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# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XII., No. 41

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1904

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN WELCOMED HOME

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., Archbishop Langevin returned home to St. Boniface after an absence of nearly six months. He received a fitting welcome, in which citizens, college students and school pupils joined, marching in procession to the Cathedral, where an address was read by Vicar-General Dugas. The address referring to the Archbishop's interview with the Holy Father, quoted the words of Pope Pius in the private audience of Mgr. Langevin: Bene laborasti bene certasti—well hast thou labored, well hast thou battled. An affectionate reference was also made to the name of Father Lascombe.

His Grace in reply thanked the Very Rev. Administrator for his beautiful address, so delicate in its allusions. He was pleased to see that the diocese had been so well taken care of in his absence. He had at first thought of returning incognito, but he was now glad that he had granted the Vicar-General's request for a popular celebration of his home-coming. This proof of the affection of his people was most touching. Then the Archbishop proceeded to describe some of the incidents of his voyage.

"We were," he said, "three hundred pilgrims on a vessel chartered exclusively by the Assumptionist Fathers. As there were ninety priests on board, we had ninety masses every morning at 25 altars on deck. We had regular hours of prayer and frequent religious processions. We had eight days of beautiful, calm navigation along that Mediterranean Sea, which has been the highway of all the great nations of Europe, on whose waters imperial Rome so long held undisputed sway after conquering the rest of the world. Later on came the Christian fleets filled with valiant crusaders going to reconquer the tomb of Christ. We were very humble crusaders, with no weapon but prayer. We shared in their happy hopes without their discomforts, their labors and their dangers."

"When we landed at Jaffa, we all knelt and kissed that thrice blessed soil of Palestine. What a joy to be there at last! Another great joy was our entrance into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We entered Jerusalem in solemn procession with the flag of France floating in front of our party. France still has many true descendants of the Crusaders. The Turks respected us; they always respect men who believe, the unbeliever alone is to them an unimaginable creature. They consider Christ a great prophet. Our souls were flooded with spiritual consolation when we kissed the stone on Calvary that had been bedewed with the blood of Christ. What a sweet thing is faith! What perfect satisfaction it gives! We feel that our Redeemer is the true friend of our souls."

The enemies of the Church counted on two French Bishops, and both of them escaped to the feet of Pius X., who has raised the Church higher than she ever was in the last hundred years. He has proved that schism is not popular in France. Never has the Pope been so powerful, never has he reigned over hearts as he does now. Everybody in Rome is astonished at the ease with which he understands everything and goes straight to the core of every difficulty. He is as firm as he is kind. When I was admitted to a private audience with him, in my name and yours I fell down before him. It was a consolation to me to perform this act of devotion to the Pope as the representative of Christ, to tell him how much we all love him. I spoke in French. He answered in Latin with so much kindness and geniality. He realizes fully that now more than ever Catholics must understand their duties to the Church. He said to me that the bishop, priest or layman who would not interest himself in social questions would make a great mistake. We have the experience of what is happening in France. It is because there is nothing good in France that the government expels its best children, who are welcomed by Protestant sovereigns, as in England and Germany, men of science and virtue, women of marvelous piety? Whence this unchecked persecution of the religious orders? It is because French Catholics are asleep. They could easily reconquer religious liberty. A people that has faith

cannot be lost. French Catholics, who witness our pious procession through the streets of Jerusalem, say "We are freer here than at home. This ought to make us love the Church more and more, it ought to urge us to feed on true doctrine and to spread the truth everywhere. No people has more faith than the Canadian people. Still there are dangers ahead. The devil is always going about the world. It behooves us to profit by the sad lesson of France. In many countries the masses of the Catholic people are becoming negligent. Let this be my principal recommendation to you all, zeal for God's glory. I myself feel more disposed than ever to labor for the cause of the Church. We live in a country which is, perhaps, the freest in the world. Let us take advantage of this to spread the Kingdom of Christ. O Lord, Thou art the Master of the nations, reign thou over them, convert the wicked and the unbelievers, bring back the faith of the Crusaders, and in those who have preserved the faith, design to increase it."

"Yes, indeed, I will bless you all. Rest assured that I never forgot you. I bear in mind especially the Very Rev. Vicar-General, who, during my absence, ruled the diocese with so much tact. He took upon himself all the anxiety, thus doubling the joy of my journey. I felt as if I were still here with you. God will reward him not only in heaven, but also on earth. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. I thank my clergy and the laity. In blessing you I impart to you the benediction of the Holy Land, taking you with me to the foot of the Cross. The Pope said to me: 'You will bless your people in my name, and I place no limit to the blessing I call down upon your people.' May this benediction give you joy, consolation and strength."

After this most consoling and gave his solemn benediction, and returned to the palace, greeted outside the Church with renewed cheer.

## An Interview with Mr. Charles Devlin, M.P.

Mr. Charles Devlin, M.P. for Galway, is at the home of his parents in Aylmer. When asked by a correspondent if he intended to re-enter Canadian politics, the hon. gentleman replied most emphatically in the negative. "I am aware of the reports to which you refer," said Mr. Devlin. "I saw them when I arrived at Rimouski on Friday night. I may say in reply that the nomination for Wright county has been offered to me and declined. My brother will be a candidate for the suffrages of the electors, and I propose giving him all the aid I can, as I have a perfect right to do. So much has been said about me, or rather against me, that I will ask permission to say a few words at the convention on Wednesday next. It was very generous to offer me the nomination for Wright county, and I appreciate it very much. But under the circumstances I have had to decline. I am the member for Galway, and intend to remain such as long as the people there want me. How long shall I remain in Canada? Not very long. My family are on the other side, and I have a series of meetings to attend, and my stay here cannot be prolonged. As to Imperial politics and the position of the Nationalists, Mr. Redmond was here recently, and gave a much better account of affairs than I could."

## Cardinal Merry Del Val Honored

Rome, Oct. 9.—Diplomatic relations will be established soon between Turkey and the Vatican, under the auspices of the Kaiser. France ceasing to represent the Vatican at Constantinople. The Sultan has conferred the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Medjidie upon Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, and on Cardinal Gotti.

## Peterborough T.A.S.

The first winter meeting of the T. A.S. Literary Society, Peterborough, selected the following officers: President—Miss M. Casey. Secretary—Miss Marion Carveth. Treasurer—Miss Fanny Holmes.

## The Conservative Path

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## POPE TO FRENCH PILGRIMS

The Holy Father's speech to the French pilgrims on Sept. 8 deserves publication in full. It is a sample of sweet dignity and love with which the Holy Father receives his children, and makes one think of the days we read of in the country about Jerusalem when the people flocked around our divine Lord to be taught and fed and comforted, to feast their eyes on His adorable countenance and their ears with magic of His gentle voice.

The thousands who come to the feet of Pius X. leave their hearts there. But here is his address to the French pilgrims as fathers as mortal man ever uttered, full of authority as it is of peace and good will.

"Welcome, beloved ones, who come for the thirty-fourth time to venerate the tombs of the Apostles, and to bring comfort by your presence to the successor of St. Peter."

"We thank you, Monsiengneur, for having placed yourself at the head of the pilgrimage, and for having expressed to us in so noble terms the sentiments which animate the Catholics of France."

"We cannot tell you, dear pilgrims, how acceptable to us is the homage of your fidelity and devotion. This fidelity and devotion you manifest not by words only, but by acts; even at the price of heavy sacrifices, you take count of the recommendations of our venerated predecessor, who wished to see every year at the Vatican the representatives of working-class France."

