

THE IRISH EXHIBITION AT ST. LOUIS

Its Display Will Contain Many Features of Prime Interest

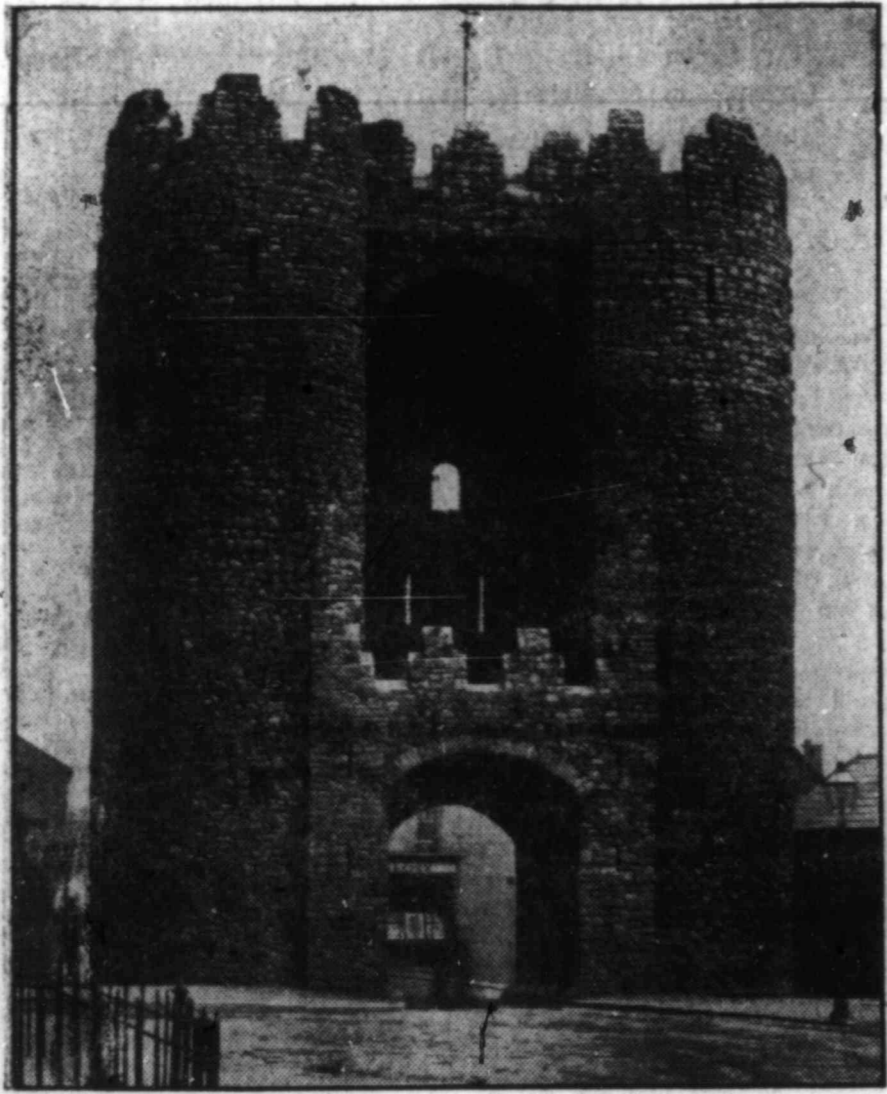
There is considerable excitement in Ireland at the present time over the work done there by the promoters of the Irish Industrial Exhibition in St. Louis. The wide-awake methods of the American end of the project, represented there by Mr. James B. Reardon, has aroused the manufacturing interests, and the energy displayed would convince any observer that the Old Land has at last awakened to a sense of her possibilities and found the opportunity to develop them.

that will be finished on time, and have some days to spare. Most of the buildings are in the last stages of completion now. The Irish Houses of Parliament, which form the front of the exhibition, are finished, with the exception of the electric wiring and the kitchen, and these features will be complete in a very few days. This structure will be occupied by the restaurant department, and will be run as a high-grade place. All the delicacies of the season may be had here, at a

structure, fully the size of the original, and made of stuff to imitate stone. The entrance from Lindell Boulevard is through Ross Castle, a most picturesque structure, alongside of which is an ancient round tower. "Blarney Castle" towers up in the centre of the grounds to a height of 76 feet. From its top a magnificent view of the fair may be had, and the journey to the parapet is made through winding passages, along which are hung handsome pictures of Irish scenery.

In the purchase of films for these moving pictures, and the exhibition of them will be one of the most interesting of its kind. The theatre is splendidly equipped with scenery and the latest appliances for the proper presentation of plays. It has a seating capacity of 1,800 and there are eight exits on a side, each of which is eight feet wide, so that in case of necessity the entire place could be emptied in a few seconds. Cormac's Chapel, rising on the crest of the Rock of Cashel, forms an immense receptacle for many relics, sacred to the Irish people. Letters, books, and many articles, owned by Father Matthew, Daniel O'Connell and other great Irishmen will be shown there.

