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VOL. XIII., No. 22

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Irish the Ruling Race in Chicago—President Roosevelt Half Irish—The Governor of Illinois Mayor of Chicago, Sheriff of Cook County, Postmaster of Chicago, Commander of the Army, the Chief of Police, and Many Other Public Officers of Irish Parentage or Irish Born—Conditions in Comparison with Toronto sigotry—Contributions from John Hurley.

In Chicago the Irish are known as "the ruling race." They read "their title clear" the other day, when President Roosevelt visited that city. The President himself, notwithstanding his Dutch name, claims to be half Irish. A banquet was tendered him which he accepted, and was surrounded and entertained by the Irish-American governor of Illinois, named Dineen, an Irish-American Mayor of Chicago named Dunne, an Irish-American Sheriff of Cook County named Barrett, an Irish-American Commissioner of Public Works named Patterson, an Irish Chief of Police named O'Neill, an Irish Postmaster of Chicago named Coyne, an Irish-American Chief of the Fire Department named Campion, an Irish-American Chief of the Military Department of the Lakes named Duggan, and many others representing many public positions too numerous to mention here. Enough, however, are here given to show that the Irish in Chicago are pretty much "the whole thing." How many Irish and Irish-American aldermen there are in the city council is more than I can tell, besides Congressmen and members of the County Board, who are numerous. The greater part of the police force, the fire-department, the letter carriers, are either Irish or the sons of Irishmen. The school department, the public library, the health department, and in fact every department of the public service has its full quota of Irish citizens in its service. And be it understood, the Irish acquire those positions not by favor, not by pull, but by their capacity. Besides, the positions of semi-public service such as street car conductors, motormen, etc., are largely filled by men of the Irish race. Notwithstanding, too, that the Catholics have their parochial schools, the teachers in the public schools are at least half of them Catholics in religion. And merit alone is the measure by which they obtain those positions. It has been

noticed in Toronto; but there is no bigotry in Chicago; but Catholics could not obtain access to positions here the same as they do in Chicago if they were angels of light and models of efficiency. And remember, that Catholics are by no means a majority of the people of Chicago; nor are there any dissensions over public questions there on account of religious bias. There are no associations there organized on a basis of hate or exclusion, the same as in Canada, and when attempted, such associations were frowned upon by a fair-minded public and became short-lived. It is evident that in Canada no matter what a man's merits are to fill any public office, if he is a Catholic, unless he have a majority of co-religionists at his back he cannot succeed. This is a deplorable condition that the neighboring republic is free from, and it is no wonder that it has a preference for many people to live in. I do think there is nothing more atrocious than the clamor of hate for political purposes that I have seen set up here during the past six months and I believe that some of the Canadian newspapers greatly advise their positions and disgrace their vocation by needless violence.

I have noticed that Patrick Buckley, Ottawa's oldest hackman, died in that city lately. In his demise, it is said, about the last remnant of the associations surrounding the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGehee, has been removed. It was Buckley's evidence that practically sealed the fate and caused the execution of

James Whelan, one of the alleged assassins, was described at the time as "the raddled tailor," who hired the liver, rig on that eventful night, over thirty-seven years ago. Buckley was well known in Toronto, because he lived here many years before going to Ottawa, on account of the change in the seat of government. Buckley had a brother here named John, who died some years ago.

A member of a well-known and prominent Irish family, that I knew in my boyhood's days, died recently at Windsor, Ont. It was John R. Martin, a prominent member of the Ontario bar, who was for eighteen years Crown Attorney for Haldimand County. He practiced law at Windsor, but failing health compelled him to retire about two years ago. Mr. Martin was born in Ireland eighty-two years ago and with his family came to Canada, settling in Hamilton in the early forties. His father, Col. Richard Martin, was made sheriff of Haldimand County by the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration about 1825, and the family took up their residence at Cayuga in Haldimand County, except a brother named Richard, also a lawyer, who remained in Hamilton. This was the man who defended the Fenian prisoners at Toronto in 1866. This Martin family was noted for its Irish patriotism. Col. Martin, the Sheriff of Haldimand County, and father of deceased, made no attempt to conceal his love for his native land and his fellow countrymen in Canada. The latter was a son of the celebrated Col. Richard Martin of Connemara, who represented Galway County in the Irish parliament before the union, and was true to the cause of his country.

Lord Inchiquin (an Irish nobleman) possesses the unusual privilege of using scarlet liveries, the same as those worn by Royal servants. This is on account of his descent from the Royal line of Thomond, Princes of Ireland. He is fifteenth holder of the title. The O'Briens helped to make Irish history in the long-forgotten past. They are proud of their ancient race, and emphasize its Celtic origin by the names bestowed on their boys and girls. Three of Lord Inchiquin's children answer to the names of Fionn, Phadrig and Donough; one of his brothers is Murrough, another Desmond, and among his sisters are a Clara, a Doreen, an Eileen, and a Moira. William Smith O'Brien, the young Ireland leader of 1848, was a member of the same family. He visited Toronto in 1862 and called on the O'Brien family here who were related to him. A reception was given him at the Rossin House by the Irish people of Toronto, and D'Arch McGehee made a great speech on the occasion, commending his career and welcoming him to Toronto. Smith O'Brien was then making a trip around the world. His last years were largely devoted to the promulgation of the Irish language and he spent a good deal of his leisure time in teaching the peasant children of his neighborhood their catechism in the native language of their country.

King Alfonso selected St. Patrick's day for appointing as his new envoy to the United States a diplomat of Irish descent, bearing an Irish name, and chief of the family which is so proud of its Irish origin that they celebrate each year St. Patrick's day in the chapel bearing their name that forms part of the ancient parish church of Ortova.

The envoy's name is Don Bernardo Cologan, marquis de la Candia, and is descended from the Irish family of McColgans of County Meath. After the battle of the Boyne the McColgans in common with many of the old Catholic families of Ireland, who had remained faithful to the Stuart dynasty, were exiled. Known as the "wild geese," they migrated to Spain, some of them settling at Tenerife. Baron Humboldt, the famous scientist, spent considerable time under McColgan's roof at Tenerife, and in recognition of the hospitality which he received, here gave the name of "Colocania" to a new genus of plant which he had discovered.

Subsequently, by intermarriage with the noble Spanish family of Faraquil, the land on which stood one of the most famous trees in the world—namely, the dragon tree of Ortova—passed into the possession of the McColgans, who by this time had transformed their name into De Cologan. The new envoy is a tall, handsome, and accomplished man, married with a family of children, and was dean of the diplomatic corps at Pekin at the time of the siege of the legations, where he greatly distinguished himself not only by his bravery and resourcefulness, but also by the unflinching good humor which went far to keep up the spirits of those associated with him in the defence of the legations. Since his departure from Pekin he has been minister at Tanerik, which from a Spanish point of view is a most important post. I may add that he speaks

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English perfectly, with just a suspicion of a brogue to recall his Irish origin.

My friend, John Hurley, writes as follows: "Kindly correct an error in the Register of May 4th: 'Seisear-each' is the Irish or Gaelic word for Cheshire, Chester and sometimes Shire. The meaning of the words are 'as much land as six horses could plow in one year.' 'Seire' is a parish or shire; in old English scire, and of course is also Gaelic. I should have told you that the Hodsons, Hudsons and Hutsons were also a branch of the Maguires of Fermagh. It was one of this family that gave the name to Hodson's Bay, County Rosecommon. A Dutch writer mentioned Henry Hudson as 'the Englishman,' on account of his being captain of an English ship; but it is not known where he was born, although I have reason to believe he was of Irish origin. It is known that Thomas Jefferson's parents came from Snowden in Wales, but I have never seen it stated that they were born there. The Christian names in his family of Thomas, Bridget, Joseph, etc., are strong evidence of his Irish origin, besides his desire for a knowledge of the Gaelic language.

(We had here in Toronto once a well known young Irishman named Henry Hudson, who had a fine tenor voice and used to sing in St. Michael's choir. My impression is that when he left here it was with an opera company, whose manager set great store on his voice.)

"I have the strongest proof that the Welsh people were more bitter against the English than the Irish were. Owen Tudor defeated the English in two great battles. He was assisted by the women of Wales, who took charge of the prisoners. It was by winning those great battles that he became the Duke of Richmond, and his son became Henry VII. Prof. Nicholson of Oxford, in his Gaelic researches, states that the Welsh were more Gaelic than the Highland Scots, and in fact had a long line of Irish kings. Unfortunately, their written language is very different from their spoken language. For instance, they use ap for Mac and pua for O', as ap Lake, Blake, ap Harry, Parry; ap Aidh, or ap Hugh for Pugh; ap Robert or Probert; ap Richard, Pritchard and Richards; ap Price or Rice; ap Map Hu is supposed to be a form of Hughes.

"The Welsh were never easily subjugated. Although a small nation, they supplied fourteen generals to the American revolution and nearly all the signers of the declaration of independence were of Welsh and Irish antecedents, showing that they were a liberty loving people, whereas the Scotch had but two signers, showing that they were more loyal to England. The generals of Irish descent or Irish born, numbered about seventy; the French about twenty, the Scotch about eight; Dutch and Germans about eight; English about the same, and Polish two."

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Death of Rocco Donofrio

On Sunday, May 21st, the death occurred at St. Michael's Hospital of Rocco Vincent Donofrio, son of Mr. George Donofrio of 64 Elm street. Deceased was fifteen years of age and had been ill but little over a week having undergone an operation for appendicitis. He was a pupil of St. Michael's School and his genial and kindly disposition as well as his fidelity to duty and earnestness in his work endeared him to both teachers and pupils. The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 23rd, from the family residence to St. Michael's Cathedral, where the requiem mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock by Rev. Father Rohleder. During the service the classmates of the deceased sang with feeling, appropriate hymns, and at the close of the mass they formed into ranks and preceded the hearse as far as Yonge street. Masters M. Kelly, R. Ferris, L. Martin, A. Lauria, Jos. Hughes and D. Stormont acted as pall-bearers for their late classmate. The Register extends to the relatives and friends of Rocco Donofrio sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement. R.I.P.

DEATH OF RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER MACDONELL

Montreal, May 29.—Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, died at 8 o'clock this morning, at the Hotel Dieu, at the age of 73 years. The news of his death will occasion widespread regret in Glengarry county, where Bishop Macdonell was most highly esteemed by his own people and the general public. The deceased prelate came to the Hotel Dieu two weeks ago, and has since then been under the treatment of Sir William Hingston and Hon. Donald MacMillan, M.D., of Alexandria. Every possible aid that medical skill could devise was utilized to prolong life, but the disease from which he has been suffering to some extent for three years could not be cured.

A native of Glengarry County, Bishop Macdonell was born on November 1, 1833. He was educated at Resipolis College, Kingston, and ordained priest in 1861. In December, 1890, he was consecrated first Bishop of Alexandria. Rev. J. E. McRae, secretary to the late Bishop, and who accompanied him from Alexandria two weeks ago, has concluded arrangements for the funeral services. To-morrow afternoon a requiem service for the deceased prelate will be conducted at the Hotel Dieu, and immediately after the remains will be taken to Alexandria by the 4.10 p.m. train on the Canada Atlantic Railway. The interment will take place at Alexandria on Friday morning.

Montreal, May 30.—The remains of the late Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria, Ont., were removed this afternoon from the Hotel Dieu to a special funeral car at Bonaventure station, which was attached to the Canada Atlantic express. A number of prominent residents of Alexandria and Glengarry came to Montreal to accompany the body.

A. O. H. NOTES

Div. No. 5, A.O.H., met on May 28th in their hall, Dundas and Queen streets. Applications were received from five candidates for membership. Committee on Candidates proposed at last meeting, was received and balloted for. The secretary was instructed to notify all absentees to be present at C.P.R. crossing on Yonge street to take part in the decoration of the graves of deceased members in St. Michael's Cemetery at 2.30 p.m., June 4th, also all who could possibly attend on Saturday, June 3rd, 2.30 p.m., to proceed to Mount Hope Cemetery by way of the Metropolitan Railway, to decorate the graves of deceased members. The grave of the late Rev. Dr. Burns in Mount Pleasant Cemetery will also be decorated on Sunday, June 4th.

Memorial Cot

It may be remembered that shortly after the sad occurrence a movement was set on foot to publicly recognize in some manner the heroic act of Miss Nano Warde, who lost her life last summer near Juddhaven, Muskoka, while endeavoring to save that of a drowning boy. It was decided by those having the matter in hand, that a Cot in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, would be the most fitting memorial of the brave girl, herself little more than a child, and it will interest many to learn that the matter is now completed and the Cot has been endowed and put in place. Through the kindness of Mr. H. P. Dwight, a duplicate of the Royal Humane Society's Medal has been provided and is attached to the Cot.

Pains Disappear Before It—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with them.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

First Irish Parish in Ottawa

Grand Ceremonies in St. Patrick's—Banquet Afterwards to the Clergy—Great Gathering of Clergy and Laymen—Sermon by Rev. A. M. Leyden, of Columbus, O.

