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TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1902

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Parliamentary Notes

As foretold in my notes of last issue the budget debate ended on Tuesday night, or rather on Wednesday morning, of last week; and, as is generally known, the vote stood 117 to 81, or a majority of 56 for the Government. It was a regular party vote and constitutes a fair estimate of the Government's strength in the House. Since then there has been less noise, but more progress. The estimates have been passing through the committee, and the Minister of Militia has succeeded in getting all of his through. When the House adjourned on Friday night the Minister of Agriculture was on a fair way to reaching a similar end. The Premier gave notice that on Tuesday of this week he would move that henceforth Wednesdays would be taken as Government days. Another step towards prorogation, but there is a great deal still to be done. This will leave only one day in each week for private members. But all the private bills are now practically before the House. So far 117 have been introduced, and notice has been given of only 128 in all. As a rule the private legislation occupies the first part of the session, and the public or Government bills come in for attention towards the latter half of the session. The public measures are few in number, but these are all of considerable importance. It may now be safely calculated that prorogation will take place either on Thursday, the 15th, or Thursday, the 22nd of May. This latter date would give us a session of a little over three months, which is a very reasonable time, considering the peculiar circumstances of this year.

There is one gigantic project that will come before the House this week in the form of a bill to incorporate the Montreal Subway Company. There have been considerable attempts made to secure legislation in connection with the uniting of the South Shore of the St. Lawrence with the City of Montreal, and matters seem to be growing a little complicated. Two companies sought charters to build their respective bridges over the St. Lawrence, from Longueuil to Montreal. Evidently one of these bills was killed in the Railway Committee on account of lack of progress made by the company during the several years since it first obtained an act of incorporation. This obstacle being removed the way appeared clear for the second company to secure an act, and its application will be on the list this week before the Railway Committee. Meanwhile up comes this other company, with its vaster project of digging a tunnel from Longueuil, under the St. Lawrence, under St. Helen's Island, and into the eastern and northern suburbs of Montreal. Of course, if this immense undertaking presents any fair prospects of realization, the bridge question will of necessity have to fall through. The question is one of most vital importance, and one that will occupy the close attention of the Committee this week. The result will be eagerly watched, for the incorporation of such a company, with an aim of this nature, would mean the commencement of a work that would dwarf, in its proportions, the famed operation of constructing the Victoria Bridge.

The person who has not occasion nor an opportunity of noting the vast amount of railway legislation that occupies the Federal Parliament, could never dream of the extent of that network of railway that is being gradually flung across the face of this Dominion. When we consider that our immense country holds only about five millions of inhabitants and that the population of the American Republic is now almost eighty millions, it is clear that, in proportion, we enjoy far more transportation facilities by rail than do our neighbors to the south of us. And if the present Government can only be allowed to push to completion its grand scheme for the deepening and improvement of our waterways, we shall, in the very near future, outstrip the Americans in the great contest for transportation facilities. This is a big statement to make, but facts substantiate it, and the question itself is big—big with the prospects of Canada during the coming quarter of a century.

There has been considerable criticism, this session, of the Government's large expenditure of public moneys. That is perfectly right, and it is the honest duty of a faithful Opposition to do criticism. But when it is shown conclusively that every dollar spent was not only a necessity, but even a profitable investment for the Dominion, a means of increasing the country's real assets, that criticism is beneficial to the Government, creditable to the Opposition, and its results are reassuring for the people. It is not for your correspondent to pass judgment upon the leading measures introduced by the different members of the Government so far; above all, as some of these measures are not as yet entirely passed, nor beyond the stage of investigation. But there can be no hesitation in calling the attention of a reflecting public to them, and leaving them to stand for justification upon their own merits. Of these we have the programme outlined by Hon. Mr. Borden, Minister of Militia, and the highly approved of an ex-Minister of Militia in the person of Hon. Mr. Tisdale. The amendments concerning "Bills of Exchange, brought in by Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Minister of Justice. These alone would furnish ample subject for serious study, as they constitute ample evidence of the departmental grasp of each of the afore-mentioned ministers. Not being a critic in the sphere of practical politics, but only a recorder of passing events, I leave to the judgment of your readers the appreciation of these few questions in their details, as I leave to their sound common sense the easy task of appreciating the whole administration as exemplified in its programme during the present session.

WHAT HAS IRELAND DONE FOR DUMB ANIMALS?

Mr. George T. Angell writes in Our Dumb Animals:
 The first movement ever made in the British Parliament to obtain some law for the protection of animals from cruelty was by a distinguished English statesman, who was met by such a storm of ridicule that he abandoned the attempt. Some time later there came into the House of Commons, from Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, Dick Martin, who was noted widely for two things: (1) that he was very fond of animals, and (2) that he was equally fond of fighting everybody who he thought insulted him. He had an established reputation as a fighting man. One day he brought into the House of Commons a bill for the protection of animals from cruelty. Someone immediately gave a cock crow. Martin at once stepped out on the floor of the House of Commons and said he would be very much obliged for the name of the gentleman who had seen fit to insult him. He waited, but the gentleman did not give his name, and then went back to his seat amid the cheers of the House of Commons, and his bill became a law of Great Britain and the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
 Some years ago when we had the privilege of addressing in one of the large halls of Philadelphia 800 of the police, with 32 officers, we were told by the ex-Mayor who presided that a large proportion of the men seated before us were of Irish birth or parentage, and so we related the above incident and then told them that it was a proud thing for old Ireland that the first law in the world for the prevention of cruelty to animals came from the brave heart of one of her sons. We need not say that this statement was followed by great applause, and will probably never be forgotten by any one of those present.

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MGR. FALCONIO.

Mgr. Falconio For Washington

The Washington correspondent of The New York Freeman's Journal writes: In the first week of May it will be one year since Cardinal Martinelli received his elevation and took the accompanying oath to appear at the thresholds of the Apostles within a year. At the present writing there is no sign that the Pope has dispensed his delegate from this condition, and it is reasonable to look for Cardinal Martinelli's departure at any moment. Those close to the news admit that Mgr. Falconio will undoubtedly be the next delegate Apostolic to the United States. This prelate is now in Canada, but has recently spent much time in this country. Reliable correspondents say that the promotion was promised Mgr. Falconio, and this Pontiff is noted for his fidelity in fulfilling promises. In some quarters the fact that the Monsignor is a Franciscan monk does not tend to make him popular, but it is also rumored that henceforth all delegates Apostolic sent to the United States will be members of the religious order. This is Rome's answer to a certain indiscreet sermon preached here some years ago. The new delegate lately spent nearly six weeks in Chicago, and this visit shows which way the wind blows. The great city of the west is causing more solicitude just now than any part of the country, and it is necessary that the new delegate be thoroughly informed on the situation. Another settlement which will come after the departure of Mgr. Martinelli is the selection of the next rector of the Catholic University. The next meeting of the Board of Trustees will have the duty of selecting Mgr. Conaty's successor. It is a foregone conclusion that he will not succeed himself, since he has been elevated to a titular see and his name has been sent to Rome in connection with vacant sees. When the first rector was removed the Board of Trustees

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tees stated that henceforth all rectors would be selected from the priests, and not bishops. The next question is the most momentous question now before the American hierarchy. The Catholic University has reached a period of existence when it must be pronounced either a success or a failure. The past two years have been hard ones, and there were times when the scholars of the country have been tempted to declare that it has failed. But those who know the struggles which must come to all young institutions are loath to take such a pessimistic view. The next year must see a centralization of Catholic scholarship force and thought. They must see the university attract to it the scholarship which admittedly exists in the American Catholic Church, and they have the names of the university men connected with the great movements which are stirring the world and shaping the destiny of the nation. The upbuilding of a national university hers with the millions of Carnegie behind should incite Catholic scholars and scientists to renewed effort. But, in the opinion of men of letters here, the Catholic University can only succeed by casting out all mediocre material and gathering to itself the master minds of the time.

THE ASSASSIN IN RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, April 15.—The Minister of the Interior, M. Siplagune, was shot at and fatally wounded at 1 o'clock this afternoon in the lobby of the Ministerial Offices by a man who held a pistol close to the Minister's person. The wounded man died at 2 p.m.

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The Pope of the Vatican and the Pope of "Saturday Night."

It is a great pity that the Pope of Saturday Night has felt himself called upon to differ from the Pope of the Vatican. The two in harmony would have been a great power for good in the world, but when the two are in opposition, the effect must be disastrous. The fact that they are in opposition goes to show that two infallible Popes, at the same time, are too much, and cannot consistently reign except on the old grammar principle that two negatives make an affirmative.

His comparison of the Pope's encyclical in favor of Christian unity, with the deliberations of the Protestant ministers for the same purpose, recently held in Toronto, is sadly out of place. There can be no unity where the principle of unity is absent. There can be no unity where there is no recognized authority or head. The scheme of unity on other lines has been often tried, and has as often failed. The Protestant principle being that the Holy Ghost inspires each individual, and that each one must be his own pope. If this principle is a principle or truth, it places the Holy Ghost in rather a strange light. It makes him the author of all the sects, and if so, of all the contradictory doctrines taught by the sects. Unity will come and it will come through communion with the Pope. There is no one else has any authority in matters of religion. They have opinions, that is all. No one else claims it, nor is it recognized in any one else. It is difficult to accept an infallible Pope, what must it be to contemplate the edifying spectacle of millions of individuals who claim infallibility?

Saturday Night apparently does not recognize the right and duty which the Pope exercises in proclaiming to the world the things that are of God, and the peace of the world. If not, who else is to speak? But he will say: I am a Protestant. What is a Protestant? Will Saturday Night give an intelligent definition of Protestant? Does Saturday Night give his views on Cathedra, and does not claim infallibility? There is a story told of a certain other old lady entertaining the views of Saturday Night, who went to Rome to convert the Pope from the errors of Popery, and the interview ended in her own conversion.

The writer says that the decisive "measures," and "enforcing," recommended by Leo XIII., are opposed to the spread or practice of the teachings of Christ. It is a pity this writer is not in Rome to advise His Holiness as to the proper methods of spreading and teaching the doctrines of Christ. His presence in Rome no doubt would keep Rome from many blunders Rome, we are told in history, was once before saved by a goose.

Then, again, in order to show what tyrants Popes have been, and may be, if they had the power, he instances the persecution of Galileo.

The story of Galileo has been and is so well told, and so often repeated and has proved so serviceable to numerous pretenders wishing to palm off their stupid dreams for some new discovery in science, that it is almost a pity to spoil the story by contradicting it. Yet, the story as he tells it, is false from beginning to end. The trouble here with Saturday Night is he got his history at second hand, and those informations at second hand may be at tenth hand, should be cautious.

How often has it been proved by Protestant authors that the Pope is anti-Christ, that he has hoofs and horns, that he has forbidden the Bible in the vulgar tongue. Granted permission to sin, put the Blessed Virgin in the place of Christ, paid divine worship to images, and all that kind of doctrine and practices? Given Protestant history and there is no difficulty in proving all this and more. The fact is that the channels of Protestant history, in its relation

to the Catholic Church, being so grossly and wickedly corrupted, it is easy to account for the blundering ignorance with which Protestants generally approach Catholic affairs.

The truth is that the heliocentric theory was taught in Rome by Cardinal Nicholas Cusanus just one hundred years before the birth of Galileo, and afterwards by Copernicus, a Catholic priest and canon, who was professor of astronomy in Rome in 1500.

Galileo was not condemned for teaching this theory, nor was the theory itself condemned. What, then, are the facts in the case? It appears that he wanted to make it a religious question and reconcile it with the Scriptures. No censure was passed on himself or his theory. He was simply required to speak as a mathematician and confine himself to his discoveries and his scientific proofs, without meddling with the Scriptural question. But with this he was not satisfied, he would not obey. For this he was cited in 1633 to appear at Rome and was condemned, the question turning on his contempt for authority, and not at all on the truth or falsity of his doctrine. While at Rome he resided in a splendid apartment in the palace of the Fiscal of the Inquisition. Not in a dungeon. These are the main facts, though much may be said on the same lines. Saturday Night giving a genuine quotation from a genuine brief of any Pope condemning any scientific proposition, proved to be such, will give to his readers a discovery such as has not yet been made. That he can quote plenty of history to this effect there is no doubt, but that is not enough.

The late Clarke Wallace suffered a martyrdom of mental agony on account of the "aggressions of Rome," and of the Pope's unlawful interference with the liberties of the people. It is to be hoped he is now at rest, but it seems Saturday Night has done his mantle.

Corn Laws Reimposed on Britain

London, April 15.—Mr. Kruger, besides staggering humanity, has driven the last nail in the coffin of free trade. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has required considerable pressure and he has yielded reluctantly. Sir Robert Giffen, who was once the hope of the stern, unbending Cobdenites, has been coaching him in the columns of The Times, and at last the cue is taken. The taxation of corn is resumed. Although the abolition of the corn laws was the supreme end of Mr. Cobden's agitation, which converted England into the pioneer free trade nation, the hands on the dial plate, as devout Cobdenites will say, are now turned back. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach sought to minimize the importance of the new taxation by describing it as a revival of the registration duty on wheat and flour, which Mr. Lowe ought never to have repealed, and which had nothing to do with a protective system, but Sir William Harcourt did not allow the House to be deceived by sophistries, and characterized the taxation of food as incompatible with a free trade system.

The budget speech created a great sensation in the Commons, where both the extent of the deficiency and the nature of the new taxes were surprises. Experts had estimated the deficit inaccurately at £20,000,000 of £25,000,000 sterling. It was £26,821,000, and was increased to £28,000,000 by the sea transport of soldiers and gratuities on the close of the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to tax sugar, tobacco or wine, but added a penny to the income tax, a penny to cheque stamps, and introduced a three-penny registration duty on grain and flaxseed on flour and meal. After providing £5,150,000 sterling by new taxation he proposed a fresh loan of thirty-two millions, covering the balance by Exchequer bills.

The budget speech contained fewer jokes than usual, for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach appreciated apparently the seriousness of his departure from the policy handed down by two generations of free-trade financiers. It was received with mixed signs of doubt and approval on the Government side, and with evidence of delight and relief by the Opposition benches. The demoralized Liberal party had at last found an issue on which all factions could unite. The commonest comment made was an expression of surprise that the Government had waited until peace was in sight before abandoning Cobden's principles, and had restored the registration duties on grain and flour for the sake of raising 2,650,000 pounds, which might have been obtained by increasing the sugar duties.

The budget speech was a clear evidence that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had yielded to pressure from Mr. Chamberlain. The Secretary for the Colonies was evidently determined to have the duties on foodstuffs before the assembling of the Imperial conference,

when the colonial Premiers come to the coronation, so that there could be some basis for the preferential treatment of Canada and the other colonies.

Mr. Balfour's admission that a communication had been received from the Boer leaders through Lord Kitchener served to explain the extraordinary Cabinet conferences. The attempts made by news associations and despatches from Holland to minimize the message as a demand for direct wire communication with Utrecht was wholly successful. The British Government had evidently been soundly respecting the preliminaries of peace. The press is on guard against Missions, but there is a hopeful feeling that the end of the war is near.

There is a decided lack of enthusiasm in the press comments on the budget this morning. Radical papers condemn the proposed duties on corn and flour, and even one or two of the minor Unionist papers regard the imposition as a tactical blunder. They think it would have been wiser to add a trifle more to the loan. Leading Unionist organs, such as The Standard and The Telegraph, have nothing but praise for the duties, but they call upon the Chancellor to reconsider his proposal to add a penny to the tax on cheques. This new departure has already caused great irritation in the banking world.

THE CATHOLIC PAPER.

The Catholic paper is a Catholic institution, which the daily is not. The Catholic paper voices, in its editorial page, Catholic opinion—which the daily does not. The Catholic paper makes it a business to correct misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine, to defend Catholic rights to praise Catholic achievements, to promote Catholic interests—which secular papers do not and cannot do. The Catholic paper is a Catholic truth society in itself; it goes into a hundred secular newspaper offices, where it silently, but effectively, dissolves bigotry by the light of its information and the vigor of its tone. When Catholics are attacked by new movements of bigotry, what is the fortress and outpost of their defense? The Catholic paper. When Catholics are ignored or inadequately recognized in public matters, what is the medium of protest? The Catholic paper. What cultivates among Catholics the proper interest in Catholic news, events and doctrines? The Catholic paper.

THE POPE IN EXCELLENT HEALTH.

Rome, April 15.—The Pope today granted a private audience to Burke Cockran of New York, who tells me he found the Pontiff amazingly stronger than at his last audience five years ago. Pope Leo showed wonderful memory, recollecting all the circumstances about Mr. Cockran and New York affairs, speaking in a firm voice. From another source I learn that the Pope has expressed satisfaction at the new bonds of union between the United States and the Holy See, resulting from the mission of Governor Tait with a view to a settlement of the Philippine question.

SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

The two burglars, Lawrence and Staley, who recently attempted to rob St. Mary's Church, Barrie, have been sent to the Penitentiary to serve five years each.

