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**TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905**

**PRICE FIVE CENTS**

**TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER**

The Talbotts of Malahide—Col. Thomas Talbot, Founder of the Talbot Settlements and one of the Builders of Canada—An Eccentric but Warm-Hearted Irishman who had the Disposal of an Immense Domain—The Talbot Road, a Highway Two Hundred Miles Long—The Talbot-day Festivals at St. Thomas, Ontario.

The joy bells are pealing in gay Malahide,  
 The fresh wind is sighing along the seaside,  
 The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers;  
 And the harp strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

The Talbotts of Malahide were one of the nine great houses which survived the Wars of the Roses, and are said to now present the only instance in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, if not of the whole of Europe, of a family who have retained for seven hundred years their ancestral estate in the direct male lineage and name of him on whom the ancestral estate was originally conferred.

Malahide Castle, built on an eminence commanding a view of the Bay of Dublin, is a stately building, with vine-clad walls and towers, presents a most picturesque effect, while its halls of purest Norman architecture, and oak room, lined with antique carving of scriptural subjects, are justly celebrated, and its numerous art treasures, both old and precious. Many of those works of art come to the Talbot family from its alliance with the Wogans of Rathcoffe, who are descended from Sir John Wogan, chief governor of Ireland 1295 to 1310.

The nobly wooded grounds contain ancient oaks, chestnuts and sycamores, whose lives extend back to Tudor days. Beneath two of the latter and close to the castle are the ruins of the ancient chapel and burying ground, within which, among other interesting monuments, is the sixteenth century tomb of Maud Talbot, of whom some verses were written, of which the foregoing is the first.

Here, at Malahide, on the 19th of July, 1771, was born Thomas Talbot, an eccentric genius, who was one of the makers of Canada. He was one of a family of seven sons and five daughters, both to Richard Talbot and Margaret, daughter of James O'Reilly, Esq., of Ballinlough, County Westmeath, and of the princely Milesian House of Breffney, and belonging to a Catholic family of distinction. Col. Talbot was a great grandson of the gallant Col. Talbot, who, with General Sarsfield, Col. Dorrington and O'Neil, figured so conspicuously in the plains of Aughrim, in defence of their dethroned sovereign, James II.

Our Col. Talbot was born on the paternal estate in the year 1770, and after a preliminary course of common education, was sent to the University of Trinity College, Dublin, where, after a couple of years' residence in that seat of learning, he gladly exchanged his college cloak and cap to don the sword and sash.

In 1782 he accompanied General John Graves Simcoe to Upper Canada in the capacity of an aide-de-camp to the first Lieutenant-Governor. After the termination of General Simcoe's administration of Upper Canada in 1789, Col. Talbot returned to Europe, some say to take a bride; but if so, in this he was unsuccessful. In 1802 he received immense tracts of land in the virgin forests of Upper Canada, from the British Government and early the following year sailed for his new home and arrived in the Township of Dunwich, on the border of Lake Erie, on 21st day of May, 1803. The transportation of his provisions, agricultural implements, horses, oxen, sheep, cows and followers, from Quebec to the London district, at that infant condition of Upper Canada, cannot be conjectured at the present day, when every convenience is amply provided for the transmission of all kinds of effects. There were no steamboats

then in existence. A small craft was to be occasionally seen between Quebec and Montreal, and then a French bateau, which had to be loaded and unloaded at short distances, when pack horses filled up the intervening space. Roads at that time were a luxury unknown to the pioneers of the forest, who had to depend on their own exertions or the assistance of some friendly Indians, when journeying from one part of the country to another.

