished to grow into the hearts and love of his new flock and wanted them to consider him a friend of old and young alike. His door would be always open to them and especially to the poor. He had broken the past with reluctance but looked to the future with hope. The material building was gone up but the spiritual one was there, and by sacrifice a new and finer temple would be erected to God.

To the children of the D. & D. Institution he said he wished to be more than a simple friend and pastor. He wanted to be both father and mother. God had afflicted them but had still cared for them and at their home here they had everything they desired. One thing they had as an advantage and that was that their silent tongues never profaned the Giver of all. He promised them to become better acquainted with them and their teachers and to do all in his power for them.

In concluding Rev. Father Twomey pronounced his benediction on all. The choir, although laboring under great difficulties, rendered very acceptable music under Miss Mackie's leadership. Misses K. Pawden and F. McInch sang the "Alma Redemptoris," very sweetly, and Miss Pawden sang "O Salutaris" in splendid manner.

## PERSONAL

Mr. C. A. Gormally, son of Superintendent Gormally of the Union Station, has received the appointment of Commercial Agent of the Grand Trunk at St. Louis.

The estate of the late John English was valued at \$3,285. It is divided between the widow and daughter Josephine.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor addressed the regular meeting of the Catholic Union on Monday evening.

Every L.O.L. in Canada, we are told, will oppose the separate schools in the Northwest Territories. They won't accomplish much.

ed to say I was one of the many whose eyes dropped tears. As I believe my noble friend is still alive, if he should chance to see this letter he may remember me from the fact that I gave him my photo, and I humbly ask his pardon for the freedom I take in looking up my musty manuscript and placing the deep impressions made upon us all that night on record.

G. C. T.

## HIS 70th BIRTHDAY

Hon. John Costigan, Father of the House of Commons, Congratulated

February 1st was the seventieth anniversary of the birth of Hon. John Costigan, the "father of the House of Commons." Mr. Costigan has been a member of the Lower House continuously since confederation, representing the same constituency. He is one of the very few members who have never been defeated. He received in his room at the House of Commons, where his old friends had the opportunity of offering congratulations.

The day was also the anniversary of the marriage of his daughter, Mrs. Walter Armstrong, and the twenty-first anniversary of the birth of her oldest son, Harry Armstrong, of the post office department, Mr. Costigan's oldest grandchild.

Mr. Costigan's seat in the Commons was decorated with a handsome display of maple leaves and shamrocks. They were placed there by a warm friend and admirer of the veteran parliamentarian. The little sprig of shamrock was addressed the "father of the House." Before the House resumed its session after adjourning for dinner, Mr. Costigan was the recipient of a present from the members assembled in room twenty-six, a beautiful cabinet of silverware. The presentation which was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was also witnessed by a number of Ottawa's well known citizens, old friends of Mr. Costigan. Sir Wilfrid in making the presentation, said he had known Mr. Costigan for some thirty years, had known him both as an opponent and as a friend. He had always known him however, as a fair opponent and a true friend. He hoped Mr. Costigan would live many years longer to enjoy the esteem of his many friends.

Replying Mr. Costigan said that he appreciated the gift very highly, and while he did not undervalue it, he would say he enjoyed and valued a warm shake of the hand from a friend equally as much. During his public career, Mr. Costigan said he had supported both political parties. One time he was the supporter and admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald, but now he was an equally strong supporter and admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His change of politics was due entirely to conviction and solely on principle. He said he believed that he had very few if any enemies and was proud of his many friends. After again extending his thanks for the gift, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called for three cheers for Mr. Costigan, which were heartily given, followed by the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Sir Wilfrid was then given three rousing cheers. The members then returned to the Commons to resume their duties.

As each general election passes one by one the old parliamentarians pass from the scene until at last they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Hon. John Costigan has had a unique experience. For forty-four years he has continuously represented the one constituency, that of Victoria, N.S. During that time he has never suffered defeat, never had a bye-election or a protest. Furthermore he is an Irishman representing what is generally regarded as a French constituency.

Death of Mrs. George Orr

The death occurred on Friday last at the residence of her daughter, 123 Lippincott street, of Hannah McFarland, wife of the late George Orr, and mother of Orr Bros., the well-known contractors of this city. Mrs. Orr had been enjoying good health for some time past, but was suddenly stricken with paralysis a few days ago, which was the cause of death. Mrs. Orr was born in Tyrone, Ireland, 79 years ago, and came to this country when a young girl, settling in Barrie, where she lived for many years. She was a member of College street Presbyterian Church, and took an active interest in Sunday School and missionary work. The surviving members of the family are Messrs. Charles of Winnipeg, R. J. William and George Orr of Toronto, and Mrs. John McAnsh of this city. The funeral took place on Monday to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

T.A.S. Will Celebrate March 17

St. Peter's Total Abstinence Society, Peterboro, will celebrate the 17th of March this year by holding a grand concert and entertainment in the Opera House.

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The Canadian Ermine is a small animal in the weasel family measuring only about 10 in. in length. It is killed in trap made to strike, and is hunted only in the depth of winter, because at that time its fur is of fleecy white, with the tail tip ofinky black. In summer the fur is a dense brown.

We have on view to-day some exclusive garments in Ermine, including Stoles, Scarfs, Muffs, Capelines, etc.

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The HOME CIRCLE

"THE DAY I MET YOU."
The day in which I first met you
Is like a priceless gem,
A diamond of varied hue...

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Hear that are lonely, listen to me. Let me tell you of a sure and certain way to be happy, a way which never fails.
Try and make the world a happy place for other people, never mind yourself, never think of yourself, lose yourself, forget yourself, empty your heart of self, and fill it with love...

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC.

The year has many seasons more than are recognized in the Almanac. There is that time about the first of June, the beginning of summer, when the buttercups blossom in the now luxuriant grass, and I am first reminded of mowing and of the dairy.
Everyone will have observed different epochs. There is the time when they begin to drive cows to pasture, about the 20th of May—observed by the farmer, but a little arbitrary year by year. Cows spend their winters in barns and cowyards, their summers in pastures. In summer, therefore, they may low with emphasis, "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new." I sometimes see a neighbor or two united with their boys and hired men to drive their cattle to some far-off country pasture, fifty or sixty miles distant in New Hampshire, early in the morning, with their sticks and dogs. It is a memorable time with the farmers' boys, and frequently their first journey from home. The herdsman in some mountain pasture is expecting them. And then in the fall, when they go up to drive them back, they speculate as to whether Janet or Brindle will know them. I heard such a boy exclaim on such an occasion, when the calf of the spring returned a heifer, as he stroked her side, "She knows me, father; she knows me." Driven up to be the cattle on a thousand hills.