"We are pleased that you put into practice the Christian popular action the teachings of the Holy Apostolic See, which are those of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our satisfaction increases further, inasmuch as you take for the base of all your works the holy fear of God, the observation of His Divine Law, the practice of Christian virtues, and the frequentation of the Sacraments. Be assured, beloved sons, that if the Lord build not the house, in vain those labor who put stone on stone to erect it; if the Lord keep not the city, in vain the soldiers watch to defend it from the threats of the enemy; and all work is fruitless without the blessing of God."

"Descendants of those sons of France who were faithful to the Church, devoted without reserve to the Chair of Peter, ever ready to defend and propagate the true and the good, be not degenerate heirs. Notwithstanding the difficulties and sacrifices which to-day, above all, you must face, be ever generous in the certainty that in that manner you work not only for your own happiness, but for the prosperity of your country."

"History, in truth, proves it; the epochs at which France attained the splendor of glory, in which she poured upon her children, with the joys so pure of peace, the advantages of the most solid prosperity, have been those in which she listened to the salutary counsels of the Church. In the shadow of the banner which led her to victory she merited the glorious title of Eldest Daughter of the Church, and exercised throughout the entire world the benefits of her influence. The Church was always happy to applaud lovingly this glory. Is it necessary to repeat it, beloved sons?—this love of the Holy See for your country, despite everything, is always living in our hearts; and were it necessary we would accept suffering to assure the well-being and greatness of your country."

"Taught by the lessons of the past, enlightened as to the dangers of the present, inspiring yourselves, above all, by the precepts of your Faith, hold yourselves always most closely attached to the Church and the Holy See, sure of thus arriving at true prosperity. It is by that means you will bring down on yourselves and your country the blessings of heaven, and will hasten the coming of days less sad and agitated."

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## CARDINAL ON PRAYER

Prayer the Sovereign Remedy for Dejection of Spirits

Baltimore, Oct. 3.—Cardinal Gibbons resumed his monthly sermons at the Cathedral yesterday morning. He preached to the large congregation and spoke on the Feast of the Guardian Angels. The text was taken from the first to the tenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew. He said in part:

"We are told in the Book of Genesis that the patriarch Jacob in a dream had a vision in which he beheld a ladder extending from earth to heaven and the angels of God ascending and descending. This vision reveals to us the dignity of prayer and the ministry of the angels of God, who bear our prayers to the throne of grace and return bringing us benedictions from our Heavenly Father."

The same ministry of the angels is referred to in the Book of Tobias. We are told there that the angel Raphael, in human shape, accompanied the young Tobias on a long journey and on his return revealed himself to the elder Tobias and said to him: "Prayer with fasting is good. When thou didst pray with tears and bury the dead, when thou didst leave thy dinner and bury the dead, I offered thy prayers to the Lord."

## MAN'S LITTLENESS REVEALED.

Standing on that mountain, we see the shortness of time and how it passes like a shadow, and we see the immeasurable length of eternity. We are penetrated with a sense of the greatness of God alone and the littleness of man, and if we perceive anything attractive in him it is because he is shining with borrowed light. We observe how paltry and trifling are all things earthly, since they are passing away; and, like the beloved John, we get a glimpse of the heavenly Jerusalem. It is time, indeed, that outside of prayer we acknowledge these truths.

But it is only in prayer that we fully realize them and realize them and that the words of the Apostle are brought home to us: "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."

It was while St. Paul was in an ecstasy of prayer that was revealed to him the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven and was given him an insight of the glory to come: "Which eye has not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man is able to conceive."

St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the most eminent scholars which Christianity was produced in nineteen centuries. His vast mind ranged over the entire fields of theology and philosophy. His works are an inexhaustible storehouse for statesmen and divines. Being asked one day what was his favorite book, St. Thomas replied that he acquired more knowledge by meditating at the foot of the cross than from any other source.

## KNOWLEDGE OF SIN BY PRAYER

While we need not expect that God will reveal to us in prayer, as He did to St. Paul and St. Thomas, the mysteries of the kingdom. He will enlighten us on a subject far more useful and profitable to us. He will send His searchlight into the hidden recess of our souls and disclose to us our hidden sins and transgressions, our imperfections and shortcomings, our vanities and illusions. He will "search Jerusalem with lamps," as He said by His prophet. He will make His lamp to shine within the temple of our hearts and lay bare before us the dust of smaller vices which had accumulated there unnoticed for months—aye, for years. He will give us a knowledge the most practical and essential, the knowledge of ourselves.

Prayer is a sovereign remedy for dejection of spirits. Is any one sad among you? Let him pray. Prayer is a source of comfort to our hearts. How can we as children approach our Heavenly Father, the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, without feeling a sense of security and confidence!

You are not obliged to have a friend to present you at court, for no one knows you better than your Creator. He who fashioned you knows the clay of which you are made. You are not compelled to wait for an audience. Your Heavenly Father never nods nor sleeps. He is never preoccupied or engaged. He is always at home and ready to receive you. The eyes of the Lord are upon the just, and His ears are open

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to their prayers. You can speak to Him in church and out of church, at home and abroad, by day and by night.

## ELOQUENCE UNNECESSARY.

And when you enter into the presence of the Most High you are not required to present your petition in choice language and well-sounding periods. Those so-called eloquent prayers of which we sometimes read in the papers I fear do not go farther than their authors intended them to reach. They tickle the ears of men, but do not pierce the clouds. The prayer that moves our Heavenly Father is that which spontaneously flows from the heart, such as the prayer of the publican when he exclaimed: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" or the prayer of David: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy."

## COMBES' SCHEME

By Which He Hopes to Mute and Cripple the Church in France

According to the latest cable advices from Paris, it is not considered likely now that Premier Combes will draft a scheme of his own for the separation of Church and State, but will submit a scheme drawn by Aristide Briant and thus secure a double advantage. If the bill is defeated the government need not resign, while if it is adopted it can find plenty of excuses for delaying its execution. M. Briant, in giving the broad outlines of his scheme, says:

"The budget of worship will be suppressed, but the unconsolidated part will be devoted to paying the pensions of actual ministers of worship and the balance will go for the lessening of taxation of small farmers, who form the chief support of the Church."

"If the Church has inspired these farmers with a lively faith she can recover the money as individual, but no longer as collective, contributions. If the farmer is not sufficiently fervent to make a personal sacrifice it is not the duty of the State to supply him with faith."

"In regard to the church buildings, they will be leased to actual holders for ten years, but the tenants will have to keep them in complete repair at their own expense for that time. The transitional period of ten years should be enough to enable the churches to make other definite arrangements for the future."


"Considerable license will be allowed the clergy for the purpose of grouping themselves into associations. There may be parish and diocesan associations, why not national ones? This would enable the rich parishes to help support poor ones and form a solidarity not much practised in the Church in France at present."

"In regard to the supervision of worship, the State will forbid all ministers from turning religious services into political meetings. In their sermons they must not attack the President, the Ministers or the Chambers, nor foment a rising against the execution of law. In their private capacity, however, they will enjoy the same liberty as other citizens for the expression of political views."

"The question of dealing with external signs, religious emblems and processions is left to municipalities. The usage in regard to clerical costume is left free, but loses its privileges in regard to the legal oath which each may take according to his conscience."

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TEA LEAVES

She sat listlessly in the drawing-room. Tea had been brought in, but she lay back in her chair indifferently, even lacking the energy to pour it out. She was physically tired, for she had been dancing all the previous night, but it was not this that made her seem so dreary to her—her which laid that dead weight of despair on her heart.

A MAN FROM "NOWHAR"

"I know a little about it," she answered. "My old nurse taught me long ago. She believed in it thoroughly, and it was an extraordinary thing how many of her prophecies came true."