Ottawa, May 29

With solemn High Mass attended by a large number of local and visiting clergy and a very large congregation the 50th anniversary, the golden jubilee of St. Patrick's parish, was celebrated yesterday. At the children's mass His Grace gave first communion and confirmation to a large class of boys and girls. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel assisted at the throne, and Rev. Father George Gray, of Kingston, who was ordained in St. Patrick's, Ottawa, sang the High Mass. His Grace was attended by Monsignor J. O. Routhier, V.G.; Very Rev. Canon Chancellor Sloan, of St. Bridget's parish; Very Rev. Canons Corkery, of Pakenham, and Plantin, of the Basilica. Rev. Fathers G. P. Fay, of Farrelton, Que.; and Geo. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Bayswater, both former curates of St. Patrick's, were deacon and sub-deacon of office. The other priests present in the sanctuary were: Rev. Fathers Brunet and Corbell, of the Archbishop's Palace; Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., St. Joseph's; Duhaute, Notre Dame de Grace, and Alard, St. Redempteur, Hull, Que.; Carriere, Cantley, Que.; Cavanagh, Mayno, Que.; Myrand, St. Anne's; Jacques, O.P., St. Jean Baptiste; Patrick and Maurice, of St. Francis; Hintenburg, D. McDonald, Chrysler, Ont.; Breen, Douglas, Ont.; Poulin, The Brook; P. Ryan, Renfrew; Devine, Osceola; Harkins, Almoite; Macaulay, Osgoode; Prudhomme, Gloucester; Foley, Fallowfield; A. M. Leyden, St. Francis, Columbus, O., and the pastor, Rev. M. J. Whelan.



REV. A. M. LEYDEN.

of Columbus, Ohio, preached the jubilee sermon as follows:

The Lord spoke to Moses in Mount Sinai, saying, "Speak to the children of Israel, and say to them: When thou shalt have entered into the land which I will give thee, thou shalt number to thee seven weeks of years, i.e., 7 times 7 which together make 49 years; and thou shalt sound the trumpet and thou shalt sanctify the 50th year." Levit. xxv.

Your Grace, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and beloved brethren—Our Creator has Himself divided our years into seven. At the age of seven reason dawns, infancy is past, and human responsibility begins. At 14 both soul and body begin to bloom; our understanding grows into discernment and childhood into virility. At 21 our manhood asserts itself, and the age of our tutelage has elapsed, parental authority ceases, and another man has come to man's estate. At 28 we have assumed our rank and calling, and entered upon the duties of that state of life in which the Creator would have our service. At 35 we are in our prime, possessed of the vigor and equipped with the knowledge that makes for progress and success. At 42 experience has so perfected our every faculty of body and soul as to qualify us to enlighten and lead our younger brethren along life's rugged pathway, and when we have numbered to ourselves, 7 weeks of years, which together make 49, we are entitled to sound the jubel, to proclaim for the remainder of our lives, the predominance of reason, our freedom from the slavery of passion, and our entrance into the possession of that peace and contentment which many of us forfeit in the earlier days of toil and sacrifice. And we bear conscience like another Moses telling us: "Thou hast entered into the happy land of promise, thou shalt sound the trumpet of God's praises, thou shalt

sanctify the 50th year, the year of thy golden jubilee."

And we read in Levit., Chapter 25, that when the Divine Lawgiver established through Moses a theocratic government for his people, He commanded them upon their entrance into the Land of Promise to give Him the homage and themselves the repose of every 7th day, to let their land of milk and honey lie fallow every 7th year, and at the end of 7 times 7 years to proclaim with the jubel or trumpet to every inhabitant of the land, freedom from bondage and debt, and a full reinstatement in the patrimony of his fathers; to sanctify the 50th year—in other words to proclaim and observe a golden jubilee. St. Patrick's parish celebrated to-day its golden jubilee.

Not all of God's creation was called into being like the stars, in the twinkling of an eye, perfect and grand with one stroke of his hand. He planned the conversion of the world with a few poor fishermen, the defeat of Herod with the blood of babbling babes, the conquest of Imperial Rome with the virtue of the lonely and the wholesale slaughter of the Saints. "His Church, which is His Kingdom of Heaven here below and a greater work than the creation of the world, is He Himself says, like to a mustard seed which, when it is grown up becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof." This favored portion of His Kingdom, entrusted for the past 31 years to the care of your Grace, was but 50 years ago, a very small mustard seed, though it has grown into a great tree and now 150,000 of God's children come and dwell in the branches thereof.

Fifty years ago this parish was but a little mustard seed, as some of you have lived to tell. To-day by the blessing of the Divine Husbandman, it is a wide-spreading and lofty tree, and thousands of God's Irish children come and dwell in the branches thereof, and so God's work goes on. "This is a day which the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it." Yes, we are all jubilant to-day.

Let us go back 50 years or even 25 years and revel in our reminiscences. To the table of our memory

We'll call again all half-forgotten records, All notes of books, all forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there."

Aye, we will go back 300 years and endeavor to give such setting to our story as will show the Hand of Divine Providence leading the sons of Catholic France to prepare the way for the sons of Catholic Ireland in this Valley of the Ottawa, this do-verse and city of Ottawa.

I fancy myself standing 300 years ago, on Parliament Hill, and looking down the old grand river. A canoe is coming around the bend and sturdily breasting the current. Its most distinguished passenger is a proud scion of the nobility and Catholicity of France. His name is Samuel de Champlain. He moors his craft below the Chaudiere Falls. He raises the standard of the fleur-de-lis, and the first white man known to history sets foot upon the future seat of the capital of Canada.

His chaplain at once becomes our first Indian missionary, and plants without delay the little mustard seed amongst the natives and in this blessed land it has been watered with the blood of a LaLemant, a Brebeouf and a Fafard, and has grown into a glorious tree so that God's children of the forest have come and dwelled in the branches thereof.

As the panorama unfolds itself before me, I see more ships setting sail from St. Malo—"beau port de mer," and I see Normandy and Brittany sending her hardy mariners in thousands to found the cities of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal. And from every ship that reaches port I see the French missionary go ashore to plant that little mustard seed which has long been a magnificent tree, and millions of French Canadians have come and dwelt in the branches thereof. I see these sons of Brittany man the canoes of the fur companies and outdo the Indian at hunting the deer, the bear, the fox the mink, on land and lake and river from St. Ann's at Athabasca. In another 100 years they will fight and die with Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. One hundred and fifty years of Canadian history have passed before my eyes. The Treaty of Paris is signed. It is the year of grace, 1763, and the Canada of Champlain becomes like the territory south of us, another colony of England.

Perhaps 'twas better so, for another 25 years would have seen the colon-

(Continued on page 5.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Oh yes," replied the guest. "Oh, certainly. Let him do it by all means. Please to bring him here that I may charge him to be quick. If he objects to come you may tell him it's Mr. Chester. He will remember my name, I dare say."

John was so very much astonished to find who his visitor was, that he could express no astonishment at all, by looks or otherwise, but left the room as if he were in the most placid and imperturbable of all possible conditions. It has been reported that when he got downstairs, he looked steadily at the boiler for ten minutes by the clock, and all that time never once left off shaking his head; for which statement there would seem to be some ground of truth and feasibility, inasmuch as that interval of time did certainly elapse, before he returned with Barnaby to the guest's apartment.

"Come hither, lad," said Mr. Chester. "You know Mr. Geoffrey Haredale?"

Barnaby laughed and looked at the landlord as though he would say, "You hear him?" John, who was greatly shocked at this breach of decorum, clapped his finger to his nose, and shook his head in mute remonstrance.

"He knows him, sir," said John, frowning aside at Barnaby, "as well as you or I do."

"I haven't the pleasure of much acquaintance with the gentleman," returned his guest. "You may have. Limit the comparison to yourself, my friend."

Although this was said with the same easy affability, and the same smile, John felt himself put down and laying the indignity at Barnaby's door, determined to kick the raven, on the very first opportunity. "Give that," said the guest, who had by this time sealed the note and who beckoned his messenger towards him as he spoke, "into Mr. Haredale's own hands. Wait for an answer, and bring it back to me—here. If you should find that Mr. Haredale is engaged just now, tell him I can remember a message, landlord."

"When he chooses, sir," replied John. "He won't forget this one."

"How are you sure of that?" John merely pointed to him as he stood with his head bent forward, and his earnest gaze fixed closely on his questioner's face, and nodded sagely.

"Tell him then, Barnaby, should he be engaged," said Mr. Chester, "that I shall be glad to wait for his convenience here, and to him (if he will call) at any time this evening. At the worst I can have a bid here, Willet, I suppose?"

Old John, immensely flattered by the personal notoriety implied in this familiar form of address, answered with something like a knowing look, "I should believe you could, sir," and was turning over in his mind various forms of eulogium, with the view of selecting one appropriate to the qualities of his best bed, when his ideas were put to flight by Mr. Chester giving Barnaby the letter, and bidding him make all speed away.

"Speed!" said Barnaby, folding the little packet in his breast. "Speed! If you want to see hurry and mystery, come here. Here!"

With that, he put his hand, very much to John Willet's horror, on the guest's fine broadcloth sleeve, and led him stealthily to the back window.

"Look down there," he said softly. "Do you mark how they whisper to each other's ears; then dance and leap, to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again, and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now. See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the grass and watched them. I say—what is it that they plot and hatch? Do you know?"

"They are only clothes," returned the guest, "such as we wear, hanging on those lines to dry, and fluttering in the wind."

"Clothes!" echoed Barnaby, looking close into his face, and falling quickly back. "Ha ha! Why, how much better to be silly, than as wise as you! You don't see shadowy people there, like those that live in sleep—not you. Nor eyes in the knotted panes of glass, nor swift ghosts when it blows hard, nor do you hear voices in the air, nor see men stalking in the sky—not you! I lead a merrier life than you, with all your cleverness. You're the dull men. We are the bright ones. Ha! ha! I'll not change with you, clever as you are—not I!"

With that, he waved his hat above his head, and darted off. "A strange creature, upon my word!" said the guest, pulling out a handsome box, and taking a pinch of snuff.

"He wants imagination," said Mr. Willet, very slowly and after a long silence; "that's what he wants. I've tried to instil it into him, many and many's the time; but—John added this, in confidence—"he ain't made for it; that's the fact."

To record that Mr. Chester smiled at John's remark would be little to the purpose, for he preserved the same conciliatory and pleasant look at all times. He drew his chair nearer to the fire, though, as a kind of hint that he would prefer to be alone, and John, having no reasonable excuse for remaining, left him to himself.

Very thoughtful old John Willet was, while the dinner was preparing, and if his brain were ever less clear at one time than another, it is but reasonable to suppose that he added it in no slight degree by shaking his head so much that day. That Mr. Chester, between whom and Mr. Haredale, it was notorious to all the neighborhood, a deep and bitter animosity existed, should come down there for the sole purpose, as it seemed, of seeing him, and should choose the Maypole for their place of meeting, and should send him express, were stumbling-blocks John could not overcome. The only resource he had was to consult the boiler, and was accordingly, by Barnaby's grateful beverage was brewed with all despatch, and set down in the midst of them on the brick floor, both that it might simmer and stew before the fire, and that its fragrant steam, rising up among them and mixing with the wreaths of vapor from their pipes, shroud them in a delicious atmosphere of their own and shut out all the world. The very furniture of the room seemed to mellow and deepen in its tone; the ceiling and walls looked blacker and more highly polished, the curtains of a ruddier red; the fire burned clear and high, and the crickets in the hearthstone chirped with a more than wonted satisfaction.

There were present two, however, who showed but little interest in the general contentment. Of these, one was Barnaby himself, who slept, or, to avoid being beset with questions, feigned to sleep, in the chimney corner; the other, Hugh, who, sleeping, too, lay stretched upon the bench on the opposite side, in the full glare of the blazing fire.

The light that fell upon this slumbering form, showed it in all its muscular and handsome proportions. It was that of a young man, of a hale athletic figure, and a giant's strength, whose sunburned face and swarthy throat, overgrown with jet black hair, might have served a painter for a model. Loosely attired, in the coarsest and roughest garb, with scraps of straw and hay—his usual bed-clinging here and there, and mingling with his uncombed locks, he had fallen asleep in a posture as careless as his dress. The negligence and disorder of the whole man, with something fierce and sullen in his features, gave him a picturesque appearance, that attracted the regards even of the Maypole customers who knew him well, and caused Long Parkes to say that Hugh looked more like a poaching rascal to-night than ever he had seen him yet.

"He's waiting here, I suppose," said Solomon, "to take Mr. Haredale's horse."

"That's it, sir," replied John Willet. "He's not often in the house, you know. He's more at ease among horses than men. I look upon him as an animal himself."

Following up this opinion with a shrewd guess, meant to say, "two can't expect everybody to be like us," John put his pipe into his mouth again, and smoked like one who felt his superiority over the general run of mankind.

"That chap, sir," said John, taking it out again after a time, and pointing at him with the stem, "though he's got all his faculties about him—bottled up and corked down if I may say so, somewhere or another."

"Very good!" said Pattee, nodding his head. "A very good expression, Johnny. You'll be a-tackling somebody presently. You're in twigs to-day."

"Take care," said Willet, not at all grateful for the compliment, "that I don't tackle you, sir, which I shall certainly endeavor to do, if you interrupt me when I'm making observations—That chap, I was a-saying, though he has all his faculties about him, somewhere or another, bottled up and corked down, has no more imagination than Barnaby has. And why hasn't he?"

The three friends shook their heads at each other, saying by that action without the trouble of opening their lips, "Do you observe what a philosophical mind our friend has?"