GIRLS DISLIKE HOUSEWORK.

Factories are overwhelmed with applications for work, sweat shops flourish on cheap and abundant labor, department stores turn away thousands of would-be salesgirls, typewriters are legion, there are more teachers than there are places, and the cry of the unemployed is often heard in the land. Yet housewives are broken up, cafes glitter, restaurants issue cheap meal tickets, boarding-houses multiply, and the American home is yearly growing less, because the American housekeeper cannot obtain willing and competent service. In factories are girls who would rather cook, in shops women who would make good housekeepers, hundreds of typewriters are reeling off badly spelled words who would make creditable waitresses, and many are teaching school who should be doing anything else in the world. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston made a systematic effort to attract the workers in shops and factories to domestic service, but with signal failure. From 564 women who were asked to consider housework, only thirty-six applied, and these were not altogether satisfied. They frankly stated to be on account of the long hours, no evenings for themselves, the isolation from other workers, and the social stigma that attaches to the occupation.—Jane Seymour Klink, in the February Atlantic.

NEWSPAPER DISILLUSIONMENT.

There is an ever-increasing army of young women coming from colleges and schools, who have in them the ambition to do more than make a living. Let them know that the newspaper office is not a drawing-room. Men will treat them as they would another man, or the office boy. They will not take the trouble to remove their pipes because a woman happens to sit in the same room with them; they will not wear coats nor remove their feet from the table. They may even throw "spit balls" at her. But if she would be popular with the "boys" she must take all this as a matter of course. The sensible woman who can take this philosophically, without becoming herself "one of the boys," will find that she is cordially liked by the men in her office. But she persists in feeling that she should be doing something else, when she comes to, she will not make friends. The girl who goes to an opposite ex-

ular by smoking cigarettes, swinging her feet from the table, and betting on the races, will not achieve unbounded popularity, since it is necessary to stand well with the managing editor; but she who can retain her own refinement and good manners without surrounding herself with the air of superiority is liked by all classes. And yet, let her smother her love of refinement and persuade herself to enjoy a seat in the room where cuspidors are as numerous as desks, breathing an atmosphere of mingled tobacco-smoke and profanity, for a few years, and her moral tone is sure to be blunted and her manner to take on a certain brusqueness not native to the delicately reared girl with college affinities. If she is honest with herself, she will own this, and question seriously whether the experience is worth while.—Helen Winslow, in the February Atlantic.

FOR TIRED MOTHERS.

Mary Milton, a writer in an English journal, says that someone in a house has to be unselfish. If the wife and mother over-develops that virtue, her husband and children very often go to the opposite extreme. Now that is very true. Many mothers in their love and devotion to their daughters, and in a strong desire that they shall have "a good time while they are young," live a life of toil and hardship so that the girls may enjoy themselves at garden parties and dances. They economize and wear shabby clothes so that the girls may make a gay show in hats and frocks at social functions. Mother takes most of the domestic duties on her shoulders so that her daughters may practice their singing, have time to learn the latest dances, and play a leading part in amateur theatricals. It is a hard lesson for the unselfish person to learn that in showering her gifts of unselfishness on others she sometimes deteriorates their characters. But this is the truth. For one person cannot go on day by day receiving from and absorbing the unselfish devotion of another without some degree of deterioration. For this reason the unselfish mother should sometimes pull herself up short. If she cannot really become selfish for a season, she should play the part and demand in her turn some of the devotion and sacrifice she has showered on others. Such a moral tonic is necessary sometimes to a family spoiled by mother's unselfishness. And though the mother hates to administer the dose—just as she dislikes giving castor-oil and other nasty remedies—both have to be done occasionally for the ultimate good of her family. But she must be careful to apply the remedy in time. After her family is saturated with the selfishness her unselfishness has produced, it will be too late to turn over a new leaf and teach them the lesson of fair play. Even an unselfish mother may turn. But she must take care to turn in time.

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Young Edward, aged six, was quite tired of staying in the house. His mother was ill and had tried to keep him in the room with her because her room was warmer than his playroom, but his toys were all in the playroom and he became restless to go to them. "Good-bye, mamma," he said, "I will come back in a thousand years." "I will be dead and buried by that time, son."

AN HONORABLE NEWSBOY.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street in New York," says an artist whom the Detroit Free Press quotes, "during that hard storm we had a few weeks ago. The wind struck a small newsboy about eight years old and scattered his papers right and left in the mud. As he picked up the few that were near him, I heard him say: 'Dat busts me!' "For some foolish reason I laughed, probably at the odd speech. Turning on me, he asked, savagely: 'Wot yer laffin' at?' "Not at you, my boy. I hastened to explain; and then to put myself right, I said: 'Here's half a dollar to start you in business again.' "He thanked me. 'You ain't a bad guy,' he said, as he scooted in the direction of Park Row. This was not the last I saw of him. As I was hurrying to reach the ferry, I heard his patter of feet. He overtook me, and asked breathlessly: 'Say, mister, do you go by dis way every night?' "No," I said, "I don't live in New York, why?" "Cause," he explained, "I want ter give you a paper every night till I squares myself wid vou." "Now, is there a man," continued the artist, "who wouldn't like to help a boy of that sort; or who doesn't believe that with half a show he would develop into an honorable and successful business man?"

The White Plague Follows Colds

NEGLECT THE COLD AND CONSUMPTION FINDS AN EASY STARTING POINT—YOU CAN CURE THE COLD BY USING

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Consumption begins with a cold. If you check the cold you prevent consumption. By the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine you can cure the cold and avoid the risk of serious developments. It lessens the coughs, aids expectoration, clears the choked up air passages, heals the raw and inflamed membranes and thoroughly cures the cold. There are many newer medicines than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but few that have been so long before the public, and none with such a grand record of success—in curing disease and consequent enormous sales. Especially in the treatment of croup, bronchitis and severe chest colds this grand prescription of Dr. Chase has easily taken the lead. It is far more than an ordinary cough mixture, and can be depended on even in the most serious cases. Don't be satisfied with new and untried remedies, when you can obtain Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from any dealer at 25 cents a bottle. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The wide universe is a school, the passing throng of humanity the pupils, experience the teacher. In this school there are many classes, and from one to another graduates continually pass. Man learns his lesson but slowly. He has struggled long to understand his material environment, and at last behind the physical he discerned the spiritual, beyond the substance saw the shadow, became conscious of the abstract motive, that for ever hides behind the concrete action. Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelec's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE CHINA BOY'S DEFINITION

It was a Maine Sunday School, says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil she was teaching to read if he understood the meaning of the words "an old cow."