Of the lands received from the crown a portion was for himself as compensation for settling the rest by actual settlers, who had to agree to certain conditions before being entitled to a free deed. He was soon made a member of the Legislative Council, which then met at Niagara-on-the-Lake, which was the first capital of Upper Canada. He was not loth to put off the style of raiment common among the aristocracy of his native land and assume that of the backwoodsman, for it is said he presented himself in an overcoat of sheepskins, a monstrous cap of fox skins, with the tails and ears as natural as life, while his breeches and moccasins fully corresponded. But his politics seemed to be colorless and he sided with neither party until the rebellion of 1838, when, of course, he rallied to the loyalists. He was, however, the supporter of a very radical paper, the "Canada Inquirer," published at St. Thomas, by a brilliant Irishman named Kearney; but that may have been for local reasons, or because Kearney was a fellow countryman. His religious views seemed to be as problematic as his politics.

Col. Talbot was a strange compound of Irish pride, warm heart and odd head, qualities no doubt, which he inherited in no small degree from his relatives on both sides of the house.

Being complimented by a doctor once, on his good health, he said: "Damn your colomel pills, opium and blisters, there is my morning doctor," pointing to a cold bath in a corner of the room; "and there is my afternoon physician," glancing with complacency on a well-filled bottle of old Canadian whiskey. "At night I sleep serenely, owing to a clear conscience, for I throw politics and temperance lectures to the devil."

Many anecdotes have been told of his rudeness to applicants for land, of which the following is a sample:

A stalwart Scotchman once waited on the colonel when he was not in the best of humor, requesting a grant of wild land, but who was immediately and unceremoniously refused. The immigrant, greatly disappointed, retorted with some bitterness, and was not answered with such language as was capable of assuaging the troubled spirit of the stranger, who pounced upon him in such a manner as to compel him to seek safety in flight and to lock his office door, said office being a structure of logs. A young man of the house met the unsuccessful applicant for land on his way from the place and with eyes darting fire, came up to him and declared that "if he ever met his damned papist father from home he would break every bone in his body." The laborers about the premises afterwards designated the young man as "Young Tom."

In 1829 Col. Talbot returned from one of his tours in Europe accompanied by his brother, Sir Richard, who intended to make Canada his permanent home. The knight, who a short time before had represented an Irish constituency, in the House of Commons, it is said possessed to perfection all the worst traits of the Colonel, without a shadow of any of his good qualities. He was vain, supercilious and tyrannical; nay, unfit to command the respect of serfs or helots. He hated Canada with a vengeance, as unfit for a gentleman to reside in, owing to the democratic predilections of its inhabitants; and he was frequently heard to say that he never saw a place except Paris, London, and Dublin, where a man of birth and rank was properly respected. Upon one occasion Sir Richard Talbot accompanied the Colonel to where a mechanic was erecting a building, when the employer and employed entered freely into conversation, and the greenhorn demanded with the most Czarish pomposity if the builder's hat was not nailed to his head. "No," replied the independent Irishman, "yet it is firm enough not to be taken off to a worm like myself. I reserve the privilege to honor my Creator, and for the common courtesies of life, but not for the gratification of world-

liness, some of whom are only blanks in creation."

Long after Col. Talbot arrived in Upper Canada, the London district occupied an immense tract of forest, with settlements scattered here and there like an oasis in the wilderness. It then comprised the present three counties of the Huron Tract, the counties of Huron, Perth and Bruce. Also, the Counties of Norfolk, Oxford, Elgin and Middlesex. The only court house and jail for this immense section of country was located in the village of Vittoria, County of Norfolk.

The great Talbot street or road, began in the vicinity of Simcoe (so named after Upper Canada's first Governor) and passes through some beautiful and important villages, till it terminates at the finished town of Sandwich, the capital of the County of Essex, on the south branch of the Detroit river. Talbot street is nearly two hundred miles long and passes through some of the most fertile townships of Canada. It was opened by means of settlement duties, as each individual settler who obtained a grant of land was compelled to chop and log the breadth of 66 feet along the length of his farm, and many were the difficulties Col. Talbot had to contend with in seeing that this thoroughfare was opened through so important a section of Upper Canada.

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To Bro. Wm. Murphy:  
 Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the sister of our esteemed brother member, Wm. Murphy, we, the officers and members of Branch No. 1, I.C.B.U., of Canada, while bowing in humble submission to the divine will of our Heavenly Father, beg to extend to our worthy brother our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this, his sad hour of bereavement. And we will pray to Almighty God to have mercy on the soul of the deceased.