Through the Gate of Blarney Castle the visitors enter the Irish National Theatre, where a splendid stock company will represent plays by William Butler Yeats, Douglas Hyde, George Russell, Edward Martyn and others.



ST. LAWRENCE GATE



BLARNEY CASTLE.

A partial list sent over by Mr. Reardon this (past) week shows the names of more than one hundred and sixty exhibitors, representing makers of linen, woollens and lace, manufacturers of art metal goods, patent roofing, shoes, leather, ropes, hosiery, gloves, preserves, quilts, wagons; musical instruments, paper, jewelry, machinery, chemicals, paints, photography and many kindred wares. There are twenty-one makers of woollen among the exhibitors and eleven of linen.

Celtic illumination is to be shown in a collection of reproductions of ancient manuscripts and in new designs. Some of the museums will contribute rare antiquities and replicas of ancient art metal work.

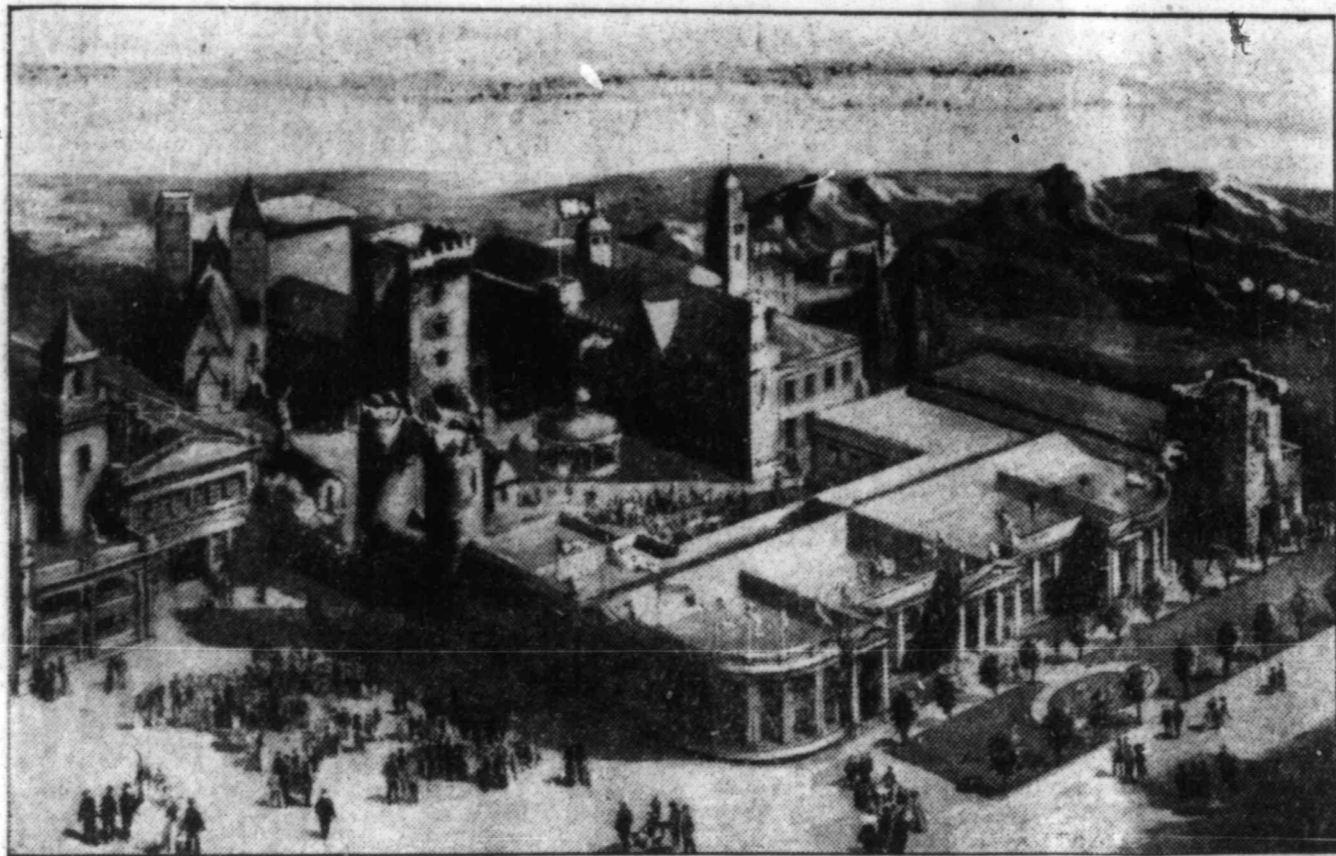
The Department of Agriculture of Ireland will show working models of the latest methods in use among the dairymen and others in Ireland. Twenty handsome jaunting cars, with the harness, will be brought from different parts of the country and will



IRISH HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

There is to be a reproduction of the original McKinley cottage where the ancestors of the late President were born. Mr. Reardon has succeeded in purchasing the original furniture of the place, and it will arrive among the first of the exhibits. The famous Kate Kearney Cottage will also be reproduced. Here the visitor may refresh himself with an excellent cup of tea and bread and butter, with real Irish jam, just as he would in the old country. There will be a handsome pavilion in which souvenirs of the exhibition and small articles of lace and jewelry may be had.