JUST WHO PROVIDED THE SILK.

Mamma—Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress? Charlie (with emphasis)—Yes, mamma. Mamma—And, Charlie, all the silk is provided for us by a poor little worm. Charlie—Do you mean dad?—Modern Society.

READ IT FOR SPITE.

Johnny—Papa, I've read the President's message. Pleased Parent—I am glad to hear it, my son. It isn't every boy that takes an interest in such things. Did you read all of it? Johnny—Yep. Read it clear through. That pie-faced box next door dared me to do it, and I won't take a date from nobody.

SHE COULD SPELL.

Two women were recently calling on a new neighbor, and while awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a low-voiced comment: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y!" To her horror the small maiden paused on the threshold and, fixing a contemptuous eye upon the culprit, remarked with lofty composure: "No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t!"

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

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A DREADFUL QUARREL.

The three were next door neighbors.—Bobby and Bessie and Kate. And a tale that is truly shocking Of them I'll now relate. Bessie and Kate were sisters, And each was a "darling pet"; Kate a dainty blond was, And Bessie a gay brunette. Bobby lived at the house next door; A frolicsome little fellow With roguish eyes of golden brown, And curls so soft and yellow. He went to the home of the two one day. Before they had finished their dinner, And greedily drank their bowl of milk— The naughty little sinner! The sisters were very angry then, And fought him shamefully, Till little Bob in fright and dread, Ran hastily away. But next day he returned again, And chased them spitefully, And frightened them until they climbed To the top of the maple tree. Now Bessie and Kate, you see, were cats Belonging to Winnifred Boggs; And Bobby, of course you understand, Was the next door neighbor's dog.

AN INFANT WONDER.

Mrs. Prattle looked at her visitor with reproach in her wide blue eyes. "Talk!" she said, eagerly. "Our baby talk! Well, I guess he can! He's three months younger than my cousin's boy, and he's a year ahead of him in language. You know often people tell you their children can say things, and when you hear them you have to work and work with your imagination to tell what in the world they're saying. "Now, here's

FREE... NERVE TONIC... Koenig Med. Co.

that child has a vocabulary of fifteen words, but, my dear, if you could hear him! He says 'bay' when they show him bread, and 'flis' for fish, and 'apa' for father. Those are a few instances. Now I'll try Harold with those very words, and you'll see the difference. "Say, bread," Harold, bread — "Wed," said the baby. "Now say fish, fish, fish." "Whish," said the baby. "That's a splendid boy! Now can you say candle for mother? Candle-candle." "Wangle," said the baby. "And now, horse," said Harold's mother. "Horse, ho-horse, hor-see." "Woss," said the baby. "And here's the last for a precious to say," declared Mrs. Prattle, gayly, "and you say it best of all — father, fa-ather, fa-a-er-ther." "Whwah," said the baby. "There, you see!" cried Mrs. Prattle, in triumph. "He seems to catch the sound of every word. He has a vocabulary of twenty-two words, really, but I don't tell my cousin so. She's one of those mothers who think no other baby is as smart as her own. I feel sorry for her. Now say good-by, darling, and then nurse will take you upstairs. Good-by, good-by-by-y-y."

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 211 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1904

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COOROVBE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again, and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1905.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP SCOLLARD.

The Register is authorized to announce that His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, will be the officiating prelate at the consecration of Mgr. Scollard as first Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie.

OUR SPECIAL EDITION.

Next week will be issued a special edition of The Register which, whilst commemorating the achievements of Catholicism in the Archdiocese of Toronto, will also be an industrial number recording general progress in the city and province.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MATTER.

The Globe has begun the publication of a series of letters from Regina bearing upon the school question in the Northwest Territories and presenting it as a constitutional problem.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Right Rev. Terence Benedict Snow, O.S.B., Abbot of Glastonbury, is dead.

The Separate School Board last night decided to take advantage of the 80 per cent. co-insurance rate, and increase the amount of insurance on the schools, which is at present \$132,000, by \$37,800.

The Connaught Champion of Jan. 31st contains an account of a great national gathering in Galway, at which Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., received a splendid ovation.

The statesmen who framed the Northwest Territories Act and established separate schools, or provided for their establishment, in that part of the Dominion, consulted most anxiously the intention of the British North America Act.

the conditions and machinery of state or public schools, their special provision being for the education of the mass of the people, according to the wishes of the two great religious denominations of the community, Catholic and Protestant.

The discussion and legal decisions upon the Manitoba schools case are not so old that the public can fail to remember one clear principle which the Privy Council dwelt upon, viz.: that under the British North America Act the privilege of having a separate school system and not being brought within an undenominational system, was intended to be preserved.

This is the constitutional guarantee of the protection of rights acquired by legislation subsequent to the Act of Union; and no legislation could have given more emphatic and solemn guarantees to the denominational minority in the Northwest Territories than the Act of the Mackenzie Government in 1875.

The Register has no doubt whatever that the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will maintain every right guaranteed by the parliament of Canada in 1875 to the minority in the Northwest Territories.

When the Northwest Territories autonomy Bill is before the public, it will be seen that the statesmen who are to-day entrusted with the government of Canada are men who understand the nature of the guarantees given by Mackenzie in 1875.

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reached me eight or nine weeks ago, when I was in France, and it said, "Come immediately." I thought it best to go at once, and ten days after I was in Ottawa with my friend Sir Wilfrid Laurier (applause).

Non-Catholic Mission Work in England

In England the non-Catholic mission work has been undertaken in good earnest by a band of convert ministers. Prominent among these converts are Fathers Filmer, Chase, Evans, Sharpe and Grimes.

The House of Savoy and St. Peters

Rome, January 20th.—The fact that the Duke and Duchess of Genoa assisted at the ceremony in St. Peter's when the Pope descended in state to the basilica to venerate the relics of the newly-beatified Blessed John Baptist Vianney, the Cure of Ars, has given rise to much talk in Rome, and over all Italy.

A Canadian Mint

Ottawa, Feb. 6.—That Canada, with an annual gold production of \$20,000,000, should have her own mint, and that the circulation of Canadian specie throughout the commercial world which will naturally follow the conversion of her native gold into coin of various denominations up to \$20, will be a potent factor in developing and expanding the commercial interests of Canada, was the position taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the House to-day.

THE ELECTION OF POPE

A Vienna telegram says: At the last conclave, which ended with the election of Pius X., Cardinal Puzyna, according to the instructions by him, as well as by Count Seeben, Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See, read a statement at the meeting of the Sacred College of August 2nd from Emperor Francis Joseph, which statement he afterwards delivered to Cardinal Oreglia, the Camerlengo.