"Why hasn't he?" said John, gently striking the table with his open hand. "Because they was never drawn out of him when he was a boy. That's why. What would any of us have been, if our fathers hadn't drawn our faculties out of us? What would my Joe have been if I hadn't drawn his faculties out of him—Do you mind what I'm a-saying of, gentlemen?"

"Ah! we mind you," cried Parkes. "Go on improving of us, Johnny."

"Consequently, then," said Mr. Willet, "that chap, whose mother was hung when he was a little boy, along with six others, for passing bad notes, and it's a blessed thing to think how many people are hung in batches every six weeks for that, and such like offences, as showing how wide awake our government is—that chap was then turned loose, and had to mind cows, and frighten birds away, and what for, for a few pence to live on, and so got on by degrees to mind horses, and to sleep in course of time in lofts and litter, instead of under haystacks and hedges, till at last he came to be hostler at the Maypole for his board and lodging and a annual trifle—that chap that can't read nor write, and has never had much to do with anything, but animals, and has never lived in any way but like the animals he has lived among, is an animal. And, said Mr. Willet, arriving at his logical conclusion, "is to be treated accordingly."

"Willet," said Solomon Daisy, who had exhibited some impatience at the intrusion of so unworthy a subject on their more interesting theme, "when Mr. Chester comes this morning, did he order the large room?"

"He signified, sir," said John, "that he wanted a large apartment."

"Why, then, I tell you what," said Solomon, speaking softly and with an earnest look. "He and Mr. Haredale are going to fight a duel in it."

Everybody looked at Mr. Willet, after this alarming suggestion. Mr. Willet looked at the fire, weighing in his own mind the effect which such an occurrence would be likely to have on the establishment.

"Well," said John, "I don't know—I am sure—I remember that when I went up last, he had put the lights upon the mantel-shelf."

"It's as plain," returned Solomon, "as the nose on Parkes' face"—Mr. Parkes, who had a ruddy nose, rubbed it, and looked as if he considered

CHAPTER XI

There was great news that night for the regular Maypole customers, to each of whom, as he struggled in to occupy his allotted seat in the chimney corner, John with a most impressive slowness of delivery, and in an apologetic whisper, communicated the fact that Mr. Chester was alone in the large room up-stairs, and was waiting the arrival of Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, to whom he had sent a letter (doubtless of a threatening nature) by the hands of Barnaby, then and there present.

For a little knot of smokers and solemn gossips, who had seldom any new topics of discussion, this was a perfect Godsend. Here was a good, dark-looking mystery progressing under that very roof—brought home to the fireside as it were, and enjoyable without the smallest pain or trouble. It is extraordinary what a zest and relish it gave to the drink, and how it heightened the flavor of the tobacco. Every man smoked his pipe with a face of grave and serious delight, and looked at his neighbor with a sort of quiet congratulation. Nay, it was felt to be such a holiday and special night, that, on the motion of little Solomon Daisy, every man (including John himself) put down his sixpence for a can of gin

which grateful beverage was brewed with all despatch, and set down in the midst of them on the brick floor, both that it might simmer and stew before the fire, and that its fragrant steam, rising up among them and mixing with the wreaths of vapor from their pipes, shroud them in a delicious atmosphere of their own and shut out all the world. The very furniture of the room seemed to mellow and deepen in its tone; the ceiling and walls looked blacker and more highly polished, the curtains of a ruddier red; the fire burned clear and high, and the crickets in the hearthstone chirped with a more than wonted satisfaction.

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"It's as plain," returned Solomon, "as the nose on Parkes' face"—Mr. Parkes, who had a ruddy nose, rubbed it, and looked as if he considered

this a personal allusion—"They'll fight in that room. You know by the newspapers what a common thing it is for gentlemen to fight in coffee-houses without seconds. One of them will be wounded or perhaps killed in this house."

"That was a challenge that Barnaby took then, eh?" said John.

"—Enclosing a slip of paper with the measure of his sword upon it. I'll bet a guinea," answered the little man. "Do you know what sort of gentleman Mr. Haredale is. You have told us what Barnaby said about his looks, when he came back. Depend upon it I'm right. Now, mind."

The flip had no flavor till now. The tobacco had been of more English growth, compared with its present taste. A duel in that great old rambling room up-stairs, and the best bed ordered already for the wounded man!

"Would it be swords or pistols now?" said John.

"Heaven knows. Perhaps both," returned Solomon. "The gentlemen wear swords, and may easily have pistols in their pockets—most likely have, indeed. If they fire at each other without effect, then they'll draw, and go to work in earnest."

A shade passed over Mr. Willet's face as he thought of broken windows and disabled furniture, but bethinking himself that one of the parties would probably be left alive to pay the damage, he brightened up again.

"And then," said Solomon, looking from face to face, "then we shall have one of those stains upon the floor that never come out. If Mr. Haredale wins, depend upon it, it'll be a deep one; or if he loses, it will perhaps be deeper still, for he'll never give in unless he's beaten down. We know him better, eh?"

"Better indeed!" they whispered all together.

"As to its ever being got out again," said Solomon, "I tell you it never will, or can be. Why, do you know that it has been tried, at a certain house we are acquainted with?"

"The Warren!" cried John. "No, sure!"

"Yes, sure—yes. It's only known by very few. It has been whispered about though, for all that. They planned the board away, but there it went deeper. They put new boards down, but there was one great spot that came through still, and showed itself in the old place. And—harkye—draw nearer—Mr. Geoffrey made that room his study, and sits there, always, with his foot (as I have heard) upon it; and he believes through thinking of it long and very much, that it will never fade until he finds the man who did the deed."

As this recital ended, and they all drew closer round the fire, the tramp of a horse was heard without.

"The very man!" cried John, starting up. "Hugh! Hugh!"

The sleeper staggered to his feet, and hurried after him. John quickly returned, ushering in with great attention and deference (for Mr. Haredale was his landlord) the long-expected visitor, who strode into the room clanking his heavy boots upon the floor; and looking keenly round upon the bowing group, raised his hat in acknowledgement of their profound respect.

"You have a stranger here, Willet, who sent to me," he said, in a voice which sounded naturally stern and deep. "Where is he?"

"In the great room up-stairs," sir," answered John.

"Show the way. Your staircase is dark. I know. Gentlemen, good-night."

With that, he signed to the landlord to go on before, and went clanking out, and up the stairs; old John in his agitation, ingeniously lighted everything but the way, and making a stumble at every second step.

"Stop!" he said, when they reached the landing. "I can announce myself. Don't wait."

He laid his hand upon the door, entered, and shut it heavily. Mr. Willet was by no means disposed to stand there listening by himself, especially as the walls were very thick; so descended, with much greater alacrity than he had come up, and joined his friends below.

CHAPTER XII

There was a brief pause in the state room of the Maypole as Mr. Haredale tried the lock to satisfy himself that he had shut the door securely, and as he slid up the dark chamber to where the light and warmth presented himself, abruptly and in silence, before the smiling guest.

If the two had no greater sympathy in their inward thoughts than in their outward bearing and appearance the meeting did not seem likely to prove a very calm or pleasant one. With no great disparity between them in point of years, they were in every other respect, as unlike and far removed from each other as two men could well be. The one was soft-spoken, delicately made, precise, and elegant; the other, a burly square-built man, negligently dressed, rough in manner, stern, and, in his present mood, forbidding both in look and speech. The one preserved a calm and placid smile; the other, a distrustful frown. The new-comer, indeed, appeared bent on showing by his every tone and gesture his determined opposition and hostility to the man he had come to meet. The guest who received him, on the other hand, seemed to feel that the contrast between them was all in his favor, and to derive a quiet exultation from it which put him more at his ease than ever.

"Haredale," said this gentleman, without the least appearance of embarrassment or reserve, "I am very glad to see you."

"Let us dispense with compliments. They are misplaced between us," returned the other, waving his hand, "and say plainly that we have to say. You have asked me to meet you. I am here. Why do we stand face to face again?"

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and June SACRED HEART. It lists liturgical events for the month of June 1905, including Ascension of Our Lord, Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and Second Sunday After Pentecost.

LEARN SHORTHAND BY MAIL. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited. TORONTO, CAN. A complete course in 20 lessons. The system is easy and practical. Everybody needs shorthand. Anyone can learn our system in a few months and be able to write 100 words a minute.

where you would. I have not come to bandy pleasant speeches, or hollow professions. You are a smooth man of the world, sir, and at such play have me at a disadvantage. The very last man on this earth with whom I would enter the lists to combat, with gentle compliments and masked faces, is Mr. Chester. I do assure you. I am not his match at such weapons, and have reason to believe that few men are."

"You do me a great deal of honor, Haredale," returned the other, most composedly, "and I thank you. I will be frank with you—"

"I beg your pardon—will be what?"

"Frank—open—perfectly candid."

"Hah!" cried Mr. Haredale, drawing in his breath. "But don't let me interrupt you."

"So resolved am I to hold this course," returned the other, tasting his wine with great deliberation, "that I have determined not to quarrel with you, and not to be betrayed into a warm expression or a hasty word."

"There again," said Mr. Haredale, "you will have me at a great disadvantage. Your self-command!"

"Is not to be disturbed, when it will serve my purpose, you would say," rejoined the other, interrupting him with the same complacency. "Granted. I allow it. And I have a purpose to serve now. So have you. I am sure our object is the same. Let us attain it like sensible men, who have ceased to be boys for some time. Do you drink?"

"With my friends," returned the other.

"At least," said Mr. Chester, "you will be seated?"

"I will stand," returned Mr. Haredale, impatiently, "on this dismantled beggarly hearth, and not pollute it, fallen as it is, with mockeries. Go on!"

"You are wrong, Haredale," said the other crossing his legs, and smiling as he held his glass up in the bright glow of the fire. "You are really very wrong. The world is a lively place enough, in which we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, and be content to take froth for substance, the surface for the depth, the counterfeit for the real coin. I wonder no philosopher has ever established that our globe itself is hollow. It should be, if Nature is consistent in her works."

"You think it is, perhaps?"

"I should say," he returned, sipping his wine, "there could be no doubt about it. Well; we, in our trifling with this jingling toy, have had the ill-luck to jostle and fall out. We are not what the world calls friends, but we are as good and true and loving friends for all that, as nine out of every ten of those whom it bestows the title. You have a niece, and I a son—a fine lad, Haredale, but a fool. They fall in love with each other, and form what this same world calls an attachment, meaning a something fanciful and false like all the rest, which, if it took its own free time, would break like any other bubble. But it may not have its own free time—will not, if they are left alone—and the question is, shall we stand aloof, and let them rush into each other's arms, when, by approaching each other sensibly, as we do now, we can prevent it, and part them?"

"I love my niece," said Mr. Haredale, after a short silence. "It may sound strange in your ears; but I love her."

"Strangely, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Chester, lazily filling his glass again, and pulling out his toothpick. "Not at all. I like Ned too—or, as you say, love him—that's the word among such near relations. I'm very fond of Ned. He's an amazingly good fellow, and a handsome fellow—foolish and weak as yet, that's all; but the thing is, Haredale—for I'll be very frank, as I told you, I would at first—independently of any dislike that you and I might have to being related to each other, and independently of the religious differences between us—and damn it, that's important—I couldn't afford a match of this description. Ned and I couldn't do it. It's impossible."

"Curb your tongue, in God's name, if this conversation is to last," retorted Mr. Haredale fiercely. "I have said I love my niece. Do you think that, loving her, I would have her fling her heart away on any man who had your blood in his veins?"

"You see," said the other, not at all disturbed, "the advantage of being so frank and open. Just what I was about to add, upon my honor! I am amazingly attached to Ned—quite dote upon him, indeed—and even if we could afford to throw ourselves away, that very objection would be quite insuperable—I wish you'd take some wine."

"Mark me," said Mr. Haredale, striding to the table, and laying his hand upon it heavily. "If any man believes—presumes to think—that I, in word, or deed, or in the wildest dream, ever entertained remotely the idea of Emma Haredale's favoring the suit of one who was akin to you—in any way—I care not what he lies. He lies, and does me grievous wrong, in the mere thought."

"Haredale," returned the other, rocking himself to and fro as in absent, and nodding at the fire, "it's extremely manly and really very generous in you, to meet me in this unreserved and handsome way. Upon my word, those are exactly my sentiments, only expressed with much more force and power than I could use—you know my sluggish nature, and will forgive me, I am sure."

"While I would restrain her from all correspondence with your son, and sever their intercourse here, though it should cause her death," said Mr. Haredale, who had been pacing to and fro, "I would do it kindly and tenderly if I can. I have a trust to discharge which my nature is not formed to understand, and for this reason, the bare fact of there being any love between them comes upon me to-night, almost for the first time."

"I am more delighted than I can possibly tell you," rejoined Mr. Chester with the utmost blandness, "to find my own impression so confirmed. You see the advantage of our having met. We understand each other. We quite agree. We have a most complete and thorough explanation, and we know what course to take—Why don't you taste your tenant's wine? It's really very good."

"Pray who," said Mr. Haredale, "have aided Emma, or your son? Who are their go-betweens, and agents—do you know?"

"All the good people hereabouts—the neighborhood in general, I think," returned the other, with his most affable smile. "The messenger I sent to you to-day, foremost among them all."