THANKS TO POLLY

There she sat—dear old Lady Shutt in her little adobe house, with a monkey-faced owl on one side of her head and a parrot on the other—a checked, polky-old woman, quite out of breath now with the effort of sweeping and dusting her room.

GOOD REASONS FOR ALL HE SAYS

Dudd's Kidney Pills Cured W. N. Baskin's Pains

Table with columns: TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS, THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS, 1904, DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical events for October.

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The HOME CIRCLE

FITLY SPOKEN WORDS. Few people realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency...

MOTHER'S GUIDE. Pork, veal, and fried foods should not as a rule be given to children, as they are difficult of digestion.

A dressing known as Egyptian mayonnaise is excellent with a meat salad. For it, make the usual stiff mayonnaise and season it with onion juice and a trace of garlic...

THE BUSY WOMAN. Why is it that some women are always busy? Of course some have more to do than others, but even women who have no real duties in life seem to be in a continual "rush."

THE "SALT RUB." Various sanitariums and private hospitals are using the "salt rub," and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction.

WHY THE ENGINEER CRIED. "Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer.

Children's Corner

GOOD-NIGHT. Good-night! the sun is setting, "Good-night!" the robins sing, And blue-eyed dolls and blue-eyed girls...

A GIRL'S OWN BROTHER. "But he's my brother," "Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted and never say 'Thank you'?"

A LESSON IN COURTESY. A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

HOW JIM GOT HIS PONY. Of course, we all know that kindness is never lost. It generally makes somebody or something happy, and always makes the doer better, nobler and stronger.

TOMMY'S CART LOAD OF BISCUITS. Tommy Mellon is a round, roly-poly little boy, with cheeks like the sunset and hair like moonbeams.

When Eczema Refuses to Heal. And You Are Tortured by the Dreadful Itching. You can Be Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

When Eczema Refuses to Heal. And You Are Tortured by the Dreadful Itching. You can Be Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

A BOY SOLVED IT. On a railroad in Kansas, the other day, coming down a pretty steep grade, one of the side rods of an old engine broke and the other side stopped on a dead centre, so that, after the broken rod was taken off, the engine could not be started.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE LUNG TONIC. A valuable medicine for all cases of Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc.

stock the engine and there stood the train. Finally a farmer's boy came out of a neighboring field where he had been plowing, to see what the train had stopped for and the crowd had gathered about it.

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: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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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.

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

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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THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1904.

THE LATE SENATOR HOAR.

In no section of the press of the United States has the character of the late Senator Hoar been more justly dealt with than in the Catholic journals. This was only fitting, because no section of the American people derived more directly than did Catholics the advantage of his strength of intellect and force of statesmanship.

A PAIR OF THEM.

The editor of The Toronto Globe tackles Mr. George Lynch-Staunton, of Hamilton, for raising the race cry in a speech delivered last week at Dunville.

"If Mr. Staunton has condescended to study the facts he knows that the main issue of that election was the Manitoba school case. The Liberal leader took the broad constitutional ground that education was a Provincial question, and that the Dominion Parliament had no right to interfere in its domestic concerns.

Mr. George Lynch-Staunton is a representative Catholic Conservative. The reverend editor of The Globe is a representative Presbyterian Liberal. One of them has raised the race cry and the other has countered with the religious cry.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is himself going through Quebec and Ontario, speaking broad patriotism, Canadianism, and harmony. He has his work cut out for him in the ranks of friends and opponents alike.

IRELAND'S GRATITUDE TO CANADA.

In view of the splendid success of Mr. John Redmond's meetings in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, The Dublin Freeman's Journal gives expression to the gratitude of Ireland to Canada in a long article from which we make some extracts.

"It is plain," says our contemporary, "from the reports which we elsewhere publish, that the mission of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to America has proved as brilliantly successful in Canada as in the United States. It is an omen, not without significance and encouragement, that the chair at the Ottawa meeting was taken by the Hon. J. Costigan, who was the first to move and carry in the Canadian Dominion a resolution in favor of Home Rule, which has proved the prelude of a long procession of similar resolutions. Never once, or for a moment, has Canada wavered or faltered in her determination to fight the battle of Irish Home Rule to the end."

The spirit of sympathy is still fresh and untiring in Canada. The brilliant receptions accorded to the Irish delegates, the enthusiasm of the meetings, and the largeness of the subscription are convincing proof that the sympathy of Canada has not cooled as years went by. All classes in the political and social life of the city of Montreal were represented at the meeting or on the platform. There were members and Ministers, and only a previous engagement, as he wrote, prevented the Premier from being in attendance.

COST OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

Since the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has become the leading issue on the election campaign, now in progress, every citizen of Canada will be interested in a plain statement of the finances of the great national enterprise. This statement was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his address at Hamilton on Monday evening. The Premier said:

You cannot expect that we shall have this railway in operation from ocean to ocean without it costing something to the Canadian treasury. What will it cost? I shall show you under our contract what it will cost. I have told you that we are going to build the eastern section ourselves and that we are to rent it immediately to the Grand Trunk Pacific, which undertakes to pay 3 per cent interest. We have agreed with the company that we shall not charge them any interest for seven years. And therefore for seven years we have to bear the cost of that; that is to say, we have to bear the cost, as a contribution direct from the Canadian treasury towards this enterprise of seven years' interest upon the eastern section. Now, upon the western section there is no question of interest; it is paid by the company immediately. But upon the mountain section of 480 miles, or thereabouts, we have agreed to pay the interest upon three-quarters of the bonds for seven years. There, all we shall have to pay out of the Canadian treasury, if our bargain holds good, as I am very sure it will, as the condition of the country warrants us in believing, will be seven years of interest upon three-quarters of the cost of the mountain section in the western division. How much will that be? Well, gentlemen, there have been many calculations upon that. Mr. Borden has made calculations, Mr. Fielding has made calculations, other individuals have made calculations. The first thing to determine is the quantity of mileage. Upon this there is no trouble. Between Quebec and Moncton it is 700 miles; between Quebec and Winnipeg it is 1,475 miles; what will be the cost? I shall not take the figures of Mr. Fielding nor of Mr. Borden. I shall take the figures of the Government Engineer, Mr. Collingwood Schreiber. He estimates that the railway between Quebec and Moncton will cost \$25,000 per mile, and the railway between Quebec and Winnipeg \$28,000 per mile. To be on the safe side, let us add twenty-five per cent. As Mr. Fielding has done, we will then take the figures of the railway from Moncton to Winnipeg, 400 miles, will be \$12,500,000 and the 1,475 miles from Winnipeg to Quebec will be \$51,805,000. Then the interest on construction is estimated to be \$7,031,075. So that the total capital of \$74,336,075 and interest of \$3,031,975 makes a total cost of \$77,368,050.

Now the interest, the cash interest, upon that sum for seven years is estimated by the officers of the Government to be worth \$10,855,552. Upon the other side, in the mountain section, I take the figure of a well-known Conservative in this audience, the evidence of Mr. Barker, the present member, but no longer the member, I suppose, for the city of Hamilton. (Applause.) Mr. Barker's figures were \$56,000 per mile. That would make the total cost of the mountain section \$26,680,000. We guaranteed the interest upon three-fourths of that amount, which is \$20,160,000. We pay the interest on that amount for seven years. The expert of the Finance Department calculated that the cash value of seven years' interest upon \$20,160,000 is \$3,177,794. Therefore, the total cash value of the interest which you are going to pay for the two sections is \$13,833,353. Thus, according to the contract which we have made, if it turns out to be correct, we we hope if the road is as well built as we are sure it will be, the total outlay of the Canadian people to secure this great enterprise from ocean to ocean will be a little more than thirteen millions, or a little less than the surplus of one year under the Fielding tariff. (Applause.) Well, is there very much in all that to scare the Canadian people? The surplus last year was \$14,345,000. If, therefore, the Government should set aside out of this sum \$13,833,000 it would provide for the full payment of seven years' interest, which is all the obligation that the Government are to bear with respect to the whole line from ocean to ocean. The surplus for 1904 is \$16,000,000. This will provide for the financial obligation of the Government and leave a balance of about \$3,000,000. Is there anything in all that to scare Canadians? Are they not ready to face the issue and say from the east to the west, "Go forward and construct this Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, this great transcontinental road!"