EDWARD BLAKE AND IRELAND

Letter Enclosing a Second Subscription of \$500

The following letter has been received by Mr. John Redmond from the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., enclosing a cheque for \$500 in advance of issue of appeal for this year:

My dear Mr. Redmond,—I received the other day your summons to the Party meeting, which took place on the 15th, and am very sorry that my visit home has prevented my attendance.

CATHOLICISM IN ITALY

Need of Organized Effort Now Felt and Admitted

The late Mr. Gladstone, who was an ardent admirer of revolutionary Italy, considered that a day might come when the Catholics of other countries might put pressure on their respective Governments, if not for the restoration of the Papal rights, at least of a policy that would be hostile to Italy.

The organs of Socialism admit the force of Catholics as a Conservative element and as a breakwater to the revolutionary methods that were recently resorted to in Italy.

The Catholics have turned the election at Bergamo; by their votes they have secured victory against a prominent Socialist at Reggio; and a like conquest has been achieved at Terni.

Branch 111, C.M.B.A.

At the last regular meeting of this branch, which was largely attended, the members evincing thereby a lively interest in their association.

THE AUSTRALIAN VETO—Reported Papal Bull

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OBITUARY

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL HONOR ROLL

Fourth Form.—N. Mackintosh, W. Carroll, S. Jameson, H. Weaver, J. Carey, O. McCarron, F. McCarron, F. Bero, F. Carey, A. Gentile, A. Johnson, W. Kirk, C. Corcoran.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in monthly competition: Form IV, Sen.—1, Wm. Maloney; 2, Wilfrid Bourdon; 3, Wm. O'Leary.

STRATFORD CORRESPONDENCE

Orchestra Company of 53 musicians, will visit Stratford on Monday evening, February 13th. This orchestra is representative of the best music upon the continent.

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HUNT FOR TREASURE

Years ago I was the possessor of an income that killed all desire for work, and it was my custom, when the snow and ice of winter struck New York, to turn my face towards a warmer clime, taking passage, as a rule, on a sailing ship bound for West Indian ports. That was how I happened to meet Capt. Simmons. It was a blustering January day, the palm trees were calling, and I stumped along muddy South street, striding as I went the odors of ships and their cargoes, tar, oakum, bilge water, snices, sugar, coffee, fruit—and listening to fragments of conversation proceeding from the mouths of men of all nations. I did not walk far before I came to an old-fashioned, much-battered little schooner, sadly in need of paint and new running gear, with her jibboom hanging over the roadway, like the lower bough of a shade tree. She was new to this part of the world, I thought, and I wandered out on the pier to read her name. It spelled HOUND, and underneath was painted the head of a dog, together with the name of her hailing port, Montego Bay, Jamaica, all in yellow pigment, though somewhat faded. "Old and fanciful," I mused, swinging myself aboard. "She's evidently worth investigating."

A San Blas Indian with an evil countenance was sweeping the deck, and a round-shouldered little man wrapped in a pea-jacket rusted by salt, his feet dangling over the poop, sat watching the worker. "Nice day, skipper," I observed, as the little man cocked his eye my way. "Where are you loading for?" "Ain't loading at all," he replied, in dejected tones. "Cargoes hard to get these days?" I ventured. He hunched his shoulders. "So, so. I ain't looking for a cargo. I'm looking for an owner."

"Want to sell her, I suppose?" He shook his head. "No, I want to give her away." "Why not give her to me?" I said, without levity. He looked at me squarely for a moment, then without warning, nearly jumped on my toes. "Will you take her?" he inquired, anxiously. "I didn't say that," I replied, and then, noting his look of disappointment, added: "I'll consider any proposal you may have to make."

Grasping my arm as if he were afraid I might escape him, the skipper led me into the cabin and asked my name and business. I told him. "No business; that's all right," he exclaimed, "but the name ain't high-toned enough. I'll have to change it; you'll be known as Mortimer Gaylord. Wait a second!"

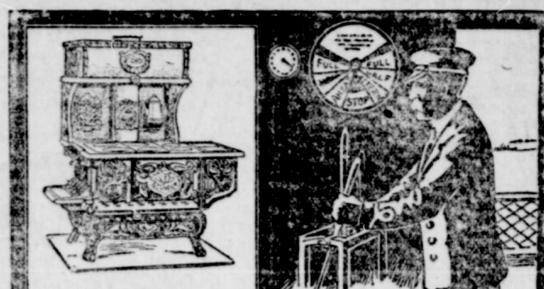
He threw his cap on the table, produced pen and ink from a locker, and scratched painfully on a sheet of note paper. In the meantime, I observed his appearance. He was neither prepossessing nor repulsive. Five feet four inches he might have stood had he held himself upright, with bowed legs, a shrunken frame, and a cocoanut brown complexion. His face and head had long ceased to support more than a few fragmentary hairs, though one single, respectable lock remained to hang over his left eye. He appeared to be laboring under suppressed emotion, for he frequently paused in his writing, and then passed his hand nervously, and then passed his hand rapidly over his face, drawing the lower jaw down and letting it snap back with a most alarming click. It sounded not unlike the snap of a young alligator. I was calculating this age when he handed me the result of his scribbling. It read like this: "I herewith transfer to Mortimer Gaylord, for the consideration of one dollar, my entire interest in the schooner Hound."

"ALONZO SIMMONS." "The signature ought to be witnessed," I remarked. "That's so," he rejoined. "Jim!" he called. "Jim!" The Indian came down the companion ladder on a run. "Touch that pen while I write," commanded Capt. Simmons, and the red man made his X mark over the name Jim Boathook. "Nice name," observed the skipper. "I gave it to him in place of his own, which no one but his mother could pronounce. Never mind, it makes the document legal, and the ship's yours now."

Quite mystified and somewhat abashed by the hasty proceedings, I remarked with a formal bow, "I thank you for your generosity, Capt. Simmons." "Don't speak of that," he begged, passing a short-necked bottle my way. "This won't hurt you," he explained. "It's Jamaica rum, sixty-six years old, bottled the day I was born." He clinked his glass against mine, and toasted the new owner of the Hound, adding: "And may his hunt for treasure be successful."

"His hunt for treasure," I repeated, still more mystified. "I don't wonder at your being surprised," exclaimed Capt. Simmons, pleasantly. "It's only natural, seeing that you ain't heard my story. Now I'll tell it."