One thing must be said about the Irish Exhibition of the St. Louis World's Fair. It is dignified in character, and will tend to place the case of Industrial Ireland before the people of this country as it has never been done before. It will exploit and open up a market for Irish manufactures on this side of the Atlantic, it will serve to develop indus-



THE WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

be placed in use to bring visitors to and from the leading hotels, making the Irish section their principal stand.

Fifty thousand sods of Irish turf, of the best quality, will be imported, and placed in ricks in a corner of the exhibit hall. Any visitor wishing to sit by his own turf fire, and regale his nostrils with the smoke as he did in boyhood days at home in the "Ould Dart," can please his fancy at a small cost, as the turf will be retailed here.

The Irish Exhibition is one of those

reasonable price, and there will be a fine orchestra to entertain the guests while eating. It has a capacity of 2,000 people. From the windows may be seen the "Court of Honor" and the "Grand Cascade," and on nights when parades or illuminations take place, the diners of the Parliament House Restaurant may witness the spectacles without leaving their tables.

A reproduction of St. Lawrence Gate, Drogheda, forms the entrance to the grounds from the Pike, as the Midway is called. It is an immense

of the new Irish poets, as well as some of the best plays of the older authors. Irish harpists, pipers, singers, dancers and other entertainers will be brought over from Dublin for this department. There will also be an exhibition of moving pictures of modern Irish life, showing the receiving of milk at a model creamery, digging the turf, riding the ponies through the "Gap of Dunloe," shooting the rapids at Killarney, and also a number of scenes at the Cork Exhibition. More than \$3,000 has been spent

tries that will keep the young Irish people at home, and give them a living, at least as good as they can get elsewhere, in an atmosphere wherein they strive best, and all that is best within them is brought to the highest development.

The officers of the Irish Exhibition are Messrs. Thomas F. Hanley, president; C. V. Kellogg, vice-president; Maurice Casey, secretary; James B. Reardon, director of exhibits, and Myles J. Murphy, superintendent and director of amusements.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO IS MARRIAGEABLE

Rev. J. D. Biden, rector of the Cathedral at Buffalo, has been giving a series of Tuesday evening instructions on matrimony, which are thoroughly appreciated by the large audience that gather to hear them. The following pearls were plucked at random from an admirable discourse addressed especially to young women:

A young man with an honest heart, a good head and a pair of willing hands possesses the principal requisites that go to make what we call a marriageable young man. The young man who loves industry, is not afraid to work, who is not disposed to shirk his duty, who makes his life useful, not only to himself,

but to those around him, will make a good husband.

The man to be selected for a husband is he who carries out in his everyday life the religious teachings of his youth and who has the courage of his religious convictions.

Young women should not form any kind of an attachment for young men who drink. This is a fault that stands out most prominently as having made more unhappy homes than any other which now comes to mind. Marry not the man who has only money to offer. If you marry a man for his money you will not marry him for his love, for let me tell you that a man who has made his money striving against the world and competitors that do not possess the kindly sympathy that a woman wants in her home. His main interests will be discontent and dissatisfaction. In the palaces of our city there may seem to be happiness and

virtue, but it is not so. We too often find lack of happiness and of love and of virtue in the palace which cannot be replaced by the riches therein.

There can be love in a cottage where there is intelligence, virtue and contentment.

Shun the immoral man—the man who practices immorality and vulgarity, and who breaks the Sabbath. The man who has no respect for Sunday has no religion, and no religion means that he is a pagan.

Avoid the indolent man. Such a man will have to be supported, as will his children, and if he is your husband and they are your children, you will have to support them.

Beware of the liar—a man who makes promise with any sacredness—a man who strives to go through life holding up his head as an honest man, but who is making his living on what justly belongs to others.

Do not marry a top. The young women usually attracted to such a creature are those who foolishly think only of the marriage ceremony and the beautiful trousseau and honeymoon.

Do not fall in love with a man because he has a lovely little moustache, because his shoes are a little more highly polished than some others, because his hair is artistically curled and parted in the middle, or because his hands are white and soft. In later years you will find his head is in the latter condition.

There are many, many men who attend to their religious duties and respect their mothers and sisters, and who are disposed to be amiable. Such a young man will be entirely safe.

Poverty is no objection. Many good young men are poor. I would rather have the man without riches than great riches without the man.

J. E. SEAGRAM

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WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC.

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WATERLOO, ONTARIO

MOCK HEROICS

(The Globe, April 7th.)

There is great need of accuracy of statement in regard to the diversion of taxes at Sturgeon Falls and for the abandonment of mock heroics. In last night's News the following statement was made:

"We have said, and we say again, that if a similar bargain had been made to give any part of the taxes of Roman Catholic shareholders in a business concern to Public Schools, the Legislature would have rejected the illegal contract summarily, as it did that submitted from Cornwall under Sir Oliver Mowat's Premiership, and for the rejection of which Mr. Whitney voted."