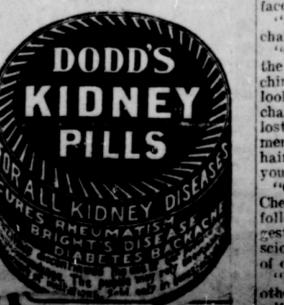
"The idiot? Barnaby?"

"You are surprised? I am glad that, for I was rather so myself. Yes, I wrung that from his mother—a very decent sort of woman—from whom, indeed, I chiefly learned how serious the matter had become, and so determined to ride out here to-day, and hold a parley with you on this neutral ground.—You're stouter than you used to be, Haredale, but you look extremely well."

"Our business, I presume, is nearly at an end," said Mr. Haredale, with an expression of impatience he was at no pains to conceal. "Trust me, Mr. Chester, my niece shall change from this time. I will appeal," he added in a lower tone, "to her woman's heart—her dignity, her pride, her duty—I shall do the same by Ned," said Mr. Chester, restoring some errand fagots to their places in the grate with the toe of his boot. "If there is anything real in the world, it is those amazingly fine feelings and those natural obligations which must subsist between father and son. I shall put it to him on every ground of moral and religious feeling. I shall represent to him that we cannot possibly afford it—that I have always looked forward to his marrying well, for a genteel provision for myself in the autumn of life—that there are a great many clamorous dogs to pay, whose claims are perfectly just and right, and who must be paid out of his wife's fortune. In short that the very highest and most honorable feelings of our nature, with every consideration of filial duty and affection, and all that sort of thing, imperatively demand that he should run away with an heiress."

"And break her heart as speedily as possible!" said Mr. Haredale, drawing on his glove.

(To be Continued.)



HOME CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S CORNER



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Corn Puffs.—To the contents of one can of corn, add separately the beaten yolks and whites of four eggs and mix gently...

Potato Biscuit.—Into a pint of Irish potato, mashed smooth, while hot, mix one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of each of lard and butter...

Cold Boiled Fish Salad.—Cold boiled fish, left over from dinner the day before, makes a delicious salad. The fish should be free from any cream dressing, picked carefully...

Light, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, and pour gradually into one cup of flour. Beat until smooth, adding more milk if needed to make a drop batter.

Fried Celery.—Cut stalks of celery into three or four inch lengths. Even if it is not well blanched it can be used for this purpose. Beat together one egg and a tablespoonful of cold water...

Sardines With Curry.—Make a paste in the proportion of one tablespoonful of butter to one tablespoonful of French mustard and one of curry powder, moistened with lemon juice.

Tongue Filets.—Cut cold boiled tongue in pieces about four inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. Dip in melted butter and in seasoned flour.

FOR MAN'S EYE. Housekeeping is a trade quite as much as plumbing and carpentering, and has many more details. The hope of a country is the digestion of its people.

Loving words will cost but little. Journeying up the hill of life. But they make the weak and weary stronger, braver for the strife.

From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under like circumstances, at another. Teach them to be good, and that goodness for them means obedience, truthfulness, honesty and industry.

Are you, dear reader, one of those women who are always brooding over the past? If so, this little talk is meant for you. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

One of the strongest forces for good is the woman who has strength of mind enough to put the past resolutely behind her and take up the future cheerfully. Women often can not do it. Their tendency is to cling to the past, even while the memory of it breaks their hearts.

But—and here, and here only, is relief from her misery—there is an attitude of mind which can bring the greatest good out of even our worst blunders or our saddest misfortune. To those who accept the past, who sincerely deplore their mistakes, and resolve not to repeat them, there comes, if they will let it, a consciousness of a power working eternally for good which can make all things, even grievous errors, work to some wise end.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc.

When their children are teething. No doubt many who have gone wrong on earth will be higher in Heaven than those who have forgotten charity in denouncing them.

BRAIN FOG IN SPRING

FEELING OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND DESPONDENCY FROM WEAK BLOOD—CURE IN Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Of all the blood supplied as nourishment to the human body one-fifth is consumed in the brain in the manufacture of nerve force, the vital power which is transmitted through the sympathetic nerve to the lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, bowels, etc., and which supplies the motive power to these organs.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

Johnny—Mamma, that kind of an animal is a tornado? Mamma—Why, Johnny, what makes you think a tornado is an animal?

"LULLABY."

Come, come my sweet! Those tired feet Danced through the happy day; But now to rest, Like sun in west, Must hie themselves away!

Good-night! Good-night! My heart's delight, Hush—sleep! and never fear! Soon in their best Will flowers be drest, To-morrow's dawn so near.

Hush, hush, dear heart! Stir not nor start! God's stars shine in the sky And now to rest— Like sun in west, Earth sings you lullaby.

WHY BROTHER WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

Buser screamed as if he would split his throat, and mother ran to help him. The trouble was that Buser had taken the little silver pepper-pot to play with. Of course, he pulled the top off, and, of course, he got the pepper in his eyes.

"Jim, how could you let your brother play with the pepper cruet?" said the mother. "I told him not to, mother," insisted Jim. "I told him it would get in his eyes and smart like fire; didn't I, Buser?"

"Yes, sobbed the baby, "he told me, but I didn't believe him." "Why, Buser! did you think Jim would tell you a story?" "He did. He said it was a wildcat and it was just Frisk," exclaimed Buser.

"A wildcat! How could he say the pepper pot was a wildcat?" Buser laughed aloud, showing that the tears had done good in washing his blue eyes, but Jim hugged his head and did not laugh a bit. Mamma looked at him and waited to hear what it all meant.

"It was this morning," said Jim, twisting out of sight of his mother's eyes. "We were playing blindman's buff, and Buser would be blind man, though he couldn't catch anything but Frisk, and Frisk wasn't playing."

"And when he caught Frisk—" prompted his mother, for Jim's story had come to a standstill. "He told me it was a wildcat, and scared me," said Buser, finishing up the story.

"Was that right, Jim?" asked the mother. "It was just fooling, mother." "But you have broken the truth, and now your little brother doesn't believe what you say."

THE TWO SIDES OF IT. There was a girl who always said Her fate was very hard. From the one thing she wanted most She always was debarred.

And yet her sister, strange to say, Whose lot was quite the same, Found something pleasant for herself In every day that came.

A HARD THING TO DO. Good humor was restored to a school-room in one of the public schools the other day by an impetuous speech of the teacher, says the Philadelphia Press.

THE FABLE OF THE HEMLOCK. Once upon a time a man found a little dry, dead tree. It was a hemlock, and if that little tree could have lived to be a hundred years old what a monarch it could have been—how tall and strong and stately and majestic!

A BRIGHT MESSENGER.

A few mornings ago I was on an elevated train in New York city. Facing me, as I sat down, was a uniformed messenger boy. He had just finished reading a newspaper and was going to tuck it away under the seat.

"You must go deeper than that," said the Hemlock. "Find out where my limbs come from, and you find where all human sins come from."

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 214 King street east, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

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

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning.

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CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without Knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Aids; no inconvenience. Write for book. Send five Cents—Remittance—Name and Address to Dr. J. M. Stewart, 214 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905.

DEATH OF BISHOP MACDONELL.

After a short illness, though at a patriarchal age, Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, has passed to his reward. He was greatly beloved by his people, to whom he was united by double bonds, for he was their kinsman and chief-tain as well as their pastor and spiritual ruler.

PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT RE-ORGANIZATION.

The re-organized Provincial Government has at its head Hon. J. P. Whitney as President of the Council. Hon. J. J. Foy becomes Attorney-General, the position for which his talents best qualify him.

THE LONDON ELECTION

The cry has been publicly raised in the London bye-election, "Vote Catholic or Protestant." Every outside Conservative working in the riding is approving this firebrand challenge to the electors. And the outsiders are many, including Mr. Borden, Mr. George E. Foster, Mr. Haultain, one Bennett of Calgary, an untamed fire-eater, and it is said the redoubtable Edmund E. Sheppard of Toronto, is soon to join the pack.

CRANKS CUT LOOSE.

All the cranks and fakirs in the community have cut loose over the deplorable Toronto infanticide to which we referred last week. The thought occurred to us at once that if the child now awaiting trial happened to have been born of Catholic parents the press of Toronto would not be at all behind hand in parading so congenial a point.

"Kit" in The Mail and Empire of May 21st, writes:

"To come to this wretched little girl's antecedents and environment. Her mother was a devout Catholic. She loved her children and used to go out working by the day in order to be able to buy pretty dresses for them. She forbade the children to tell their father about her working out, and used to promise them pretty things if they deceived him. Thus, early, they were taught to lie, though, no doubt, the mother did not realize that she was ruining them. It was her misguided love for them, love of fine dress and gewgaws. They were pretty as young children, and their poor mother was never tired telling them of their beauty. Josephine only stopped crying when warned it would make her face swell."

With the exception of this gratuitous slur against Catholics in The Mail and Empire, nothing has been said or shown to connect the child Josie Carr or her antecedents with Catholics, good, bad or indifferent. According to her own story, told to a so-called "alienist" and member of the Legislature, who interviewed her for The Telegram, she attended only public schools, Protestant Sunday Schools and Protestant missions. He took a seat opposite her."

The "alienist" went to observe the child for symptoms of criminal insanity, degeneracy or whatever characteristics these "experts" are accustomed to look for as the all-sufficient cause of crime and vice in accused individuals of every sort and condition. Finding no physical peculiarity about Josie Carr, he thought to trace some mental weakness by catching the little one in falsehoods. And this was his first question to her:

"Tell me about your home life, Josie. You understand I only wish to talk with you and observe you, so don't be afraid," said Dr. Lewis, as he took a seat opposite her.

We have already seen that one of the "alienist's" objects, if not his only object, in seeking this interview was to exploit the child in a public print. So that when he told her he only wished "to talk" with her he was really saying something, according to his own standards, to qualify himself as an object of expert examination by the very theory he professes to bring to bear in this child's case.

Verily, as Rev. Mr. Welsh, the Anglican rector of this city, says, the people are nauseated with silly and far-fetched theories of child study. The newspapers, of course, are only too glad to lend themselves to the game because the thing is not only good for business, but it turns attention away from themselves as the chief sources of perversion known to modern society.

THE WHITNEY GOVERNMENT AND CATHOLICS.

In publishing the following communication we need only say that it has come to us from a prominent Conservative:

Thorold, Ont., May 26, 1905.

Editor Catholic Register, Toronto:

Dear Sir,-Hearing so much and reading so much, about the magnificent manner in which the new Conservative Government particularly under the administration of our mutual friend, the Hon. J. J. Foy, particularly in the business of licenses being granted to hotels throughout Ontario, I thought I would drop the Register a few lines to show how things were done in our little town of Thorold.

We have had here for some years four hotels, namely, the City Hotel, the Welland House, the Mansion House, and the British Hotel. The latter being conducted by Mr. J. P. Coan, who unfortunately for himself happened to be rather an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Joseph Battle, the unsuccessful candidate who supported the Ross Government in the last election.

Without going into any details about the conduct of the other hotels, it is a matter of public notoriety that not one of them compared with the conduct of Mr. Coan's British Hotel. Mr. Coan himself is about forty years of age, and he has long been connected with the liquor traffic. He himself does not know the taste of liquor of any kind, being a strictly temperate man, and in the writer's opinion the kind of man who should be in charge of a hotel and standing behind the bar, if we are to have bars. His hotel possesses all the accommodations required by the law, always most orderly and conducted in the very highest manner.

He submitted to the Board of Commissioners at their meeting in the town of Welland an enormous petition signed by nearly all the clergymen in the town, and every member of the town council from the mayor down, with the exception of one, all this regardless of their politics either Grit or Tory, and yet in the face of all this he was simply turned down for no other reason than because he was so enthusiastic a supporter of Mr. Battle. Even the Church of England clergyman here, the Rev. Mr. Piper, who is not of Mr. Coan's politics nor of his religion, actually wrote a letter in his behalf solely and wholly on the grounds of Mr. Coan's own good character and the good character of his hotel, and even this had no effect.

I trust you will do the writer of this letter the favor of printing this communication and of sending a marked copy of the paper containing this letter to each one of the Hon. Mr. Whitney's Government, including Mr. Whitney himself. This with the hope that justice may yet be done to Mr. Coan, and that Mr. Whitney and his Government will not allow a local Board of License Commissioners to do a gross injustice to a man, who should not be treated as a criminal.

way that our citizens here consider he has been treated.

FAIR PLAY.

The Register may add to the foregoing that it is almost constantly in receipt of complaints of unfair treatment of Catholics by the Whitney Government. Whilst we intend to thoroughly investigate the charges made, we say at once that many of them are connected with Mr. Hanna's department. In one particular, if the indictment against Mr. Hanna is as the facts are represented, Catholics have not only been singled out for unfair treatment, but hypocritically unfair treatment. Mr. Hanna took great credit to himself on account of a circular he sent out to the Licence Commissioners of the Province. On the heels of that circular he started on the track of commissioners who happened to be Catholics, and by making vague and general imputations against them which would neither have been vaguely nor generally made had they not been false, he notified them of dismissal. We will apply the circular and its sequel to a single case. The text of the circular follows:

ONTARIO LICENSE BOARD.

Toronto, March 29, 1905.

Dear Sir,-The various Boards of License Commissioners throughout the province, and the Liquor Licence Inspector, are reminded that in considering applications which may come before them for licenses, in no case must they allow political considerations to influence their decisions.