My brief observation led me to the conclusion that Capt. Simmons was decidedly a creature of impulse, and I could not help being amused at the innocent way he had taken me to his bosom. His voice had been almost gay when he drank my health, but now the old tones of dejection returned. "I'm overburdened with wealth," he began, sadly. "Riches"—he paused as if the very word hurt him—"riches was thrust upon me thirty years ago, and I ain't been happy since. They came to me without my asking, and there wasn't anything for me to do but take 'em."



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said. But Capt. Billy and me didn't lose our heads. All we wanted was a quiet place for to sit down and think, 'cause we wasn't going to give up that prize to no government. So we laid a course for Newfoundland, that being a pretty good place to hide our gold until we needed it. "Then we took to wondering what we should do with all our plunder. The metal was stowed away with the sand ballast, but we kept the jewels in the cabin. I can see 'em now, glistening like fireflies in a candle. But while we was building castles we forgot all about them foci's hands, and didn't keep an eye to their doings. Somehow or other, after we was out three weeks, they got hold of Capt. Billy's rum, and that made 'em think they owned the whole ship, and the cargo, too. We knew that as long as the supply lasted we might as well be ready for trouble, and Capt. Billy got out a couple of pistols. It was lucky he did, for early next morning that crew came aft with all the marlin-spikes and capstan bars they could carry."

"I'll tell you the details of that battle some other time, but I want to say that by eight o'clock the Bella only had two men aboard, and they was white and healthy. We missed them Indians for more reasons than one, though we didn't feel responsible for their sudden death. Their blood be on their own heads," said Capt. Billy, and I said "Amen." We decided that it would be dangerous to make Newfoundland short-handed, so we pointed the Bella toward Bermuda, about one hundred miles to the eastward. "But our luck must have drifted away with them mutineers, for we ran into a gale of wind that night. It held strong all next day, and the pounding the Bella got opened her seams. I sounded the bell and found that she was leaking three inches an hour. When night fell we knew it was all up with the Bella. I stowed the jewels in canvas bags in the bottom of the rawl, but we cursed at not being able to handle the gold."

"Long toward midnight we heard the breakers, but the Bella was too far gone to stay by her longer, and it was so dark we couldn't see more than five feet. When it came to cutting away the boat, Capt. Billy and me got into an argument about how it ought to be done. I know we had a tussle, but I ain't got much recollection of what happened after that. When I came to I found myself lying in the bottom of the boat, and she was high and dry on the whitest little beach you ever saw. The jewels was safe, but I couldn't see Capt. Billy or the Bella."

"Capt. Simmons lit a black cigar and thoughtfully blew rings of pungent smoke into the air. I had not yet made up my mind whether he was a most immoderate liar, or a noteworthy example of the adventurous, and perhaps murderous, sailor. Much as I wished to do so, I did not intrude upon his musings with a bombardment of questions, and after a few minutes of silence he continued, prefacing his remarks with an admonition. "Young man," he said, "never marry an obstinate or a suspicious woman. It will put wrinkles on your face."

"I'll remember that," said I, and he went on: "As I was telling you, I found myself on the beach without a friend in the world. Capt. Billy was gone and the Bella, too. I knew I'd never see 'em again, but the thought cheered me, though I was hungry and sore from exposure. Well, I hadn't been there more than an hour when a young girl, strong, husky and innocent like, came along. A pretty face always used to fetch me, so I hailed her to get my bearings. "You're in Bermuda," she said in a voice that nearly melted, it was so soft, "and this is Cooper's Island."

"Excuse my appearance, madam," says I, "but I've been shipwrecked and I'm waiting for my clothes to dry before I brush the salt off 'em. I'm the only survivor; there were five of us." "Well, that young woman put so many questions to me that it wasn't long before she had my whole life sketched, and I'd opened one of my bags. I didn't know it then, but from that moment the rest of my days was blasted. "We'll have to bury the jewels," she said, "because if they hear about them in town the mayor will have to seize 'em too. That's the law." "You can bet that scared me, but she said there wasn't any secret she couldn't keep, and so we dug a hole with an oar and hid the bags in it. Then we rowed across to St. David's where Miranda—that was her name—lived with her father. They couldn't do enough for me, and I became one of the crew."

"May I have a glass of water?" I stammered as politely as possible. Instead of a young girl I saw an old woman, bowed and rickety with rheumatism; her head swathed in flannels; between her lips a short black clay pipe. Miranda hobbled across the room and brought back a tin dipper. "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," I said, adding, sympathetically, "You seem to be ill." Miranda's voice was not unpleasant. Capt. Simmons had said it was soft. "It's only rheumatism," she said, and slammed the door in my face.

I visited Cooper's Island regularly for several days without seeing Miranda, but finally one morning, I found her sitting on the kitchen doorstep. She removed the pipe from her mouth and gazed at me critically as I passed the time of day and inquired after her ailment. "I'd like to bring you some medicine I have abroad my yacht," I said. "It's a certain cure." "It might be pizen," she retorted, sharply. Miranda was still evidently inclined to be suspicious, but I assured her the tonic was not poison, and then passed on to other topics. By using all the tact in my possession, I was able to draw her into conversation. Before two hours had passed Miranda was smoking my tobacco, and when I arose to leave she said: "I like you, and if you bring that medicine I may take some of it."

Miranda did take the tonic, and we soon became the best of friends. Never a day went by that I did not call on her, and though Capt. Simmons knew this, he did not ask about his wife. Remembering his accustomed garrulity, I thought his silence decidedly peculiar, but to tell the truth I was glad he kept his counsel, as I had grown very fond of the quaint old woman and had secretly determined when the skipper gave me an opening, to protest against the violation of her property. But I was unfortunate enough to miss the psychological moment, not having watched Capt. Simmons with suspicious eyes, and the very thing I had wished to avoid happened unexpectedly, causing me regret and chagrin.

One evening Miranda was showing me a collection of shells and sea-fans in the upper room of her house, when suddenly there was a terrific clattering of pots and pans. Miranda screamed. I tried to calm her and nearly succeeded in doing so, when there was another clattering, more terrifying than the first—and a thump against the partition, followed by a howl. "Blackie!" shouted Miranda, flying to open the door. "Don't!" I exclaimed, fearing she might be harmed. "Something's happened to my cat," she cried, brushing past me. Despite my protests, Miranda opened the door and stood at the top of the stairs. There crouched Blackie, his hair standing on end. So was mine a moment later, when the sound of Capt. Simmons snapping his jaws floated through the kitchen doorway. There was no mistaking the alligator-like noise. Miranda held her breath for a moment, then let out a piercing yell.