OTTAWA SCHOOL CASE ON APPEAL. This week the appeal of the Brothers teaching in the Separate School of Notre Dame Parish, Ottawa, against the recent order of Mr. Justice MacMahon declaring their disqualification, was argued in Toronto. The plaintiff, Mr. David Gratian, himself a teacher, succeeded at the hearing in his contention that the Brothers could not teach in the Separate Schools of Ontario without certificates. The appeal is upon strictly constitutional grounds that the Brothers have inalienable rights under the British North America Act, which provides that although in each province the Legislature is empowered exclusively to make laws in relation to education, "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the union."

Stratford Correspondence. Stratford, Oct. 11.—The population of Stratford is now 12,241. Mr. Emil Wagner and wife of New York, are on a two weeks' visit to the parents of the former. The Massey-Harris Co., of Toronto, have purchased the buildings and plant of the Kemp Maure Spreeder Co., of this city and took possession last week. Mr. P. Mahne, K.C., has been chosen by the Liberals of North Perth to contest the riding in their interests. His opponent is Alex. F. McLaren, M.P. Mr. J. S. McInnes, contractor, is erecting for himself a handsome brick structure on Douglas street. Mr. Albert Brandenberger of the Theatre Albert, is hustling the show business, and is making some important engagements with some of the best companies travelling. The opera house has recently been refitted and presents an attractive as well as a pleasing appearance. Mr. Thomas J. Stock of Winnipeg, is home on a visit to his parents. He is a railway mail service clerk and has accepted an appointment running out of Toronto. The forty hours' devotion commenced on Sunday last at high mass. The attendance throughout the service was very large.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Cardinal Vanutelli, acknowledging the resolution of the mayor and council of Cork, conferring upon him the freedom of the city on the Lee, says: "I shall never forget the welcome received in Cork and am proud to be able to call myself your fellow-citizen."

The announcement that has just been made of the appointment of Rev. Louis M. Ryan, a distinguished member of the Dominican Order in Ireland, to the important position of Master of Novices at St. Clement's, Rome, recalls to a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal the herculean labors of the reverend gentleman whilst engaged in missionary work in England, Scotland, and all over Ireland. Father Ryan, who is a Limerick man, received his early education at the Jesuits' College in that city, and after spending some years at the College, Tallaght, Co. Dublin, he finished his training in Rome. From the Eternal City Father Ryan came to Cork, from which place, for some years past, he was indefatigable in the discharge of his sacred duties throughout the Three Kingdoms. In the pulpits Father Ryan upheld the best traditions of his notable Order, and almost rivaled the famous Father Tom Burke in sacred eloquence.

How thoroughly the war despatches have been Janned up to this stage is only now becoming apparent. The truth can no longer be distorted or suppressed. The Russians have turned upon their foe, and the contending forces are already retreating their Manchurian march. General Kuropatkin is sanguine that the army now at his disposal is equal to the task with which it is confronted; and it is significant that Marshal Oyama is to be recalled from the Ja-

panese command, because his army narrowly escaped disaster at Liao Yang. The changed condition of things at the front is sufficient explanation of the hysteria for peace that has broken out of late in the jingo press of England and America. Wednesday's despatches describe a terrible-admit may be decisive for this winter,—battle in progress.

Mr. James Conmee has resigned his seat in the Ontario Legislature to contest the Federal constituency of Thunder Bay in the Liberal interest. The Conservatives have made all their Toronto nominations except the South. They have A. E. Kemp in the East, E. F. Clarke in the Centre, Hon. Geo. E. Foster in the North and E. B. Oser in the West. The Liberals have not yet made nominations in the West, South and East, but have placed in the Centre T. C. Robbette and in the North Mayor Urquhart. The most interesting contest will be in the North, where the Conservatives will make every effort to elect Mr. Foster, who has been an unpopular and rejected candidate of theirs in New Brunswick and Ontario. His bitterness towards Hon. John Costigan disturbed the entire political atmosphere of New Brunswick; and it will be interesting to observe whether Toronto Conservatives are all sympathetic in adopting the neglected child of their New Brunswick relations. Much speculation is indulged in concerning the nominations in the South, where the Liberals have the vote in their favor provided a strong candidate is brought out.

An historic farm has fallen into the operation of the Land Purchase Act in Ireland, and its reported sale has aroused an indignant feeling in County Wicklow. This is the Crosssallagh evicted farm, from which Patrick Freney was driven out in the December of 1881, just at the beginning of the land agitation. Mr. Parnell and his sister Anna were present at the eviction, and it was in connection with the farm that the first Land League hut was erected. For some time the sons of the evicted tenant, who is now dead, hoped that they would, in time, be restored to their old home, the place being derelict, and only looked after by a caretaker. A few years ago, however, one portion of the land was taken by a neighbor for grazing, and then another portion was hired by another neighbor. After the passage of the Land Act of last year the Freneys set to work to see if, under its provisions, they could recover their father's property. They received what appeared to be encouraging replies both from the agent and the landlord. They received no reply, however, curious to say, from the Estates Commissioners. Subsequently Colonel Ellis, the landlord, through his agent, wrote to say that there was no unlet land at Crosssallagh. His tenants there, said the letter, "pay punctually, and are satisfactory. He, therefore, has no intention of disturbing them, and so could not enter into negotiations with them, and so could not enter into negotiations with them for a sale, under the Purchase Act or otherwise, of the land they are in occupation of."

King John's Castle, Limerick!

The War Office is supposed to have in contemplation the removal of the old Castle of King John in the city of Limerick, a building which has come down nearly intact from the days of that prince, which forms a very rich object in city view, which played a great part in the Sieges, and within a bow-shot of which is the Treaty Stone. A fine feature of the Castle is the round Norman Tower over the river. The Castle is now occupied as a barrack, and the ancient roof of the Tower has been removed and replaced by a hideous almost flat white concrete roof, which makes an eyesore of the ancient edifice.

P. Burns & Co.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the old firm of P. Burns & Co., of Toronto. Many firms have come and gone since Mr. Patrick Burns went into the coal and wood business many years ago, but the firm of P. Burns & Co. marches along in the van of popularity. Mr. Burns to-day possesses the largest coal and wood business in the Dominion and needless to say, is one of the best-known. For square dealing and general satisfaction to customers the old firm still stands pre-eminently in the front rank of Toronto business houses. Mr. Burns is a shining example of Irish business shrewdness and it is the hope of The Register that he may long be spared to enjoy the fruits of his many years of earnest work, honest business methods and general good work as one of the leading citizens of our city.