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A Visit to Rome

By William O'Brien

The chief wonder of this city of wonders is to see two armies of occupation, owning different sovereignties and fighting under rival flags, circulating in the same streets and day by day carrying on their smouldering struggle for mastery without as much as the noise of a cannon-shot. In the Trastevere, the heroic old man of ninety-three, whose empire is apparently bounded by the walls of the Vatican yet mystically extends to the uttermost ends of the earth across the river, only three streets away, although with an abyss deep as an ocean between them, the youthful King of the House of Savoy who owes to a murderer's knife his untimely accession to his throne. Both potentates have their separate embassies, their separate nobility their separate armies and encampments. The French or Austrian Minister to the Vatican has hardly a bowing acquaintance with his brother French or Austrian Minister to the Quirinal. The haughty black Patricians, who adhere to the Pope, would rather freeze to death in their palaces than open them to the white Patricians—the princely bankers and bankrupt Marquises, dukes and adventurers whose patents of nobility date from yesterday, and who find themselves attracted towards the loaves and fishes of the Quirinal, by the same instinct which brings their Irish brother-funkey groveling on his belly to Dublin Castle. The trumpets of the rival hosts are for ever sounding—be they church bells or roll calls. Every big building which is not a convent is a barracks, or a convent appropriated into a barracks. Every street is alive with the uniforms of the two armies—the cockades and feathers and swords of the army of the flesh flashing in and out among those monks' garb of brown and white and black, which are as incomparably picturesque to-day as when Fra Angelico painted them, or rubbing shoulders with detachments of the students of the innumerable ecclesiastical colleges of all nations, who march about two abreast in soutanes and hands of multicolored and unexpected hues, light purple and dark purple, azure blue and Prussian blue, pink and scarlet, and green—troops of conscripts, in whose fresh faces and eager eyes you see valor, purity, and imperishable faith shining steadily out in the midst of a world of pessimism and corruption. Often and desperately as the possession of Rome has been contested by Volscian and Etruscan, by Carthaginian and Hun and Goth, by Austrian and Frenchman and Spaniard, there was surely never a more enthralling passage in its story than this silent, bloodless, invisible, subterranean, supernatural warfare which divides the Eternal City day by day from the dawn, when the sun peeps into the early Masses on the thousand altars of Rome, until it sets behind St. Peter's in a sea of gold.

THE RANKS OF TUSCANY

I saw the hosts of the House of Savoy mobilized in all their finery the morning the King went to open his Parliament. I alighted upon the procession in one of the new streets by which the conquerors have ripped up and encircled old Rome—streets in the style of a Chicago dry-goods king gone bankrupt in the course of the building operations. At one extremely rose the facade of the vast church of the Gesù, where the body of St. Ignatius Loyola lies in its urn of gold and gems, surviving like a solemn rebuke from the past in the midst of the shabby magnificence of the new sky-scrapers, and on the opposite piazza the statue of some fat Parliamentarian of the new régime—one of those eminent ward politicians of whom you never know so little as when you have deciphered his name. Opposite the Gesù a military band was strumming, and the streets were double-lined with troops, and behind the hinges of rifles assembled considerable crowds to enjoy the crisp Italian sunshine and the glitter of the uniforms and the prancing of the aides-de-camp. It must be owned that the Italian Court out-dazzles even Buckingham Palace in the splendor of its equipages and the glory of its feathers and epaulettes. The first Court carriage in which the handsome young Queen rode (for by some singular point of etiquette Kings of the House of Savoy and their wives can only be seen together in public on two stated days in the year) was, indeed, a somewhat second-rate affair, whose fixings in silver were unpleasantly suggestive of a bear's of the first fashion, but the King's own gold coach—a perfect travelling gold mine, drawn by eight horses with crimson housings and driven by eight funkeys in powdered wig and plush of crimson and gold—beat anything I ever saw in the Royal posting-establishment of England, or of the Lord Mayor of Dublin himself. The Italian officers are handsome, well tailored, and picturesque as the most romantic chorus of an Italian opera. By some queer freak of heredity, the modern Roman, who seems to inherit no other quality of

the Horatii and Bruti and Caesars who once ruled the world, possess the ancient knack of wearing his toga like a conical you constantly see them throw their cloaks of French grey slashed with blue, or of black lined with scarlet, across their shoulders with a pose as imperial as Julius Caesar could have mustered when he fell at the foot of Pompey's statue. And, as for the general officers, even the model Major-Generals of Britain, before they found it necessary to strip off their feathers and disguise themselves as full privates in the Boer country, could not hold a candle to the warriors of the Italian Flat Major for mountains of feathers and epaulettes of solid bullion. Also the King himself is a well-favored and interesting-looking young man, in whom his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel, a semi-detached lump of nose has got straightened out into the correct Roman pattern, and his grandfather's ear-to-ear mustaches of the transporting heavy villain have submitted to the sway of the modern barber.

FROM GLORY TO A VOLCANIC SHOCK

All the elements of popular enthusiasm seemed thus to be assembled when King Victor, bowing and smiling, swept past in his gold coach, amidst his flashing cuirassiers, and the click of the presented muskets and the rattaplan of the bands. I cannot say that the enthusiasm found much voice. There was a hoarse sort of whispering cheer behind the line of troops which might easily have been mistaken for a groan—there were some hands clapped, many hats raised a low (as very few) pocket-handkerchiefs waved from a very few windows, and that was all. It seemed to me the poor King took as much pains to capture a salute as an Irish Lord Lieutenant, and was not very much more successful in his angling. It must be added at the same time that although the police took the precaution of arresting five persons for the crime of "a dubious attitude" (doubtless, the Italian for "a humbugging sort of smile"), there was not the smallest sign of unfriendliness on the part of the crowd, but rather a suggestion of bored and lazy acquiescence. It might be content, or it might be a peevishness as precarious as that of a bed of spring-flowers on the rim of a volcano—for all a stranger could judge. The day did not pass, indeed, without its rumbling reminder that we are in the land of volcanoes. Among the busiest of the great people fluttering among the King's triumphant procession was the Premier, Signor Zanardelli—a man in the sixties, yellow, bony, bald over the temples, with the moustache of an old colonel, and the jumping gestures of a Neapolitan, and the sly affability of a lawyer who measures his smiles by the amount of the fee on the back of his brief. This slim gentleman perambulated the streets, smirking and prancing as if he were the hero of the day, for whose triumph all the drums were beating. He had put into the King's mouth a declaration in support of his favorite Divorce Bill, and his majority seemed to stand firm as the Colosseum. Before many hours were over Signor Zanardelli and his Ministry were crumbling to the earth, Divorce Bill and all, and the unfortunate King had scarcely the speech his Ministry composed for him spoken, when down came the whole Ministerial edifice about his ears—almost as dismal a reminder of the mutability of Italian affairs as if the military bands had struck up "The Dead March in Saul" on the return to the Quirinal.

ANOTHER ROME

A few days afterwards I saw the other Rome, and its Sovereign, in the midst of his army and his subjects, and, without saying, that the contrast between the two scenes reduced the earthly monarchy to something almost comically insignificant, the contrast was indeed one never to be forgotten. It was on the occasion of the Pope's descent into St. Peter's to begin the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, the close of which will bring him ad diem et'eri. I had already often wandered through the streets of precious marbles, mosaics, paintings, and colossal statues, under their firmament of cupolas and golden ceilings, which are called St. Peter's. To do so on ordinary days is to sink under a sense of immeasurable wonder and oppression, to feel a desire to shrink away in one's infinitesimal littleness into some distant chapel where a sacramental lamp and a few prostrate figures give one a certain home feeling of a rustic Irish chapel—away from those awful solitudes of cold marble, those overwhelming monuments of human genius and superhuman virtue, amidst which the tourists circulating from aisle to aisle, clad in hand, and chattering guide attending them, have the air of beetles crawling about some tremendous work of beauty it seemed impossible to imagine this immensity really peopled and animated. Human nature seemed too little for it, our disenchanted age is too cold. It is only when the Pope sits on his Cathedral throne, and seventy or eighty thousand voices are reverberating through the heavenly abysses of Michael Angelo's Dome, that one comes to realize the function of St. Peter's, as the sovereign place of Christianity; but then indeed there comes a scene such as is to be beheld nowhere else on earth; the Dome, with all its heaven-piercing heights and

the vast areas stretching away behind the pillars seem none too mighty for the picture they frame. When all the colossal figures of Fathers of the Church and Saints and Popes which increase the nave and transept, and all the flickering lamps of gold above the tomb of the Apostle, and all the clustering chapels around them, with their altars of malachite and lapis-lazuli and their paintings more priceless still, unite in one celestial harmony, light up into one glowing soul, and when the very human applause thundering around the throne of Peter has something divine in its mysterious swell.

A SACRISTY—IRISH AND ROMAN

The Pope did not arrive from the Vatican before eleven o'clock. The invitation announced that the gates of the Basilica would not be opened before eight o'clock, but the daylight had in sooner made its way through the rain-clouds than half Rome seemed to be migrating across the Tiber to St. Peter's—priests and nuns by the hundred of every observance, every costume and every race under the sun, Polish, Abyssinian, Hungarian, Chinese, bands of students in their soutanes of many colors, processions of Belgian, French and Lombard pilgrims, Cardinals, Foreign Sovereigns, Ambassadors, and patricians in their carriages—men and women whose very names, Colonna and Orsini, and Frangipani and Rospiolosi, and so on, sounded like chapters of Roman history—and better than all these, thousands and tens of thousands of the genuine, unmistakable common people, whose faith forms a securer support of religion than the four columns massed as a thousand ordinary columns welded together, which uphold the terrific weight of the Cupola. The district of the Borgo, through which you approach St. Peter's, is one of narrow, lusty, sordid streets. When you emerge from them into the glorious Piazza embraced by Bernini's semi-circular colonnades of quadruple pillars, spread out like the wings of the Church of Peter, wide enough to embrace all the world, the Basilica, crowned with the Dome which seems to soar into the very Heaven, rises above its comparatively mean surroundings, its barracks, and its cat-lined-houses, and out-at-elbow palaces, with the majesty of a something immeasurably above the stain of our fretful little human dwelling-places.

The first surprise of the day was to find the Piazza di San Pietro in occupation of the Italian troops. A double cordon of them stretched across the whole space from colonnade to colonnade, to keep back the black deluge of humanity that was for hours surging up against the soldiers' thin blue line. One of the things that help one to realize the enormity of St. Peter's is that it took three regiments of infantry to furnish the cordon across the vestibule of the Basilica, and there were any number besides of detachments of Bersaglieri, grenadiers, carabineers, and gendarmes with no less than six ambulance corps, to complete the service of order around the mighty church. It was curious to see the Commissaries and Soldiers of the Quirinal drawn up peacefully almost under the folds of the Papal Flag which His Holiness's Swiss Guards unrolled from the bronze portal of the Vatican. Presently, as eight o'clock tolled from dozens of church towers, two gaps in the line of infantry disclosed themselves, and the multitude (probably by this time, forty or fifty thousand strong, although they only made one immense black patch on the face of the Piazza), began to filter through. Our tickets of invitation directed us to enter by the Cancelli of the Sacristy, and here again the fact that words have a different meaning in St. Peter's from what they would mean if applied to any other church in the world was borne upon us. Admission by the Sacristy would convey to most of us a very simple and modest operation, but the Sacristy of St. Peter's and its environments would in themselves furnish sufficient church room for a province. Having crossed the forest of pillars of the colonnade (through two rows of which two carriages abreast could drive as through a forest path), we had to tread whole streets, which contain half-a-dozen minor churches and residences of the Pietrini (or hereditary workmen of St. Peter's), and old offices of the Inquisition, and even a cemetery (the oldest in Rome, supposed to have been supplied with earth from Calvary by Constantine the Great), before we arrived even in the courtyard, where a thousand other ticket-holders—ambassadors, great ladies and chiefs of pilgrimages—were with sunny Italian good-humor struggling with another line of Bersaglieri at the great iron gate of the Sagrestia. And having, with due patience, elbowed one's way through the illustrious mob of men in evening-dress and women with head-dresses of black lace, we had still to traverse a little world of marble statuary, and paintings before reaching the gigantic statues of SS. Peter and Paul, which guard the entrance to the Basilica proper. For "The Sacristy," wherein the Irish country village priest and altar boys don their humility vestments, expands at St. Peter's into three vast Halls, or rather Chapels, each with its own gorgeous apparatus of marble walls and mosaic pavements and alabaster altars, all precious pictures screened by gauze veils from the common light, and beyond these again a corridor hallowed by the graves of Popes, and a treasury in which the actual Damatic gleaming with pearls and gold which was worn by Charlemagne at his coronation in St. Peter's, and the cocoon in the Crypts which com-

prise the vast underworld of the great Cathedral, immense as a town of many streets, and laden with its own wondrous history of dead Popes, and of the ancient Basilica of the days when the Christians first emerged from the Catacombs, and of the still older days when the present site of St. Peter's was the Circus of Nero, where Popes and the chief ministers were smeared with tar and set fire to as human torches to light the monastery orgies. Expede Here!—if all this is only the Sacristy, you can guess what the Church itself must be.

WAITING FOR THE SILVER TRUMPETS.

Here we are at last looking up to the heights of the Dome, dizzy enough to seem like a hollowed-out Mont Blanc, and awful as an opening into Eternity. Our seats in Tribuna A gave us a superb command of the great scene. The altar of the High Mass at which the Pope alone, or a Cardinal commissioned by a special Brief from him, can officiate and where alone among the altars of the world the celebrant faces the congregation, was scarcely a dozen yards away, the golden lamps of "The Confession," the sacred Ad Limina—two hundred of Bishops and millions of pilgrims yearly come to pray over the Sarcophagus, which, by the common assent of profane archaeologists and church traditions, contains the very bones of St. Peter, more precious than all the gold and gems and blocks of agate and alabaster in which the piety of ages has enshrined them, were gleaming just in front of us, and on every side from the august distance of the aisles and transepts crowded worshipping Humanity, in masses so dark and dense that even the pentagonal columns which sustain the Cupola, even the firmament of the Cupola itself, with the eye of God the Father looking down upon the scene from the topmost height, did not seem extravagantly great for the occasion. I had often heard a ceremonial day at St. Peter's declared to be one of the most irreverent scenes on earth, what with the pushing and chattering of vulgar tourists and the jarring note of popular applause in the sacred place. It is, according to my experience, the observation of a very superficial mind, indeed. When seventy or eighty thousand people are packed together for five hours, nine-tenths of them without seats, and probably at least five thousand of them curious and impatient strangers, who go to see the Colosseum of Christianity by altarlight as they flock to see the Colosseum of the gladiators and wild beats by moonlight or limelight, it is inevitable that there should be a certain amount of noise, disorder, and vulgarity, calculated to wound simple souls, for whom the presence of the Blessed Sacrament is the one all-absorbing, awe-compelling subject of contemplation in a church of God.

It is not possible for the seditious human nerves to remain at the heroic pitch for five hours at a stretch. Little interludes there will be, prosaic, indecorous, even comical. An excellent Flemish pastor in front of us, all astro to see that his full family of pilgrims had arrived in safety through the tohu bohu of the corridors, and volubly pointing out to them all the wonders of St. Peter's, would from time to time jump to his seat and see his worthy pilgrims jumping after him, whereupon an angry growl in a dozen languages as "Assisi!" "Seati!" "Abbaso!" "Sitzzen!" and so on, would rise up behind him, and the poor Fleming, knowing only his own language, but quickly instructed in the meaning of one word at least in half the dialects of the Tower of Babel, would indignantly and slowly, but sorrowfully, subside. Presently, upon a further tier in front of him, a lady as deaf to public opinion as an Irish Local Government Board, flew to her feet and, with her lorgnon at her eyes, calmly blocked out a whole region of the sanctuary from the view of her neighbors with her Herculean bulk and girth instantly our bravo Fleming was on his feet in a state of legitimate fury, singing heavy Walloon adjectives at the head of the obstructionist, and delightfully alive to the sinfulness in another of the peccadillo in which he could see no inconvenience for himself. Every few minutes when a false alarm of the Pope's arrival would thrill the multitude, some fresh epidemic of seat-climbing would burst out here and there to be stamped out by another prompt outcry of "Assisi!" and so forth. But, when at long last was heard from afar the alarm of the silver-trumpets, and from the chapel of the Pietà the procession from the Vatican was signalled, a sort of spasm of delicious pain ran through the myriads around us which put an end to all regard to anything except the wild instinct to see at any cost, public opinion for the moment gave up the ghost; the shouts of "Assisi!" vigorous at first, died despairingly away, and a minute afterwards the shouts of "Seati!" were themselves as high in the air as their seats could lift them, and only sorry they had no wings to fly as high as the colossal Four Evangelists in the spandrels overhead. The Syndic (Lod Mayor) of Rome, himself, Prince Colonna, set the example of the dabandadi by jumping on his own chair and struggling for the best view with the eminent Panjand drums around him. Again, there was here and there this ever-lasting Anglo-Saxon, as critical contemptuous of the scene as he was (once in a time) of the Boer farmers; and there was his demon-brother of the kodak, and the Anglo-

Saxon lady, whose notion of asserting her Protestantism was wearing a modish dress and a feather in her hat in the most solemn place on earth, and in contravention of the rules of the most venerable Court in Christendom—she would dress for a table d'hôte dinner in a day-hotel with the respect which was denied to a dynasty of near three hundred Popes and the temple crowded with the masterpieces of almost as many hundred men of genius. It is pretty Fanny's way, the calculation being that the Pope's ushers, in their mediaeval black velvet and three-pile robes, are too courteous gentlemen to turn her out until she comes dressed with decency.

ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS

But it is one of the notes of the stupendous magnitude of such a day at St. Peter's that all these pettinesses, and banalities, and small irreverences are swept out of sight, and the little defilements of a city stream are swallowed up in the ocean, the moment Pope Leo's spirit-like face, only distinguished by a tinge of faint ivory-yellow from the shining white of his robe, appeared over that tossing human ocean of St. Peter's. The lady of the ostrich feather herself must have felt some dim perception that she was assisting at a scene of overwhelming majesty. St. Peter's was built for a Te Deum. Nowhere else in the world can the Church Triumphant descend so visibly upon earth or make its voice heard in such celestial language. We, of the clouder northern skies, and the gloomier northern temperament, may have our sigh for the sombre peace of the penitential Gothic aisles and the soothing mystery of their painted windows. We are apt at first to shrink abashed from the crude white light of day that seems to pierce us through and through, and turn our eyes around for some shady corner to hide our littleness. It is no derogation from the humble suggestiveness and rugged poetry of our Gothic miracles in stone, however, to say that the mind soon comes to realize that the conceptions of Bramante and Michael Angelo and their peerless coadjutors cannot be illustrated with a too crystalline southern light, that brightness, clearness, openness, very certitude of Faith, Hope and Joy are here in their proper place, and that the boundless riches of material, painting, and sculpture here amassed, while they seem to say the last word for human genius, leave something still diviner to be said in the dimensions, the altitude, the inexpressible majesty of the dome under which, as it were, all else is concentrated upon an altar of homage, and goes up through all these blue and golden heights even unto the visible presence of the Most High God pictured nearly 450 feet above.

Within such a framework the great White Pope, with all his Cardinals, and all his sacred regiments, of whom the Generals are the St. Francis's, and the St. Dominics, and St. Ignatius, and St. Benedicts and St. Philip Neri, and many another world-renowned captain of the Faith beside, and all his surrounding Court of Sovereigns, Ambassadors and Envoys Extraordinary, and noble guards in their royal splendors, and all his still nobler guard of seventy or eighty thousand passionately faithful subjects, make just the ideal picture—a picture of which Rome alone, and even Rome only a few times in a lifetime, can assemble the materials. If I am to tell my whole mind, the picture could have done very well without the noble Guards for all the blaze of color they lent to it. It is, no doubt, highly creditable for those young princes and dukes to ornament the Papal throne with their flashing swords and patrician faces without receiving a penny of the pay dear to the heart of the Yeomanry of England. But that superb old man, and his white throne, with the aureole of twenty venerable centuries around it, stand in no need of such accessories as naked swords of the dazzling uniforms of their noble owners to augment their glory. There was even a certain impertinence, amidst the sufficiently picturesque cohorts of the Cardinal and clergy in the choir and the gravely appropriate black coats and black veils of the laity, in the laity, in the splendid accoutrements and fallals of the Envoys Extraordinary. This churlish reflection, however, may have been suggested by the crude scarlet coat of King Edward's Envoy—the "cruel red" which England's "envoy's extraordinary" to South Africa dread to wear with in range of the Boer rifles. There was, I am free to own, something a little galling in the thought that the only official representative at this world-festival of Ireland (men of whose blood form one-seventh of the Episcopate of the Universal Church, and supply twenty millions of its sturdiest defenders) should be an obscure English nobleman, coming from a country which is the very citadel of materialist revolt against the Supernatural and a King who only the other day swore that the Mass just about to begin at St. Peter's is an idolatrous superstition, and who shrinks from setting foot in the Catholic country for which his Envoy is supposed to speak. The circumstance suggest many reflections which are, there is reason to hope, beginning to occupy attention at Rome; the main one being that the true interests of Catholicity in King Edward's realms were represented, not by Lord Denbigh's red coat, but by the hundreds (if not thousands) of Irish, Irish-American, Irish-Canadian, Irish-Australian, Irish-African priests

and students scattered through the congregation, among whom was a Bishop of Uganda, in Darkest Africa, of the Anglo-Saxon name of O'Hanlon.

The Pope, however, could not reject King Edward's Envoy, any more than President Loubet's present of Gobelin tapestry or the Emperor of Germany's gold clock, no more than he could put to the door any of the other brilliant gentlemen in the rainbow uniforms whom Russia, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Holland, Montenegro, Brazil, Peru, and the Argentine Republic despatched for the occasion to His Holiness's feet. Kind Edward's red coat was, after all, only a dot on the surface of that living sea, all minor thoughts and distraction vanished at the first note of the silver trumpet. When the Pope was borne in, ethereal as a spirit, floating in the clouds of the vast feathery white flabell, the tense feeling which for hours had been keeping itself under control broke forth into that deep intensifying murmur which enables one to understand how the Latin came to invent the word "susurrus" and the susurrus again, and after rolling along in rising and falling waves of excitement, crashed out into cheering pure and simple, naked and unshaming. The first rough note of popular acclamations in this holy place comes with a certain strangeness on the unaccustomed ear, but like everything else in St. Peter's, the applause is not to be measured by any precedent from the common world. Homage must perforce speak aloud to make rolls along those golden-coppered ceilings into the echoing cupolas, the mass of sound assumes the solemnity of the vox humana of some mighty organ, fifty thousand times reduplicated.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

But the true language of the place was only heard when the echoes of the acclamations died away and the famous choir of the Cappellani Cantori Pontificii began to sing one of Palestrina's celestial Masses (that of Papa Marcellini in the hushed Basilica. It was as if all the glories of St. Peter's—all its genius, its majesty, its devotion—had at last found voice. Palestrina's Mass is in music as near to heavenly perfection as Michael Angelo's Dome is in architecture, and the Pontifical Choir expresses it in harmonies as divine as probably earthly ears can ever hear. It was an incomparable scene, the marble walls and white statuary of glowing lights at the Altar over the red damask and gold, the furnace of the background warmed hangings of the Colosseum, as if the Apostle's spirit had sprung up in flame there from the sarcophagus underneath. The High Pope bent in lowly prayer at the footstool before one greater than he, the Sacred College of his Cardinals, the captains and rulers of his world-wide spiritual empire around him in a phalanx of Tyrian purple, the firmament overlaid opening into dim blue space, the envoys of the Powers of Earth, in all the pride of their worldly frippery, bowing the head before the unarmed old man, who was the soul of the scene, the music of the Mass pouring out the whole meaning of the story in ecstatic pulsations, and around and far away the expanse of eager faces in their black environment, marvelously hushed hour after hour, save for an occasional faint murmur like the wash of waves on a distant shore. If M. Zola had witnessed such a scene before he wrote of St. Peter's as of a cemetery of dead things, either he would write himself blown blind to anything above the level of the sewers of Rome, or he would confess that never in the best days of the Papacy and nowhere else in all the world, could be found more Life, more Reality, more majestic Power, more buoyant confidence both as to the Here and Hereafter. When during the Benedicite at the Elevation, the Silver Trumpets broke forth faint and far from a loggia at some impossible height up in the Dome, it really did not require too fervid an imagination to ask oneself whether the heavens themselves were not beginning to catch up the silvery song.

The crowning moment was that when the Holy Father's own indomitable voice began to intone the Te Deum, and every second verse was taken by the congregation at large. When the magnificent old man's "In te Domine, speravi" was answered with the joyous "Non confundar in aeternum" in a measured peal of exultation by tens of thousands of voices, not more firmly set seemed the tremendous dome on its four tremendous columns than was the cause of that trembling old man of more than ninety winters upon those pillars myriads in the great Basilica added, as it were, as many living bones. The final scene was the Papal Benediction. The Sedia Gestatoria halted beside the bronze statue of St. Peter, and there, the Holy Father, looking almost into the sarcophagus which is already marked out to be his own tomb, but still as full of unconquerable life that after all those two long hours of kneeling and emotion his dark eyes kindled with an immortal fire and a faint tinge of rose-color had actually risen to his cheek, like some subtle tint in a transparent vase of delicate yellow, the Holy Father arose and stretching his arms to a width that might well extend urbi et orbem, scattered his blessing wide as if it came from the clouds from some Being who had shaken off the burden of flesh and blood. It was as if the living men

were passing into immortality before our eyes and leaving a luminous train of benediction behind him. Then once more, the people enthusiastically burst all bounds, and for the rest of the time until the cloudy white Papal apparition disappeared in the chapel of the Pietà, peal of passionate cheering rolled after peal as among the mountains of marble and gold overhead, until even the rude harmonies of human cheering were transmuted into a divine canticle worthy of the hour and place. As one for whom all too long experience might well have taken off the bloom of great public spectacles, I can truly say that I never in any land or in any cause beheld a manifestation so incomparably, so divinely grand.

GREATER THAN KING.

The Italian journals make much of the circumstances that the cries of "Evviva il Papal Roi!" were few. It is quite true I only heard one, and it was reproved by one of those half-spoken murmurs by which a well bred crowd puts a stop to an indiscretion. To me, at least, it seemed as if there is an irreverence akin to insult in linking the title of the Sovereign Potentate who could command such world-wide love and reverence as lay at Pope Leo's feet that day with the poor trade of the kinglylets of the earth who strut through their threadbare court festivities and amuse themselves with their boxes of soldiers, until the knife or bomb of some lunatic subject turns the poor little comedy into a tragedy. There are three living things in Rome—Religion, Nationality, and the gathering power of Labor. Whatever ephemeral excesses may disgrace all human ideals, the Papacy has nothing to fear from the true and passionate longing for Italian unity which sounded through Dante's immortal song and in Filicurga's cry—

Dehi fossi tu men bella o almen piu forte!
(Ahi wert thou only less lovely or more strong!)

many a century before the cause fell under the sinister patronage of the Victor Emmanuel and the Crispin. Still less need "the Democratic Pope" who penned the famous Bull which is the most sacred charter of the toilers dread any ultimate antagonism between the cry of the poor and wretched for a large share of this world's sunshine and their irradicable hopes in a world where sunshine will be more enduring. There are not wanting signs that in spite of the "teles montees" that abound in all the camps it may not be impossible to find a formula which will bring all the best forces of a United Italy and of the Army of Labor to recognize that without the Papacy Rome would be simply one more stratum of shabby twentieth century ruins superposed upon all the strata of more magnificent ruins underneath, and that, come what may, the Power that chanted its Te Deum in St. Peter's upon this memorable day will live and thrive when the mere men of Parliaments and Anarchist Clubs are buried deeper down than Romulus and Remus in the entrails of the Eternal City.

PLASTERS FAILED

Linaments, Oils, and Many Other Medicines did no Good.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of his Efforts to Cure his Kidney Trouble. He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, but Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N. B., April 14.—(Special).—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters, oils, liniment on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have but one result. He was no better.

Finally through reading an advertisement he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials, I concluded to try them according to directions."

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could or would help me. However, I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them."

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case."

"I feel as well as ever I did, and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney trouble that bothered me ever so long."

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood, and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.

HAIL, mighty King, in risen strength victorious
Hail, orient light of heaven's eternal day!
Flushed with the glow of five bright wounds all glorious,
Shedding their beams o'er life a blighted way - The Resurrection.

FOURTH MONTH 30 DAYS		April		THE RESURRECTION	
1902					
DAY	MONTH	WEEK	MOON'S PHASES	MOON'S RISE	MOON'S SET
1	April	1	W	11:00	7:00
2	April	2	Th	11:50	7:50
3	April	3	F	12:40	8:40
4	April	4	Sa	1:30	9:30
5	April	5	Su	2:20	10:20
6	April	6	Mo	3:10	11:10
7	April	7	Tu	4:00	12:00
8	April	8	We	4:50	12:50
9	April	9	Th	5:40	1:40
10	April	10	F	6:30	2:30
11	April	11	Sa	7:20	3:20
12	April	12	Su	8:10	4:10
13	April	13	Mo	9:00	5:00
14	April	14	Tu	9:50	5:50
15	April	15	We	10:40	6:40
16	April	16	Th	11:30	7:30
17	April	17	F	12:20	8:20
18	April	18	Sa	1:10	9:10
19	April	19	Su	2:00	10:00
20	April	20	Mo	2:50	10:50
21	April	21	Tu	3:40	11:40
22	April	22	We	4:30	12:30
23	April	23	Th	5:20	1:20
24	April	24	F	6:10	2:10
25	April	25	Sa	7:00	3:00
26	April	26	Su	7:50	3:50
27	April	27	Mo	8:40	4:40
28	April	28	Tu	9:30	5:30
29	April	29	We	10:20	6:20
30	April	30	Th	11:10	7:10

orchestra leader raised his baton. She stayed him with an imperious gesture, and the next instant the strains of the "Adeste Fideles" rang through the house. As the silver notes soared aloft, men to bluel and women sobbed. The unalloyed sweetness of her voice made their hearts vibrate. When she left the stage none moved or spoke. The vast audience seemed spellbound.

In the wings the director accosted her, and wrathfully demanded why she had not sung the aria from Faust, in accordance with the programming.

She regarded him with a blank, unseeing gaze of the sleepwalker or of one whose faculties had suddenly become paralyzed, then she whispered, "Peace be with you! I sing no more!" and passed out into the night.

In a vine-covered cottage on the outskirts of Milan there lived a stately, black-robed woman whom the lazzaroni called "Madonna Penseroso." The name was most appropriate, for her melancholy expression never varied.

She was the good angel of the town. The poor, the maimed, the just and the unjust were made welcome within her gates.

The people knew not whence she came, but they loved her, and as she moved among them like an uncrowned queen, blessings and prayers followed in her wake.

Livia Capello, the brilliant erratic diva, was practically dead in her place lived "Madonna Penseroso."

The deep lines in her face told of hard-won victories over the world, the flesh and the devil. The old restless ambitious career was a thing of the past. The voice that had entranced millions was no longer heard save when whispering words of hope and comfort to the dying. The hands that had sparkled with jewels, and over which princes had bent low, now wiped the death-dew from the brows of the Milanese peasants. This beautiful, gifted woman for whose smiles kings had sued, and before whom palace doors had opened wide, moved among the sick, the poor and the diseased, bringing aid and consolation to all.

And thus the years went by until one summer evening when the news that "Madonna Penseroso" was sick unto death circulated from house to house bringing mourning and dismay into the hearts of those who listened.

She had been stricken suddenly, and the few who formed her household entreated her not to go, as was her nightly custom, to pray before a certain wayside shrine. But she gently put aside their restraining hands, and slowly and painfully made her way to the shrine, where she knelt in silent prayer. Her people followed at a little distance, their faces pallid with anxiety.

At last she stood up, her voice rose in the "Adeste Fideles." They who loved her covered their faces with their hands and wept softly.

Then came a sudden stillness. She swayed and fell to the ground. When they raised her, she was dead, a smile of ineffable sweetness on her mouth. And as they gazed at the serene face, their sobs were checked, and they said to one another in hushed tones, "Our Madonna Penseroso is sad no more!" - *Rosary Magazine*

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
P. BURNS & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL COAL
AND WOOD MERCHANTS
Head Office 38 King St. East
PHONE MAIN 101.

A GREAT JESUIT COLLEGE
A special to The Atlanta Constitution from Tampa, Fla., says Negotiations are in progress by which the Tampa Bay Hotel, which was built by the late Henry Plant at a cost of \$1,000,000, together with extensive grounds and annex buildings, may be converted into a Jesuit College.

Mrs. Plant, widow of the deceased millionaire, has proposed to Morton F. Plant, Mr. Plant's son by his first wife, that if he will donate his interest in the property to the Catholic Church she will do likewise and will also endow the college with \$1,000,000.

Morton Plant, under the direction of the late property, and his consent will be necessary to carry out Mrs. Plant's plan. At the close of last season Morton Plant refused to sign a contract with the management for another season, owing to the pending negotiations.

Mrs. Plant is a devoted Catholic and is anxious to carry out the plan to establish in this city the largest Jesuit institution in the country.

CHURCH BELLS
Chimes and Pools,
Bell Foundry and Repairing
MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Baltimore, Md.

CANADA RAILWAY NEWS
The Canada Railway Company has taken over several stores in the entrance of the Union Station and is fitting them up at great deal of expense, in which they will open up one of the best barber shops in Canada.

A Remarkable Gathering
The Catholic Converts' League of New York held its public meeting at the Jesuits', in Sixteenth street, last Sunday. For many reasons it was a remarkable gathering. When the exercises began at 4 o'clock the auditorium was comfortably filled, and amongst the audience were noticeable many of the most distinguished Catholics in New York. One who knows New York faces could easily distinguish people who are well known, not only in ecclesiastical circles, but many who are well and favorably known in civil life as well. There is no better evidence of the growth of the Convert movement than its ability to gather together so notable a crowd.

If the auditorium was remarkable for the distinguished character of the people, the platform was quite as notable. The lecturer was very Rev. Fidelis Stone, of the Passionist, and with him was the provincial of the American Province, Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, C. P., in the front row of seats was the Very Rev. David Hearn, S. J., president of St. Francis Xavier College, who, in his five-minute address, told of the very great interest he took in the work of the league. With him was Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J., who also addressed the audience with an address, telling some interesting anecdotes of his relations with converts, and how necessary it was to be aggressive in the work of conversions, while in the audience were Father Jesuit Fathers, notably Rev. Father Harlow and Father Wynne. The choir of the Most Reverend Benedictine Fathers were represented by Father Albert, of St. Leo's Florida, who has come to New York in order to learn the methods of giving missions to non-Catholics. The Assumptionist Fathers were represented by Father Fulgence. The Paulist Fathers, whose interest in the work of convert-making is well known, were represented by Very Rev. George Deshon, the Superior, and by Rev. J. J. Hughes, his assistant, while the Diocesan Clergy had their representatives in Rev. Mr. Mooney, V. C., and Rev. James J. Flood, the spiritual director of the League. The Archbishop sent his regrets by letter, in which he said that "an important meeting of the Orphan Asylum detained him." The lady was represented by Jesso Albert Locke, a convert from the Episcopal ministry, Rudolf Clement Altshul, who till recently was in the ministry of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Mr. C. Stanton Floyd Jones, Miss Mary L. Burritt, Dr. Stuart L. Coats and Mr. E. L. Snyder, all officials of the Converts' League.