"That's Alonzo Simmons," she screamed in her rage, "and he's after the jewels. I shipped aboard a brigantine and I ain't been back since. But I've heard about Miranda through my friends, and she still sleeps in the kitchen, though it's given her rheumatism. That makes me think the treasure is safe, and I want you to go down with me and see if we can't get it. I'll share even with you. We'll have to be cautious, but I'll tell you about my plans later."

Capt. Simmons' tale seemed decidedly fantastic, and I should have suited it carefully had Bermuda been in the Indian Ocean instead of but a few days' sail from New York. It took me but a few minutes to reach a decision, and within twenty-four hours I was ready to embark. The scenes attending our departure from South street were in no wise out of the ordinary, though the journey, it seemed to me, bore the combined elements of romance, adventure and whimsy. A buried treasure, a trail laid to its very hiding place, and I followed the scent as fast as the hound would carry me. Capt. Simmons busied himself about the ship, and after seeing everything made snug, led me to his cabin and partly unfolded his plans. They did him credit. The Hound, he explained, was no longer a coastwise trader, but a yacht, the property of Mortimer Gaylord, a somewhat eccentric traveller and author, who was going to Bermuda in search of material for an historical novel. My "high-toned" name, according to Capt. Simmons, fitted such a mission, and my eccentricity lay in the fact that I had chosen such a rum-pokel craft for a yacht. I nodded approval on both points. We were to anchor in the harbor of St. George and Mr. Gaylord was to wander among the islands at his leisure. Of course he must visit Cooper's Island and make the acquaintance of Miranda Simmons.

I was much surprised when the skipper ceased abruptly at this point and refused to tell me how he intended to get the treasure. For the first time I wondered whether Capt. Billy's fate might also be mine. At sunset one evening we made St. George's harbor—a landlocked bit of turquoise blue with the town on the starboard hand—and the next day I hired a boat and began cruising among the islands, Capt. Simmons remaining in seclusion aboard the schooner. It was not long before I steered for Cooper's Island, my native pilot telling me about the queer old woman who lived alone in the cottage by the sea. "That place will be washed overboard some day," he predicted. "It's too near the water, sir."

"What is her name?" I inquired. "Miranda Simmons," he replied. "Her husband ran away ten years ago. She's funny, and don't like visitors." In this much Capt. Simmons had told the truth, and I began to have faith in his whole story. I landed, walked along the beach to Miranda's cottage, and knocked at the kitchen door. For some reason, having quite forgotten the natural increase in her age, I had pictured Miranda as a young girl, strong, husky and innocent like. According to the skipper's description, she was a decrepit old woman. "These are all that were left," she said, sadly. "The rest were washed away. Take them," she added, "and you'll bring your better luck."

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**THE BLACK HAND**

The teacher sat on Mrs. Garvin's front porch near the end where the Gothic-pointed willow hedge kept off the western sun in the summer and the blizzard winds in the winter. Away off eastward, on the level gray line of road, between the pale, yellowish-green wheat fields she saw a moving speck growing into the shape just below Peter's place three-quarters of a mile away. Presently Mrs. Garvin came out and sat on the porch, fanning herself vigorously with her apron. "My, but it is hot! You are the lucky one. All you have to do is to sit here on the porch when school is out, and pretty soon your term will be over, and then you can go away and won't have anything at all to do until fall."

"Oh," said the teacher, "nothing to do and no salary, and what about the summer school and the institute? There is no rest in these days." The heat-bushed woman looked at the teacher in her cool shirt-waist and linen skirt, her glossy hair stirring with the movements of her big-palm-leaf fan, with a sort of yearning expression that told plainly that Mrs. Garvin had her own ideas of that rest.

The teacher's eyes had wandered back to the road and centred on the little speck coming nearer and nearer, so curious in its outline as it grew larger, like unto neither man nor beast.

Presently Mrs. Garvin, following her gaze, said: "What can that be coming down the road from Peter's? It's just creeping along. It looks too big for a man and it isn't the shape of a horse, nor of any other creature belonging to these parts."

The teacher had formed the happy habit of allowing Mrs. Garvin the pleasure of her own discoveries. So she merely said: "That is so. It is a queer-looking object. What do you think it can be?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Garvin, "seeing you're the teacher, it seems to me you ought to know, if it's a queer beast of some kind. You have a whole book full of them in there."

The teacher shook her head and laughed a little by way of the easiest reply possible, and sat there, fanning and watching. Mrs. Garvin became so absorbed that she stood up to get a better view. "Sure," she said, "it's queer; I don't believe my eyes are deceiving me, but I never saw anything like it."

Nearer and nearer it came, down the highway, now covered with foot-deep dust—for there was a midsummer dry spell on—right in the face of the sun that had been blistering all day, and along a bare, unshaded road, none the cooler in the summer because in midwinter the snow lay man high and whirled over it in white clouds for months.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Garvin, "I believe it is a woman. The teacher, too, sat up and looked almost excitedly at the figure that certainly moved with a looseness of outline that could come only from skirts swaying as she walked."

"She is carrying something on her head, that's what makes her look so queer," said Mrs. Garvin. "And a bag in each hand," she gasped. "That's so," said the teacher with sized this time for Mrs. Garvin's benefit. Nearer and nearer the woman came, until the bright yellow of the kerchief on her head shone out under the pack like a gleam of light against the dark, coppery tan of her face.

In front of the drive turning in at Garvin's she hesitated, looking at their place and then along the road, where a little to the westward was the Gaffney farm.

"She has decided for us," said the teacher, as the woman came in slowly. "I wonder what she wants?" said Mrs. Garvin. "She looks like one of them Eytalian peddlars I have seen in the city, but I never saw one before on this road. I wonder where she is coming from. The nearest railroad stop east of us is Redbank, and that is twelve miles from here," and she looked over at the figure. "She surely couldn't have walked all that way with those things on her head and in her hands could she now?"

The teacher vouchsafed no explanation. She had heard some tales of robust womanhood in the Minnesota country—stories of women who worked in the fields with their husbands; of Bohemian women who grubbed out trees better than the men; of a woman who had carried her month-old baby five miles on foot to the hospital in town to visit her husband with a leg broken by a falling tree. Such stories had come to her to be traditions respected, as possible, though quite out of the line of understanding of her own slim girlhood and intellectual associations; but now the sight of a woman who had walked twelve miles from Redbank on a day like this, loaded down like a pack-mule, was like something on the other side of a fence too high to look across. All sorts of things might be there, but the imagination had no basis on which to give them form.

A moment later the figure had reached the end of the lilac hedge and was standing over in the driveway, looking questioningly at the two women in the cool shade of the porch.

"Would you want to be buying anything of her, teacher?" Mrs. Garvin asked apologetically, as if seeking an excuse for herself. "I'd like to look at what she has, though I don't know whether I have any change to throw away."