It has been reported to me that in certain districts patronage committees are assuming to direct the boards as to what licenses shall be issued and to whom. This practice cannot be permitted. Licenses obtained in this way will in every case be discontinued at the earliest opportunity.

The Government is sincerely anxious that the License Laws shall be strictly administered and on a non-partisan basis, and expect your best assistance to this end. Default in these particulars would not only destroy the usefulness of the Board responsible therefor, but would in some degree reflect upon the whole system.

It is confidently hoped that in a majority of cases this warning is unnecessary, and that in no case will it be unheeded.

When the number of applicants exceeds the number of licenses to be granted, those applicants who are personally the most desirable and whose hotels are the best appointed and the most suitable for the public accommodation should always be preferred.

It is the duty of inspectors to make a fair and important report in every instance, so that Boards may have the best and most reliable information before them.

In many counties there are places called hotels which are merely drinking places, the bar being made the first consideration and accommodation for man and beast but secondary. Make the licenses of such places live up to the requirements or refuse their licenses. Make them keep hotels.

Trusting that your occupancy of the position will be agreeable and pleasant to you, and that you may be able to say that the promise made by the Government as to the rigid enforcement of the law will be faithfully carried out in your district.

I am yours truly,

(Signed) W. J. HANNA.

This is what followed the professions of the circular:

ONTARIO LICENSE BOARD.

Toronto, April 8, 1905.

Sir,-I beg to notify you that it has been found necessary to ask for the resignation of a number of the License Inspectors-yours amongst the number-in order to enable the Government to more effectively enforce the provisions of the Liquor License Act by appointing Inspectors and Commissioners who are in sympathy with each other.

Your successor will be Mr. George Goodrich, of Dundonald, to whom you will please deliver, upon his application to you, all the books, papers, etc., belonging to the office of License Inspector, for which he will give you a receipt.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) Chief Officer.

Patrick Gallagher, Esq., Westmeath, Ont.

Mark the reading of this letter. "It has been found necessary to ask for the resignation of a number of the License Inspectors... to enable the Government to more effectively enforce the provisions of the Liquor License Act by appointing inspectors and commissioners who are in sympathy with each other."

What does it mean? What implication does it convey against the dismissed officials? Is the language not made studiously meaningless to save Mr. Hanna from the necessity of giving explanations? The fact is that the Government finds it can strike Catholic officials down without being called to task. When the question was put to a prominent Catholic member of the Conservative party the other day, why he did not assert himself, he answered with amazed indignation, "What, make it known I am a Catholic and have myself chased from public life." We need not stand the of the "chasing" his fancy conjures up.

We will return to this subject again.

Stratford Items

Stratford, May 29.-Mr. Frank J. Carlin, of Chicago, is home on a short visit at the parental roof.

Building operations have commenced on the new Roman Catholic church on Wells street.

Tenders have been asked for painting the exterior and interior of the Roman Catholic separate school on Grange street.

CATHOLICITY IN CHINA.

Shanghai, the great commercial emporium of China, situated on the Whangpoo River near the mouth of the mighty Yangtze Kiang, is a very progressive city and promises to become the New York of the Orient. Its trade is extensive with north and south China, India, the Malay Archipelago, Europe, and the United States. Besides a growing trade with Central Asia there is a vast coasting trade and thousands of junks are crowded together in the river engaged in local traffic.

The aggregate population of the city is 1,120,000. The walled city contains about 620,000 natives and the outer city (or European settlements, embracing the British, French and American concessions) contains 500,000. Of these 920 are Portuguese, 850 British, 750 Japanese, 394 French, 350 Americans and 300 Germans.

THE OLD FASHIONED MODE OF CONVEYANCE.

Broadway, the great thoroughfare of Hongkew, or the so-called American settlement, threads into the English and French Bunds along the water front. The latter has a few touches of a Paris boulevard. The mode of conveyance through the city is principally by "ricksha," drawn by a fleet-footed Chinaman. This vehicle is shaped somewhat like a light hand-cart and fitted to seat one person. There are thousands of these to be seen day and night darting through the streets, and all are well kept under control by the Sikh and native policeman. The natives mostly use a kind of barrow, with a wheel about three feet in diameter, propelled by a coolie, who always seems to have much difficulty in maintaining the equilibrium of the vehicle, and it is capable of seating about six persons back to back.

The river is crowded with shipping from all parts of the world. Large warehouses exist in Hongkew, largely owned by Japanese steamship companies. Docks and wharves are being extended with great rapidity and property is increasing in value.

THE MOST COSMOPOLITAN CITY IN THE WORLD.

The foreign city is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world, having no less than fifteen consuls who have civil and criminal jurisdiction over the subjects of their respective nations. The Chinese are amenable to their own laws, which are administered by the Taotai, the Chief Magistrate of the city, or by his delegate. In the settlements the executive government, levying of taxes, construction and conservation of public works, are vested in a Municipal Council composed of ten members. Three morning dailies and two evening papers are published in English. The French community have also a morning paper in their own language, while four or more are published in Chinese. The principal exports are tea, rice, silk, cotton (raw), straw-braid, camphor and porcelain. The imports comprise opium, specie, cotton and woollen goods, hardware and general merchandise. Since the China-Japan war large manufacturing have been established in and around the city. Shanghai was taken by the British in 1842. It was menaced by the Taipings in 1862, who were driven back by the allied British and French.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

The first missionary work of which there is any authentic record was begun by St. Francis Xavier in 1552. He entered China and died at Sancian, near Macao, Canton, in that year. This pioneer saint was succeeded by Father Mathew Ricci, called in Chinese "Lima-tow," who arrived in 1582 and died in 1610, after founding the missions of Peking and Nanking. From 1584 to 1774 the Jesuit missions flourished in China, when the converts numbered over 100,000, about 40,000 of whom were in the vicinity of Shanghai. A terrible persecution of Catholics occurred in 1741 under the Emperor Kienlung. But for this and another untoward event in 1774 the entire conversion of China might now be well nigh accomplished. Pope Benedict XIV. suppressed the Society of Jesus in that year throughout the Christian world in an endeavor to avert the impending schism in the Church throughout Europe.

In 1842, after a lapse of 88 years, the Jesuits resumed their labors in China, and the present Shanghai mission dates from that year. To-day there are four churches in the city. St. Joseph's Cathedral, in the French Concession, is the residence of the Right Reverend Prosper Paris, Bishop of Silande, Vicar-Apostolic of Nanking, consecrated Nov. 11th, 1900. There are four priests in charge of the parish.

SERMONS PREACHED IN ENGLISH, FRENCH AND CHINESE.

The Church of the Sacred Heart in the American town has three priests in charge. These two churches have their schools, colleges, and convents well equipped, and the congregations form a curious mixture of foreigners and natives. Sunday services are celebrated at St. Joseph's at 6, 7, 8 and 10 o'clock. The last mass is attended with a redolence of flowers, rich vestments, inspiring music and a splendor that could hardly be excelled by the churches at home. Sermons are preached in English, French, and Chinese, a fact which bespeaks the universality of the faith. The Chinese chant their prayers in unison with the Holy Sacrifice. This throws an air of peculiarly devotional and impressive around the ceremony. The Catholic population of St. Joseph's is about 2,000, with a large moving element from other cities of China. The natives number about 1,000 and are very devout Catholics. On the festivals of the Church and the first Friday of each month, crowds of natives may be seen receiving Holy Communion. The Fathers speak in the highest terms of the devotion of the English-speaking American, Italian, and Spanish Catholics in the parish.

A MONUMENT TO THE DEVOTION OF CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

Another church, called the "Pagoda or Old Church," is inside the walled city. It had formerly been a Joss house, but was restored through the agency of the French Minister. The Catholics in the little parish number about 500, and the priests are native Chinese and might strike one as rather quaint in their queues and Chinese dress, but which really betokens the catholicity of the Church of Christ. In the suburbs, outside the walled city, stands a massive and splendid church, a monument to the devotion of Chinese Christians, and which could easily accommodate at one service all the Catholics in the vicinity. The parishioners here number about 4,000 souls.

The valley of the Yangtze contains the richest provinces of China, as well as the most tempting from a commercial point of view. Nanking is about 205 miles up the valley from Shanghai and was the former capital of the Empire under the Ming dynasty. The name means the Southern Capital.

FLOURISHING CENTRE OF MISSIONARY LABOR.

Soochow and Sungkiang are two good sized cities, each about 25 miles from Shanghai. The former is considered one of the finest cities in China and has a population of 550,000. Hanhow is the northern terminus of the Canton and Hankow Railroad lately entrusted to the American Development Company. Ichang is at the head of navigation, and was lately the scene of the appalling massacre of a Catholic Bishop and three priests by a fanatical mob of pagans. All these cities have churches and are flourishing centres of missionary labors. The Nanking mission, whose headquarters are at Shanghai, has a Catholic population of over 140,000 souls, while 90,000 others are being prepared for baptism; 130 foreign and 30 native missionaries are engaged in this good work. The Superior-General of the mission is the Rev. J. M. Louail, S.J., who hails from Brittany, France.

The Pagan population of the two provinces of Kiangsu and Anhwei is 60,000,000, with the enormous density of 700 persons to the square mile. The Jesuit Fathers labor also in the S. E. portion of the province of Chihli, forming a separate mission consisting of a bishop, 60 foreign and 12 native priests, 12 lay brothers, 150 helpers and 52,000 baptized Christians.

The form of belief with which the good missionaries have to contend, is a mixture of Confucianism and Buddhism. The former, which comprises the basis of the Chinese Government, jurisprudence, and education, embodies a collection of sayings, political and moral, attributed to the great philosopher, whom the literati worship as the greatest genius which China has produced.

Heaven, nature, lakes, rivers, mountains and ancestors are also worshipped. Confucianism is indigenous, but Buddhism is an exotic from India and Thet.

FAITH MAKING HEADWAY BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

The Christian religion forbids polygamy, lying, cheating and opium smoking, besetting sins which the Chinaman finds hard to cast aside. Here truth, purity, honesty, self-restraint, obedience to authority, worship of God alone are required, and it is difficult for the Chinaman to imbibed such virtues. If it were conceivable, take away the Sixth and Seventh Commandments of God and perhaps the most serious obstacle to his conversion would be removed. The spirit of materialism and superstition is also a deep-rooted obstacle to the reception of the faith. A Chinese considers that Confucius' teachings will give him social salvation. Beyond this his soul scarcely aspires to anything loftier, and he therefore does not want Christ and Christianity. The Chinaman believes that the missionaries are advance agents of their governments and the forerunners of foreign invasion. He sees that the Christian religion is to be a power in the land which will eventually destroy all forms of native worship, while Christian converts are considered anti-national. With all these obstacles, however, the faith is making headway in China by leaps and bounds. Officials, scholars, the rich and influential have embraced the faith by thousands and they cling to their convictions with laudable heroism, despite fire, sword and unmentionable tortures. The new convert is like a man who, having crossed a bridge, finds himself breathing a new life in an atmosphere of faith, hope and charity, and is usually only too willing to seek the martyr's crown rather than renounce his holy faith.

There is every hope for the conversion of China if only the faithful at home were more in touch with this stupendous undertaking. Doubtless faith takes time to root, sprout and grow. It took centuries of earnest work to convert Europe from paganism with a vast calendar of martyrs, saints and scholars.

AN IRISH MISSIONARY.

The missionaries in Shanghai are mostly of French nationality, a few countrymen of the saintly martyr of Molotov, and one worthy son of St. Patrick. The Rev. F. M. Kennelly, S.J., was born about forty years ago at Listowel, North Kerry, and belongs to a highly respected family still represented there. Another of his brothers is parish priest at Sluane, Victoria, South Australia. Two members of the family are Sisters of Mercy in Sacramento, Cal., and two brothers reside in New York. Father Kennelly, like the saintly Brendan of Clonfert, was early imbued with the missionary spirit. He came to China in 1885 and has not seen the land of his birth since. He was ordained a priest in 1890 and had been engaged for six years teaching in Shanghai. The field of his missionary activity is immense and also extends to visiting men-of-war, hospitals, prisons, police stations, and the many other arduous duties of a priest, which is known only to himself and Almighty God. From his busy life, however, he snatches moments to contribute articles to the local press and the New York Messenger. His name is on every tongue from Hong Kong to Chefoo, and many a poor, hard-up sailor he has befriended.

Being an eminent linguist, speaking French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and several Chinese dialects, he still is proud of an teanga gaoidhe of his beloved Eire, which he regards as an invaluable auxiliary in the acquisition of languages and dialects. He is warm in his praise of the American people, but regrets that the sailors on board men-of-war are rather hampered in attending Mass on Sundays. This is a regrettable fact which commends itself to Catholics at home. Father Kennelly is rather difficult to catch, but if you happen to be occasionally lucky you are introduced to a plain room with a bare

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floor, a crucifix on the wall, a picture of Our Lady, a portrait of the Pope, a few books on a shelf, a secretaire, and the only other chair in the room is offered you with a hearty caed mille failthe. Though a little beyond the prime of life and a few silvery hairs discernible, the intellect and vigor of the Gael is at once apparent in the ample forehead, the firm lips and chin, the hearty shake hands, the natural smile, the twinkling, kindly eye, the sympathetic expressions of the priestly heart, and the magnetic versatility polished by culture and the touches of that rich accent alone peculiar to those born under the shadow of the hills that inspired vigor and eloquence in "The Liberator."