Now, this is just nonsense in view of what is very well known to every citizen of Toronto who followed the negotiations for the leasing of the Toronto Street Railway. Mr. E. F. Clarke was Mayor at that time, and the successful tenderers were the Kiely-Everett syndicate, the leading figure in which was a well-known Roman Catholic of this city. The late Ald. Bell and some other Orange members of the Council feared that the taxes from the very large assessment of the street railway might be diverted to the support of Separate Schools, and this clause was inserted in the agreement:

"(21) And it is hereby agreed that all the said railway property liable to be assessed for school purposes shall be assessed for public school purposes and that the rates levied in respect thereof shall be payable to the public school funds of the City of Toronto."

Here was a case closely akin to the Sturgeon Falls one. A number of Catholics before they were given a contract were required to promise that in their corporate capacity they would support the public schools instead of those of their own Church. Did the Legislature throw the agreement out as illegal and immoral? Not a bit of it. The clause was validated and legalized practically without debate. It is still in force to-day, and all the taxes of the Toronto railway go to the public schools. That the clause did not slip in unchallenged and by accident is evident from a perusal of the enabling act, which provides in sub-section two of section six that in the case of all owners or holders of the stock other than the present holders or owners the general law should govern. So long, therefore, as G. W. Kiely or the other Catholics in the original syndicate held their shares the Legislature declared valid and binding the contract made by them to pay their taxes to the public schools in consideration of receiving the franchise—a bribe according to some professors of ethics.

Why is there so much misery, so much grief, such a world of woe and pain upon this earth? Did God wish that man be so tormented, live such a life of countless trials? No, man himself is the cause of this, his hard lot. Passion unrestrained, passion, like to a wild beast turned loose, bring all these manifold evils about. And no one but the Catholic Church, the true Church, can ever, or shall ever, tame and calm this passion, with its train of ravages. Sweet dreams of socialism! They are but another of the many falsehoods the father of all evil would spread out among men, whom he would wish to see burn for ever, as himself, in the pains of eternal hell-fire.

Have you ever noticed, dear reader, how the little bird, whilst sipping in the fresh waters of some cool spring, lifts up its tiny head towards Heaven, as if to thank its Creator for that refreshing drink, as if to show to man that far beyond we must all be grateful? Shame upon us, then, if we, as intelligent creatures, and not led by instinct alone, would not credit so much as say a prayer of thanks, when God has refreshed us with a meal! Even the little birds would thank, and men would go away and forget!

SHAKE OFF THAT SPRING FEELING

Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Do It Naturally and Well.
Cause and Cure of the Tired Feeling That is Epidemic at This Season of the Year.

The spring is here. You can feel it in every part of your body. Your clothes are too heavy and though you are not sick, you are too tired to walk, too tired to work, yes, even too tired to eat.

It's that "spring feeling." Do you know the cause of it? No, all you want to know is how to get rid of it. Well, the explanation and the cure are alike simple.

In the winter you "get used" to the cold, you think "As a matter of fact it is the body that gets prepared. It puts on a fortification of extra tissue that keeps the cold out. In the spring time this tissue is thrown off by the body and if the system is all in good working order, the blood carries away the cast-off tissue, which is in turn filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, and expelled from the body.

This means extra work for the kidneys, and if they are at all tired or worn they fail in their work. The result is clogged circulation and that tired spring feeling.

The cure is to tone up the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Make healthy kidneys. Healthy kidneys quickly cleanse the blood of all impurities and the "spring feeling" is replaced with a vigor of body and buoyancy of spirit that makes work a pleasure.

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Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses

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This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform terms, etc., may be had by addressing
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Laboratories.
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Calendar with full information may be had on application to
A. T. LAING, Registrar.

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The course of instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to ROSEY LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN AND FANCY SEWING, etc.

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SCROLL SAWS and LATHES

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There are times when, through disobedience, one reads things which had caused them to fall into temptations, and which had been thrown away in disgust, with the words, "My God, I will serve you as best I can, and You must do the rest." But we disobey again, and take the same source of reading in hand, only to cut the heart through, and nearly drive the brain mad. Again we throw it from us, never to be read again, with God's help.

Something More Than a Purgative. To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, cleanse the blood, and they stimulate where other pills weaken it. They clear the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative purposes, enters into their compositions.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for April 1904, including Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and various feast days.

Children's Corner

THE ROBIN.

(Charles McIlvaine, in S.S. Times.)

Of all birds the robin is the cheeriest. If a vote were taken upon which among our outdoor birds is the favorite, the robin could get a big majority.

Everything pretty has been written about this brave, strong, helpful, industrious songster.

When autumn comes robins gather into flocks. In the evenings they seek low-lying thickets or swamps where the alder grows, or thickly wooded creek banks, and there roost with the purple blackbirds, cow-birds and others.