**R. SCOLLARD, W. P. OSTER, President, Rec. Secretary.**

To Mr. M. C. Leatham and family, Hillsburg, Ont.:  
 Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His divine wisdom to take to Himself our esteemed Brother, John Leatham, we, the officers and members of Branch No. 1, I.C.B.U., of Canada, while bowing in humble submission to the supreme will of our Heavenly Father, beg to tender to his sorrowing parents and family our heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad hour of affliction.

**An Unfounded Statement**

Toronto, March 18, 1905.  
 To the Editor of The Register:  
 Dear Sir—Allow us in your columns to contradict the following statement which lately appeared in the Toronto daily papers: "At the 82nd-annual conference held at St. Joseph's Convent the Archbishops of Toronto instructed the Sisters that no more postulants should be received in the Order as teachers unless they had passed the examinations and received Government certificates." Permit us to state that no such instructions were, at any time, given. Our apology for directing attention to the paragraph above quoted is, that it is misleading, because it may deter young ladies who would prove most eligible candidates, from seeking admission into our congregation. That the educational training of the Community members destined to teach, does not end with their entrance into the congregation, but is continued for a long period after, is a fact that the leading educationists of the Province can substantiate.

**THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.**

Sympathy begets sympathy; love evokes love; by a law as swift as lightning and hatred engender their kind. And in all these ways we are reminded of the words "To him that hath shall be given."

the lonely churchyard at Tyrconnell, where the eagle and the whippoorwill can chant a requiem to departed worth, whilst it will be re-echoed by Lake Erie's wave, the forest and the skies, till Niagara ceases to pour her floods to the distant Atlantic.

He possessed an excitable temperament, with a warm heart, a repulsive hauteur, with the kindest feelings of a generous nature. In fact he was an oddity unknown to himself, but who, when once he had gained a friend, never lost him by any caprice of a disposition not fashioned by nature, but by circumstances which surrounded him in his daily walks through life.

Col. Ermatanger of St. Thomas, who seemed to be a warm friend of the Colonel, wrote and published a little book of his life and description of the Talbot settlement, shortly after his demise. His son, Judge Ermatanger, has just published an extensive volume, handsomely illustrated, giving the life of the Colonel and history of the Talbot settlement, but the work on which I have relied mainly for my facts was published a good many years ago by another Irishman named Cunningham Kearney, an editor of St. Thomas, whom I once met. I am indebted to Mr. Bain, librarian of the Toronto public library, an old friend, for a perusal of all three books.