A TRIP THROUGH THE CITY WITH FATHER KENNELLY.

May be you are not long in his presence until you catch your imagination stiring with souvenirs of such soul-stirring subjects as Killarney through the glens, the Gap of Dunloe, St. Brendan's cottage, the reeks of Kerry dressed in their purple mantle of heather blossom, and An fuiseog in the blue, sunny sky pouring forth her melody in cadence with the balmy breeze over a blissful landscape that saints have trod and blessed. The embarrassing reverie eliminates all your conversational powers, and, as a result, the genial Father (thinking perhaps that he is irksome to you, whereas he is the centre of interest) invites you to accompany him through the old native city, an offer which is eagerly accepted. A detailed description of this interesting excursion, I fear, would involve too much space. Suffice it to say that in a few minutes' walk from the church you enter the north gate of the old city, then pass through streets not more than twelve feet wide.

The shops and houses are all open in front, while artisans and tradesmen engage in their handicrafts and make curious carvings in ivory, stone and all kinds of Chinese wares and ornaments, using the same methods and the same tools that were used hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago. The poor women hobble along as though they were on stilts, with feet crushed to the resemblance of an ungainly stump. Innocent little children, with pale faces, stare in amazement at the white strangers. On all sides is a seething mass of humanity writhing in the least possible compass and moving with the regularity of ants. The first shock of bewilderment over, the interest increases as historical objects are pointed out and described.

COURAGE AND HEROISM OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Here and there a smile, a nod, a salute or a few words in Chinese evince the sympathy between the shepherd and the flock. Pagodas, joss houses, tea gardens and the east gate is reached, then the outer suburbs and eventually the river front, where a "ricksha" is secured and whirled you back to civilization. Rolling along the road toward the French Bund the eye begins to review the recent sights, while the mind reflects and the brain is at work grappling with problems and reconciling such strange conditions. What a lovely presence you feel near you in the good priest who has abandoned the fairest country of God's wide earth and doubtless the most precious to him, his family, the comforts of life, all here below, and now shouldering his cross and facing paganism, moral degradation, disease, misery, perhaps death itself, like a true soldier of Christ! What courage and what heroism can be compared to this?

Father Kennelly intends shortly to publish, probably in the New York Messenger, an interesting history of the Catholic missions in China, which promises to be a literary as well as a historical treat, and I now take my leave of him, wishing him Dia's Muire dist, a's Padraig. I feel that this sort of such an engrossing subject is but a dim flicker in comparison with its vast possibilities when handled adroitly. I may say in conclusion that these remarks apply only to a very small section of the vast Celestial Empire, which numbers over 400,000,000 inhabitants, 1,200,000 of whom are Catholics and many religious orders and congregations besides the Society of Jesus. These good soldiers of Christ deserve more than our sympathy and prayers; they merit our material assistance as well as carry on their noble and glorious work. Gael-in N.Y. Freeman's Journal

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY. (Continued from page 1.)

ists escape the tomahawk of the Iroquois to fall on the imported guillotine of the French Revolution and the young French Church in Canada might have fared as badly as the old French Church in France.

I look again across the sea. Every ship that sails from Londonderry, or the Cove of Cork, is carrying thousands of Ireland's sons who are fleeing from English misrule in their native land, to the 13 colonies south of us, till they form one-half of Washington's army there, and under such Irish leaders as Patrick Henry, Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, Saucy Jack Harry, Mad Anthony Wayne and Richard Montgomery, they help raise the stars and stripes, and signally avenge their persecuted faith and country.

From that great republic I see shrewd Yankees turn covetous eyes on our seal-skins, our fisheries, our valuable timber lands. They will yet harness the tremendous water-power of our Chaudiere Falls.

Twenty-five more years pass by and I gaze once more down the placid stream below me. I hear the measured stroke of paddles, several canoes are approaching. It is the first contingent of Irish immigrants in the Ottawa Valley. It is 1808. They land where Champlain did 200 years before. Will the rich green, of our forest primeval attract and hold them. Will our mountain ranges remind them of the green hills of Ireland? Will they love our Ottawa, our Gatineau and our Rideau as they have loved the Boyne, the Shannon and the Liffey? Will they raise to God proud steeples here and duplicate on the Ottawa.

"The bells of Shandon that sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

No. Neither our high cliffs nor roaring cataract, nor our meeting of the waters have power to charm them. Higher up the stream they urge their craft. They settle at Portage du Fort. There they marry, live and die, and bequeath to their sons and daughters an honored name, the patrimony they earned and the faith of St. Patrick. Had these immigrants settled on the opposite shore they would have found Philomont Wright of Massachusetts building a mill and laying the foundations of the city of Hull. On the south shore they could have forestalled Nicholas Sparks of Wexford by 18 years and handed down their names to posterity as the founders of the capital of Canada.

In another 18 years I find myself in the midst of a scene of great commotion. It is 1826. I see hundreds of sappers, miners, dredgers, teamsters, blacksmiths. It is Colonel By and his Royal Engineers. I see an army of Catholic Irishmen with their picks and shovels glistening in the sun. They have left their flintlocks and battle axes in the hills of Wicklow and have come to dig for England the Rideau Canal and to sow in Bytown and its suburbs of Corktown and Kilkenny the faith, the piety and the generosity of Catholic Ireland. Looking down the valley I see the cross they have erected on the steeples of St. Patrick's in Quebec and St. Patrick's in Montreal. Their children will raise the cross on St. Patrick's of Ottawa. In Bytown for the first time I see a priest, Father Harlan of Kingston, and his successors, Fathers Paisley, McDonnell and Cannon, celebrating the Holy Mysteries for their combined flock of French and Irish in an old building near the foot of the locks, and in the old market house in George street, and finally I see Father Lalor saying mass in a modest frame building on Sussex street—the first Catholic Church erected in Bytown—the pro-cathedral of Ottawa. It is the year of grace 1832, but still I fall to see St. Patrick's spire or hear St. Patrick's bell.

In the meantime Catholic Ireland was being rapidly depopulated. In the first half of the last century hundreds of thousands went into voluntary exile and took to foreign shores their love of the faith and father land. The unoffending people, who were told in the 17th century to go to hell or to Connaught, were told in 1831 and 1846 to go and die of famine and fever at home, and they died by hundreds of thousands at home.

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thousands of others were packed in the fever ships and sent adrift upon the Atlantic to find a grave at the bottom of the sea or shelter with the hospitable French of Quebec. O God! You laid the foundations of your Church in the blood of 300 years of martyrs! You must have built grandly with a 700 year stream of the noble blood of Irish exiles! Aye! You built the kingdom of Heaven with it even in cruel England. You built in Australia, in the United States and in Canada. You built with it St. Patrick's of Quebec, St. Patrick's of Montreal, St. Patrick's of Halifax, St. Patrick's of Toronto, St. Patrick's of Hamilton, St. Patrick's of Newfoundland. You built with it St. Patrick's of Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Oregon City, Philadelphia, St. Louis and San Francisco. You built St. Patrick's in 50 of the 88 episcopal cities of the United States. And you built with it the greatest temple of the Western Hemisphere, St. Patrick's of New York. Where is the land that is not filled with our labor? Aye! Blessed Redeemer. You build well! With the priceless blood and treasure of these exiles, you built St. Patrick's here. In 1847 Father Guignes, the Oblate Missionary, was consecrated our first Bishop. Many of us had not then been born.

Finding the Irish sufficiently numerous in Upper Town he purchased for \$200 a little Methodist church on Sparks street. He dedicated it to God and St. Andrew, appointed the scholarly Father Dawson its first pastor in 1855, and thus 50 years ago, a successor of the Apostles canonically established this parish. Wherefore we to-day celebrate our golden jubilee.

There must be many of us here to-day whose earlier years were spent in other portions of the dear old diocese of Bytown. To them it may give pleasure, as it does to me, to recall the days when the sons of the first Irish settlers in this valley enlisted as the French had done before them, in the service of our great lumber companies.

How many a time and oft at some well remembered spot along the Upper Ottawa, we sat at eventide upon our fathers' door step, hard by the river bank in days gone by, and gazed with admiration upon scenes of moonlight splendor such as no artist has ever yet transferred to canvas. "Our heavens showed forth the glory of God, and our firmament declared the work of His hands." And our hearts, if not our lips, repeated the Canticle of Daniel, "All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord." "O ye stars, O ye nights and days, O ye mountains and hills, O ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord." And "oft in the stillly night ere slumber's chain had bound us," there came to our enraptured ears from the rafts that floated by, the songs of sunny France, which the trappers once sang to the rhythmic stroke of paddles on canoe, or the plaintive strains of the Irish Exiles' Lament and the melodies of Moore.

Those were the reckless and daring lads, the flower of Irish manhood, who spent their winters in the woods and their summers on the river, who made their peace with God at the feet of the missionary and who never failed to give the good Father a substantial contribution towards the building of the fine churches of Temiscamingue, Mattawa, Hull, Maniwaki and the grand Basilica of Ottawa.

Those were the lads who feared none but God and loved our Blessed Lady. As their rafts would near the Chaudiere they would raise their hats with more than knightly courtesy to her gilded statue on the Cathedral, and ask her who saved the world to save them from the awful vortex of the falls.

Many of us remember well the days of long ago when the Venerable Bishop Guignes, with his faithful Father Malloy, made his pastoral visitation of the parishes of our childhood. How gladly our fathers "Cared Mille miles" to meet him, what "Cared Mille miles" they gave him, and with what joy they presented us to receive from his holy hands our first communion and the holy oils of Confirmation! These men brought to the land of their adoption good citizenship and prosperity. Most of them now sleep in honored graves in the shadow of the churches which they built at Aylmer, Almonte, Arnprior, Pakenham, Renfrew, Osceola, Pembroke, Calumet, Chapeau, Sarsfield, Eganville, Maynooth, Mount St. Patrick and Killaloe. And they have bequeathed to their children their acres broad or narrow, and a better still, the faith of St. Patrick and their love of God.

Again on this blessed day many of us are boys once more. We hear the clang of the school bell, we fall into line and take our places as we did long ago. The stern master's rule is remembered less and his kind patience remembered more. We are again with the good Christian Brothers in the old brick school on Murray street, or with Mr. Leyden and Mr. Tasse on West Sparks street, or with St. Andrew's, or with our professors in old St. Joseph's College. How little credit we gave them then for considering it a

"Delightful task" to rear the tender thought To teach the young idea how to shoot, To pour the fresh instructions o'er the mind, To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

In the light of these considerations, there comes to us, does there not? a sense of gratitude to the Divine Will that shaped our ways, rough as they then as we did, there comes a feeling of regret for many a wasted

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opportunity to garner wisely for the winter of our years. I will not detain you with a lengthy history of the parish and church of St. Patrick's. Most of you know better than I, the work, and the worry of Father Dawson and his four successors. How Father McGrath's foresight put you in possession of those seven lots 41 years ago, how Father Collins turned the first sod and Bishop Guignes with all the pomp we could display and all the rain the heavens could send us, laid the corner stone in 1872 and how Your Grace on the 14th March, 1875, dedicated this church to God and St. Patrick forever.

You remember also how Dr. O'Connor, between 1877 and 1881, the year of his death, did much by his ability and popularity to tide you over the financial difficulties of those hard times.

In 1881, 24 years ago, almost the space of a silver jubilee, your present worthy pastor, who had already held for six years the position of curate, was promoted to that of rector. Your Grace, Rev. Fathers and dear brethren, I am strongly tempted just now to sound loud and hard the trumpet of Father Whelan's praises, for the joy we all feel to-day and for the prosperity we rejoice in. But I will not. I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance and I believe the honor of his friendship for the past 35 years, and I assure you I have not journeyed homeward 700 miles to offend his modesty or incur his displeasure. "Let his works praise him in the gates." Let your beautiful shade trees, your spacious lawns, the very stones in the pavement, praise him. Let your fine rectory, your Lyceum and six schools, 21 school rooms, 900 children and efficient teachers praise him. Let the old lines of your parish praise him from the Canal to the Fallowfield and the Ottawa River. Let your new transcripts, chancel, vestry, sacristy, artistic windows, marble altars, steeple, organ, bell and splendid choir, praise him. Now I see St. Patrick's steeple and I hear St. Patrick's bell! But louder than voice of wood or marble, or glass, organ or bell, let the hearty Catholic tone of this parish and its docility to the voice of its pastors and the precepts of the Gospel, praise him. Long may he live!

But there is one with you to-day who was with you on your dedication day and has been with you for the past 31 years. He has been to you a father at all times and a friend indeed, because a friend in your need of 24 years ago, when your financial condition threatened the destruction of your hopes. He is your able and zealous Archbishop who has come to-day to see the crowning of his work and rejoice with you in your golden jubilee. Long may he wear his pallium!

I rejoice, then, my dear brethren, and sound loud and long the trumpet of your jubilee. You have reason to be proud of this temple. It is a worthy house of prayer. It is your ladder of Jacob, your Jerusalem, your Holy City, your Tabernacle of God with men. And yet with all its grandeur it is but a type of another tabernacle, not made with hands, the tabernacle of your souls of which the Holy Spirit spoke when he said "It is my delight to be with the children of men."