Harvest Home in Ottawa

An ideal harvest home festival was held in St. Patrick's hall, Ottawa, under the auspices of Division No. 1, Ladies' Auxiliary, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The ladies were assisted in making their arrangements, and carrying out the programme by the following gentlemen: Messrs. James O'Brien, A. J. Tobin, W. Cain, W. J. Campbell, P. Devlin, P. Hammill, James Rowan and W. J. Hogan. The committee of ladies in charge of the harvest home was composed of Mrs. W. Wels, Mrs. M. McBride, Mrs. Leyden, E. Cassidy, N. Dolan, E. Rowan and Mrs. Lancelfield. Mrs. Lancelfield had charge of the refreshments, assisted by Mrs. Campbell, Misses E. Murphy, Lizzie Nevins, N. Vaughan, N. Nolan, M. O'Boyle and K. Fagan.

Mr. Chamberlain's Credibility

Mr. Chamberlain has been caught in what looks like a cheap but deliberate misrepresentation. He announced that he had received a cable despatch approving his policy from the Chambers of Commerce of Western Australia. When asked to produce it he said it was mislaid, but afterwards admitted it was not a cable at all, and was not from the Chambers of Commerce. It was an ordinary telegram from a Mr. Dunlop, who happened to be in London, and who claims to be Chairman of the Chamber of Manufacturers of Western Australia. This is an organization started in opposition to the Chambers of Commerce and of very little importance, indeed.

Chevalier Drolet Dead

Montreal, Oct. 10.—Chevalier Drolet, a well known member of the Pontifical Zouaves, and a strong supporter of that movement, died here to-night, aged 60. He had been prominent in the Canadian colony of Paris, and was the author of "Zouavaria."

CELESTIAL

MRS. JAMES GALLAGHER. The death occurred at Winnipeg of Mrs. James Gallagher, after three weeks' illness from typhoid fever. The late Mrs. Gallagher was 35 years of age and was a daughter of the late John Kennedy. She was born in Pembroke, Ont., coming to Winnipeg in the early days of her childhood. Besides her husband, there are left to mourn her untimely demise, six little daughters, her mother, Mrs. Mary Kennedy, of Winnipeg, three sisters, namely, Mrs. Barieau of Medicine Hat, Sister Mary Electa of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., and Miss Alice M. Kennedy of Winnipeg; four brothers, Joseph T. Kennedy of Butte, Montana, and Lawrence Kennedy, John Kennedy and Aubrey Kennedy, all of Winnipeg. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church, and was conducted by Rev. Father Cahill, O.M.I. R.I.P.

MRS. ELLEN AITCHISON.

Mrs. Ellen Aitchison, wife of Chas. I. Aitchison of The Herald, died last Tuesday night. Deceased had been in delicate health for some time and every effort was made to restore her vitality, but such was not the will of the Most High, and after receiving the last Sacraments, she passed peacefully away, surrounded by her loved ones. Mrs. Aitchison was only twenty-seven years of age and her death has caused great sorrow in the hearts of her many friends. She was a devout Catholic and her cheerful and amiable manner won for her the affection of all with whom she came in contact, for indeed it might truly be said that to know her was to love her.

As a proof of their affection many of her friends came from Toronto and Dundas to pay their last tribute of love to the dear departed. The floral offerings were numerous and magnificent. Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, after which the interment took place in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

To her devoted husband and to her sorrowing mother, sisters and brothers, The Catholic Register offers sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement and may God in His infinite mercy grant to her soul eternal rest.

"Let us be patient! Those severe afflictions Not from the ground arise, But often times celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise."

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Danger to Empire Unity

London, Oct. 10.—Mr. Asquith, M.P., addressing his constituents on Saturday last, said with regard to the Chamberlain imperial conference: "Summoning such a conference seems to me to possess no advantage, but to be perfectly futile for its own immediate purpose and to be fraught with danger to our Imperial unity. What advantage can you possibly get from it unless you, the Imperial Government, are prepared to lay before it some specific proposition of your own to form, at any rate, the basis of negotiations for inter-Imperial trade which unfortunately is entirely out of the question? If we are to have inter-Imperial preference we must be prepared to give an effective preference to their produce, and they must be prepared to give an effective preference to ours. If you enforce a preference to food, although you would be giving a preference to Canada, you would not be giving one to South Africa, and you would, therefore, be introducing a most indefensible distinction between members of your empire." He entirely demurred to the assumption that the loyalty of the colonies and integrity of the empire depended on our arranging some fiscal union. He believed it a calamity upon the colonies. It is perfectly certain the colonies could not give such a preference as would enable our manufactures to compete with theirs. It was equally certain the people of this country were not going to revert to a system under which free supplies of either food or raw materials were impeded by tariff obstacles.

Orleans Cathedral Damaged

A large portion of the roof of the Cathedral of St. Croix of Orleans has fallen in upon the high altar and destroyed the sumptuous marble work above. The full extent of the damage does not appear to be yet known. Luckily Orleans is not one of the finest of the French cathedrals. Indeed the Gothic and Romanesque Cathedral was mainly destroyed by the Huguenots in 1567, and afterwards rebuilt, the towers not being finished until the end of the eighteenth century. Most of it is a strange Renaissance imitation of Gothic principles, and the roof which has just fallen in was mainly a work of the seventeenth century. It is said that this roof was known to need repair, but that want of money had delayed the necessary work. Now, of course, it must be taken in hand at once, and at a much greater cost. This disaster, and the far worse one of the collapse of the campanile of St. Mark's, will be a warning to all cathedral authorities. The spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in suddenly about forty years ago, but of late years we have had no great calamities of this kind.

The Fame of Old Donegal

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, in a circular embodying and explaining his noble purpose of building St. Eunan's College in Letterkenny, refers to the scholastic and literary fame of Donegal in days gone by. "In days," his Lordship writes, "of native rule the encouragement given to scholarship in Tyrconnell was wonderfully munificent. A long list of great saints and scholars will occur to everyone. Columba and Adamnan, the Four Masters, Colgan, and not least in service, Dr. O'Gallagher of the Sermons, have written what the Irish race will ever prize in proportion as it is true to its great call among the nations of combining supreme devotion to faith with highest cultivation of intellect. Without much exaggeration, one might say, in this rugged land the very air was laden with reverence for literary pursuits. Else how could we have the fact to relate that in troubled times a chieftain of Donegal devoted long years to the compilation of an exhaustive work on the Patron Saint of his people?"

E. A. ENGLISH Real Estate 48 VICTORIA ST. TORONTO



LARRY'S GRANDMOTHER

Old Mrs. Doherty's eyes had looked on sorrow, but always dauntlessly. Thus it happened that their humor was as undimmed, their friendliness as unquenched, at seventy as half a century earlier.

She accounted herself a very lucky woman, she was wont to tell her neighbors. To be sure, her husband, when they had been married a little over a year, had been killed in an explosion, but he had left her Larry, her own son Larry, the baby in arms, who had grown to be the best and most stalwart of sons.

To some the chronicle would not have seemed one of good fortune; but Mrs. Doherty translated calamity to bliss in her own fashion.

"Since 'twas God's will I should lose thim an' be cast up alone here in a strange land, think what a blessing it was I had the baby wid me—somethin' to be carin' about! And to land here of all places in the say-sure niver were people so kind! An' me boy's son growin' up all that could be wished.

Larry, of course, had no conception of the fact that she was a miracle among grandmothers, but he loved her and depended upon her and imposed upon her, look her as an every-day matter—until the Downings came to Falmouth Cape.

By and by the March gales began to beat along the coast. The waters of the bay rose and lashed themselves with oceanic fury. The winds threatened the houses, the piers, the railway.

Mrs. Doherty was outwardly grateful, though unbecomingly so. She said, shrewdly and sadly: "She niver was out for herself what I was wearin'."

It was Myrtle's obviously artificial ringlets to which the old woman took the most violent objection, making them the scapegoat, as it were, for all the girl's shallowness and shams.