"I may need needles and pins, and I do believe I ought to have some fresh ribbon; I feel that I ought to take something of her to give her a chance to sit down and take that pack off her head."

When Mrs. Garvin motioned the woman to come in, her face broke into a beaming smile and her step grew as springy as a young girl's hastening to meet her sweetheart. The teacher gazed at her in wondering admiration as she came over and deposited her two bags, and bending her head with a deft movement, slid her pack onto the porch.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Garvin. "Woman alive, it makes my own feet ache to think how tired you must be," and she shook her head a little deprecatingly and went on: "and where did you come from to-day?" The woman looked around unconcernedly. The teacher, used to putting her thoughts into simple language and few words, leaned forward and said with great distinct-

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ness, "Where—from—to-day?" Again the woman did not understand. "From what railroad station did you come to-day?" Again she looked blank. "What town to-day?" Then again that expansive smile broke over her face. "Redbank! Redbank!"

"So it was Redbank," exclaimed the teacher. "Think of it!"

"Think of it!" echoed Mrs. Garvin. "But she talks English well enough when she knows what she wants to say."

The teacher looked at the woman and smiled mistily, saying: "Maybe she is a Syrian, and all Syrians talk English well after they learn to speak it."

Mrs. Garvin turned approvingly to the teacher. "My, how much you know! If I had to remember all their names and places like you do, I'd surely have a headache."

The woman seemed to catch the idea and smiled. "Their own language is so hard," went on the teacher, "that it seems to give them a talent for languages."

The woman still seemed to feel the compliment and said: "Syrian ver' hard," and nodded her head. All the while, mindful of business, she was steadily undoing her bundle, bringing out bright-colored silk handkerchiefs, bits of ribbons, celluloid combs, collar-buttons and cheap pins to catch the rural eye, with an assortment of needles and thread and tape and pins and other outfit for a good work-basket, so hard to keep in stock when there are no corner stores nearer than five or ten miles.

The teacher, with an impulse of generosity, began to select pins and needles and bits of ribbon far beyond her immediate use and up to the limits of her slender purse. The woman's smile grew broader and broader when Mrs. Garvin, too, not wishing to be outdone, hauled out a couple of aprons for herself and some aprons for the "good man."

"Why did you come to this country?" asked the teacher, sympathetically curious. The woman held up her hands with the ready gestures of the Orient. "My man dead 'd year, three children in Syria. Bring here, cost money, much money."

The teacher's eyes were fixed in fascination upon the woman. "She travelled as though she had suddenly been set as act in a great tragedy. Twelve miles a day with a pack she herself could not even lift, to keep three little ones in Syria and bring them to last in this country, on the profits of a few cents' worth of needles, tape and so forth. Was there anything left in the world that was impossible to devotion?" Her eyes moistened, and the woman, with the sense of human fellowship, which is beyond race and beyond language, suddenly put out her brown hand and patted the girl's slim, white one. The teacher rose quickly to hide more tears and hurried to her room to get her purse. By the time she came back with the change the pedlar was packing up her wares. The teacher looked at Mrs. Garvin pleadingly. "Oh, where is she going for the night?"

Mrs. Garvin's face took a puzzled, hesitating look. "Sure, I don't know; I never thought of that till this minute."

"I think she would be glad to sleep out in the hay. It's nice and clean. She wouldn't even ask a place in the house," suggested the teacher, eagerly.

"Oh, I wouldn't have her do that; if I had her stay at all she could sleep in the lounge in the sitting-room. I didn't suppose Pat would mind, although he don't like the looks of them furmiers, men nor women."

"Well, if he does, play she is my company and put it on me."

"All right," said Mrs. Garvin, cheerfully, and she motioned the woman to put down her pack. At first the pedlar did not seem to understand what was meant, but when she realized that she was to stay the night in this pleasant place, she bent forward and kissed Mrs. Garvin's hand. "Oh, now! what would she be doing that for? Sure I am not used to that sort of thing," and she blushed to the roots of her hair.

The teacher herself led the woman around to the bench beside the pump in the back of the house, where the family performed most of their ablutions in the summer time, thus saving both housework and porcelaine. Then she left her to go and straighten her own hair and lend Mrs. Garvin a hand at setting the table to keep her in good humor in return for the extra trouble she was to have.

In the morning when the teacher appeared for her breakfast, her first question was: "Where is our guest?"

"Oh! sure," said Mrs. Garvin, "she has been on the way since five o'clock, and is nearly in Goodhue County by this time. She is not like some people I know about getting up."

The teacher thoughtfully stirred the sugar into her coffee and made no remark at this comment.

"She wouldn't eat any breakfast either, only a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread; and look at these! She has given everybody in the house

something, even you. There is a red and white handkerchief for that boy Wenzel," said Mrs. Garvin. "When she looked at that black-eyed Bohemian she smiled, and I suppose she thought he was one of her own kind. They ought to understand each other, for the talk of one of them is about as bad as that of the other. Then there are some collar-buttons for Pat, which he is always needing, and a ribbon for Esperanza."

The teacher always suppressed a smile when Mrs. Garvin brought out Esperanza in that unctuous way. It was a sign of exceeding good humor. At times less cheerful, she was likely to shorten it into Essie, and put the rest of her breath into some such term as "Ye little omadhaun."

"And here is another bit of ribbon for you." The teacher looked at the ribbon with a grateful smile and a thought at the gauge of her taste which gave her a piece of dark blue ribbon instead of the impossible pink that had been left for the little girl.

"I hardly deserve this, for I did not do anything for her," she said. "It was very good of you to keep her."

"There isn't every one around here that would do it, and if I do say it myself," said Mrs. Garvin. "If she had gone on to the next house, to Gaffney's, she would not have been kept all night."

"I suppose her guardian angel is watching over her."

"Sure, she's religious enough. Not a bite would she eat until she had blessed herself and said her prayers, just like the rest of us, and better, I suppose. But," said Mrs. Garvin, "I'd never turn away a woman like that anyway, if I thought she hadn't any other place to stay. The likes of her always make me think of a story my mother used to tell. It may seem queer to you, for I don't suppose you've ever heard the stories the old people tell about fairies and the spells and the likes in Ireland. I don't know much about them myself, for you know I was raised in this country. There was an old woman—I don't believe I could tell the story just the way my mother used to, though I heard her tell it over and over again; those old folks were wonderful for remembering. Why, my mother could tell all the litanies in the prayer-book by heart!"

The teacher gently brought Mrs. Garvin back to the track: "Well, what about the old woman?"