**WILLIAM HALLEY.**

**CARDINAL NEWMAN MALIGNED**

Editor Catholic Register:  
 Dear Sir,—A recent editorial in The Toronto Globe and the enquiry which is in progress before a commission, indicate that there is considerable dissatisfaction with the present staff of the Toronto University. I am not concerned with the complaints which are the subject of investigation. It will, however, be conceded that a university professor, apart from his intellectual attainments, should be free from the warping influences of religious prejudice. Parents, whether Protestant or Catholic, should be able to feel that the religious convictions of their children who may seek tuition in our provincial seat of learning will be respected. I regret to say that one of the professors of Toronto University is apparently incapable of forming a just estimate of the writings of a Catholic author. In a recent lecture on "Oxford Types" delivered in Windsor, Professor Hutton essayed to deal with the religious views of Jewett and other contemporary masters. The lecturer viewed with apparent equanimity the divergent opinions of men who accepted or rejected the tenets of the Church of England so long as they gave Roman Catholicism a wide berth. He did not refer to the Oxford movement beyond digressing from his theme to belittle Cardinal Newman's literary achievements. He referred to the rival writings of Newman, instancing "Loss and Gain." The meaning of the noun rival according to the dictionaries, is a common and vulgar or indecent person; and the adjective which the Professor employed signifies indulging in or manifesting coarse indecency or obscenity. The world is so familiar with the pure life and chaste writings of Newman that it seems superfluous to cite authorities in support of the assertion that ribaldry is wholly foreign to his character and writings. Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature will not be suspected of undue partiality to Cardinal Newman's literary productions. In an interesting review of the Cardinal's life its readers are informed "That many of his poems are remarkable for their power"; "Loss and Gain (wherein Professor Hutton's critical mind discerns traces of ribaldry). "Is full of delicate and happy sketches of Oxford life and manners." Callista is a story "instinct with literary genius as with religious devotion," and contains pictures "marvellously vivid and impressive." Attention is directed to "the singular delicacy of his literary style"; his Oxford sermons "contain some of the noblest ever preached from an Anglican pulpit" and his Catholic sermons "even fuller of powerful rhetoric, often vehement, almost always singularly dignified." His Apologia Pro Vita Sua is "perhaps the most significant and impressive religious auto-biography of the 19th century." The reviewer found nothing in the writings of Cardinal Newman to condemn unless indeed his high idealism invited criticism. "In him as always high idealism involved too great disdain for the humbler and more prosaic temperament." I shall not suggest that Professor Hutton owes an apology to his Windsor audience or that he should refrain in future from casting unwarranted aspersions upon the character and writings of a man justly famed for his virtues and learning. I do, however, assert that such a gross misrepresentation respecting the character of so eminent a man as the deceased cardinal comes with singularly bad grace from a person professing to be a scholar and an unprejudiced critic. The greatest minds of the 19th century have not hesitated to express their appreciation of Newman's rare intellectual gifts. The religious controversy growing out of Mr. Gladstone's memorable pamphlet on papal infallibility has not yet been forgotten. Among the replies in vindication of the Vatican decree was Newman's celebrated letter to the Duke of Norfolk, which Mr. Gladstone declared was "the work of an intellect sharp enough to cut the diamond and bright as the diamond it cuts."

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS**

How the Day was Celebrated in the Leading Cities of Canada

**OTTAWA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS**  
 In the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, the students of Ottawa University held their 20th annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet, entertaining over 100 guests. The guests in attendance were His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate; His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, His Lordship Bishop Domet, of Vancouver; Rev. Dr. Sinnott, secretary to the Apostolic Delegation; V. Rev. Canon Sloan, Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I.; Rev. Fathers J. H. Sherry, O.M.I., D.D.; G. Fitzgerald, Fortier, O.M.I.; J. Fallon, O.M.I.; Herwig, O.M.I.; Legault, O.M.I.; Ouimet, O.M.I.; Rev. Bros. Nolan, O.M.I.; Stanton, O.M.I., and Hammersley, O.M.I. Several prominent citizens were present, among them Mr. Denis Murphy, ex-M.L.A., E. B. Devlin, M.P. for Wright County; Dr. A. Freeland, Messrs. Wm. Kearns, D'Arcy Scott, E. P. Gleeson and several members of the Varsity Football team, champions of the Quebec Rugby Football Union, including Manager T. F. Clancy, Dr. D. Kearns, Dr. S. Nagle, A. L. McDonald, T. Boucher, H. James, R. Filiatrault and others.

Letters of regret were received from Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Senators Cloran and Coffee, Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Chas. Marci, M.P., Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., Rev. Thomas Murphy, O.M.I.; Messrs. B. Slattery, E. F. Stanton and others. His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, who was the principal speaker, in a few short sentences expressed the firm stand the Church takes on educational matters. In the course of his remarks His Excellency declared with extraordinary emphasis that autonomies could not limit right and justice. "Right and justice," he said, "are the foundation of prosperity, all else is pretext and pretence. This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith." His Excellency showed by the warmth of his words how pleased he was to be with the young men, where he always felt at home. The boys gave him a rousing Varsity cheer. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, said in part: "When I first visited Rome, as a young bishop, I asked the Holy Father, Leo XIII., 'What must I do to be successful in the discharge of my episcopal duties.' His Holiness replied, 'See to it that the young men receiving their training in your Catholic institutions are fully equipped to become defenders of the church.'"