A few strong, hardy birds stay in the north during the winter. These love cedar groves and low sheltered places where the green briar grows and bushes are thick.

With the first peep of spring the robin's merry song is heard. It seems to fairly bounce on the air. It carries joy with it.

After much singing by Mr. Robin and a great deal of shyness by Mrs. Robin the pair conclude to build a nest.

Here the female lays four or five light bluish-green eggs a little over an inch long. Each bird takes its turn sitting on them.

An apple-tree is a favorite place. Both robins carry twigs, dead grass, straws, almost everything they can get, and build a rough framework, twining the materials together so that they will hold all winter.

The aristocracy based on the dollar has its own weaknesses and follies; yet it has certain merits.

Vienna, March 31.—Emperor Francis Joseph this morning observed the ancient ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men in the Crystal Hall of the Hofburg.

They are fed by turns. The old robin cautiously hops to the side of the nest. Three open mouths are held up. Into one of them the food is placed.

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food which is not digestible. This lozenge-shaped pellet the old bird takes in her beak and drops as she flies away.

I am afraid to tell how often each robin is fed each day. Find a nest, sit quiet, have opera-glasses, "keep count for yourself. It is very interesting. You will be much surprised.

Robins are the farmers' good friends. We should not begrudge the robins the few cherries they eat.

The Primrose Time

(Rev. James B. Dollard, in Donahoe's.)

When blustering winds of March have swept o'er Irish hills, and chirp of nestling linnet the truant school-boy thrills;

Full soon in valley and glen their starry clusters greet; Glad children, blithe to cull them, hurry with eager feet;

But the wind, the world-old wind, that wafts o'er the hills away, It kisses the gold-rimmed petals tirelessly all the day!

And the sweet-faced happy children, with eyes more fair than the flowers, They hear the wind's weird story,— the throbbing breath of the hours,

Like spirits in hush of heaven the snow-white butterflies pass, When the dreamy haze of noon o'er-burdens the drooping grass.

Rapt choirs of radiant cherubs that hover around the Throne,— Oh primroses pallid and pure! Their faces are like to your own;

The Black Boreen

There's a lane beyond the village that they call the Black Boreen. There come the earliest cowslips and grass is soonest seen,

If you should go at twilight into the Black Boreen, Shut fast the lids upon your eyes lest fairy hands be seen

"Porkopolis."

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELON S 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:

S. PRICE, 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

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.

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.

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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to find \$1.00 for a box of your Benedictine Salve. You sent me a box some time ago for piles. It has helped me a good deal.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder.

John O'Connor, Esq., 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.

Electric Fixtures For Churches, Residences, etc. For full particulars write McDonald & Willson TORONTO

The HOME CIRCLE

SPRING SEWING.

Medallions promise to be everywhere again this summer. They can be made, and are made, by clever women.

The handkerchief ruffles for night-gown or negligee sleeves are pretty and graceful. Cut either a straight slit on the bias in the centre of the handkerchief, or a narrow oval, and sew it without gathers to the bottom of the rather short sleeve.

The "Peter Thompson" styles for children still hold good. And linen and pique frocks made at home in that fashion are as pretty as can be.

Look out for embroidered edges of simple pattern and wide margin. These make pretty ruffles for the large collars on the small blouses.

Another hint. This year when all the world will be going to St. Louis, make a black china silk nightgown to wear in sleeping cars. Make it long and ample, and the problem of getting from the dressing room to the berth will be solved.

IN THE SICK ROOM.

Fresh air is essential, still the patient must be kept from a draft. Spread an umbrella over the head, cover with an extra blanket and open the windows. So can the room be safely aired.

If one had the care of a chronic invalid, the question of change of position is important. Saw off the legs of an arm chair and cut out the seat, leaving only the rim around to support the arms and back.

A sufferer from a broken leg discovered the convenience of having a number of ribbons tied to the head rail of the bed, to which were attached her eye-glasses, scissors, tablet and pencil, bag containing smelling salts and handkerchief.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Success Sponge Cake. This rule never fails. Put a pinch of salt in a large bowl and break into this the whites of five eggs.

A gelatine frosting is delicious. Melt two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in cold water, just enough to cover it. Set it over the tea kettle if not all dissolved.

There is nothing more delicious for a luncheon or Sunday breakfast than sweetbreads. This is the season when they are in market, and although the price is never less than fifty cents a pound, a pound goes a long way.

Croutons for soup are made by cutting bread into dice-shaped bits and frying in hot butter. Or, if time presses—and a woman cannot do more than a dozen things at a time and do them as well—better a couple of slices of bread and cut into small squares, rejecting the crusts.