Once, in a desperate moment, she made the mistake that wiser ones than she have made. She spoke contemptuously of her grandson's sweet heart; she besought him to give Myrtle up. And she accomplished nothing but the erecting of a wall of silence and antagonism between herself and the boy for whom she lived.

And so it finally came about that she heard from the neighbors and not from herself of his contemplated marriage. Mrs. Downing, it was reported, had bewailed the approaching nuptials. "The Dohertys were no match for the Downings," she lamented.

"But it's goin' to be awful hard on Myrtle," the fond mother was quoted as saying, "if she has to live with that old woman. Indeed, I don't believe she'll do it. It ain't that Myrtle would grudge her what she eats an' all that, but a young bride, she naturally wants her home to herself."

Now, though she knew that love would do strange things to the young, blinding them to the beauty



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No other range is fitted with an enamelled reservoir which costs no more than common ones, why not have a Pandora?

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of old ways and bidding them shut the windows upon peaceful old outlooks, still the stricken grandmother never doubted Larry's intentions towards herself. Never, she knew, would it occur to him to turn her adrift in her old age.

Myrtle, aiming at the witcheries of coquetry, achieved pertness and a habit of nagging, and kept her lover in a state of irritation far enough removed both from the blissful uncertainty which she intended and the comfortable assurance which he regarded as his right.

Two things drove Larry stubbornly to town that morning. One was a boy's pride in the fact that he had never missed a day's work since he obtained a position; the other was that Myrtle had been uncommonly trying the night before with her weak coquetties and her bad temper, and he wished to escape her neighborhood for a while.

In the afternoon the section of the road bridge next to Falmouth Cape succumbed to the strain of the winds and the rising billows. Cracking and crashing, it was swept away, and the mooring of the structure terminated abruptly over the seething, tar-black waters an eighth of a mile from the Cape shore.

All that afternoon Mrs. Doherty rushed about beseeching some one to go and save her boy. Every one answered that her boy would not attempt to make the journey home that evening. In the morning, perhaps, and the wires would be working again.

"He wouldn't be such a fool!" she said, conclusively. "Fool!" cried his grandmother, in anguish and exasperation. "Tis us that knows the bridge is broken, not him. All was safe an' well—'til he went over this mornin'."

"What could a do?" demanded Myrtle, suddenly, but sufficiently reasonable. "If 'twas the man I was going to marry," declared the old woman, with red spots in the wrinkled hollows of her cheeks, and glittering points in her eyes.

Something in the brutal egotism which she had uncovered silenced Mrs. Doherty. She started and shook her head in dumb incomprehension, then turned and walked back to the cabin. From the height on which it stood she could see the bay, here lashed white, there curving in splendid devouring waves of glistening black.

"Maybe I was meant for the bay, after all," she said, as she moved about putting the cabin to rights. Then she went out, a quaint and starchy figure with her tight, white cap, her short, quilted skirt, and her

red shawl crossed on her bosom, and tied at her waist in the back. Down to the place where the bridge had been she trudged. Later, one of the Cape children came home screaming that old Mrs. Doherty was crawling along the girders that remained on the demolished section of the bridge—he had seen her red shawl.

"A nice notion of lovin' you've got," stormed Myrtle, angry tears in her eyes. "Throwin' me over for an old woman—an old scarecrow! Some girls wouldn't put up with it! They would make you suffer, you an' her, too! But I won't. I don't believe I could have brought myself to marry you, anyway. Don't talk to me! I don't want to hear any more about the wind an' the blackness an' the water, an' how the voice was like a ghost of a banshee's! She's been searin' your life ever since you were a baby, an' you're goin' to make her happy as long as she lives? Well, she'll live forever, an' get more an' more unreasonable every minute, an' I hope—"

"Ah, there was small danger after all, ma'am! Think that's born for hangin' ye can't drown, ye know! Sure I was safe enough; but Larry—he might've have been!"

Girls, Who Are Your Friends?

On reading this heading my readers will say, "Oh, I have such heaps of friends I couldn't begin to think of them all." Ah, yes, you have many acquaintances, but not "friends."

It is easy to do most things in this world with money, to procure all the things that we wish for, to see everything we delight in, but friends are blessings that neither money nor influence will bring. You can buy people of many grades—their minds, their labors—but hearts that are worth the having are not purchasable.

Friend is a common word that we apply to mere acquaintances. We call all sorts of people "friends" who really do not care for us in the least beyond passing the time of day. The only person we can rightly call a "friend" is the one who would make sacrifices for us, who is grieved at our losses, joys at our successes, a pleasant companion in prosperity, a staunch ally in adversity.

Choose, my dear girls, as your companions only those whose actions you approve of, and out of their number pick those who are kind, who they would not be human, and only beings who are very human have sympathy and unselfish affection. You cannot look round and pick them out after a week's acquaintance. Months, years of companionship will be needed before you know their worth, especially if your life runs smoothly. If sorrow be yours, you may see in a few weeks enough to convince you that one who was a mere acquaintance has a heart of gold and a hand that is always at your service. As you value your happiness, so should you hold this treasure to you.

A true friend would rather suffer than secure happiness at the expense of one who trusted her. We hear of "friends" who have acted deceitfully, caused trouble in happy homes, stayed by the sun shone, and fled when clouds began to gather; whose advice brought unhappiness whose presence was obnoxious. These were not friends. There is no mistaking friendship if you will but remember that "friends multiply joys and divide griefs."

The best of friends must part, but only death need part them. Acquaintances come and go, friends are friends while life lasts. The poorest girl, struggling for a living, is often happier with a true friend than the wealthy lady, whose numerous acquaintances fill her drawing room, eat her dinners and flatter her with empty compliments. Rich people never know who are their friends so long as they are rich. It is when they are poor and have nothing to offer that we can estimate friendship at its true value.

Flowers for Winter

The good old fashions of pressed flowers has been revived with many other good old fashions. Pansies, daisies and forget-me-nots, when properly pressed, are almost as bright as when freshly plucked, and the scarlet and russet leaves of autumn lose none of their beauty between leaves of paper.

And yet, pretty as these preserved flowers are, with a little trouble we may have something even more "really real" when winter locks the earth with icy keys. Who would not like to have masses of flowers during Christmas week? Seeds and bulbs planted now will be in glorious bloom by December.

Of course extra care must be given to house plants. They are denied the fresh moisture of the open air, and for this reason many of the thirsty varieties, such as pansies and sweet peas, never thrive indoors. The best place for tender plants is in the kitchen, where the steam furnishes warmth and moisture, and even there coal gas will sometimes prove fatal. The regulation furnace heat is also injurious to most plants, and the aphid and spider combine in the work of destruction. Vigilance must be the watchword of the flower lover in winter and for the pains taken the reward is great.

Nasturtium, portulacca, mignonette, poppies and morning glories will bloom readily in the house from seed. These plants do not require so much moisture as others, and for that reason are especially adapted to amateur culture. A fine rose spray should be used to moisten the leaves daily, and the roots will require water only about three times a week. In a sunny window they will thrive well if properly watered. A morning glory trained about a window gives a charming defiance to Jack Frost on a wintry day.

The old "stand-by" for the house is the geranium, since it stands neglect better than any other plant and makes a brave show of bloom and foliage with very little attention.

Bulbs form better house plants than those raised from seed, although, of course, they are much more expensive. Five or ten cents, which will purchase a whole packet of seed, is the price of one bulb, and some of the finer varieties (canna and lily) are as high as fifty cents apiece. Hyacinth bulbs may be had as low as three and five cents apiece and nothing can be more beautiful than the waxy, fragrant hyacinth blooms.