Mr. Jesso Albert Locke opened the meeting by giving a brief outline of the purposes of the League. He emphasized the fact that the Converts' League is not a gathering of converts only, and that nothing was further from its purpose than to set apart converts in a class by themselves, but it was a union of all Catholics, whether they be converts or not, for the purpose of assisting in the work of conversions and of giving to converts who sacrifice all for conscience sake some social and financial assistance, that they may be enabled to make a new start under favorable auspices.

Mr. Rudolf C. Altshul, who with his entire family was received into the Church on Washington's Birthday, gave some of the reasons of his conversion, and thanked God that he and his family were at peace in the bosom of the true Church.

Father Fidelis' lecture was a well-reasoned psychological study of the state of mind one goes through as he comes to the Church. He said that

Indulgenced Prayer
An Indulgence of 30 days, every day is granted to all those who, with at least a contrite heart and devotion, shall make 11 Novenas in honor of St. Paul of the Cross. A primary indulgence at the close of the said Novenas, to those who bring truly penitent, after confession and communion, shall pray for the needs of Holy Church and for the intention of His Holiness.

HOME CIRCLE

Madonna Penseroso
(By Kathleen Eileen Barry)

I.
St. Patrick's Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated. It was crowded to the doors. Many religious denominations were represented in that throng, even the atheistic element was not lacking. Saint and sinner, believer and sceptic had come there to listen to the Dominican missionary whose fame as a preacher had spread over New York.

He stood in the pulpit, garbed in the black and white robes of his order. The circles of lights that twinkled above his head made him look like an aureoled saint.

He preached with all the fervor and fiery earnestness of his Italian nature. His sonorous voice was the only sound that disturbed the stillness in that flower-scented, incense-laden atmosphere. There was not even the faintest rustle among the listeners, their eyes were riveted upon him, their ears strained to catch his every intonation.

Outside all was bustle and excitement. A continuous stream of carriages passed up and down Fifth avenue. Pedestrians jostled each other on the sidewalk and at the crossing.

A brougham, drawn by a magnificent pair of bays, whirled by. One of the horses slipped and fell heavily on the asphalt. A policeman left his post and hurriedly wrenched open the door of the vehicle. Its occupant, a beautiful woman, sprang out. The night was cold and despite the fact that a fur cloak covered her evening gown, she shivered in the keen air.

The great white cathedral loomed up before her. Moved by an irresistible impulse she mounted the steps and entered. When she saw the preacher her dark eyes dilated and a strange gleam crept into them.

Father Silvio Petroni spoke on, unconscious of her intent gaze. His superb oratory thrilled the people. He seemed to them an inspired prophet rather than a mere priest. When he ceased, they knelt, as though actuated by common impulse, to receive his benediction.

A moment later the choir began the "Adeste Fideles." The woman who had just entered rose and joined in the hymn. Her voice rang high above the others. It was clear as a bell, sweet as the lark's greeting to Dawn or the nightingale's serenade to Evening.

The congregation listened breathlessly to that liquid melody.

At the sound of it the Dominican started and came to a standstill within the door of the vestry. He paused there, motionless as a statue, his head slightly bowed.

A score of years had passed since last he heard that glorious voice, but he recognized it at once. It brought back a flood of memories pertaining to the days of his youth. He beheld as in a dream the vine-clad hills of his Milanese home, and a procession of youths and maidens walking towards

a wayside shrine. Among them was his brother's betrothed singing this very hymn.

That beloved brother had given his heart into the girl's keeping and had believed that nothing could ever come between them. But a great unprepared-to-tempted her away, and when Rafael Petroni heard that she had blossomed into the famous diva known as Livia Capello, he realized that she was lost to him forever.

When the hymn ended, the singer went swiftly down the aisle and entered the vestry. She yearned to hear something of the lover of her youth. She had never forgotten him. It was true that her ambition was stronger than her love, yet in the midst of all her triumphs, follies and caprices she thought of him often and with tenderness. She had not seen or heard of him since the day they parted, for their pathways in life lay apart, but now her heart was hungry for tidings of him.

She threw back her head and looked at the priest. She had loosened her furs and her snowy throat gleamed from out the sable background. Her glowing southern beauty was of the type that Giorgio Barberelli liked best to paint, but the Dominican searched in vain for a trace of the innocence that once distinguished her.

"What of Rafael? Is it well with him?" she asked tremulously.

Father Petroni gazed at her sternly, accusingly, then answered, "It is well with him—he is dead!"

"Dead! When—why—of what did he die?" she stammered.

"A broken heart, it is said."

She staggered back, white to the lips, her hands upraised as though to ward off a blow.

The priest's expression changed to one of divine compassion, and as she turned away he murmured pityingly, "Peace be with you!"

She hurried into the church and prostrated herself before the altar. Old memories thronged in upon her—memories of her joyous, innocent childhood, and of the man whose life she had wrecked. She was shaken with remorse at the thought of all her mispent years, and of the loved dead to whom she might have brought so much of happiness. And even her broken, whispered words of contrition and the scalding tears that flowed so freely, gave no relief to her overcharged heart.

THE BENEDICTION HOUR
O, Salutaris Hostia!
The prayerful, throbbing air,
Is carried to our very hearts
And leaves devotion there.

Enthroned here, our Saviour dwells,
Where myriad candles glow
As we with bended heads adore,
In pleadings, soft and low.

As Tantum Ergo dies away
Upon the incensed air
God's benediction is bestowed.
An answer to our prayer
—Mary Corbett, '04, in St. Mary's Chimes

PROMOTING THE WELFARE OF CHILDREN
How can this be accomplished. Only by securing the assistance and the personal service of those who have had the advantage of excellent home training and of a thoroughly Catholic education, and who know, consequently, how to give practical advice upon the important duties of life. The workers must be intelligent, devoted and unreservedly zealous for the welfare of children. The girls must be taught the useful arts of sewing, cooking and of housekeeping, the boys, the rudiments of the trades. It is astonishing how deficient many of the little folks are in the most elementary branches. Many of the boys do not know how to drive a nail into a wall, many of the girls are unable to thread a needle properly, while as to the patching of a rent, their clumsiness is frequently most distressing. With these facts confronting us, there is no time for the dreams of poetry, we need the prose of action. Guilds and similar societies for the industrial training of children are an indispensable need of the day. All of the girls should be thoroughly drilled in plain, substantial cooking by a person thoroughly competent to teach this important art. How many men are driven to the saloons and to pool-rooms by the unsavory, unpalatable messes served up to them at home! —Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S. J., in Donahue's Magazine

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"when the realization of the fact that he must become a Catholic possessed him, a shudder came over him. He saw that he must make the greatest of worldly sacrifices, but he saw also that if he did not face the situation and accept the Catholic Church he would be a hypocrite and his life a living lie. There was no alternative for any honest man between sacrificing his integrity and yielding up what prospects the world had for him. Integrity and honor were priceless. As against them, all the world was without profit. His lecture lasted for nearly an hour, and was listened to with profound interest.

The meeting was the largest and most distinguished that the League has as yet held. In the short space of a year it has grown from but a dozen to many hundreds, and it now includes the most distinguished people in its roster of members.

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A VILLANOUS CRUSADE
The veracious journalist is still
roaming loose over Ireland. Accord-
ing to the cable despatches of this
week the country is to be placed un-
der martial law and flooded with Eng-
lish and Scotch militia to suppress
the rebellious and violent United
Irish League. That there is not a
shadow of truth in these stories is
hardly necessary for us to say. Nor
would we go to the trouble of saying
it, were it not for the extraordinary
fact that the League has just received
its vindication from no less a per-
son than Chief Secretary Wyndham.

Mr. Wyndham has been compelled to
go on record by an alarmed subject
of the King named George Walker,
who, writing from County Down on
closed copies of The Belfast News-
Letter with many sensational "ex-
posures" of the tyranny of the Le-
ague, and demanded prompt inquiry
and action. The Chief Secretary pub-
lished the imperative communication
of Mr. Walker and his own reply, at
great length, in which he proves the
newspaper statements to be positive
and deliberate inventions.

The first article deals entirely
with the case of a farmer in Dromard,
who for having served on the
jury which convicted two men named
Mullen and McGuire of intimidation
in 1899 was denounced by name in a
resolution published in a local news-
paper, The Sligo Champion being ap-
parently intimidated by this publica-
tion, he joined the United Irish
League. Such an incident is sufficient-
ly regrettable in itself. But the article
in The News-Letter describes the
circumstances as follows: "The decree went
forth, and he was vigorously boycotted.
His servants left his em-
ployment; when his neighbors met him
they passed without speaking and
with averted heads. No shopkeeper
would supply him with provisions; no
blacksmith would shoe his horses, the
carpenter refused to work for him."

"Now, in point of fact this man
was never boycotted. No servant left
his employment; no shopkeeper refused
to supply him; no blacksmith or
carpenter refused to work for him,
one of his neighbors refused to speak
to him, and several avoided saluting
him in public, but his business at
fairs and markets was in no way in-
terfered with."

"The article proceeds: 'His friends
approached the Government and be-
sought their assistance.' Letter
followed letter in quick succession,
but the Castle remained silent, and
it soon became evident that victory
would rest with the United Irish
League. The end came at last. Hope-
less of assistance from the Govern-
ment," etc.

"No communication whatever was
received by the Government from or
on behalf of this man until after the
date on which he joined the Le-
ague."

from Mr Wyndham's honest admis-
sions.

TAXING THE POOR MAN'S FOOD
To the average newspaper reader
the average convey but a very vague
impression. Whether they say that
the National Debt of Britain has been
increased by the war to three-quar-
ters of a billion of pounds sterling and
over, or that the deficit of the cur-
rent year will not be less than fifty
millions sterling is all high finance.
Few have, or can have, any sort of
idea about it. Had the same newspa-
per reader would probably be keenly
excited by tidings of disaster to some
hallowed phrase, learnt as a boy in
the old school reader. Such a phrase,
for instance as 'the abolition of the
Corn Laws.' It sounds so much like
the abolition of slavery, and makes
us think ourselves a free happy and
prosperous people. In reality these
phrases carry less true meaning than
the billions and millions of high fi-
nance. They govern us, and like most
governments, deceive us. We know
that black slavery is a hundred times
a more profitable industry in the
Rand mines to-day than ever it was
in the Southern States. But we have
the phrase and that is enough. A
heavy tax on corn has again been re-
imposed on the consumers of cheap
bread in Great Britain and Ireland to
meet the heavy strain of the war.
But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach prefers
to call it a registration duty, a tariff
for revenue only, and the public
considers the phrase alone good val-
ue for their money.

Canada and the other colonies that
have been talking so much of a mutual
preference with the dear old
Mother Country will be affected even
more than the United States by the
new corn duties. The imposition of
two cents a bushel on flour and six
cents on wheat will certainly be
made the excuse for increasing the
price of bread, although the Chancel-
lor of the Exchequer hopes not. In
Ireland this would have the effect of
throwing the poor back again upon
American corn meal, as the staff of
life. That is the food of the Kaffirs
in the Rand mines. To a lesser ex-
tent the same thing would happen
in England and Scotland. The benefit
of this enforced change of diet by the
poor would probably be divided be-
tween the American supplier and the
old country miller.

Canada gets nothing in return for
her preference to British manufactur-
ed goods. Her flour trade with Brit-
ain will undoubtedly be checked. The
dreamers of Canada, who have been
long looking for a trade preference in
favor of the colonies, are now di-
rected to turn their eyes to the Cor-
onation. They will look in vain to
this occasion and the next. Brit-
ain will never give her colonies a
preference until she and they become
independent of the United States,
Russia and the other great food sup-
plying countries. The Boer war will
put her back for generations from
the realization of any such hope. The
burdens of taxation have increased
enormously of late, and it must have
been as a last desperate means of
providing money that free trade was
abandoned this week by Sir Michael
Hicks-Beach.

There were evidences in the budget
speech that the tide of prosperity is
now beginning to recede, and when
depression comes again, as it inevit-
ably must come, Britain may be called
upon to face distress so keen that
no economist would dare, by med-
dling anew with the food duties, to
take the risk of making the bread of
the poor still harder to obtain.

SELF GOVERNMENT THREAT-
ENED

Mr R L Borden, Conservative
leader in the House of Commons at
Ottawa, during the debate on Tues-
day, substantially supported the po-
sition taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier
when the Premier declined the in-
vitation of Mr Chamberlain to consid-
er at the Coronation conference of
colonial statesmen the subject of Im-
perial military defence.
"Of for one," said Mr Borden,
"shall always maintain, so far as
Canada is concerned, Canada herself
must deal with the subject of Cana-
dian contributions to Imperial de-
fence. The Parliament is the proper
tribunal to deal with that."

But Mr Borden, although agreeing
with Sir Wilfrid on the point of na-
tional and constitutional rights, was
rather inclined to think that the
matter was still one for discussion at
the conference. The subject is hardly
one that can be trifled with. The
New York Tribune cable despatch
from London of Tuesday, which is
supposed to be inspired directly or in-

directly by Mr Chamberlain, contain-
ed the following significant para-
graph: "Mr Chamberlain has not ob-
tained as much leverage as he desired,
but he has secured ground for dis-
cussing commercial and tariff ques-
tions at the conference of the colon-
ial Premiers and Ministers after the
coronation." * * * While the colonies
will be reluctant to surrender their
self-governing rights, it is probable
that some basis for financial contri-
bution to Imperial defence may be
reached if some form of preferential
tariff be adopted by the home Gov-
ernment."

The real object is to deprive the
colonies of their self-governing rights
on the promise or chance of receiving
a little mess of preferential postage.
And the people of Canada are still
asleep to the danger. Sir Wilfrid
Laurier is right in declining to have
anything to do with the military de-
fence problem and he should be sup-
ported by public opinion. Besides we
will never get a preference, because
Britain could not afford to discrimi-
nate against the United States.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

Peace negotiations must have
advanced a step far when all the Boer
leaders, including Delarey, have left
their commandoes and come into Pre-
toria to communicate with the Im-
perial Government. The reported
forecasts of the terms under consid-
eration are confusing. According to
one authority the Boers are to re-
ceive back at once, their flag and
their government, with a British
resident representative. This would
mean their independence veiled under
new terms. But on the other hand a
London paper says the Cape rebels
are not to receive freedom, that the
banishment proclamation is not to be
recalled and that there must be a
general surrender of the burghers,
which would mean disarmament. Be-
tween the two sets of reported terms
there is such a vast difference that
years of negotiation could not bridge
it. The truth probably is that the Im-
perial Government is guarding strictly
the secrecy of the negotiations
and that the rumors flying around so
thickly are mere conjectures.

At all events there is a better spir-
it shown on both sides than was
evinced on any of the occasions of
past negotiation. The first offer to
treat for peace came from the Boers
after the surrender of Cronje at Paar-
deburg, when Messrs Kruger and
Stein cabled Lord Salisbury: "We are
ready to restore peace on securing
the incontestable independence of both
rep- blics as sovereign international
states." The British reply was a
point blank refusal. The next negotia-
tions were suggested between Generals
Buller and Botha. Lord Roberts
nipped that attempt in the bud by
telegraphing to Buller: "No peace ex-
cept after unconditional surrender."
Botha and Kitchener actually entered
into a conference at Middleburg a
year ago. Lord Kitchener then pro-
posed representative government after
the surrender and disarmament of
the Boers. That was rejected. The
recent intervention of the Dutch Pre-
mier can hardly be called a negotia-
tion.

It will be seen that the Boers have
held out for independence and the
British for disarmament. We will be
a great peacemaker who bridges the
gulf between them.

RHODES' MAD DREAM.

When we wrote last week of the
strong confidence well known to have
existed between Mr Stead and the
late Cecil Rhodes was had, of course,
no idea that a record of its aims and
objects was bequeathed to the former
in the handwriting of the millionaire.
Mr Stead has now made this docu-
ment public and it shows Cecil
Rhodes, perhaps, in his true charac-
ter, a man of wild dreams but of
amazing determination to realize
them. In his political will he outlin-
ed how the world could be ruled by
the wealthy men of England and the
United States. They would pool their
possessions, and as each one died his
money was to be held in trust by the
others, banded together as a secret
society, which Mr Rhodes had the
audacity to compare with the Jeru-
salem. Mammon was to be the God
of this new oligarchy. Spain, Portugal
and the other decaying and little na-
tions, as Lord Salisbury once called
them, were to be wiped off the map,
and strength and might alone treated
with respect. Germany was according-
ly to be courted. Then, some fine day,
when the process of "benevolent
assimilation" had gone so far that the
mighty sons of Mammon would have
everything their own way, they were
to establish the reign of peace "for

all eternity." What fools these mor-
tals be with their fat bank accounts
and swelled heads.

It is very unlikely now that the
process of assimilating little nations
by painting them red on the map will
be pursued as enthusiastically in the
future, after what has happened in
South Africa.