**BANQUET IN MONTREAL.**

The banquet given on Friday evening by the St. Patrick's Society in the Windsor Hotel was largely attended by the members of the society, representatives of kindred societies and numerous other guests, the president, Dr. F. E. Devlin presiding. Amongst those at the head table with him were:  
 At the table of honor were seated: Sir William Hingston, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Junge Curran, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Father Kavanagh, Senator Cloran, Dr. Guerin, Mr. G. E. Drummond, Alderman Humbray, Mr. R. Wilson-Smith, and a number of others.

The vice chairmen were Messrs. Frank Curran, W. P. Kearney and F. P. Macnamee and T. T. Tansey. After full justice had been done the menu, the chairman proposed the health of "The King."  
 Following the loyal toasts came the toast of the evening, "Ireland." Proposed by the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, it was responded to by Mr. G. E. Drummond, Father McDermott and Junge Curran.

In rising to propose the toast, Hon. Mr. Lemieux stated that he had always been a friend to Ireland. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Lemieux, "I see one statue of Sir John A. Macdonald erected upon Parliament Hill, that of Sir George Cartier is also there, but, gentlemen, I fail to see the statue of D'Arcy McGee there beside them, and D'Arcy McGee was one of the authors of Confederation." In continuing, Mr. Lemieux, in referring to the Canadian Constitution, stated that it was "as perfect as human fabric could be for a British Colony." The toast to Ireland was then drunk amidst cheers, and after reading congratulatory telegrams from Halifax and New York Irish societies, the chairman called upon Mr. G. E. Drummond to respond.

**Dinner to Judge O'Neil Ryan**

The members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians tendered a dinner to Judge O'Neil Ryan, after the concert on the 17th inst. The dinner was served in McConkey's palm room, Mr. P. W. Falvey being chairman.

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HIS HANDICAP

"Well, good-by, old boy!" said Tom Thorpe, gently. "I'll be around again to-morrow, if you care to have me."

The big young fellow in the hospital bed stared back for a moment into the eyes of the other big young fellow who stood looking down at him. Then he put out one hand—the left one—and evidently tried to say something in reply, which did not, however, become audible.

But his friend understood. He grasped the thin left hand with his own, said cheerily, "All right; there is nothing I'd rather do," and hurried away.

When he had closed the door of the men's surgical ward he gave his broad shoulders a shake, and shut his lips firmly together a moment. As he went down the corridor he was saying to himself, "Oh, that's tough—tough! I don't blame the poor fellow for going blue like that. I believe he'd get well faster if he could have a bit of hope put back into him."

As he reached the hospital entrance he met one of the surgeons coming in, and ventured to delay him a moment. "Would you mind telling me, Doctor Stuart," he asked, "if you think despondency has anything to do with keeping my friend Caldwell down?"

"Despondency has much to do with it," agreed the surgeon, promptly. "Cheer him up all you can. He's shown great courage and endurance all through this siege, but it's told on him. I suppose he thinks his ambitions are all thwarted, and that's enough to make him blue. Get him to believe there's something left for him to do in life."

"Yes, that's it," mused Tom Thorpe, as he went on his way. "I've got to do something for Kirke something positive, that will help him on his feet."

He thought about it all the way to the great manufactory where he held the post of electrical engineer. It was a fine position for a young man but two years out of a technical school. Kirke Caldwell had held an equally good position in a neighboring city. The two had been classmates, even rivals within the bounds of a sturdy friendship.

Three months before, Caldwell, superintending the installation of new electrical machinery, had seen one of his workmen accidentally short-circuit a powerful current with a pair of pliers, had pulled the man away somehow, but in wrenching his hand away from the pliers, had taken the deadly current himself. He had been so burned that amputation of one hand and one foot had been necessary to save his life. The man to whose rescue he had sprung, died, and there had been weeks during which it seemed certain that Caldwell must follow.

That danger was past for him now; he had his life, but it was small wonder if the splendid courage he had shown through all had at last failed him. Alone in the world and dependent upon his own resources for a living, he felt that there was little use in trying to get well.