To pot hyacinths get good light rich soil and fill six-inch pots. Two bulbs may be placed in each. When placing the bulbs in the soil allow a small portion of the top of each to remain exposed. Water plentifully and put the pots away in a cool, dark part of the cellar, where they will form a mass of roots. After a few weeks bring them up and place them in a sunny location. They will speedily begin to throw out green shoots, and if planted now they will be masses of beauty by Christmas.

Hyacinths in glasses are quite popular. It is curious to see roots, bulbs, leaves and blossoms growing all together. The method of culture is much like that of potted hyacinths. The bulbs are placed in glasses of clean water and are consigned to the cellar until the glasses are filled with roots, when they are brought up to warmth and light. The water should be renewed from time to time, as its impurity will injure the plants. The bulbs and roots should be lifted, the water thrown away and the glass rinsed and refilled before they are returned.

Other bulbs may be cultivated like the potted hyacinths with fascinating results. Single tulips, crocus, narcissus, anemones, oxalis, railbow iris, jonquils, freesias and star of Bethlehem are all hardy and profuse bloomers, and not one of them is expensive. Five crocus bulbs or two tulips may be bought for five cents, and the others are not much dearer. Ever one who loves beautiful flowers will be sure to plant a few of these bulbs, since their culture is so simple.

Lilies are all expensive. Bermuda Easter lily bulbs are twenty to forty cents each and the orange, tiger and calla lilies cost from twenty-five to fifty cents. The Mariposa is not a true lily. It is known as often by the name of butterfly tulip and is indigenous to the eastern slope of the Sierras. It makes a charming house plant.

Roses are very uncertain. The tiny green aphid and the active red spider prey just a little too much on the queen of flowers. Still many careful persons are able to winter roses successfully, and with proper conditions of air, light and heat and judicious use of insecticides some varieties of roses will bloom almost as well indoors as out.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmer's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul—no strength of character, no vigour of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth.

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An Irish Boy in New York The New York World of Oct. 2nd devoted many pages to a history of the Subway. From a full-page sketch devoted to the contractor to whom belongs the glory of the work we take this excerpt. John B. McDonald was born in the town of Fermoy, in the County of Cork, Ireland, in 1844, and was brought to this country three years later. His father, a hard-working peasant, who could trace his forefathers back to the early history of Ireland, found the land rent laws too oppressive and came to New York as an immigrant seeking work. He left his family behind him and he got work in the rock cut of the Hudson River Railroad, where he earned 75 cents a day. He sent for his brother and the two worked together on the same job. They lived frugally and saved money. Then they sent for their relatives in Ireland. That was how the builder of the rapid-transit subway reached New York. He was a baby in arms then. The family lived in a little frame house at Fort Washington. Young John grew up no different from the boys of the other families around him, except that he was never known to lie and there was no lad of his age or near his age who could thrash him or outgame him at any of the boyish sports of those days. He learned to read and write in the Hamilton Free School, a wooden shanty supported by private benevolence. When he got old enough he went to a public school (the only school in his neighborhood). He was not satisfied with the progress he made and walked every night two miles to a night school. What he learned there was all the educational preparation he had for his future career as the foremost contractor in the United States, probably in the world. He was eighteen years old when he earned his first money as a copyist in the office of the Register of Deeds, a place obtained for him by a friend of his father. While the boy was growing up, his father and uncle had flourished in a small way from doing laborers' work they had taken on some little contracts. The son put in his spare time helping his father. The work in the Registry office was uncommensal, it was too easy. Young McDonald wanted to work. He looked for a future. His father had just been made general foreman on the High-bridge reservoir construction, and the firm that employed him, Roach & Jenkins, sent young McDonald to be time-keeper on the Croton dam at Boyd's Corners in Putnam County. The salary he was getting there was less than he earned at his office work, but he felt that he was learning something and was satisfied. He stuck to the place until he had become valuable to his employers, and they appointed him general superintendent of the work, with \$200 a month pay. He had 800 men working under him then. Some of the men are still working for him and some are on his

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KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS

By J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets, And simple faith than Norman Blood.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

And Leigh Fenton knew every thought that was passing in her lover's mind. She was not the woman he thought her. She was shallow and vain—but neither was she wholly at fault for actions or thoughts or behavior.

"One is what one has been taught to be," she had said to him, and such indeed was she. Spoiled and indulged on account of her striking beauty, with every good impulse made subservient to her position in the world, she had developed the sweet and gentle creature God had intended her for.

But other moments came. Leigh Fenton had not played at love all her life without smirching her own fingers. And the love that she had known Hugh roused in her breast. For a brief season she had experienced woman's highest heritage.

Uncle Eric would not have liked to tell Hugh one of the chief reasons that, in his eyes, made this marriage so desirable. Hugh was a Catholic, true. But Leigh was Protestant, of Protestant stock.

Which shows how far a man's hobby will carry him, ridden to death. The elegant little suppers, the choice entertainments the old man gave now, made Lindsay Manor famous with some of its old-time prestige.

And Hugh, having made up his mind that he would ask Leigh at the first opportunity to be his wife, turned longingly to the gentle heart that had been his comfort, and his counsellor, his refuge in trouble.

Feeling so she did not delay her answer. And it was a letter that saddened him and made him very thoughtful. Of one phrase of hers he remembered as she sat looking at Leigh's picture: "Oh, doesn't a mother know, child?" she had asked him, and he had unwillingly agreed with her, though he laid the blame to his faulty brush, and not to the fact that he had caught the girl's true expression.

"Your news was not unexpected, dear," she wrote. "I have heard of Miss Fenton before this. Gertrude has spoken of her to me in her letters—I cannot describe to you in what sweet words of her beauty and of her graciousness, of her nobility and loving character."

"Gertrude!" thought the young man with a rush of gratitude towards the girl whom, during these past few days he felt he had woefully neglected. He was too wrapped up in other thoughts to realize that she avoided him. "Dear little Gertrude!"

"But still, my boy," went on the mother. "I am not satisfied. She is not of our kind. She is a woman of the world, cultured, aristocratic, I grant you, possessing every advantage. But she looks at things with different eyes to you and to me. Your marriage will part us as effectually as if the ocean divided us."

"Foolish mother!" murmured Hugh. "As if Leigh will not love her for her own sweet sake!"

Catholic he was before he died. Oh, my child, had hours come to every human soul, and much as your mother loves you, there will come bad hours to you that no one but your wife may share. Will her dazzling beauty help you to bow your head to God's decrees? Will her gracious manner, her sweet smile, speak comfort when your heart is breaking? Only perfect trust in God can help a woman to help a man then—only faith and trust and honest religion.

"Oh, mother!" whispered Hugh, half sobbingly, for over the miles that separated them he seemed to hear her gentle voice in those last words. "Oh, my little mother."

"Unfortunately, now, dear, I must speak of more material things. You have prided yourself so on your independence. You will have to accept Uncle Eric's bounty if this marriage comes about. She used to every luxury, will not be content to share your comparatively humble lot, nor could you expect it. Where would your income be with her expensive tastes? Thanks to your kindness in the past, dear boy, your mother has sufficient, France and Phil helping to get along without further aid from you. But I am thinking of you—your happiness. You cannot be happy if you are not independent."

"Think over these things well, my own darling boy, before finally deciding. Whatever your heart tells you to do, do it, then, for I know your honest heart too well to think it will ever lead you astray. No matter how you decide, you have your mother's love and prayers. If you consider this marriage for your happiness, I shall welcome Leigh Fenton as my son's wife, my own daughter. And may my blessing follow you and direct you and be to you a safeguard against all harm. God protect you, for every hair of your head is precious to me."