The world will not miss such "em-
pire builders" as Cecil Rhodes. One
fact, however, must be pretty gener-
ally apparent. Rhodes' ideas were not
his own exclusively. There is a
"pool" of influence if not of actual
cash, already in existence between the
multi-millionaires of New York and
London. Its grip is felt upon Govern-
ment and upon the press. Some day
the revolt may occur, but in the
meantime an oligarchy of wealth
working in the huge industrial trusts
and on the stock market carries it-
self with a high hand.

A FAST TRAVELING TALE

It is sometimes highly amusing the
way in which the credulity of a cer-
tain class of Protestants feeds their
indignation against the "machina-
tions of the Church of Rome." An
instance of this appears from a let-
ter in The Irish Times over the sig-
nature of Dr O'Dwyer, Catholic Bishop
ofimerick.

To get at an end of the tangle
string which Dr O'Dwyer has
been at pains to unwind, we have the
fact in the first place of one Rev
John Dixon getting hold of the "Mis-
sionaries Catholicae" for 1901. Rev.
John Dixon is a resident of Balmain
West, in Australia. The "Missionaries"
professed to give the Catholic popu-
lation of Australia, and Rev John
Dixon thought the publication put the
figures at 4,507,980. His discovery ap-
pears to have excited him, and he
wrote to The Sydney Herald nailing
the audacious fiction of the Sacred
Congregation of the Propaganda. The
Sydney Herald, in due course got in-
to the office of The English Church
Record, and the hawk-eyed editor of
that responsible journal at once
marked the "Romish lie." The
Church Record brought the exposure
of the vain trick of Rome to the of-
fice of The Church of Ireland Gazette,
which passed it on in turn to the
columns of The Irish Times. It work-
ed all the way down from Australia
to the opposite point of the world
like one of those chain letters invent-
ed some years ago for collecting
money. An farther it traveled,
the fiercer grew the accumulation of
angry contempt for the Pope and his
stratagems.

The Bishop of Limerick read The
Irish Times, and for the first time it
occurred to him to look at the "Mis-
sionaries" for himself. He found that
Rev John Dixon, being no doubt a
typical Anglo-Saxon, had stumbled in
his translation or else falsified the
record. The actual number of the
Catholic population of Australia, as
given in the Missiones Catholicae
was 805,800, and the total popula-
tion of the Australian islands 4,507,980.

The Bishop of Limerick points out
that the figures claimed by the "Mis-
sionaries" come below the mark of the
actual Catholic population by 111,
000, and he proceeds to say that the
evident object of the chain liq was
"to exhibit the Congregation of Prop-
aganda, which is one of the most
important organizations in the Cath-
olic Church, and is composed of men
of the very highest eminence, as reck-
lessly and grossly misrepresenting the
number of Catholics in the particular
part of its jurisdiction to which this
paragraph refers."

"Whether," he adds, "you will think
that any reparation is due to Prop-
aganda or to us Irish Catholics for so
insulting a suggestion I do not
know, but I trust you will allow me
to inform your readers that the charge
in question is, in plain lan-
guage, a deliberate falsehood."

The Register is prepared to foretell
that "Fianear" in The Mail will
catch this "horrible tale" of the Prop-
aganda in about two weeks and
print it as a clever discovery of his
own.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. J. J. Foy, K. C. has again
been nominated by the Conservatives
of South Toronto for the Local Leg-
islature and Mr. W. B. Rogers, his
former opponent, has also been re-
nominated by the Liberals of the rid-
ing.

ordinary lines of commerce or indus-
try.

The case which will decide whether
Justice resident in Britain can be
proceeded against under the Catholic
Emancipation Act of 1829 is now in
the High Court of England. The Pro-
testant Alliance, it may be remem-
bered, applied to Mr. Kennedy at
Marlborough Street Police Court,
London, for summonses against three
well-known Fathers, calling on them
to show cause why they should not be
expelled from the country. On the
ground that the provisions of the act
in respect to the orders were obso-
lete, the magistrate refused to issue
the writs. Now the Alliance is call-
ing upon Mr. Kennedy to make good
his contention at law.

Insurance men in Toronto and
probably in other cities as well, are
telling a strange story, which, if
true in all its particulars, would in-
volve some companies in charges of
compounding felony by the barrel or
in larger lots. Names, places and de-
tails are spoken of, and the amazing
thing is that no newspaper has as yet
published the startling revelations,
though a few journals have thrown
out broad hints. Some time ago the
death of a prominent citizen of Mon-
treal, whose name was known from
end to end of the country for the
worthy objects which he was con-
stantly pursuing, was announced as
the central fact of a very tragic oc-
currence. It was impossible to recog-
nize the body, but the insurance com-
panies were satisfied that all was
right. The story now is that all was
wrong, and that the beneficiaries have
been called upon to settle with the
company for the profits of a con-
spiracy. It is said the supposed dead
man is alive and well in another
country. It is further said that one
company has already been remember-

I observe, writes the London cor-
respondent of The Dublin Freeman's
Journal, that Mr Chamberlain has
issued what purports to be a dis-
claimer of a statement made in this
column some days ago respecting a
communication he made to Sir Wilfrid
Laurier following the appearance of
the Canadian Premier at Mr. John
Redmond's reception at the great
meeting held at Ottawa. Mr Cham-
berlain's disclaimer is, however, in
such a guarded form that anyone can
see at a glance that it is a mere
equivocation. He says "There is no
truth in the statement that he asked
Sir Wilfrid Laurier for an explana-
tion." It was not stated that he
"asked for an explanation." What
my informant said, and what I re-
peated, was that "Mr Chamberlain
cabled to Sir Wilfrid Laurier express-
ing surprise at his action," which is
a somewhat different matter. No
doubt Mr Chamberlain does very ex-
traordinary and pushful things on
occasions, but no sensible person
could have imagined that even he
would have the impertinence to "ask
for an explanation" from the Premier
of a self-governing colony as to the
exercise by him of his constitutional
rights to attend a legal public meet-
ing. My authority for the original
statement is so high that I have no
hesitation in again affirming that Mr
Chamberlain cabled to Sir Wilfrid
Laurier expressing surprise at his
action," and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier
declined to recognize Mr Cham-
berlain's authority to interfere in the
matter. The incident at the time, I
am informed, caused very natural re-
sentment in high Ministerial circles in
the Dominion. If Mr Chamberlain
asserts that he made no communication
to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on this sub-
ject, it will be interesting to see
whether that statement is confirmed
by the Premier.

Obituary
FATHER SCANLAN, C. S. S. R.,
DEAD.

Montreal, April 14.—Rev. Father
Scanlan, C. S. S. R., died shortly
after midnight at the Hotel Dieu, at
the age of thirty-four years. This an-
nouncement was received with sur-
prise and regret to-day in this city,
for the dead priest was considered
likely to live for many years to
come. He was well known throughout
the city, and particularly in St.
Ann's parish, where his services in
the cause of temperance were highly
appreciated.

He had been ill for some time at
St. Anne de Beaupre, where he was
sent after he left Montreal. He came
to this city a few days ago, and un-
derwent a painful operation at the
hands of one of the most skillful sur-
geons in this city. The operation it-
self was successful, but the patient
never rallied entirely, and he gradu-
ally sank until he died.

The deceased was born in this city,
where his father, Mr. M. Scanlan, is
well known, through his connection
with the Dominion and Franco-Can-
adian steamship lines. His brothers,
Dr. H. Scanlan, J. T. Scanlan, of the
firm of J. T. Marchand & Co., lum-
ber merchants, and Fred Scanlan,
the old Shamrock hockey player, are
also well known. He has three sis-
ters, one of whom is the wife of Dr.
W. J. Prendergast, while the other
two are unmarried.

Here's an Offer

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Local Agents to
act for "The Catholic Register" in every
part of the Dominion.

The subscription to this paper, outside Toronto,
is **One Dollar** a year in advance. We give the
most for the lowest price.

We believe that 10,000 names of paid-up subscri-
bers can be added to our list, through the efforts of
local agents. This means money to local agents.

We want our young friends to take an interest
in this offer. Our inducement is cash. You know
exactly what you are working for.

Send us any number from three to ten now paid-
in-advance subscribers and get immediate return in
cash.

For twenty paid now subscriptions we offer a
premium of **Ten Dollars in Gold**.

There is no locality of any considerable Catholic
settlement where good returns cannot be made on
this basis.

Write us for receipt blanks now. Lose no time
in securing the agency in your locality. The terms
offered are exceptional. The work is not difficult
and the return certain. Write at once to

The Catholic Register Publishing Co.

9 JORDAN T TORONTO.

rendered themselves guilty of of-
fences against the temperance law
less than two years ago he was re-
moved to Ste. Anne de Beaupre,
much to the regret of the pastor and
parishioners of St. Ann's. He was in
apparently good health, and remark-
ably strong and athletic until a few
days ago a week ago yesterday, he
was able to celebrate High Mass. His
sudden death at such an early age
and with such bright prospects for a
useful life before him, is a cause of
deep sorrow among all who knew him
and his family are the object of gen-
eral sympathy of all classes.

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE GEN-
TIANARIAN

A despatch from Castlere, Ireland,
records the death at Carbane, four
miles from the town named, of a
woman named Mrs. Ellen Egan, who
had attained the remarkable old age
of 113 years. The deceased, who be-
longed to an ancient and respected
family in the parish of Ballintubber,
was of a strong and robust constitu-
tion, and was able to perform house-
hold work, even milk a cow, up to a
few weeks previous to her death. Ex-
pecting that her eyesight slightly fail-
ed about two years ago she retained
her faculties to the last, and could
relate many stirring events of the
part of the eighteenth and the early
years of the nineteenth century. She
could repeat with a rather vivid re-
collection many incidents of that
attracting period, and the excitement
created in the country by the land-
ing of the French at Killala. She
took a pleasurable interest in telling
how herself and two other girls stole
away about seven miles distant to
see the French soldiers passing from
Frenchpark to Elphin on their way
to the battle of Ballinacree. The
venerable lady used to converse freely
on later events—the repeal move-
ment and the memorable election of
O'Connell for Clare, and would relate
many harrowing tales of the sad
scenes witnessed during the famine
years of '46 and '47. All these events
she could remember as distinctly as if
they only occurred yesterday. The
deceased passed peacefully away in
the presence of her children, grand-
children, and great grand-children.
During her life she was never known
to be seriously ill. She was a faith-
ful and devoted member of the Cath-
olic Church, and in her latter days
her spiritual wants were assiduously
attended to by the Rev. James Mar-
tin, P. P., Ballintubber.

ELEVATION OF MGR. BEGIN.

New York, April 15.—Advices from
well-informed Vatican circles, says
The Herald, state that the Pope, at
the consistory in May to fill the va-
cancies among the Cardinals, will ele-
vate Monsignor Begin, Archbishop of
Quebec.

CATHOLIC LORDS CONFER.

London, April 12.—A meeting of
Catholic peers was held at Westmin-
ster Palace Hotel yesterday to con-
sider what future action if any
should be taken in regard to the royal
declaration as to the Catholic
Church. It was decided that during
Coronation year it would not be sit-
ting to take any action, as it might
provoke bitter controversy and as the
declaration was not included in the
coronation ceremonial it would be
better to postpone action until the
next session of Parliament.

KNIGHTS OF ST JOHN.

The first annual inspection and mus-
ter of the first military district of
Ontario took place on Tuesday, April
15th, in St. Lawrence Hall, when
Leo Commandery No. 2, Captain
Hefling commanding, was inspected
by Colonel Keltz. After a rigid in-
spection and a sharp drill lasting an
hour, the company adjourned to the
Nealon House, where Host O'Connor
had dinner all in readiness. The chair
was then taken by Captain Hefling
and the vice-guest, Grand President
McCarthy, Grand Secretary Dillon,
Grand Treasurer McGuinn, Colonel
Keltz and Lieut. Neville were also
present. After the cloth was removed
songs, toasts and merry reminiscences
of former jovial meetings kept the
company together to a late hour.

LATE EDWARD CREAM.

A Montreal despatch says. Few
people of any prominence, in Canada
or the United States, or Great Brit-
ain, for that matter, who ever went
to Quebec, did not know the late Mr.
"Red" Cream, and were not obliged
to him for additional comforts and a
cheerful journey.

He was born in Kenmare, County
Kerry, Ireland, and came to Quebec
in August, 1856. On the 24th of
March, 1857, he entered the employ
of the Grand Trunk Railway, and
remained with that company un-
til the first of May, 1899, when he re-
signed. During all that time he never
met with an accident.

When he first started work for the
company the Victoria bridge was not
yet built, and trains used to run in-
to Longueuil.
His principal run during all the
years that he was connected with the
Grand Trunk, was from Lewis to
Richmond.
DEATH OF MRS. B. B. HUGHES
The death was announced on Tues-
day of Mrs. B. B. Hughes, who pass-
ed away at her residence, 543 Jarvis
street, after an illness extending over
two years. The deceased, who was
very well known in charitable circles
in this city, was the daughter of the
late John Sheridan of Rochester, N.
Y., and the widow of the late B. B.
Hughes. She was a sister of Mrs.
Patrick Hughes of this city. The late
Mr. Hughes had resided in Toronto

for thirty years past, and left a fam-
ily of five daughters and one son—
Madame Hughes, religious of the
Order of the Sacred Heart; Mrs. Har-
ry O'Reilly, St. Catharines; Mrs. T.
P. Coffey, the Misses Clementina and
Florence Hughes, and Mr. Vincent J.
Hughes, of this city. The funeral
took place to-day at 9 o'clock in the
morning from the Church of Our Lady
of Lourdes to the new Catholic ceme-
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As an . . .
Investment
We believe our 6 per cent. De-
bitures to be one of the safest
and surest that you could possibly
take. It is safer than a Bank, because
you have all of our Permanent Capital
Stock, and the whole of our Assets, con-
sisting of first mortgages on improved
real estate, as a guarantee behind the
Debitures. It is the surest because the
half-yearly coupons are attached to the
Debitures and can be cashed at any
bank in the country.
Write today for our booklet, entitled,
"An Investment of Safety and Profit."

THE
STANDARD LOAN CO.
24 Adelaide Street East
TORONTO
W. S. DINNICK - MANAGER.

Good Advice for Canadians

La Patrie, in its issue of April 12th, published the views of leading men of Montreal on the subject of keeping in Canada the control of the capital of the Canadians, especially that represented by the large amount of money paid annually in life insurance premiums.

ALDERMAN LAPORTE.

Alderman Laporte, a prominent member of Montreal City Council, said he had long since recognized that a great deal of money was being unnecessarily paid by Canadians to American life insurance companies.

MR. JAMES ELLIOTT

"Every sensible person must endorse a practical policy of that kind," said Mr. James Elliott, general manager of the Molsons Bank.

MR. L. E. GEOFFRION.

"I am for Canada for the Canadians in life insurance, as well as in everything else," said Mr. L. E. Geoffrion, harbor commissioner.

ALDERMAN MARTINEAU.

"Capital controls, when not controlled itself," commented Ald Martineau philosophically.

MR. C P HEBERT

"If we could preserve the control of this money in Canada, it would be a good thing for the country," said Mr. C P Hebert of Hudson, Liebert & Company.

MR. A TURCOTTE.

"I have great confidence in the future of Canada," said Mr. A Turcotte of Kent & Turcotte.

MR. C COUGHLIN.

"I hold up both hands for the policy of Canada for the Canadians, every time," declared Mr. C Coughlin, a member of the Council of the Montreal Board of Trade.

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN.

"Why should we help to build up American industries and institutions to compete with our own?" queried Mr. Meighen, President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

MR. E. H. LEMAY.

"We have enough capital here to build up our own country, if we control it ourselves," said Mr. E H Lemay, harbor commissioner.

"Kill Everything Above Ten"

(New York Freeman's Journal.) If any doubt existed about the truth of the stories told of the savage treatment of the Filipinos by officers and soldiers of the American army, it will be dispelled by the revelations by Major Littleton W T. Waller, of the Marine Corps, who is being tried at Manila before a court-martial on charges of having executed natives of Samar without trial.

Here is an extract from the testimony of Major Waller as cabled from Manila. "The major said Gen Smith instructed him to kill and burn, said that the more he killed and burned the better pleased the general would be, that it was no time to take prisoners, and that he was to make Samar a howling wilderness."

That Gen Smith issued the order to kill "everything over ten" we know, not only on the assertion of the major of Marines now on trial in Manila, but also from the testimony of Captain David D Porter, Captain Hiram I Beards and Lieutenant Frank Helford, all of the Marine Corps.

Smith's guilt has been proven so conclusively that the War Department at Washington does not deny the charges against him, but intimates that the situation in Samar in a measure justified a man holding a commission as a United States officer in acting like an Apache chief.

This is the semi-official defense of Smith's order to kill "everything over ten." The whole adult population was to be killed off "to teach the Samar natives," to quote the language of Adjutant General Corbin, "that order must be established and maintained."

This fellow Smith has not only been a wholesale murderer, but a priest hunter besides. In an order issued by him a few months ago his junior strappers were instructed to arrest on general principles all native Catholic priests.

With regard to the decision of the British Catholic peers not to raise the question of the insulting declaration to Catholics, again before the Coronation, it is interesting to look back to certain events of former coronations affecting Catholics.

That distinguished person turned on his heel when he saw him—the representative of six and a half millions of his subjects, and asked, in an audible aside, "What brought him here?"