You are yourselves the temple of the Holy Ghost, a temple built of living stones shaped with the salutary chisel and chastened with many a blow to fit you for union with Christ the Corner Stone. "Your foundations have been laid in the Holy Mountains" and the "Lord has loved your gates of Zion more than He has your gates of the tabernacles of Jacob" and glorious things are said of thee, O City of God! O Parish of St. Patrick! Let me beseech you, then, on this

your day of jubilee, "to walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called and to be careful to keep the unity of the spirit in bond of peace."

Be ye followers of God and St. Patrick as most dear children and walk in love as Christ has loved you and delivered Himself up for this Church, that He might sanctify it, that He might present it to Himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, but holy and without blemish.

Dear old St. Patrick's! Joyfully I salute thee in this thy day of golden jubilee, reverently I salute thee for the great things God has done to thee, gratefully I salute thee for the good things He has given me through thee. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth to-day in God, my Saviour." May He grant thee and thine to see many an earthly jubilee, and when thou shalt have entered into the eternal Land of Promise, may He number to thee 7 times 7 years of golden jubilees; may He sound thy trumpet forever and sanctify thy Eternal Jubilee. Amen.

An excellent musical service was rendered by the choir, which was full strength, led by Mrs. McGarr. Mr. E. A. Bonner presided at the organ.

BANQUET TO CLERGY. After Mass Rev. Father Whelan provided a banquet in St. Patrick's Asylum to the clergy, His Excellency Monsignor Sharrett and Rev. Dr. Sinnott, secretary to the Apostolic Delegate, joining them at noon. The tables were spread in the large Council room of the Asylum, which was gorgeously decorated for the occasion. The table's centre bore a long mirror, about which were a number of one candle-power electric lamps, which shone through an artistic setting of carnations, pink and white, smilax, lilies and other beautiful flowers.

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and His Grace the Archbishop, occupied opposite ends of the table, and the clergy, with a goodly number of prominent members of the congregation of the parish, were ranged about the ends and sides. From the centre of the ceiling and about the walls were draped the papal colors, old gold and white, and the figures, 1855-1905, stood out in electric lights on one end wall. Portraits of His Excellency, His Grace and the pastor were prominently displayed, and Father Whelan's portrait bore the motto in gold, "Our Pastor." Beneath the illuminated dates was the motto, "Jubilate Deo," in gold letters, and the number 500 was everywhere displayed. The papal arms, the Apostolic Delegate's and the Archbishop's were also to be seen in becoming positions about the room. In the lobby entrance to the Asylum a large "Welcome" motto was placed and draped with the Union Jack and a handsome Irish flag, on which the harp stood out strongly in white silk and gold. In the main corridor another beautiful motto decorated the end wall, "Cæd Mille Faltire."

The drawing room was also very artistically decorated for the occasion with a gorgeous banner of the Sacred Heart, wreathed in shamrocks, occupying a prominent position. For the banquet a very neat menu card was provided, which bore the motto, "Gaudemus Igitur."

For the decorations, which excited pleased comment on all sides, the following ladies deserve great praise: Mrs. E. A. Mara, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Patrick's Asylum; Mrs. J. B. Enright, Mrs. James Slater, Mrs. James Clarke, Mrs. Wm. Kitz, Mrs. J. S. Wilson, Mrs. P. O'Connor, Mrs. John Franklin and the Misses Nellie and Alice Enright.

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When a pastor, his office unsaid, returns to his hotel from a long country call and finds that a drummer has dropped into his room to pass the time, he yearns for the quiet of a parochial residence. Father Algernon had the residence, but not its presiding genius.

One day, her third, she drew a chair to the table when Father Algernon was breakfasting, and placing her arms thereon for an extended talk, began:

"I thought I would put you on your guard about Katie G. She is very gossipy, and tells everything you say to her. She told Mrs. Casey about the prayer-book you gave her, and Mrs. Demers told Lizzie Duggan that Katie told her aunt, who told it back to me, that you tipped your hat to her, but didn't to Mary Mac-Untire, and Mrs. Casey told me that if I only knew what a talker Katie G. is, that I'd tell you and not have you making a fool of yourself."

"Woman, silence!" interrupted Father Algernon, pale with anger. "It is you who are the gossip. And to presume to criticize the action of your employer—yes, of your pastor—"

Some heated words followed this righteous indignation, and Mary discharged herself.

Father Algernon was a Ballerini in his knowledge of theology, but a Simple Simon in the ways of women. Poor man! Thinking that restitution was due Katie G. for the slanderous remarks of his late housekeeper, he engaged her to succeed Mary. Speedily there developed two factions in the parish, the "Marys" and the "Katie's."

"Come back!" called Margaret. "I have that way with me, just joking like. Come in and I'll call Father Algernon."

"The tramp got the price of a lodging from Father Algernon—for his wit, if not for his needs, and Margaret received a severe reprimand. Shortly after, as Father Algernon sat in his study, Margaret announced McKenna "that woman is a gossip."

"What?" gasped Father Algernon. "You shut the door in my face, and before John McKenna!"

"I know every road," said he, "but I can't tell the people, for since I drove Father McCarthy about it's gone twenty years. Now there's only Yankies and Irish, now there's French and more besides. But I'll

point the roads, and we'll watch the clotheslines together."

"The clothes-lines?" queried Father Algernon.

"Yes, Father. You see, the French is all Catholics, and they have big families, which you can tell the size of and the age of by watching the clothes-lines. That was true once for the Irish, and too bad it is that it's no longer true with some of them. For with some of our own and the Yankies they only use the lines once a week to hang out lace-curtains and doilies and shirtwaists."

"Several weeks passed at the work. John was inflexible. He never missed a family. 'Come out here, the priest wants to take up your census!' he would call out as they drove up to a door. 'Now, father, I'll mind the horse while you go inside and visit.' John never asked questions or volunteered information about the failings and faults of the people. About himself and his numerous family the story he told would fill volumes."

"You say you have twelve children, John?" said Father Algernon one day.

"Twelve besides them that's dead."

"How old are you?"

"You must have married early?"

"Yes, father, early and often, I'm a Democrat."

"Often? What do you mean?"

"I've had three wives, and I'm looking for another. Now that we are talking intimate like, I'll tell you. I buried my third wife two years ago. My children, some of them are married, but others are young and need a mother's care. Now, I'm thinking of marrying a young girl up in your place of Christian Hol-

"Do I know her?"

"You might. She don't live far from the church."

Just then an automobile whizzed by. Windy Jones' horse proved his former owner a prevaricator by rearing and plunging in a terrible manner. Kelly knew the horse, and his exhortation to the beast was clear cut, vigorous and to the point. The steed remembered, and became lamb-like. Father Algernon, to punish Kelly for this lapse from grace, maintained a stern silence during the rest of the trip. Leaving the horse at Kelly's, he took the train home, thinking on the way about the girl Kelly intended to marry. Who could it be? He hoped for Kelly's sake it was not Katie or Mary. They did not live near his church, nor, for that matter did any unattached young woman that he could recall.

"Nellie," said Father Algernon, as she served a tempting lunch, "did you ever hear me speak of John Kelly, of Kellyville?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, he is going to marry a young woman who lives near the church."

"Is it Miss O'Brien, do you think?"

"No, father."

"Or Miss Melancon?"

"No, father."

"You seem to know something about it. Who is she?"

"It's me, father."

Father Smith consoled Father Algernon by telling him that the war in the East would soon be over, and that Japs make excellent servants. Meanwhile Father Algernon is looking for another "dispensation of Providence"—William Cagger in the Guidon.

THE FLESH OF THE TURKEY.

The Lancet, the English surgical authority, says that the flesh of the turkey is more nourishing than beef. The moisture in beef, however, exceeds the moisture in turkey, while the latter has a better percentage of protein, or flesh-forming substance. It seems that lean beef and not too well-fed turkey have about the same amount of fat, but the flesh of poultry has no muscular fibres permeated with fat. Moreover, the fibres of fowl are short and readily yield to the disintegrating action of digestive processes. But the most important difference from a dietetic viewpoint is that whereas beef contains a high percentage of extractive matters, turkey hardly has any. The extractives of beef are valuable, but also act, perhaps, as most powerful stimulants to the gastric digestion. They excite the appetite and aid digestion.

So far the balance between turkey and beef is fairly even, inclining perhaps towards beef. But the great point in favor of turkey is reserved till the last, the Lancet saying: "According to the facts, a moderate use of stimulants to promote digestion would be more justified in the case of delicately-flavored foods, as fowl, turkey, and so on, which contain only a small proportion of extractives, than in the case of richly flavored foods, such as beef, duck and goose. Physiologically, it is quite inadvisable to drink heavy, highly-stimulating wines with a good, juicy beefsteak. On the contrary, with dry meats, which contain only a small proportion of appetizing extractives, a glass of wine is acceptable. In the former case, it would be adding one stimulant to another, but in the latter the missing quality would be supplied."

HE'S ONLY ONE OUT OF SCORES

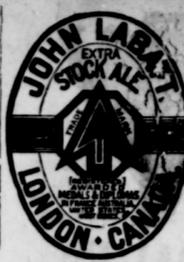
But Dodd's Kidney Pills Made him a New Man.

Richard Quirk Doctored for a Dozen Years and Thought his Case Incurable—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., May 29.—(Special).—Scores of people in this neighborhood are living proofs that the Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ailments from Backache to Bright's Disease. Among the most remarkable cures is that of Mr. Richard Quirk, and he gives the story of it to the public as follows:

"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease, and at intervals was totally unable to work. After ten or twelve years of doctors' treatment, I had made up my mind that my complaint was incurable. Reading of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills tempted me to try them. I did so with little faith, but to my great surprise I had not taken more than half a box before I felt relief, and after the use of seven or eight boxes, I was fully cured and a new man."

"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured my Lumbago and Kidney Disease, and the best of it is I have stayed cured."



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO ONTARIO

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TYPEWRITERS All makes rented and sold on instalments UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited TORONTO

Parliamentary Supplies

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tenders for supplies," will be received until Monday, 5th June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies, for the fiscal year 1905-1906, for the following institutions, namely: Kingston Penitentiary, St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Dorchester Penitentiary, Manitoba Penitentiary, British Columbia Penitentiary, Regina Jail, Prince Albert Jail.

SEPARATE TENDERS will be received for each of the following classes of supplies: 1. Flour (Canadian Fresh Bakers). 2. Beef and mutton (fresh). 3. Forage. 4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous). 5. Cordwood. 6. Groceries. 7. Coal oil (in barrels). 8. Dry Goods. 9. Drugs and Medicines. 10. Feather and Findings. 11. Hardware, Tinware, Paints, etc. 12. Lumber. Details of information as to form of contract, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions. All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden or Jailor. All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible sureties. Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor. DUGLAS STEWART, GEO. W. DAWSON, Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa, May 10, 1905.

SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 2677 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774 JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first classwork. Solicit a trial.

RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED CUTLERY We have a large stock of the latest patterns in table cutlery. CARYERS IN CASES DESSERT SETS FISHEATERS Etc. TORONTO

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S None Superior ALE A Peerless Beverage COSGRAVE'S From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength X X X PORTER COSGRAVE'S Delicious Blend of HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT. Someone has said that if you look deep enough into life, you will find that it shapes itself into an interrogation point.

BINDER TWINE UNTIL further notice Binder Twine will be sold at the Kingston Penitentiary to farmers, in such quantities as may be desired, for cash, at the following prices: "Pure Manila" (600 feet to the lb.) 12c "Mixed Manila" (550 feet to the lb.) 10c "Pure New Zealand" (450 feet to the lb.) 9c per pound less on ton lots. All L.P.B. Kingston. Address all communications, with remittances, to J. M. PLATT, Warden Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont. Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor. J. M. PLATT, Warden, Kingston, May 10, 1905.

JOHN HAMLIN'S YEAR

The young man grasped his hat tightly in his hand and arose. He looked at the stern-faced woman who confronted him and saw no sympathy in her frowning eyes.

"Get your hat, John Hamlin," he said, "and come with me." And he took John in his carriage out to where the new art gallery walls were slowly rising.

bottom. Then, dazed and strangled, he found himself in the open air. There was a shout at his appearance as he staggered from the burning pile, and then—still clinging to his rescued burden—he swayed and fell heavily on the stony pavement.

Education: Loretto Abbey, St. Michael's College, St. Joseph's Academy, School of Practical Science, The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Farm Laborers.

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ASCENSION THURSDAY.

To-day, throughout the city as throughout the entire Christian world, the great feast of Ascension Thursday is solemnly observed. High Mass with Vespers and Benediction marks the day in most of the parish churches. From the pulpit on Sunday last we were reminded that the Ascension, though one of the greatest and most glorious feasts of the year, is not observed with the attention and devotion which is its due. It commemorates the last act of Our Divine Lord while on earth, in the work of our redemption. It recalls the culmination of the thirty-three years of His life on earth and of all that preceded the great consummation. It recalls too the final scene when in the presence of His disciples He was raised from the earth and a cloud receiving Him from their sight and accompanied by the great procession of redeemed souls, He entered heaven, where He now sits, at the right hand of God the Father, and whence He shall come again to judge the world in great power and majesty. All this we were reminded of, and also of the obligation of attendance at Mass, except where it is found absolutely impossible to do so. Attendance at the evening devotion was commended to all, but especially to those who found it impossible to assist at Mass.

ROGATION DAYS.