But Tom Thorpe knew better; and after thinking about his friend's case all day, he went to his father to ask his co-operation in a plan he had formed.

Tom Thorpe and his father lived together in a little flat, which was as homelike as a place with no wife and mother in it can be.

"He's a magnificent fellow!" Tom declared to his father, walking the floor; his face full of eagerness. "If we could just have him here for a month, till he got enough strength, and then take him to see Wentworth, I believe the thing would be done."

"I don't know myself what he could do with his handicap in electrical engineering, but I believe he could be his own salvation if he got his brain working at it. You don't know what is in that boy, father. He's twice as clever as I am, and he must be made to show it."

Mr. Thorpe smiled. He had his own opinion of his son's cleverness. He let Tom's modest estimate of himself pass, however, and agreed heartily that a month with themselves and a trip of a hundred and twenty miles to see a certain man in a university town might be the tonic Caldwell needed. Therefore Tom went to bed and to sleep with an easier mind.

"Kirke," said Tom Thorpe one morning, when Caldwell had been for three weeks a member of the Thorpe household, "I'm going on a little trip down to Remsen, and I've a mind to take you with me."

Caldwell, sitting in a big reclining chair by the window, looked around at Tom with an expression of languid surprise.

"There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't have an outing," pursued Tom, briskly. "We're only a few blocks from the station. I can wheel you over in your chair, put you into a Pullman, send the chair in the baggage car, and take you round Remsen as easily as if I were a cash carrier in a department store. We'll have a fine time out of it."

"It's good of you, Tom," said Caldwell, gratefully, "but—"

ly as possible where he had left it off, and to mingle with men instead of trying to hide away from them.

The beginning of the journey was accomplished with the ease Tom had prophesied, thanks to some previous planning. At the station Caldwell was brought by the most direct and least conspicuous route to the steps of the train, where Tom, assisted by a cheerful colored porter, conveyed him swiftly on board the Pullman and established him, not in a private compartment—Tom had considered that idea and rejected it—but in a chair at the rear of the car, where he could observe everybody else and be himself unnoticed.

As the train left the station Tom was gratified to note that Kirke looked out of the window with more interest in his sombre eyes than had been there in weeks.

Remsen was not a long distance away, but the luncheon hour arrived in the middle of the journey, and Tom ordered a lavish meal. Kirke, beginning languidly, was soon eating broiled bluish and roast duck with his old-time zest. Tom, on the other side of the table, talked and joked, and brought to his friend's face a frequent smile.

At Remsen Caldwell found himself being wheeled rapidly away through the wide, elm-bordered streets of the old university town. Several generations of the Thorpes had been educated there, the succession being broken when Tom had insisted on going to a more famous centre of learning.

"Still, I sometimes wish I'd stayed by the family traditions," Tom declared, turning from the side street which had brought them from the station into the broad avenue which led toward the group of college buildings on the hill. "Whenever I come here I get a new respect for the place. There's a certain atmosphere in which one seems to breathe the very spirit of learning—the real thing. They've got some of the finest men here I ever knew—McIntosh, the mathematics instructor, and Bronson, in history, and Wentworth, the crack-jack in chemistry. I want to see them all, and I hope we'll be in time to get into Wentworth's chemistry lecture. You'll enjoy it, I know; there's nobody like him. He'd make a long-haired musician throw down his score and take to the Bunsen burner and the retort."

He was talking with a purpose—to keep Caldwell from refusing to go into the recitation-rooms, as he feared he might do. But Caldwell, although he was dreading to be taken before the eyes of men of his own sort, had reached the point of understanding that Tom had a definite purpose in all this, which he did not mean to be cowardly enough to defeat.

So he set a grip on himself—easy enough in the old days, harder than could be believed now—and acquiesced pleasantly when Tom wheeled him down a long corridor of the Science Hall, and pausing at a certain door, whispered somewhat nervously:

"You won't mind my taking you in? The door's at the back of the room, and Wentworth won't see us, anyhow."