It was not the Sovereign who insulted him this time. It was the London Times who denounced him in a poem, of which the following is an extract:

Seem condensed of Irish bog! Ruffian-coward—demagogue! Boundless liar, base detractor! Nurse of mischief, treason's factor! Sponser of fifth—diffuse thy slime, Slender is in thee no crime.

"We have tried to speak a word in some of our religious papers, believing that we might be able quickly to present facts to their readers which would convince them that something ought to be done."

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action. We tried to state our case in The Outlook; and, had we been given permission, we would have done so temperately and briefly. Our request was courteously refused.

"This conspiracy of silence would not exist if Hapists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians were subjected to the treatment our brothers in the faith are compelled to endure in the Philippines. The country would be aflame with indignation. Press and pulpit would exhaust the language of denunciation. No administration would be able to breast the storm of indignation that would break in upon it."

THE NEGRO MAKES REMARKS

Colonel John McKee, who died on April 6th, at his residence, 1030 Lombard street, Philadelphia, of a paralytic stroke, was one of the wealthiest colored men in the country.

Colonel McKee was born in 1821, at Alexandria, Va., and was indentured as a brickmaker when he was in his teens.

Colonel McKee, in 1870, organized and was Colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment, N G P., and continued in the command for two years. Afterwards he organized and was Colonel of the Eighth New Jersey, another colored regiment.

There is a bequest for the establishment of a Catholic Church, a rectory, schoolhouse and convent in McKee City, N. J., but Colonel McKee's daughter and grandchildren are cut off with small annuities.

No one knew of his leanings toward Catholicism, and the only explanation offered is that he was very grateful to two Sisters of Charity who nursed him through a siege of typhoid in 1898.

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TWO CORONATIONS.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Victory over self, by the stern repression of pride and the senses, helps us also to overcome the world. For what power can it possess over hearts thus fortified against sin and shame and suffering?

"We see only a part of each other, but God sees all. Our partial view is, if not mingled with distrust, yet misleading, because imperfect, we know only half the riddle, and we are led astray in guessing at the rest."

All are not called to minister at the altar, but all may share in the great and good work of that holy ministry, for all may and should aid, at least by prayer, in recruiting the ranks of the clergy.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPEAT. A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to, often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctors.

UP A SHILLING A SACK

London, April 15.—The Northwestern Association of Millers, at a meeting in the Liverpool Corn Exchange today, decided to advance the price of flour by a shilling a sack, and to add the new duty of five pence per hundredweight on all flour which should have been delivered before today.

PERSONAL.

Mr Vincent J Hughes, barrister-at-law, late of the firm of Millar, Ferguson & Hughes, has been appointed Secretary of the National Trust Company at its office in the City of Montreal. Mr Hughes left Toronto on Wednesday night, and will at once assume the duties of his new position.

DEATHS.

HUGHES.—On Tuesday morning, April 15, at her late residence, 543 Jarvis street, Maria Agnes Sheridan, widow of the late B. B. Hughes.

Funeral at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, April 17, from 543 Jarvis street, to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. No flowers.

20% Cheaper than American Goods. WESTMANS in all Colors. BENTON'S of Boston, Silk or Velvet. CLEVELAND COLLARS. RABBIT, etc.

BLAKE'S. 254 St. Nicholas Street. QUEEN ST. W. TORONTO. Phone 2452. Prompt Delivery a Feature of this Business.

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Karn-Warren Pipe Organs. Built under the direct supervision of Mr. S. C. Warren, admittedly the finest organ builder in Canada, are simply univalued Church Organs.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED. Meats, Poultry, Bread, Cakes and Pipe Organs. WOODSTOCK, ONT.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited. TORONTO.

SPRING OPENING. In Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, China and Japanese Matting, Parquet Wood Floors, Curtains, Draperies, Coverings, Window Shades and Poles, Wall Paper, Art Pottery and China Bric-a-Brac, Cabinets and Screens, Bedding and Bed-Bureaus and Dressing Tables, Sideboards and Dinner Wagons, Tables and Chairs, Sofas and Lounges, Rattan and Willow-ware, Hickory and Garden Furniture.

Kay's Carpets and Floor Coverings. Saxony Wilton Carpets. This carpet has been tested in Great Britain for some years, principally for hotels, clubs, and theatres, and has given great satisfaction for its hard-wearing qualities.

Wilton and Teprak Carpets. These celebrated goods, made expressly for this house, will be seen in great variety, with 36-inch stair to match, price \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, and \$2.25.

Amminsters. The finest assortment of patterns and largest range we have ever shown in Victoria and Compton Amminsters, made from the finest worsted in self colors and Oriental and floral designs.

Brussels Carpets. In these we are showing the largest variety of designs and colorings, many specially manufactured for ourselves. The best quality \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Tapestry and Velvet Carpets. Prices 35c, 50c, and 60c, Balmoral and Windsor best tapestry, with border and stair to match, 80c.

Wool Carpets. 36-inch wide, from the best English manufacturer, prices 85c and \$1.00.

Felts and Durries. Extra fine, that will not lick up dust, in olive, blue, red, brown; these are used principally for surroundings and underlaid.

Parquet Squares. Some 50 patterns to select from. Amalator woven in one piece, also 9x10-6, 9x12-6, 9x14-6, 9x16-6, 9x18-6, 9x20-6, 9x22-6, 9x24-6, 9x26-6, 9x28-6, 9x30-6.

Mail Orders. No department of our business is handled with more satisfaction to customers than the mail order end.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., LIMITED. 36-38 King Street West, Toronto.

COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA. Healthful and Nutritious. Sold in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. Tins only. Absolutely Pure.

Clarified Milk Talks. Did you ever take a glass of ordinary milk and let it set for a few hours? If you never did, do so and see the result.

Are You Deaf? Any Head Noises? DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE SAYS: Our treatment does not interfere with your usual employment.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

AUNTIE'S BABIES

There are three of them, bless the darlings! There's Lawrence and Edith May, And the dear little baby—Walter, Just six months old to-day.

And I think, as I look the wee one To sleep in his tiny nest, And kiss the smiles and dimples, "It is you I love—the best"

But Edith, with eyes so solemn, Climbs up on my knee to say, "May I hold 'our witch'" and his—

As it measures 'em lives away I stroke the brown locks sunny, The sweet young brow caressed And I think, "Your Auntie loves you, Dear little niece—the best"

But little arms (sleep so soft) My neck in a close embrace And a boyish "doo" all rose I pressed against my face

"It's Auntie's little sweetheart 'An' I love 'em all—the best, Whole hun' red 'em all, Auntie Is 'at enough for oot?"

Then I kiss my dearest lover, And fold him to my breast, And I think 'em all the babies, I surely love 'em best.

But at night as the "flay" toddlers Reluctant go to rest, I know, as I feel them under, That I love 'em all—the best

—Emma F. Swingle, Ladies' Home Journal.

RUTH'S DOG, TOMSTOCK

A very funny thing happened at Ruth's house the other day and brought her into ill-repute with at least one member of the police force.

She is a very serious little girl of five, with great, solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her stoop on the special morning when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand.

After talking with who-ever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in his little book, but often not.

At the minister's door he wrote something and at Mr. Blake's, Ruth seemed particularly noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighborhood. Not a boy dared to shout or ring a bell when he was in sight, and as for the little girls—well, they always breathed free when Mr. Smith turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then, with a quaking heart, she saw him mount her steps. Mamma opened the door. "Do you keep a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

THE LITTLE CHILD.

A simple-hearted Child was He, And He was nothing more, In summer days, like you and me, He played about the door.

Or gathered, where St. Joseph told of, The shavings from the floor

Sometimes He lay upon the grass, The same as you and I, And saw the birds above Him pass, Like specks against the sky.

Or, clinging to the gate, He watched The stranger passing by

A simple Child, and yet I think The bird folk must have known The sparrow and the bobolink, And claimed Him for their own.

And when the sun at break of day Crept in upon His hair, I think it must have left a ray Of unseen glory there.

A kiss of love on that fair brow For the thorns that it must wear —Selected

A FIGHTING RABBIT

One day as I was quietly picking wild strawberries on a hill, says the author of "Wild Life Near Home," I heard a curious grunting down the side below me, then the quick thud!

thud! of an angry rabbit. Among the bushes I caught a glimpse of rabbit ears. A fight was on.

Crouching beside a bluish spot, which I knew to be a rabbit's nest, was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him.

He squatted flat, his ears back, tail swelled and hair standing up along his back, as the rabbit leaped over him. It was a glimpse of Molly's ears as she made the jump that I had caught! It was the beginning of the bout—only a feat by the rabbit, just to try the mettle of her antagonist.

The cat was scared, and before he got himself together Molly, with a mighty bound, was in the air again, and as she flung over him she headed him a stunning whack on the forehead that knocked him upside.

He was on his feet in an instant but just in time to receive a stinging blow on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. The rabbit seemed constantly in the air. Back and forth over and over the cat she flew, and with every bound landed a terrific whack with her powerful hind feet that was followed by a puff of yellow fur.

The cat could not stand up to this. Every particle of breath and light was knocked out of him at about the third kick. The green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He got quickly to a bush and ran away, else I believe that the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.

Chats With Young Men

Max O'Rell writes Talent helps a man to obtain success, but is of character which secures it for him. A man will succeed with character and very little talent, and will never succeed without character, whatever talent he may have at his disposal.

By character I mean honesty, steadiness of purpose, tact, perseverance, industry, sobriety, self-control, reliability and strict punctuality. The man who possesses these qualities need not leave the old world and try new countries to get a better chance in life, wherever he goes, wherever he happens to be, he is bound to be successful, simply because he is wanted, indispensable, everywhere.

The Waiting Mother.

"You see," said the lake engineer, in reply to a question I had asked, "it's strange the sort of things that will stick in your memory longest. Take, for instance, an experience I had a few years ago. I expect I'll forget lots of more important things before I forget that."

There wasn't any railroad along the shore then, and all the little towns and the summer resorts depended on the shore boats, sometimes one and sometimes two, that plied up and down and carried freight and passengers.

Some of those small places have good harbors, and some you can't get near in rough weather, although they have docks a quarter of a mile long. This place I am going to tell you about was one of that kind.

That summer Captain Jim Elliot and I, we bought the Kittie Clark. She was a staunch little craft, and we figured to run her ourselves and save expense. Ours was the only shore boat then.

One day early in the season we made this village I speak of on our way down and took on a passenger, a young boy who had consumption, and was going away to some sanitarium to see if his health wouldn't improve. He didn't look to me as if he would ever be any better in this world, but we brought him down, and he took the train and went wherever he was going.

It got along in the fall. The business was all closed and the resort was pretty near over for the season. It's just about then we got our first and often our nastiest storms. The big freighters run longer, but we were not working for anybody that expected us to risk our lives for the sake of making another trip, so we were ready to lay up.

"When we were about starting up-shore, thinking probably we wouldn't make but one more trip, if here didn't come this tempestuous again, wanting to be taken home, and this time he was on his last legs, certain."

He did not look as though he would live twenty-four hours, and what made it worse, it was fixing for a spell of weather, and was likely to be about all we wanted to do to run the boat, without taking care of any sick folk.

"Still, it didn't seem the square thing not to carry him, as he hadn't any other way of getting home. So Captain Jim and I talked it over, and we got him aboard and into the captain's berth, and there he stayed."

"Then we got that spell of weather. It rained and blew and froze till everything on that boat was sheeted over with ice, her captain and engineer included. We made out to keep headed up the lake, and that was about all. That little Kittie Clark would go ahead a bit, then she'd stop and kind of shiver as the sea took her, for all the world the way a horse will when it's in mortal fear. Seemed as if she was something alive and fighting for every next breath in those snoudering waves. Well, that was just the way with that sick boy. He laid there struggling to catch his breath, and the captain and I would run in every few minutes to see if he was alive yet and give him a swaller of water."

"When I look back at that now, it seems like a kind of blurred-over nightmare, but one figure in it stands out clear enough. That was the boy's mother. When we finally pounded our way to within sight of this place where the boy belonged, there she stood, watching for us, clear out to the very end of that dock. She had a shawl over her head, and the wind thrashed and switched her clothes as it would tear 'em to tatters, but she appeared to lean 'way out over the water to get nearer to us. I don't know as I ever saw anything that seemed to mean more. 'Course I knew well enough that we couldn't get into that place for hours, and she knew it as well as we did. All we could do was to beat along up to Tawas and drop anchor there till the weather cleared, and that's what we did."

"We were pretty near worn out with all we'd been through, but we turned in and took care of that boy. We did all we could think of to keep life in him, and in about two hours, when things let up a little, we went back flying."

"There was that woman standing out there looking, looking as if she'd waited there all the while—she had, for all I know. We got her boy off all right, and he died in his own bed, with her tending so him."

"I don't know as I can make you see it the way I do," the engineer resumed, after a pause. "I suppose I sussed it more, my mother's being dead. She died when I was little, mother did. There was a snarl of us boys I used to wake up nights and hear her praying that the Lord would spare her till we got some bigger. Well, whenever I get to thinking about that woman standing out there all alone, with the wind and the sea and the mad lake itself beating over her, it puts me in mind of mother. I expect somewhere she's waiting with just that same look in her eyes. '—Youth's Companion.

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LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

After questioning his informant as to the location of the police station, Marchison opened the door and the arab disappeared with a wild whoop and "Now we shan't be long!"

Marchison gave a prolonged whistle as he closed the door after Ned and turned to Felix.

"Your precious jewel is in a nice setting now, at all events," laughed that gentleman "Shall we go and try to get him out of the clutches of the law?"

"Certainly," replied Marchison, who was somewhat crestfallen at this unexpected move on the part of his vaunted factotum. "I must really try and persuade him that vengeance is the Lord's and not his. The old fellow certainly imagines he has a grievance."

"A very real grievance, I think, Marchison. What would you say to having a daughter run away with?"

"Well, as far as I am acquainted with the fair sex, I think that a daughter who would be run away with isn't much of a loss."

"You are a little hard on the fair sex, in my opinion. After all, we don't know all the circumstances of this case. The girl may have been very young and simple. She was certainly a country-bred girl, and as such was not likely to be versed in the knowledge of the decits and villainies of some monastrosities who call themselves men. You don't know how the fellow may have represented things to her."

"Dear old boy!" laughed Marchison, taking him by the arm as he finished this defence of the weaker vessel. "A nineteenth century edition of the Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche. You are too good for this wicked world, I fear, Woodford."

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early summer. How the sun shone, and how gaily the birds carolled! Even the little London sparrows chirped and twittered merrily, forgetful of past days in the hard winter, when scarce a crumb was to be found, and when they, in cold and trembling, sat huddled together under the eaves of the big, black, gloomy houses.

To-day even the city itself seemed, after all, not such a bad place, and the soft, warm sunlight, helped by a little gentle rain, had made Hyde Park almost country-like. Even Sybil, who was longing for the country after several months' residence in town, thought that nothing could be more beautiful than the Park to-day.

The grass was so fresh and bright — so different from what it would be even a month hence, when the hot sun would have rendered it parched and brown; the foliage of the trees presented an ever-increasing variety of shades of green, and as the bright sun glistened on the water and across the greensward the place was perfect. At Number 38 Park Lane, there was much commotion and bustle for the morning was to see the fair daughter of the house launched forth on the deep waters of matrimony. To be sure, all the Margraves felt that their child was being placed in safe hands; they had no fear for the result, and Sybil was considered — as indeed she considered herself — to be one of the happiest of women.

Still, when bedtime came, she thought that on the next day she was to be separated from her beloved parents, of whom she had been the constant companion even as a child; she thought that she was giving herself entirely into the hands of a comparative stranger for weal or woe. She thought that for the future there must be a certain barrier between her and her father and mother — these thoughts rose up before her in a new and strange light, and she wept untristainedly, though at the same time she wondered at what she called her own foolishness and absurdity.

Poor child! These tears are but as a drop in the ocean compared with those, full of grief and bitterness, which are to follow.

Mrs. Margrave could not sleep well either on this eve of her daughter's marriage. She tossed restlessly about for some time, and then rising, she threw a light wrap over her shoulders and stole into her child's room.

A sense of desolation filled the mother's heart as she looked round the white room. The blinds of the large windows were drawn up to the top, and the pale moonbeams lay across the bed and shone full on the face of the sleeping girl. The mother drew near the bed. Sybil lay with her head turned slightly on one side. Her hands were clasped together, and she seemed to be speaking in her sleep. Her cheeks were wet with tears. The mother bent over her child to press a kiss upon that beautiful face, but as she did so her own warm tears dropped upon Sybil's brow — and in an instant she awoke.

"What is it? Oh, mamma, I dreamt that you had gone away from me for ever! I am so glad I have only been dreaming!"

Sybil sat up in bed and hugged her mother affectionately "There, now," she said, "you must go back to bed. You will catch cold. Why did you come to my room?"

"I was restless, darling, and thought I would just come in to see if you slept."

"What a naughty foolish mamma, to be sure! You will catch your death of cold, and then my dream will come true," said Sybil, playfully, for she had caught sight of her mother's tears.

Mrs. Margrave embraced her daughter warmly and went back to her own room feeling happier for Sybil's kiss.