The Rogation days, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, were days of special devotion and were observed by the Litany of the Saints being chanted by the priest and acolytes in procession before the daily Mass. The object of the particular prayers was to ask the blessing of God upon the crops and fruits of the earth, and generally for all benefits, spiritual and temporal.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PIC-NIC.

Blue, bright and beautiful the 24th broke over the city, and of the thousands who had awaited its coming with expectancy not unmixed with anxiety, none hailed the promise of its dawn with more delight and thanks than those concerned in the annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence. At an early hour the grounds of the Institution were alive with parties of workers all eager to get into position and prepare for the entertainment of the coming thousands. Like magic was the work of equipping the different tents, marquees and booths previously set aside for the several parishes of the city. The tables long and generous, soon groined under a load of things tempting and appetizing. Cut flowers and wreathing smiles were everywhere interspersed with the dainty edibles. Bunting, gay, gala and of many hues brightened up the tents that looked all white and gleaming against the brilliant blue and under greens of the landscape. Across each tent was stretched a motto large and striking, telling of parish represented, and to many was attached the alluring fish-pond, where throughout the day mysterious "fish" were hooked up by dainty fishermen, in return for the hundreds of small silver coins tendered by countless little hands, and eagerly watched for by the happy smiling faces of juvenile purchasers. Many devices were resorted to for making money. Away at the back were the merry-go-round and shoogy-shoo and the field for racing, exhibitions of high-wire manoeuvres and vaudeville attractions many and varied. In short, nothing was wanting to make the small boy and girl happy and the being so the happiness of the elders was assured as a consequence. In the early hours of the afternoon the grounds were a veritable beehive. The Milton Musical Society's brass band furnished lively music, the merry-go-round and shoogy-shoo were in full swing, the programme of sports were gone through with in lively tilt, the fun for the young folks grew "fast and furious" while the more staid adults found ample compensation for the charity that brought them hither in the meetings with old friends and in witnessing the enjoyment of the little ones. The House was open all day for the inspection of visitors, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the dormitories, large, bright and cleanly, where some five hundred and fifty of the aged and infirm find a home. Some few, both men and women, were not old, but on these the hand of disease, mental or physical, was usually stamped. Many of the old people were out on the verandahs or about the grounds, and on seeing them one surmised at the history, sad and sorrowful or may be varied and wonderful, which lay under the present passive or crippled exterior. One of the most attractive spots in the house was the babies' department. A large airy room, with rows of attractive wicker cradles, running along its sides, all prettily upholstered in pink and white, and each containing its baby occupant, was what greeted the visitor. The babies were themselves the chief attraction. In age they varied from two to three weeks to about the same number of years. Some of the little ones were exceptionally pretty, in fact beautiful, but some too had written upon their little features the sad heritage of the poverty and disease in which they were born.

AT ST. HELEN'S.

On Sunday evening after Vespers the ceremony of crowning the Blessed Virgin took place at St. Helen's Church. This was followed by a beautiful procession in which the newly crowned statue was carried, preceded by the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and Holy Angels. The sanctuary boys and parish priest closed the procession. During the evening hymns to the Blessed Virgin and the Litany of Loretto were effectively sung by choir and processionists. On Sunday next the children of the parish will receive First Communion at the 9 o'clock Mass, and in the evening a reception of Promoters into the League of the Sacred Heart will be held. Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's, will preach on the Sacred Heart and a large number of promoters will receive diplomas and crosses.

AT ST. BASIL'S.

The annual First Communion took place at St. Basil's on Sunday last. In the evening the renewal of Baptismal Vows took place. Many favorable comments were made on the devotional and altogether lovely appearance presented by the children. The closing meeting for the season took place on Monday evening at the home of the Misses O'Donoghue. The meeting was one of the best attended of the season and a good deal of work was got through with, and business translated. The history programme consisted of papers on Byron and Swinburne by Mrs. O'Neill and Mrs. Moore, and an account of the closing scenes in the second volume of Wolfe and Montcalm by Miss Hart. The President, Miss O'Donoghue, then asked for an individual expression of opinion regarding the character of work for next year, after which a committee was appointed to meet and decide on a selection. Votes of thanks to Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Ferguson, who during the year had taken direction of the papers on authors of the Victorian Era, to Mrs. Fulton, B.A., who had led in the study of Twelfth Night and to Miss Hart for her work with Parkman, were then tendered. It was arranged that the annual outing should take place to Long Branch on Saturday June 10th. This being the closing meeting, a wider margin than ordinary in the matter of refreshments was indulged in and the dainty table and confectios provided by the hostesses are pleasing remembrances of the occasion.

GENERAL INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The general intention of the Sacred Heart League for the present month

PIANO FOR SALE

An Upright Piano, Walnut Case, by Heintzman & Co. All modern improvements, equal to new, apply at 26 ROSS STREET CITY

VESTMENTS Chalcies Ciboriums Statues, Altar Furniture.

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The way the little ones were dressed was a surprise and pleasure to the beholder. All were spotlessly clean and on observing more closely we saw that she was not alone in the possession of dainty footwear. In another apartment we were greeted by a number of little ones who were engaged in different games and who at the request of the Sister in charge sang for and otherwise entertained the visitors. Here again, one was struck with the beauty of some of the children and the prettily curled hair tied with the up-to-date white, pink or blue bow, together with the nicely fitting garments, told louder than any words of the motherly pride taken in the little ones by the Sisters, whose love in many instances surpasses that of those intended by nature as their rightful and natural guardians. Many comments of praise and encouragement were made on the great work being done by the Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph at the House of Providence, and this, together with the great success—the attendance exceeding that of any previous year by 400—of the annual fete in aid of the House, is for them some slight recognition of their great work amongst the aged and infirm, the poor and the homeless, who are after all the dearest ones of the flock, God's much loved and never-forgotten "little ones."

The enjoyment of the day were brought to a close by a grand display of fireworks arranged by Prof. Hand.

All the arrangements were superintended by the Executive, composed of J. M. Morgan, chairman; E. J. Rosar, secretary; J. Pape, Mr. Harratty, J. Delaney, M. Clancy, J. Hearst, D. McMullen, T. McCabe, M. Mogan, W. Ryan, G. Harris, A. McNeil, and Mr. Gleason.

It was intended that the names of all who had assisted at the tables should be published, but on gathering the list, the number of those willing workers was found to be too long for publication. It was also feared that despite every care, some in so large a number would almost unavoidably be overlooked, and it was concluded to publish only the names of those in charge, which are as follows: St. Michael's, Mrs. Ferguson; St. Mary's, Mrs. J. Curran; St. Patrick's, Miss Phelan; St. Helen's, Mrs. Henderson; St. Peter's, Miss Helen Heck; St. Francis', Mrs. Carey; Holy Family, Miss A. Turner; St. Basil's, Mrs. O'Neill and Mrs. Grant; St. Joseph's, Mrs. Nolan; Our Lady of Lourdes, Miss Wickert. To these and to their efficient helpers, to the committee in charge and to all who aided in any way to the success of the picnic, the thanks of the Rev. Superioress of the House of Providence are tendered.

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CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

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is "that the month of the Sacred Heart may be everywhere celebrated with fervor." The Sacred Heart Messenger tells us that the devotion now so generally recognized as particular to the beautiful month of June, is no mere matter of sentiment, but one which receives the supreme authority of God's church. To it the late popes, Pius IX. and Leo XIII., attached many indulgences and our present Holy Father strives to give the devotion a yet greater impetus, by giving it to the whole world through the League as the particular intention of the month. The Messenger therefore urges all to comply as much as possible with the spirit of the intention, both by printed prayers and exercises and by attending at public devotions when any such are held. It also urges fresh zeal upon promoters, and associates are informed that for the time each may do the work of a promoter by doing all things to promote the interests of the Association, remembering the words of the Blessed Margaret Mary, "Our Lord has untold treasures in store for those who lend a hand to establish the Devotion of His Sacred Heart."

MAHONEY-FORD

The marriage of Miss Mary T. Ford of Toronto, to Alfred E. Mahoney, took place at St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, on May 22nd, Rev. Father Farrell officiating.

REMEMBER THERE ARE OTHERS

An incident at one of our churches recently carries with it a reminder of a fact which we are all at some time or another prone to forget, and that is the very apparent truth that there are others in the world besides ourselves. On the occasion in question a much larger congregation than ordinary attended one of the earlier masses to witness the First Communion of the children. Coming out from this mass those who had been present jammed up the entrance to such an extent that those waiting outside to attend the next mass, found it impossible to enter until the crowd had dispersed and it was after the Gospel when this was accomplished. The late-comers—who an informant reports were at least a hundred in number—received a supposedly deserved lecture on the necessity of being in time for Mass, and they naturally felt chagrined and not very amiable at this added tax on their humility and patience. It is also said that the side-doors were locked, leaving only one available entrance. Now all this confusion and its disagreeable accompaniments could have been altogether avoided, had the out-coming congregation but recollected that others were waiting to take the places they had just vacated, and if the ushers had but remembered that on special occasions a little special preparation is often times commendable. This is not recorded as a complaint, but as a hint of which we may avail ourselves in future.

MENDACIOUS LITERATURE.

At St. Francis' church on Sunday last the pastor, Rev. W. A. McCann, warned the congregation against purchasing certain books which were being canvassed through the parish. These books were mendacious and otherwise pernicious, and some, he was sorry to learn, had already been deceived into making a purchase. Caught by the attractive binding and false representations of the seller, many had become victims. Father McCann took the occasion to remark that the probability was that the purchasers in some instances at least, were those into whose houses a Catholic paper never entered. Subscribing to any Catholic paper or book was always a safe investment, whereas to buy a book that is peddled from door to door should never be done, unless the book carries with it the direct authority of the Archbishop. If those who had purchased on the occasion referred to had done this, they would have been spared the mortification of finding that they had given away money in return for which they had received only insults and falsehoods about themselves and their religion. Others may avail themselves of this warning.

THE LATE THOMAS HARTNETT.

The funeral of the late Thomas Hartnett, who died on Sunday, the 28th inst., took place on Tuesday morning from his mother's residence, 78 Bathurst street, to St. Mary's Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

MR. GEORGE EVANS.

Word of the death of Mr. George Evans, which occurred at his home, 550 Adelaide street west, early Sunday morning, caused general regret throughout the city in which he was well and widely known. The call was sudden and altogether unexpected, and he was at work on Saturday, and until a few hours previous he had been in his usual health. The sudden demise was attributed to heart failure. Mr. Evans, who was in his seventieth year, was born in Mimico, but had passed the greater portion of his life in Toronto. During thirty years he was head of the G. & E. Evans firm of hardware merchants. Retiring from business he some five years ago accepted a position in the customs House, Toronto, amongst whose

officials he was generally and deservedly popular. Mr. Evans had always taken an active interest in public affairs, and in 1882-3 represented St. Stephen's Ward in the city council; he had also at different times filled the position of trustee on the School Board. Generally well read and of a genial disposition, Mr. Evans was always an interesting companion. He was a Liberal in politics and a practical and regular attendant at St. Mary's church. He is survived by his widow, a daughter of the late John Clarke, and by three sons and five daughters. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place from St. Mary's church on Tuesday morning. Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann said the Mass of Requiem. The mayor and city council attended in a body and representatives of the Customs House were also present. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Peter Ryan, L. J. Cosgrave, F. J. Harkins, Richard Dissette, Joseph Power and George Clarke. Messrs. James and George Clarke of New York, brothers-in-law of the deceased, met the cortege at the grave in St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MAJOR GRAY, C.E.

After an illness of two weeks the death occurred on Tuesday, May 23rd, of Major Henry A. Gray, Engineer-in-Charge of the Public Works of Canada. Pneumonia was the immediate cause of death.

Major Gray, who was widely known throughout the Dominion, had a varied and interesting career. Born near Birmingham, England, in 1843, he was educated and intended for the Anglican ministry, but afterwards turned his attention to engineering, in which profession he attained so high a degree of excellence that he was admitted a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and was also appointed to the fellowship of the Institute of Civil Engineers, London, England. He was engaged on many of the most important of the government and other public works of Canada, and before coming to Toronto belonged to the corps of Royal Engineers, with whom he served in Bombay, Borneo and other parts of the Indies. Major Gray was a convert of forty years standing, his conversion to the Catholic faith being without modification from any source save that of conviction produced by reading and study. He never wavered in his religious zeal and was ever staunch, devout and exemplary. He is survived by his third wife, Norma Victoria, daughter of the late Sheriff J. D. Merrick of Toronto, and by three infant children. Other surviving children are Harry St. George Gray, manager Bank of Hamilton, Mofden, Man.; Claude Gray, St. Catharines, and Alice Marion, wife of Walter P. Merrick.

The Army and Navy Veterans, many well-known citizens and out-of-town friends attended the funeral, which took place at 9 o'clock this morning from the family residence, 80 Wellesley street, to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, where requiem mass was said by Rev. Father Cruise. The pall-bearers were the two sons of deceased, Harry and Claude, Louis Merrick, Berlin, and James Merrick, brothers-in-law; Walter T. Merrick, son-in-law, David B. Layton, brother-in-law, and John W. Macdonald, nephew. The Department of Public Works, Ottawa, was represented by Mr. Gelinas. R.I.P.

RECEPTION AT HOLY FAMILY.

A reception of seven new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and a procession and sermon in her honor marked the last Sunday of May at the Church of the Holy Family.

A Cure for Fever and Ague—Parma's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water of food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

The Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B. In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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