"Well, once upon a time in a town in Ireland there was a well-to-do farmer. His wife was a good housekeeper and all that, but she was a little near and close about things, and there was a good deal of talk that the girls and the men on the place did not have any more to eat than they ought to have. One day there was an old woman came down the road, and she was that weary she could hardly stand. She turned in and asked the farmer's wife herself to give her a drink of milk. But herself said she didn't have any to spare. The old woman walked on down the road a little, and then she came back and asked if she could not have even a drink of buttermilk, she had seen there was churning on the place that day, and she thought that most of the buttermilk would be going to the pigs anyway. And the wife told her 'No' again. The old woman then asked if she could sit on the porch and rest, but the wife would not let her, but she told her to get out and be gone, or she would set the dogs on her, saying this was no place for harboring beggars and tramps."

"Tramps?" said the teacher, her pedagogic sense of the fitness of words getting ahead of her for the moment. "Did they have tramps in Ireland, too?"

"Well, maybe she didn't say tramps," said Mrs. Garvin, a little tartly, "but something like that. Well, with that the old woman turned and gave the wife a long look and put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a little black thing and threw it at the wife, but no matter how much the farmer's wife looked, when the woman was gone, she could not find the little black thing, for she had it. After a bit when she went out into the dairy to get a drink herself, she saw there was a little black thing in the milk. She tried to get it out; but no matter how she tried it kept slipping away from her. At last she thought as she was thirsty she would drink anyway, and would feel the thing if it came against her lips, and she would stop and not swallow it. So she took a drink, but no sooner did she take the milk in her mouth than she felt something hard slipping down her throat. Then she looked for the little black thing, but it was not in the milk any more. Then she ran into the house and in a little while she began to feel dreadfully sick. Her face and her hands and then her whole body began to swell until her body was twice its natural size. They sent for the doctor as fast as they could, but not a bit of good could be done. Then they sent for the priest. The priest looked at the woman and said: 'It looks to me like something more than sickness,

and he says, 'What have you been doing that was wrong to man, woman or child?' And then the woman raised herself and told about the old beggar woman she had refused the drink of milk."

"Well, the hardness of your heart is being punished," said the priest, and he took some holy water and sprinkled the woman with it and prayed over her. Then he told them to put her in a hot bath. By and by the woman got better and the swelling went down out of her body and her face, and then the blackness went out of her body, too, except of her right hand. Nothing would take it out of that hand. Then she sent for the priest again. He came and he said: 'That is a sign the good Lord has left on you, showing that you should be kind to the poor and to the stranger that comes to your door asking for a sup of that of which you have plenty and to spare.'

"And so it was that the woman's right hand stayed black, though she lived a long life afterward. But never a person came to her door and was turned away, and if she heard of any one out of her way in want of food or fire she went to them herself. So when she came to die, from all the towns around came the poor, that people had never seen before, and all of them fell down and cried and prayed for her soul and kissed her hand. And when the tears of the poor fell on her hand, little by little it grew whiter, and at last it was white as snow."

"The tears of the poor had washed away the stain?" asked the teacher. "Yes," said Mrs. Garvin, "that's the way my mother said it was; and," she added, "I do be thinking when I see a woman like that old Eytalianer what do you call her? Syrian? Oh, yes, maybe there's a black spot on me somewhere, and it would be good to have a few prayers and tears of the poor to wash away the blackness of it when I am dead."

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On Thursday from the church of the Holy Family to Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

RECEPTION AT ST. MARY'S.

On Sunday evening a reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place at St. Mary's church.

MEETING OF C.O.F.

On Monday evening a conference was formed of representatives from the eight courts of the city Catholic Order of Foresters.

SODALITY OUTING.

A treat looked forward to for some time with pleasurable anticipation was the sleigh drive enjoyed by the members of St. Patrick's Sodality on Monday evening.

SERMONS ON MATRIMONY.

The third of a course of sermons on matrimony was delivered by Rev. Fr. Walsh, C.S.B., at St. Basil's church on Sunday evening.

C.O.F. AT HOME.

Invitations are out for the fifth annual At Home of St. Helen's Court, No. 1187, C.O.F.

GONDOLIER SOCIAL CLUB.

A new society with a pretty name presents itself to the public when the Gondolier Social Club announces its first At Home to be held in Professor Early's parlors, corner Yonge and Gerrard streets, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22nd.

DEATH OF MR. JAMES GALVIN.

The death of Mr. James Galvin, which occurred on Saturday last at his late residence, 80 St. Clare's avenue, is surrounded by circumstances more sad than ordinary.

BALFOUR-MALONEY.

Of interest to many in Toronto is the news of the marriage of Miss Goldie Balfour of Toronto and Mr. John Maloney of Winnipeg.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE AND DEBATING UNION.

Another of the successful meetings of the above association was held at St. Peter's Hall on Wednesday evening last week.

DEATH OF MRS. CLARK.

At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Halligan, 64 Cowan Ave., Parkdale, the death occurred on Tuesday, January 31st, of Elizabeth McDonald, widow of the late William Donald, Mrs. Clark, who was well known and much respected in the western part of the city.

JOHN MORLEY'S IMPRESSIONS

Takes no Stock in Imperial Rowdism as a Bond of British Connection

Mr. John Morley addressed a meeting of his constituents at Brochin upon his return from America.

Mr. Morley, who was received with cheers, said he expected that in probably three months he might be in the position of presenting himself once more as a candidate for reelection.

CORRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN BODIES.

That was very lamentable, so far as it existed, but a country could not be in such a bad way when it could be said that the recent candidates for the Presidency had each given proof positive of entire probity, integrity, willingness to sacrifice any personal aims and interests rather than surrender what they believe to be sound principle (cheers).

THE RETRIBUTION THAT FOLLOWS WRONG.

What did it come from? Africans were brought into the Southern States, exploiting land, much as Chinese were now being brought into South Africa to work the mines.

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Co. featuring a map of North America and the text 'NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.' and 'HOME OFFICE: 112-118 King Street West - - TORONTO.'

For the year ended 31st Dec., 1904.

Financial statement table for North American Life Assurance Co. showing assets, liabilities, and net surplus for 1903 and 1904.

Advertisement for 100 Wedding Invitations by Walton Engraving Company, priced at \$2.50.

Large advertisement for Laughlin Fountain Pen, highlighting its quality and offering a \$1.00 price point.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting a and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Advertisement for Cosgrave's The Best Ale, featuring the text 'THE BEST ALE! COSGRAVE'S THE BEST PORTER!' and 'COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. TORONTO.'

Advertisement for Men Wanted, offering a position with a salary of \$2.50 a day.