The morrow came, and a more glorious day could not be desired. If there were anything in the old saying, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," then Sybil's cup of happiness must have been full to the brim, for old Sol never hid his face once on that day, from his rising in the purple east to his going down in the crimson west. But if the day was bright and radiant, it was not more so than was the bride. Her gown was of the orthodox white duchesse satin. It was but simply made, yet Sybil appeared to perfection in it. A veil of the richest Limerick lace — worth from its age, a fabulous sum — fell in clouds from the fair head almost to the end of the train. The orange blossom, of course, was not wanting, and the green of its leaves was the only color that relieved the whiteness of Sybil's attire. Her bouquet was of white flowers, the dominant blossoms being lilies of the valley.

St. Alfred's Highbury square, was thronged with a fashionable crowd of friends and acquaintances, and all agreed that a better matched pair, as far as outward appearance went, had never stood before the altar.

And in truth, to find a more handsome bridegroom or a lovelier bride would have been no easy task. Sybil was in the best of spirits. Her depression of the night before had vanished, and as she left the church on the arm of her husband she seemed the embodiment of happiness. The strains of the "Wedding March" filled the church and the guests filled out. When the last notes of the music had died away, however, and even after the choir and organist had taken their departure, a man might have been seen kneeling at the bottom of the church with his face buried in his hands. Presently he rose and walked out of the church with an unsteady gait. We recognize the face, pale and haggard though it be, as that of Felix Woodford.

He did not follow the crowd to Park Lane to make his felicitations to the happy bride. No. He took out the little heart of gold from its resting place, and clasping it tightly in his hand, he sought his own rooms and saw no one for the rest of the day.

A few hours later a carriage containing the Earl of Huntleigh and his newly made bride was driving along Piccadilly on its way to Charing Cross Station. Sybil had been weeping a little, but was now cheerful and bright. Alaric was in the wildest of good spirits. During the ceremony — and in fact ever since the day of his encounter with Kester Brownedge — he had been suffering much from nervousness and depression of spirits. Indeed, until the wedding party had safely reached Park Lane on its return from St. Alfred's, his thoughts had been occupied not so much with his bride or the solemnity of the promises he was making, but with a dreadful fear of that "wretched old man" tracking him and carrying out some design of revenge upon him before the whole world. He had not returned to the police station to give information against his assailant on the day of the Kensington affair, so old Brownedge had been given into Marchison's care, upon that gentleman's representations. Conscience makes cowards of us all, and Alaric was a veritable coward even without his accusing conscience. He did not abstain from prosecuting Kester from any feeling of humanity or pity. It was from sheer craven cowardice. He hated Kester. There was something in the straightforward, single-hearted honesty of the old fellow that was quite antagonistic to him, and so he feared as well as hated him — and above all he feared a discovery that would rob him of his rich fiancée. He was a physical as well as moral coward, and the remembrance of the well-deserved chastisement which Kester Brownedge had inflicted upon him in Kensington made him simply shudder. Yet now that he considered himself safe — about to start for the Continent — and Sybil thought he had never appeared so absolutely fascinating as at present. Her heart went out to him completely, and it twenty angels from Heaven had come down now to advise her of her husband's faults she would have turned a deaf ear to their one and all.

They were nearing Charing Cross, and only the presence of Sybil's maid in the carriage had prevented her from falling on Alaric's neck and as-

suring him that he was the dearest fellow in the whole world that day.

She was still looking at him with love in her deep dark violet eyes when she saw him draw himself up quickly with a startled, spasmodic gasp. He turned pale and clutched at the silk hangings of the carriage, and then began to look round in desperation. Sybil was surprised and not a little frightened, and bent over him saying, "Alaric, darling, what is it? What has happened to you? Tell me, dearest."

Alaric pushed her almost roughly on one side, with sudden resolve, he said to Grimston, "Get your mistress's ticket and your own I shall probably have to miss this train!" Then, turning to his wife, he said hurriedly — for the carriage was slackening speed as it drove into the station yard — "Our rooms are taken at the Hotel Rochefoucauld. I will tell you all when I see you. Don't make a fuss!"

The carriage stopped before Sybil had sufficiently recovered from the shock of her husband's words to be able to speak, and as it drew up the face of an old man appeared at the window on Sybil's left hand. But before this face had appeared Alaric had swiftly opened the door on the opposite side and had disappeared amidst the wilderness of hansoms and other vehicles which crowded the station yard. The old man gave a cry of baffled rage as he saw that the opposite door was open and that his bird had flown; and with a muttered imprecation he rushed into the increasing crowd of cabs, grasping his heavy stick and cursing Alaric in audible tones. He created quite a panic amongst the horses, and the language expended upon him by the drivers was more forcible than polite, but he heeded them not, he had caught sight of Alaric, who was in the act of jumping into a hansom. For a second the old man was nonplussed. Then he also hailed a hansom, saying to the driver, "Follow that cab wherever it goes. I'll give you anything — any money!"

The cabby thus addressed put his tongue in his cheek, and winking at one of his confederates, said, "Show us the dollars first, old chap."

Kester literally shook with impatience. His faded blue eyes flashed, and his hand trembled as he put it into his pocket and drew forth a handful of money.

"Hurry, for God's sake!" he shouted, in an agony.

The cabbie looked curiously at him, and one touched his forehead significantly.

"It's no go, guv'nor," said the first one addressed. "That there cab gone right up the Strand by now."

Kester stood irresolute for a few seconds, passed his hand over his eyes, and then stared about vacantly.

"Better go home, guv'nor, and take a drop of something hot," advised a sympathetic cabby.

Kester only caught the word "hot" — "Hot! Yes, it's hot — very hot," he murmured, stumbling away and wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow. Then suddenly his mind reverted to the fact that the cabby had refused to follow Alaric. He turned back in an access of passion and shook his stick full in the man's face, "You villain! You scoundrel!" he cried. "You are as bad as he is! Yes, you are leagued together. But a father's curse be on your heads, one and all! Ay, a father's curse!" he muttered between his teeth as he retraced his steps.

Meanwhile Sybil was in a state of mind bordering on distraction. When she found herself standing amidst a crowd, with the scent of orange blossoms still lingering round her, but with no idea as to the whereabouts of her husband to a few hours, she felt that everything in the world had gone wrong. Grimston, however, kept her wits about her, and the next morning saw the Countess of Huntleigh installed at the Hotel Rochefoucauld, Paris, after a night spent in such a state of anxious wonderment that even the throes of mal-dormer were not able to make themselves felt. She refused all offers of refreshment, and as for that was entirely out of the question, Grimston had unpacked a few necessaries and now came to beg of her mistress to change her attire and to try and take a little rest.

"The passengers by the next boat will be here in an hour or two, my lady, and the Earl will blame me for not taking proper care of you."

But Sybil was inexorable. She dismissed her maid preemptorily, and continued packing to and fro in the large room. She had not removed her travelling costume — retaining even her hat and veil. Wild thoughts of returning to England chased themselves through her brain. The will was not wanting — but she was so thoroughly helpless in these matters, never having had to move a finger for herself.

"What could that dreadful old man have wanted?" she asked herself.

"Why had Alaric been so afraid of him as to leave her thus on her wedding day, and take refuge in flight?" She tortured herself with futile questionings until her head ached violently, and then, as time passed on, she threw herself on a sofa — a despairing heap and wept. A sense of overwhelming loneliness and desolation filled her heart, for never in her life had she been so long alone. "Oh, Alaric — oh, mamma, what shall I do?" she repeated amidst her tears.

Poor Sybil! She was but a child as yet, and a child who had never had even the veriest slip of the cup of sorrow. The memory of Alaric's rough

touch in the carriage seemed to burn into her brain. It opened her eyes immensely, but she thought that it should be given on such a day was too bitter, and tears fell hot and fast.

But suddenly a light step was heard in the corridor. One glance at the clock, and Sybil saw that it was too early for the next steamer from Dover to have landed passengers before. However, the hope which had arisen had had time to do away, the door opened gently and Alaric himself was on the threshold, so bright, so smiling that in an instant Sybil had forgotten her hard thoughts, had forgotten their short separation, had buried all her grief and tears in the caresses of her husband. He folded her in his arms and kissed away the tears, and smoothed her hair, and nuzzled her like a child, as she showed signs of returning grief on hearing his voice.

"Why, darling little girl, what a state you are in!" he exclaimed, with a nice assumption of surprise, though to now he had been anathematizing the fate that had caused such a disquietment at the outset of his bridal tour — and in fact it was with fear and trembling that he had entered the Hotel Rochefoucauld, not knowing whether his wife would be found there. He knew she was very inexperienced, however, so this was in his favor.

"I thought I should have found you with a nice little breakfast ready for me, and — is it possible? — well, you are really naughty! You have your hat on, and the brim is nearly poking my eyes out. And this wretched veil! You must really take it off and give me a kiss of welcome."

"I was thinking of going back to mamma," said Sybil, with an involuntary sob and a half pout, half smile.

"What a very terrible wife I have!" replied Alaric with well-feigned playfulness, though there was anger in his heart. Then he held her face in his hands so that the bright Parisian sunlight shone full upon it, and said in reproachful tones: "Your face isn't as cruel as your words." Then, when Sybil could not stand the bright light of the sun and was obliged to shut her eyes, Lord Huntleigh kissed the closed eyelids — and peace was restored.

With Alaric's presence no explanation was needed by Sybil as to his absence, but had that absence continued would not have sufficed to account for it. This was, of course, unreasonable; but women are unreasonable, and especially when they are in love, which was the case with Sybil.

Later on, with the ingenuity of a practised liar, Lord Huntleigh concocted a story about the old man who had pursued him.

"He wanted to murder me — nothing more nor less, my darling — and had I stepped out of the carriage on his side he would probably have knocked out my brains with that heavy stick he carried. Surely, Sybil, I could not

do anything less than take the best means to avert such a tragedy."

"But why does he wish to harm you in particular? He did not take a bit of notice of me."

"Well, my sweet pet, I'll tell you the reason. You must be prepared to hear something not very creditable about your own sex. This old fellow lived down in the country, and he had a daughter. I met the girl pretty frequently, and you know how it is in the country — everyone speaks to everyone else. I spoke to the girl — Eliza Ann, or Mary Jane, or whatever her name was. We bade each other good-morning or good-night as the case might be, and that was all. The girl was very pretty and doubtless flirted with all the young fellows in the neighborhood, and, as you may suspect, came to a bad end. Then the old man had the supreme insolence to come to me and command me, under various penalties, to marry his daughter. You may be sure I treated him with the contempt which he deserved; but he has tracked me about since. And now you have the whole 'raison d'etre' of yesterday's performance. Are you satisfied?"

"Of course I am. But it is so tiresome for you! Is it not, dear? I shall be in constant dread of his meeting you in town and doing you some injury. Why not hand him over to the police? You mustn't go about in danger of your life like this."

"If he annoys me again I fear I shall have to take some steps. But let us not talk about this disagreeable thing any longer. By the way, I did not tell you how I got here so soon. I drove over to Waterloo and came by Newhaven. I had no idea you would have fretted so for an hour or two, and I had no time to explain."

"But," said Sybil, who could not rest until it was out, "you pushed me in the carriage. You quite hurt me! I shouldn't have cried only for that." She almost whispered this as she rubbed her soft cheek caressingly on his hand.

"Poor little thing!" he replied. "Did I really hurt my own darling? You must excuse me, Sybil. Think of what I was going through at that moment, as much on your account as my own."

"Oh, yes, Alaric, I know. Please forgive my selfish words. I didn't think, really. Do forgive me! I am so sorry I mentioned it — only it is better after all, to say what one thinks and have done with it."

Sybil was kneeling on the floor, her hands clasped on Alaric's knee, her mild blue eyes fixed imploringly on his. He regarded her for a few seconds as though considering as to whether it would be advisable to bestow forgiveness on her. Then he said, "You have my forgiveness on one condition — and that is that you promise always to love me as much as you do now."

(To be continued.)

Day of Judgment.

(From The New York Sun.)

The Easter discussions of immortality by Dr. Felix Adler and the Rev. Dr. Savage make pertinent at this time a reference to the Roman Catholic doctrine on the subject, as defined and expounded by three Jesuit priests in the April number of The Catholic Homiletic Monthly.

The first, treating of "particular judgment," explains the Catholic doctrine to be that "as soon as the soul leaves the human body it is irrevocably assigned to an abiding place that 'at the very moment when the soul is separated from the body' 'all its thoughts, words and actions during life will be judged in accordance with the way they presented themselves to God at the moment when they happened.' As a conclusive illustration he refers to the parable of Dives and Lazarus. 'The rich Dives was thrown into hell immediately after death and the poor Lazarus was taken to heaven.' Nor would it be consistent with the justice of God, says the Jesuit preacher, to postpone the judgment to the last day or the day of general judgment, for 'the just souls would be left in unceasing anxiety,' and 'the godless would still be left in the hope of being saved.'

Moreover, he tells us that this "particular judgment" will not be rendered on souls carried up to heaven and before the throne of God, for "a stained soul will never, in all eternity, have the happiness of feeling even for one moment the delights of heavenly joys." "Each soul will receive its judgment at the same place where the body happened to be at the time of death," and "at this judgment Jesus Christ shall appear as judge, the soul as the accused, the angel who was its guardian as advocate and the devil as accuser," the Judge "will render without delay the irrevocable sentence, which will be life or death for all eternity," and at the general judgment on the last day "we shall receive the same sentence."

Judgment, explains the second Jesuit writer, is reserved until death of the body comes, "so that," in life, "the sinner may be converted and do penance, but if he fails to do this vengeance will surely come." "Now," he proceeds, "the sword of divine justice is hidden by the sheath of mercy, but there comes a time when this sheath will fall away and the naked sword of justice be drawn against all transgressors."

The third priest treats of Purgatory, or the "place of purification" for those who have committed venial sins, in order that they may be made fit for heavenly society. But Purgatory, as described by him and by the fathers from whom he quotes, is of the nature of a hell for the time being; for "the cleansing in the same

takes place by fire. According to Abelmin, in the treasury here, the least suffering of a soul is greater than the most agonizing agony we can think of here. As St. Gregory expresses it, 'It is more painful than all the afflictions of this earth.' 'The greatest of our pains,' comments the Jesuit writer, 'is that caused by fire,' and 'it is more to be have to endure this agony for a whole day, a year, or a hundred years. Such suffering upon entering the future state is inevitable for all of us according to St. Paul's teaching, 'No one is so perfect, who so perfect, that he departs from this world without having done something to be punished.' It will be seen, therefore, that the Roman Catholic Church not only teaches immortality, but also describes specifically the methods of entrance on it, and the way which would justify a sinner's entrance on it on Easter Sunday. We declare that 'if immortality was a gift which we could take or leave, the easier way would be to take it.' Nor is the Rev. Dr. Savage's view of immortality, as we understand it, of the soul, the spiritual identity, only treated more kindly by the Catholic doctrine, as explained by this Jesuit writer, who says: 'What torture must it be when the soul, which is the direct seat of sensation in us, is tormented by flames of fire!'

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Buckley's Anti-consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

ST. MARY'S C. L. & A. A.

At the meeting of this Association held on April 13th, it was decided to take the preliminary steps towards an Irish language class. As several of the members are now well versed in the Erse tongue, there is every prospect of making the movement a success.

On Sunday, the 19th of April, the Association will have an address from Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, L.L.B., the subject being "The Lawyer's Moral Code." All are invited to attend.

IT NEEDS NO TESTIMONIAL. — It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

"Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History"

Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, L.L.D. With the Imprimatur of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago. Approved by the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

256 SUPERB VIEWS

What Catholic has not seen in dreams the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the House of Loretto, the Cathedral of St. Peter, its sister the spire-crowned and exquisite great Church of Milan, the Grotto of Lourdes, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Abbey of Muckross, Notre Dame of Paris, the Tomb of Edward the Confessor? These and a hundred other pictures are close to the cores of Catholic hearts. These and over 250 other superb photographic views, with graphic legends, legend and description, by eminent Catholic writers. Courteous prelates and generous priests, and kind fathers from nearly every diocese on the continent, have aided in the work. The world has been searched for architectural beauties created for the greater glory of God. From Rome to Lima, from Constantine to Cortez, from Assisi to Notre Dame from Rheims to New Orleans, these pictures have come, each the best and the latest.

Letter from Mgr. Satelli, formerly Apostolic Delegate.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 3, 1895.

D. H. McBRIDE, Publisher.

DEAR SIR,

I have received the copy of "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History" which you so kindly sent me, and I desire to thank you most heartily for it. I have examined it with care and exceeding pleasure, and must congratulate you on having published one of the most beautiful and interesting as well as instructive works that I have seen in a long while. Your publication itself is a monument of the subject matter of which it treats. I am familiar with the magnificent works published in Europe, and I do not hesitate to say that you have produced a book which need fear no comparison with the best artistic publications of the Old World.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, with sentiments of highest esteem,

Most faithfully yours in Christ,
+ AROHP. SATOLLI,
Del. Apost.

Size of Volume 13 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in., 3 in. thick.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.,
9 Jordan Street, Toronto

GENTLEMEN,—Please send to my address one copy of "The Glories of the Catholic Church," in..... binding. I enclose \$1.00, and will remit to you or your order the balance of \$..... in monthly payments of \$1.00. Title in the work to remain in your hands until fully paid for.

Name.....
Address..... Town.....

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Orange Bar

Wallaceburg Bazaar

Below we give the result of the Grand Prize Drawing in connection with the Catholic Bazaar, held at Opera House, Wallaceburg, last Saturday evening, April 5th. Persons holding winning numbers will please send their tickets to Rev. M. J. Brady, stating how they wish their prizes forwarded, when their wishes shall be promptly complied with.