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Trip Through the County Diocese of Peterborough of Renfrew

(From Our Special Correspondent.)
 Knowing that short visits made, if possible, at very rare intervals are strongly conducive to personal popularity, and fearing that I had already trespassed to a dangerous extent on the well-known patience of the people of Arnprior, I made a mental resolution to shake off the dust or rather the mud of that town, and strike out for a more northerly latitude. "Bannagh Lath," said I to a little man from Connemara, whom I met at the railway station. "Wisha gho dho thu slua'n," was the rejoinder made by that friendly and naïve-looking man. "All aboard," shouted a gentleman who, because he was ornamented with two glistening rows of brass buttons, wished to impress upon us the fact that he was fully clothed in the glorious panoply of official authority; and on board the few who were going further north rushed at once.
 Braeside, resting on the crest of a hill, about three miles further off, is our first halting place. This is a village made up of lumber piles, manufactured by Gillies Bros., one of whom represents, in the Quebec Legislature, the County of Pontiac, which is just opposite on the other side of the Ottawa river. It is always some satisfaction to me to be able to say a good word of the employer of labor, and here I am pleased to bear testimony to the local popularity of that well-known lumber manufacturing firm, Messrs. Gillies Bros. West of Braeside are quite a number of Irishmen, and I deeply regret that on this occasion I was obliged to make a new innovation on a well-established custom of going out to see those excellent men. Mr. James Dillon and his brother Edward are both progressive men, well rooted on the soil, and I always like to meet a fellow-countryman even if he has to grub for a living with a pick-axe. I have no serious notions of formulating a heavy indictment against urban life, and I like very well to meet a good Irishman in a town, as I often do, but let it be the city or town, village or hamlet, the place where I prefer to meet my fellow-countryman is his country home, beneath his own vine and fig tree. James Dillon Gra mairche e, from the Kingdom of King, is one of the many Irishmen whom I have met in various parts of Canada, who have driven back the forest, brought their broad acres up to a high standard of cultivation, and held so tenaciously to the soil that Shylock with his smile, and his tempting percentage, failed to get them to loosen their grip. I was pained to learn that Mr. Dillon was not enjoying very good health, but he is not yet an old man, and as he has always been rugged, and last, but not least of all, as it is somewhat difficult to kill off an Irishman, I entertain a strong hope that I will meet him again.
 Three miles further off we reach the village of Sand Point, pleasantly resting on something resembling a promontory formed by a bend on the Ottawa river. Sand Point has had a history. For several years the northern terminus of the Canada Central, which had its starting point at Brockville, it was a place of considerable importance. Its glory however, sank, as the Canada Central extended further north, and ultimately became a link in that great transcontinental highway—the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is a little church here, attended from Arnprior, which is scarcely large enough for the requirements of the congregation attending it.
 Fourteen miles farther off in a northwesterly direction we reach the town of Renfrew, which is built on both banks of the Bonnechere, a magnificent stream, which discharges its waters into the Ottawa River at a point about ten miles east of here. The birth of this early fifties, when Mr. John Lorn McDougall, the father of the present Auditor-General of Canada, built on the north bank of the Bonnechere a mill which proved eminently useful to the scattered settlers of that early period. At many a fireside, in Irish homes, have I heard from pioneers of settlement, stories relating to their dealings with Mr. McDougall, all of which convinced me of the excellent traits of character which this man possessed, and which in after years his able son was raised to the highest representative position in their gift. This gentleman has been removed from the floor of Parliament, and, as I have already remarked, now fills the important and responsible position of Auditor-General. I am sorry to say that whilst the country is to be heartily congratulated, the Auditor himself is deserving of pity. One of the evils inseparably linked with that position is that the incumbent, more especially if he is a man of Mr. McDougall's calibre, can never "stand in" with the men who have power to lock or unlock at pleasure the treasure vaults of Canada. During eighteen years of Tory rule he never reached a high standard of popularity; whilst in Grit—I humbly beg pardon—Liberal club, and conclave, his stock was quoted at a high premium. Liberals who are good enough to prey on the country, make a willow of his report; they read it before and after meals; they read it

before going to church and after returning, on Sunday; they read it in season and out of season; always, I am proud to remark, with a proper disposition. Well, there has been a change of government, and there is a strange change of feeling against the Auditor-General's Report, in so far as that the men who were in the habit of handling it with greater reverence than the Thirty-nine Articles, the Confession of Faith, or the Catholic Prayer-Book, now think that this country could get along very well without being bothered by an Auditor-General or an Auditor-General's report.
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OBITUARY
MR. JOHN MEAGER.
 The painful task has been imposed upon me this week of chronicling the demise of Mr. John Meager, which mournful event occurred at his late home in Smith's Falls on the 15th ult. It was my privilege to know this excellent man for many years intimately and well, and I am certain that I voice the sentiments of every resident of that town when I say that in his death they have lost a good citizen and the Catholic congregation one of its most exemplary members.
 Mr. Meager, who had reached his fifty-eighth year, left his birthplace in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, when a boy, and came with his family to Springfield, Mass., where they settled down. After thoroughly mastering a valuable trade, Mr. Meager crossed to Canada, making his way to Smith's Falls, where he found immediate employment from Messrs. Frost & Wood, the widely-known manufacturers of agricultural implements. This position he held for thirty-four years, and it is pleasing here to add that in a conversation which I had with a member of the firm, Mr. Charles Frost, brother to Hon. Senator Frost, now, I regret to say absent through ill-health, the very highest testimony was borne to his worth.
 Mr. Meager was a prominent C.M. B.A. charter member, I believe, at Smith's Falls, and that his value was recognized is fully attested by the immense cavalcade of mourners, composed of members of that Association, as well as of citizens generally, who followed him to his last resting place. He leaves a widow, four daughters, and one son to bewail his loss.
 RAMBLER.