There were tears in Hugh's eyes when he finished this letter—and tears that were no shame to him, and had been the slightest hesitation on his part concerning the girl of his choice, that letter would have decided him against asking her to be his wife. His mother was a woman of few words, and he knew what it cost her to write in this manner. It was with a very sober face indeed that he paced slowly through the chestnut walk, which has become his favorite resort also by this time.

"I am glad you are here, Hugh, my lad," he said. "There is less danger of an interruption, and I want to talk seriously to you. Have you time for a serious chat?"

"That depends altogether upon the subject," said Hugh, rather abruptly. "I wrote to my mother last week and told her I intended to ask Miss Fenton to marry me. I have but just heard from her, and what she writes has given me food for thought."

"Of whatever I decide to do—yes. I don't mind telling you, uncle, or perhaps it is needless for me to do so by this time—that I love Leigh Fenton with my whole heart and soul—that I feel that my future happiness lies in her hands. Perhaps I may be mistaken, but I think she favors me a little—yes, I think I can say so without self-conceit."

"Oh, I know what you would say. It is the money question, eh? You will listen to your old uncle now, my boy, and let me arrange things on a more satisfactory basis. This is no time to let squeamishness and false pride come between us. I love Miss Fenton, yes. And I am no pauper. If she loves me she will be willing to do without a few unnecessary luxuries for my sake, and I am not a bit afraid to ask her to do so. I can give her a good home—perhaps not the frivolity she has been accustomed to—but comfort, even elegance. My wife must depend on me alone." He spoke proudly.

"No?" Uncle Eric opened his eyes wide. "What, then?"

"Religion," returned the young man, gloomily. "Two minds in one body—what a pitiful combination. Yet such are man and wife who are not alike in religious faith. We differ in this, the most important thing of all."

"I will not marry any woman who does not understand just what I intend to do," said Hugh.

"No, no, no—a thousand times, no! I wouldn't sell the soul of one of my children for all South Carolina, let alone Lindsay Manor. My Faith is more to me than you, Uncle Eric, than wealth, than Leigh Fenton herself, dear as she is."

"You needn't be so emphatic," said Uncle Eric, rather dryly. "Let things rest the way they are for the present. Perhaps—When do you intend asking the young lady, if I am not too inquisitive?"

"I don't know. Whenever circumstances favor me," said Hugh, more quietly.

"Harry or Laurence would have consented to bring their boys up as Turks," declared Uncle Eric to his wife, later. I respect Hugh—at times I am almost convinced that there is something I do not quite understand in that religion of his."

"Humph!" said Aunt Estelle, her Methodist backbone stiffening. "He should have a little regard for your wishes, at least, Eric. I don't see how you can stand him. Not but what it is more wholesome," she went on hastily, seeing the anger rising in his face. "Perhaps it is better he is that way."

Hugh wrote to his mother as tender a letter as she had written to him. He reminded her of that afternoon when he had first come back from Lindsay and the words she had spoken then—that "love was the only thing in the world." He gave a brief, sharp outline of what Uncle Eric's life had been without it. Tender and loving and reverent words he wrote, so that she wet over them bitterly, for she knew that her son's heart was lost to her. And, indeed, even as he had written those lines his sweet heart's face rose before him, and he laid down the pen to think of her.

Only last evening he had seen her, clad in the simple, flowing draperies she affected, the gracious centre of an absorbed little crowd. And they had spoken of love—love, the all-powerful. And some among them mocked at it, when she, with simple speech, took up arms in its favor. How sweet had been her words, how her voice had thrilled him! And when she finished she raised her stately eyes straight to his, and there was something in their depths that made him tremble. Oh, they were created for each other—he and she. In mutual love they would, they must perfect each other. His mother, too, would help him to bring God's knowledge to that innocent, sleeping soul, those beautiful hands would be raised to heaven in union with her husband's.

And so he finished the letter in brave spirit.

CHAPTER XII.

Gertrude's Trial.

The old man was in its very bravest array, alight from top to bottom, for Uncle Eric had issued invitations for a dance. The rooms rivalled fairyland in the beauty of their decorations, and so keen had the master of Lindsay been to make this the most talked of affair for many a year that he had spent more money than he would care to tell the provident Madame Lindsay. The house was filled with the best people, and the lady of the manor, robed in soft black silk, with diamonds glittering on her still graceful figure, looked for once in keeping with her setting. Mildred, Powell, beautiful and stately, stood with her at the head of the room. Gertrude had not yet come down, and Mrs. Lindsay was flustered and impatient. She had spoken to Mildred sharply once or twice, the last time with a high note of anger in her voice.

"Never mind, Aunt Estelle," said Mildred, soothingly. "She is probably somewhere about—don't worry."

"But everyone is asking for her—How do you do, Mr. Blane? Miss Waring? She will be down directly—perhaps she is outside even now. Her uncle likes to keep her with him, as you know. Good evening, Miss Lenyard. Gertrude? You will see her in a moment. Mrs. Lenyard is well? Ah, indeed, sorry, I'm very sure. Yes, thank you, yes—I am very well. Mildred, send someone for Gertrude immediately. This is not to be tolerated another second—I will not bear it."

A moment later Mrs. Lindsay's maid knocked at Gertrude's door. "I'm trying to get rid of a headache," said Miss Waring. "Will you tell Mrs. Lindsay that I will be down in ten minutes? And—Julie?"

"Yes, miss?"

"I know you're busy; but ask Aunt Hannah to pour me a cup of tea, like a good girl. I want it very strong and black. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Miss Gertrude." The girl lingered at the door a moment and Gertrude looked up wearily.

"I can come up and rub your head, miss, a little, if you will allow me," she said hesitatingly. "It always does Mrs. Lindsay's headaches good."



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"Oh, yes, it will, when I get excited—I must try to get excited. Then I shall be belle of the ball. But I forgot—Miss Fenton is coming."

"Is it true, Miss Gertrude, that Mr. Hugh is to marry Miss Fenton?"

"I think it is, Julie. She is very beautiful and sweet, isn't she? We'll have a wedding at Lindsay Manor! Do you know I have never been to a wedding in all my life? Where are my gloves—oh, I see. And my fan. And the red roses Hugh sent up to me. Aren't they pretty? He is so thoughtful always, my Cousin Hugh—he cut every one of these himself."

She was animated enough now, poor child, as she brought the glowing flowers to her face. The maid watched her leave the room. Gertrude was well beloved in Lindsay Manor, and more than one had noticed the change in her of late.

"It's my opinion she's going to be down with a fit of sickness," said Julie, as she picked up the tea-tray and departed.

At the entrance of the ball-room Gertrude stood a moment, and her heart went back to this great apartment on the day Hugh Lindsay first came to the manor. Ah, how happy she would be if it were only God's will, to be quietly lying where Harold Lindsay was to-night! There was happiness and contentment—only there.

Hugh Lindsay, with Leigh Fenton at his side, came up to her just then. She looked about her for some way of escape, but found none, and so stood there quietly, watching them approach. She had taught her lips to smile when her heart was aching, and this was but another exercise of the lesson she had learned.

"Aunt Estelle told me you were ill, little cousin," said Hugh, gravely. "A slight headache. It is gone now, thank you."

"How did you know I liked roses?" she asked. "Red roses? Thank you for these, Hugh—they are so pretty." Hugh smiled, but Leigh Fenton's eyes kindled, and her fingers tightened a little about her fan. She looked at Gertrude with a very devil of mockery in her violet eyes.

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