M. J. BRADY, P.P., April 7th, 1902 Wallaceburg.

TICKETS WINNING

No. 7716 draws prize 1, \$25.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Bishop McIlroy, D. D., London, won by Mr. W. F. Donovan, 1024 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio, U. S.

No. 21366 draws prize 2, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Very Rev. Dean Savage, P. Holy Trinity, Detroit, won by Mr. George Douglas, Woodstock, Ont., sold by Mrs. J. E. Thompson.

No. 21185 draws prize No. 3, \$10.00 in books, donated by Rev. Father McBrady, President Assumption College, Sandwich, won by Mr. Robert Miller, Glanworth, Ont., sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 4349 draws prize No. 4, gentleman's gold watch, donated by Rev. Father Wm. Kilroy, P. P., Lenox, Mich., won by Winifred Budd, 252 Sterling Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 30320 draws prize No. 5, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Loughran, P. P., Emmet, Mich., U. S., won by Mr. Thomas Baggett, 127 Stewart St., Peterboro, Ont.; sold by Mr. Ed. Brion, Park street, Peterboro, Ont.

No. 31156 draws prize No. 6, \$10.00 in books, donated by Rev. Francis Clement Kelly, Lapeer, Mich., won by Mr. Holt H. McGreevy, Quebec, Que., sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 2459 draws prize No. 7, McCaulley's Essay and Poems, value \$10.00, donated by Rev. John A. Cowie, Holy Trinity Church, Detroit, Mich., won by Helen E. Whelan, 490 Lisgar street, Ottawa, Ont., sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 15533 draws prize No. 8, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Aylward, Rector St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., won by Mr. Willard Babcock, Kinde, Mich., U. S.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 65,894 draws prize No. 9, \$10.00 in books, donated by Rev. Father Peter McKean, Chancellor of London Diocese, won by "The Sisters of the Holy Names," Windsor, Ont., sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 16800 draws prize No. 10, \$10.00 in books, donated by Rev. D. J. Egan, Bishop's secretary, St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont., won by Mr. "Inlay McEae, Wallaceburg, Ont.; sold by Mrs. D. F. McEae, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 51675 draws prize No. 11, works of Father Faber, donated by Rev. Father Donohue, C. S. B., P. P., Port Lambton, Ont., won by Marie I. Groll, 305 Warren Ave. E., Detroit, Mich., U. S.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 35185 draws prize No. 12, value \$10.00 in book, donated by Rev. Father Deaure, P. P., Wallerville, Ont., won by Mrs. J. Williams, 995 14th St., Detroit, Mich.; sold by Mrs. J. Williams.

No. 25609 draws prize No. 13, value \$10.00 in book, donated by Rev. Father Menzies, P. P., Windsor, Ont., won by Mr. J. O. Gallagher, Opera House Block, London, Ont.; sold by Mrs. N. N. N. N.

No. 20133 draws prize No. 14, value \$10.00 in books, donated by Rev. Father Donohue, Windsor, Ont., won by Helena Layton, Blackville, N. B.; sold by Mr. Thos. Dunn, Blackville, N. B.

No. 7439 draws prize No. 15, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Foster, P. P., Bothwell, Ont., won by C. Chas. McMurphy, box E, Windsor, Ont.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 367 draws prize No. 16, \$5.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Hogan, P. P., Stratford, Ont.; won by Mr. John Marshall, 297 Mary St., Hamilton, Ont.; sold by Mr. James Dowling, 175 Ferris St., E., Hamilton, Ont.

No. 6077 draws prize No. 17, a life-size portrait of Father Hogan, P. P., Stratford, Ont., donated by himself, won by Miss Minnie McDonald, St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, Que.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 19132 draws prize No. 18, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Rev. Father Stanley, Windsor, Ont., won by Mr. N. E. Fehlich, box 512 New Glasgow, N. S.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 4230 draws prize No. 19, a plush Morris chair in quarter oak, donated by Rev. Father Hanlon, P. P., St. Augustine, Ont.; won by Mr. S. E. Peters, Tupperville, Ont.; sold by Mr. J. H. Houlton, Tupperville, Ont.

No. 14829 draws prize No. 20, Innocence, a historical painting in tapestry, donated by the Ladies of the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont., won by Mr. Chas. Brand, Montgat, Ont.; sold by Miss Minnie McGuire, Langbank, Ont.

No. 31398 draws prize No. 21, hand painted sofa pillow, donated by the Ladies of the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ont., won by Mr. John Pond, of Bore-town, N. B.; sold by L. McConnell, Blackville, N. B.

No. 8516 draws prize No. 22, hand painted sofa cushion, donated by Ladies of the Sacred Heart Academy, London, Ont., won by Mr. F. Leighton, Windsor, Ont.; sold by Mr. F. Leighton, Windsor, Ont.

No. 55686 draws prize No. 23, a handsome cushion, donated by Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, London, Ont., won by Mr. Harry Bisbing, Wallaceburg, Ont.; sold by Mr. John Dowling, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Ont.; sold by Miss Minnie McGuire, Langbank, Ont.

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No. 3749 draws prize No. 24, "Pharaoh's Horses" in crayon on white satin, donated by the Sisters of the Holy Name, Windsor, Ont., won by the J. A. Roe Company, Detroit; sold by same.

No. 2742 draws prize No. 25, cabinet of Irish literature, donated by Madam Dr. M. Brady, Detroit, Mich., won by Mrs. W. Addison, Jericho, Ont.; sold by Frankie Love, Forest, Ont.

No. 31861 draws prize No. 26, set of dishes, donated by Mrs. Thomas Clear, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Miss Annie O'Dea, St. Mary's, Ont.; sold by Miss Annie Hinegan, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 45251 draws prize No. 27, electric clock, donated by Messrs. Barton & Nettling, Detroit, Mich., won by Mr. Jack Morrill, Chatham, Ont.; sold by Miss M. Bourassa, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 21070 draws prize No. 28, Parisian Rug, donated by Mr. James Fitzsimons, Detroit, Mich., won by Mr. Martin Collison, Elginfield, Ont.; sold by same.

No. 6082 draws prize No. 19, Dickerson silk hat, donated by Mr. Dickerson, the noted hatter, Detroit, Mich., won by Mrs. Oliveira, New York City, room 816-27 William St., care of St. Lawrence Hall; sold by Miss Mary McDougal, St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal.

No. 274 draws prize No. 30, "A Boy," donated by Ideal Manufacturing Company, Detroit, Mich., won by Mr. P. J. Powers, 64 Natternut St., Detroit, Mich.; sold by same.

No. 5380 draws prize No. 31, a lady's choice, donated by S. Hadley Lumber Co., Limited, Chatham, Ont., won by Mrs. E. Comar, Hillsdale, Mich.; sold by Miss Annie Comar, Hillsdale, Mich.

No. 5371 draws prize No. 32, a pair of gentlemen's "Astoria" shoes, donated by Mr. Joseph Cook, London, Ont., won by Mary Keating, Hillsdale, Mich.; sold by same.

No. 8271 draws prize No. 33, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Capt. W. D. McEae, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by J. E. Jones, Glencoe, Ont.; sold by Miss Annie Hinegan, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 8829 draws prize No. 34, a Buffalo white-web single harness, donated by Mr. Thos. Forhan, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mr. J. D. Carolan, Wallaceburg, Ont.; sold by Miss F. Carolan.

No. 1612 draws prize No. 35, a barrel of flour, donated by Mr. M. J. Hurley, won by Mr. B. F. Guiney, Detroit, Mich.; sold by same.

No. 29869 draws prize No. 36, a case of tea, donated by Mr. Thos. O'Donnell, won by Gertrude Dunn, Paris, Ont.; sold by same.

No. 5180 draws prize No. 37, a fancy water set, donated by Mr. Andrew O'Flynn, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by the Ursuline Sisters, Chatham, Ont.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 44974 draws prize No. 38, \$10.00 in gold, donated by Mr. T. F. Hinegan, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Nellie Helm, Wallaceburg; sold by Miss Annie Hinegan, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 6914 draws prize No. 39, a meerschaum pipe, donated by Mr. John Martell, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by W. Grant, 9 Aylmer St., Montreal, Que.; sold by Mr. M. Toner, Montreal, Que.

No. 14021 draws prize No. 40, a bonbon basket, blown and donated by Mr. John Dowling, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mr. Josiah Davis, 2510 Wright St., Port Huron, Mich.; sold by Mrs. James Hauley, 2532 Stone St., Port Huron, Mich.

No. 57266 draws prize No. 41, a live white sheep, donated by Mr. Andrew Flannigan, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mrs. F. S. Tchaublen, 1057 Fort St., Detroit, Mich.; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 1398 draws prize No. 42, a St. Bernard Pup, donated by Mr. Richard Birns, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mrs. C. Hart, Windsor, Ont.

No. 9908 draws prize No. 43, an English Setter dog, donated by Mr. W. L. O'Leary, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mrs. Susan Roach, 273 Union St., Hattico Creek; sold by Bazaar Committee.

No. 28084 draws prize No. 44, a silk Cherrot covered couch, donated by Mr. Jacob Helm, Wallaceburg, Ont., won by Mr. John O'Callaghan, Fordyce, Ont.; sold by Mrs. John O'Callaghan, Fordyce, Ont.

No. 4205 draws prize No. 45, a bird, Irish Thrush, donated by Master Parnell Mahoney, Dresden, Ont., won by Miss Owen McEae, Wallaceburg, Ont.; sold by Mrs. D. F. McEae, Wallaceburg, Ont.

No. 4230 draws prize No. 19, a plush Morris chair in quarter oak, donated by Rev. Father Hanlon, P. P., St. Augustine, Ont.; won by Mr. S. E. Peters, Tupperville, Ont.; sold by Mr. J. H. Houlton, Tupperville, Ont.

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A MAGNIFICENT CHIME.

Perhaps no taste is more nearly universal than that for a fine Chime of Bells. The old and the young, the cultured and the uncultured, the grave and the gay—all yield to the music of the bells.

Among the most recent examples of the work of this Foundry is a Chime cast for the Smith Memorial Chapel at Glen Mills, Pa. This Chime consists of ten bells; the largest bell weighs 2,100 pounds, and is 46 inches in diameter; the smallest weighs 200 pounds and is 21 inches in diameter.

But no figures—no mere statements of weight and measures—can in the least degree indicate the purity, richness, and sweetness of tone possessed by this truly beautiful Chime of Bells.

The McShane Bell Foundry has a world wide reputation as makers of the finest bells for churches, court-houses, fire alarms, etc.

IS IT PROGRESS?

In comparison between what was and what is in California, the progress of times past will fix upon the Indians of Carmel. But the day of the Jesuit has gone by, the day of the Yankee has succeeded, and there is no one left to care for the converted savage.

THE CHURCH IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The work of Catholic education is far advanced, and is making progress, says The New World. The St. Louis College in Honolulu, conducted by the Brothers of Mary, of Dayton, Ohio, is the principal seat of learning in the islands.

LORD ABERDEEN ON IRELAND.

Speaking at Frome Lord Aberdeen said there was nothing to be ashamed of in believing in Home Rule, and nothing to apologize for. He had seen some of the workings of the Irish question, and was absolutely convinced that Home Rule was the policy to produce loyalty in Ireland.

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DIS-EASES.

—Brown's Bronchial Troches have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 15.—Cattle.—Receipts, 4,099; steady; good to prime steers, nominal at \$2.75 to \$3.00; good to medium, \$2.25 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.25; light to medium, \$1.75 to \$2.00; heavy, \$1.50 to \$1.75; calves, \$1.40 to \$1.60; Texas fed steers, \$2.25 to \$2.50; Hogs—Receipts, 14,070; steady; good to choice heavy, \$11.25 to \$12.50; good to heavy, \$10.75 to \$11.50; light, \$9.50 to \$10.50; western about equal, \$9.75 to \$10.50; native lambs, short, \$1.75 to \$2.00; western lambs, short, \$2.25 to \$3.00.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day, closing to day. Cash. Cash, July. Chicago ... 75 75 75 75 New York ... 75 75 75 75 Toronto ... 75 75 75 75

London, April 15.—Close.—Wheat, on passage, quiet and steady; maize, on passage, quiet and steady; wheat, on passage, quiet and steady; wheat, on passage, quiet and steady.

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

HAPPINESS.

For lovers of any art and for all worshippers of Nature hours of happiness must necessarily be many. For our own part, we believe that of all the art music, while by no means the highest, affords the most happiness.

Oh where the voice doth come Let all doubts be dumb, Let all words be mild, All strifes be reconciled, All pains be quelled.

A mental effort is necessary before we can wring happiness either from pictures or poetry, and in the demand they make upon the minds of those to whom they appeal lies their right to the first place among the arts, but the charm of music is like the charm of Nature—it is not felt after struggle but in surrender.

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds.

The great obligation of the Christian is to imitate Jesus Christ. Simple, childlike faith is more precious than the wealth of the world.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.

—Parrot's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Advance in Wheat—Live Stock Firm—The Latest Quotations.—Tuesday Evening, April 15. Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The grain receipts were light on the street market this morning, only three loads of wheat being reported.

Toronto Live Stock.

There were heavy receipts on the Toronto Cattle Market this morning, but the demand was no more than the supply, and higher for most classes of cattle and quite steady for the others.

Export Cattle—Were higher, selling at \$1.40 to \$2.25 per cwt for choice one and two year olds.

Butcher Cattle—Were steady, selling at \$2.25 to \$3.00 per cwt for picked lots and \$1.75 to \$2.00 per cwt for mixed.

Feeders and Stockers—Were steady, selling at \$1.40 to \$2.25 per cwt for about-year feeders.

Sheep—Were higher, selling at \$3.50 to \$4.50 per cwt for prime, and \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt for yearlings and spring lambs were firmer.

Hogs—Were advanced 10c per cwt; receipts were light.

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East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, April 15.—Cattle—Receipts light; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

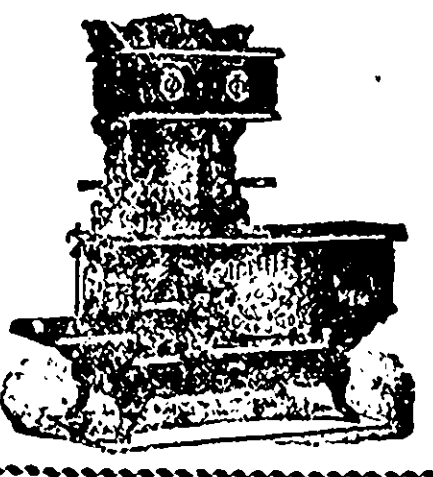
Chicago, April 15.—Cattle.—Receipts, 4,099; steady; good to prime steers, nominal at \$2.75 to \$3.00; good to medium, \$2.25 to \$2.50; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.25; light to medium, \$1.75 to \$2.00; heavy, \$1.50 to \$1.75; calves, \$1.40 to \$1.60; Texas fed steers, \$2.25 to \$2.50; Hogs—Receipts, 14,070; steady; good to choice heavy, \$11.25 to \$12.50; good to heavy, \$10.75 to \$11.50; light, \$9.50 to \$10.50; western about equal, \$9.75 to \$10.50; native lambs, short, \$1.75 to \$2.00; western lambs, short, \$2.25 to \$3.00.

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Orylon Green Tea a trial? It is superior to Japan Tea in every way, it is sold only in Sealed Lead Packets just like the Colobrated "SALADA" Black Tea at 25c. and 40c. per pound. By all dealers.

The "Imperial Oxford" and the Points that commend it to the Discerning Folk.



Generally speaking it has all the lowest and best features employed in modern stove construction—and never has had any trouble in proving itself the most perfect working range produced to date—its special features are the oven slide—the oven thermometer—its diffusive flow construction, the greatest of coal-saving ideas—perfect oven ventilation—the indestructible iron-stone lining—the patented draw out grate—and half a score other simple and effective devices that make the popular "Imperial" more popular—gives lifetime service—ask your dealer for a booklet.

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FREE SAMPLE OF ELLIOTT'S FIT CURE. If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is affected, then send for a free trial bottle of Elliott's Fit Cure. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid, to you named "Fit Cure Office address. It has cured where every other has failed. Where writing mentions "Fit Cure" paper and name are and full address to the LEGAL OFFICE, 179 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CANADA.

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THE OPINION OF AN ADVERTISER.

To the Editor of The Register: Dear Sir—It gives me much pleasure to state that the advertisement which I have in The Catholic Register has well paid me. As a rule I find it difficult to tell from which source trade comes through advertising, but on several occasions I know good patrons have come to me through your paper.

Yours, E. MCGORMACK. 31 Jordan street, Toronto.

What One of Canada's Leading Business Men Thinks of Our Paper.

Toronto, March 8, 1902. The Catholic Register Co., City: We have been using the columns of The Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory. The constituency reached by The Register is an important one, and we know of no other medium so well situated in this respect as The Register.

Yours truly, CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. J. J. Seltz Gen. Mgr.

SEALED TENDERS FOR INDIAN SUPPLIES

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Indian Supplies" will be received at this office up to noon on Monday, 15th April, 1902, for the delivery of Indian supplies during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1904, at various points in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. For a tender containing full particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner, at Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. D. MOLAN, Secretary. Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 28th February, 1902. N.B.—Newspapers inserting this advertisement without the authority of the Department will not be paid.

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