SISTER M. MONICA, S.S.J.
 Who was known in the world as Miss Bertha Bourdeau, surrendered her pure soul into the hands of his Maker at the hour of his death on Good Friday. She was a member of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of the Diocese of Detroit, and head of the Commercial Department at Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan. While complaining more or less from the beginning of Lent, she was able to be about her work, and spent a good share of Holy Thursday in the Chapel rendering her loving services at the Repository. Death came very suddenly as a result of heart disease. She was greatly beloved, especially by those who intimately knew her. An ideal religious, a faithful servant of the Master, kind ever ready to lend a helping hand, with the happy possessions of such faculties, as always renders the one so endowed, a seeming necessity. God knew her best, and called her to Himself in her thirty-fourth year. Her funeral was largely attended on the 4th inst. The burial took place at Nazareth cemetery. A number of clergymen were in attendance, the sermon on the occasion being preached by Rev. Thos. J. Ryan, of Pontiac. Please pray for the repose of her soul. R.I.P.

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MRS. M. HARRINGTON.
 At any time it is a mournful task to have to record the death of any one, but when the subject is that of a woman who has discharged her obligations faithfully, whether as a wife, a mother, a good neighbor and a devoted adherent of the Catholic Church, grief must be accentuated. This week I have to chronicle the demise of the wife of Mr. Michael Harrington, which sad event took place at her late home, 344 Nicholas street, Ottawa, on Wednesday, 6th inst., at the age of 59 years. Mrs. Harrington, whose maiden name was Maria Dooley, belonged to a family well known and much respected in the Township of Nepean, County of Carleton. As she lived in close union with the Catholic Church, so did she die, fortified by the strengthening graces of its sacraments. She leaves a family of seven, one of whom is married, to mourn her loss. For her husband very wide sympathy will be felt. Perhaps there are few living men better known than Mr. Michael Harrington, who for 39 years has been porter at the Russell House, Ottawa. In this position he has been brought in contact with travellers from every corner of the globe, and it is no exaggeration to say that all of them have taken their departure from the Russell House with a high opinion of the honesty and integrity of "Mick" Harrington, as well as of the other twin-porter, Mr. Patrick Brennan. To Mr. Harrington I tender the fullest measure of my sympathy in his sore bereavement.
 RAMBLER.

MICHAEL BOLAND.
 Michael Boland, a resident of Toronto for fifty years, died very suddenly on Monday evening, April 14th, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Deceased had always enjoyed excellent health, but expired suddenly while on his knees saying his evening prayers. He leaves a widow, a daughter of the late Walter Cleary, of the city of Toronto, and ten children, the adult members of which are the following: E. T. Boland, Western representative of the Dominion Steamship Line; Walter Boland of the law firm of Macdonell & Boland; John F. Boland, a student at Toronto University; Mrs. E. G. Kerr, North Toronto, and Mrs. T. L. Carroll of Winnipeg.
 Mr. Boland was one of the first parishioners of St. Helen's Church, and had been a regular attendant there ever since the formation of the parish. The funeral took place on Friday morning, April 16th, at St. Helen's Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Geo. Cleary of Dunville, a nephew, assisted by the Rev. James Walsh, pastor of St. Helen's Church, both of which also officiated at the grave.
 The deceased was an esteemed and valued member of Branch 111 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, as well as of Court St. Mark No. 282, Independent Order of Foresters, and many of their members availed themselves of the opportunity of paying some slight token of respect by attending the funeral at St. Helen's Church, which was crowded.
 The funeral cortege was one of the largest seen in the western portion of the city for many years. The deceased was a life-long Liberal, and one of the vice-presidents of the West Toronto Reform Association; he also occupied a prominent part in helping to make the history of the old village of Brockton, afterwards St. Mark's Ward, and now a portion of Ward Six in this city.
 Notwithstanding a request that flowers should not be sent, there were many handsome floral offerings, and the family were in receipt of letters and telegrams of condolence from different parts of Canada and the United States.
 The pall-bearers were Messrs. F. B. Morrow, John Hartnett, V. P. Fayle, P. Tracey, Michael Ryan and P. Corcoran, all of whom had been personal friends for at least twenty-five years.
 Among others present at the funeral were Messrs. George Anderson, J. B. Hay, George C. Campbell, H. E. Hamilton, L. J. Cosgrave, Joseph Power, George Clark, Peter Griffin, John Griffin, John Guinane, John Laxton, John Mallon, James W. Mallon, Charles Brown, Widmer Hawk, W. T. Kernahan, Angus Kerr, Dr. Spence, Alderman Graham, Patrick Burns, T. P. Coffee, A. C. Macdonell, Edward A. Burns, James Urquhart, S. P. Grant, M. E. Hynea, Dr. McKeown, Dr. Fred. J. Doherty, John Gorman, Chas. O'Connor, P. J. Mulqueen, C. Gannon, James Lockrie, Frederic Roper, James Conroy, T. F. Slatery, James Carroll, Fred Woods, T. A. Woods, John P. Ryan, David O. Ward, P. R. Porter, A. R. Stell, John Sleat, John Maloney, B. Keating, Chas. A. Kelley, E. D. Brown, George Foy, and very many others besides the immediate relatives. The deceased's family is one of the best known in west Toronto, where they have resided for at least half a century. R.I.P.

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Mr. J. A. Cummings has left for Washington to attend the presentation of the fund to endow the chair of secular history in the Washington University, donated by the Knights of Columbus.
 Pope Pius for the first time since his nomination said Mass in St. Peter's in honor of the centennial of Gregory the Great. The Register will publish a full account of the ceremonies later.

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KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brandon," etc.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

When Tessa came back in her stealing, gliding way she found Bosanquet on the lawn which he had reached by opening one of the windows...

They found a boat that suited their purpose excellently, and having given Tessa the tiller ropes, and taken the oars himself, he sent the boat away from Castle Barnard with a few steady strokes.

The Rance is a tributary of the Dan which flows through Ballycusshia, and his locks and weirs are all manner of fine contrivances.

Presently, after a hot, unsheltered stretch, they ran the boat under the shade of trees, and Bosanquet, asked if he might smoke, and leaning back in the shade of the boughs he watched Tessa through a dreamy haze of blue smoke.

They began to talk, fitfully and intermittently, while the wood-cock moaned in the woods, the cuckoo called, and Tessa sat dabbling her little brown fingers in the water.

Tessa looked at him with parted lips that forgot to be shy. Her eyes were like the wave within, Like water-reeds the poise Of her small body, dainty-thin, And like the water's noise Her plaintive voice.

"What is it?" she breathed rapturously. "It is Rossetti—The Staff and Scrip—don't you remember?"

"I have barely heard of Rossetti," she said sorrowfully. "I love poetry very much, but mamma does not approve of it."

"I'm so sorry, dear, that you were caught in the weeds and frightened of the thunderstorm. One needs to know the Rance very well to go boating on it."

"Indeed?" she said, "I lost my punctuality in Dublin. Sure no one expects you to come for two hours after the hour you're asked for."

"Of course it does," he said hastily, anathematising himself for his brutality as he called it.

"I am going to say the whole of that poem to you," he said. "I can say reams of Rossetti by heart."

CHAPTER IX.

The contested election for the Erismore division of the county was over, and Sir Gerard Molyneux, "the people's candidate," had won by the skin of his teeth.

The first of all that rout was sound. The next was dust and flame. And then the horsemen shook the ground.

"Uncover ye his face, she said. O changed in little space! She said: O white that was so red! O God, O God of grace! Cover his face!

Tessa was looking at him with parted lips and eyes of wonder. When he had finished she put a hand over her eyes, and sat silent for a minute or two.

"So that is poetry," she said at last, looking at him. "I wonder if I ever dares to try to write."

"You have written?" he said. "I tried to write, and mamma was angry. I shall burn all the things, though I used to like them."

"Oh, no!" he said. "Ah, yes. I have tried to write myself, and I know all the tricks of it. I have the grace to be humble about it."

At last Tessa promised, half unwillingly. She accepted with the same hesitation his proposal that he should bring over Rossetti, Morris, Stevenson, Yeats, Patmore, and Francis Thompson from Killyone to be here for an indefinite period.

as "a nice play boy." He was talking to a friend, and had not noticed the priest. "He'll let his seat slip from under him, so he will. His supporters is terribly discouraged. If he wins we won't have the heart to chair him."

The priest smiled faintly. The result was too much in suspense for him to enjoy this reminiscence as he might otherwise have done.

"The personation and the intimidation and the treating!" went on the lugubrious voice at his elbow. "That was an election if you like."

At this moment the popular candidate came into the room. He was smoking a cigarette, and the usual extreme neatness of his attire had undergone no change.

Father Tracey's face lit up. He went over to Barney, who was standing dispiritedly by the window, and put the telegraph-form into his hand.

"The ladies were Alison and Tessa Barnard. They had been seen at the window at various moments during the day. When the canvassing was all done, and the driving about from one polling-station to another, and the last day of all had come with only the counting of the votes, Alison had confessed, with a little laugh at her own folly, that she could not wait for the result at home."

"I could not let them say that I had won by an accident, such as the loss of the boxes would have been," said Sir Gerard, lifting his head proudly.

"Bad whisky," he whispered. "They will offer me bad whisky everywhere I go. It is the most arduous part of the most arduous Irish campaign."

"I wonder when you had a meal," Alison said, gentle reproachful. "I tried to get hold of you at lunch-time, but you were gone off on that quixotic hunt after the Lardy ballot-boxes."

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