Caldwell's shaken spirit winced for an instant as he was drawn into the lecture-room, and a hundred pairs of eyes looked curiously round at the unusual noise of a wheel-chair bumping through the door-way. Tom was too much wrought up to steer straight.

But when the boys saw the pale face in the chair—a face which still showed both strength and charm—and took note of the feebleness of the tall figure resting in inert lines against the plainly needed support, they turned away again, and only a few fellows near the door gave attention to the newcomers. These made them welcome with friendly nods.

But after the first five minutes in the room Kirke Caldwell needed nobody to divert his thoughts from himself. Tom Thorpe, breathing a little hard from mingled exertion and anxiety, might lean back in his seat and let his friend alone. Kirke had at last forgotten everything in the world but what he now saw before him.

The lecturer's face, although tanned to a healthy color, was scarred with irregular, blanched furrows, and his eyes were hidden from sight behind black spectacles.

His body was strong, magnificently built, the movement of his hands, as he talked, illustrating his words with gestures, was vigorous and full of meaning, his voice was deep and rich; his inflections were full of vivacity and enthusiasm; but the man himself was disabled by the absolute loss of his sight.

As Caldwell, watching him, thought back for an instant to all the blind people he had ever known, it occurred to him that although they had had almost invariably been of kindly disposition, bearing their hard lot with patience and resignation, never once had he seen among them any one like this. And presently as in the interest of the lecture itself he forgot to speculate or to compare, he became conscious that something he thought he had lost forever was returning to him—for the moment, at least—the old, keen joy in a scientific argument and demonstration, presented by a master of his subject.

The lecture concluded amidst an outburst of enthusiastic applause, of the sort which means not only honest appreciation of the thing that has been done, but hearty love and admiration for the doer. The class poured hurriedly into the laboratory, where certain important tests were now to be made, supporting a new and singular theory which the lecturer had propounded.

"Come down and see it, won't you?" a student urged Thorpe and Caldwell. "If you've never seen him in the lab, you ought not to miss it."

They went down to the laboratory, where Caldwell, watching him, thought back for an instant to all the blind people he had ever known, it occurred to him that although they had had almost invariably been of kindly disposition, bearing their hard lot with patience and resignation, never once had he seen among them any one like this. And presently as in the interest of the lecture itself he forgot to speculate or to compare, he became conscious that something he thought he had lost forever was returning to him—for the moment, at least—the old, keen joy in a scientific argument and demonstration, presented by a master of his subject.

The lecture concluded amidst an outburst of enthusiastic applause, of the sort which means not only honest appreciation of the thing that has been done, but hearty love and admiration for the doer. The class poured hurriedly into the laboratory, where certain important tests were now to be made, supporting a new and singular theory which the lecturer had propounded.

"How did he lose his sight?" Caldwell asked, eagerly, of the young fellow, who, with a hand on Kirke's chair, was accompanying them down the sloping aisle. Tom rejoiced with himself that it was all happening so naturally. If a stranger told the story it would not look to Caldwell so much as if Tom had meant to read a moral to him.

"Got hurt in a lab explosion," the boy said. "Freshman making carbon monoxide-sulphuric and oxalic acids in the generator, you know. Chump left out the safety bottle—had the burner too high—opened a window. Wentworth came in and saw him with his head over the report—flame blowing one side in the wind—January wind. He jumped to disconnect, gave the fellow a shove one side just quick enough to save him, and got that awful explosion in his own face. Alkali, you see, drawn back into the acid by the generator cooling too quick in the 'zer' wind. No safety bottle between."

Caldwell nodded, his face full of intense interest. They were at the laboratory door. The student went on in a whisper:

"I saw it all. I don't like to remember how he suffered—with the pluck of a bull-dog all the time. Eyes blown full of glass as well as acid—face horribly burned. Never saw a ray of light again. Freshman wanted to die—to his credit. Wentworth made a chum of him. We'll have to hurry. He never loses a minute's time himself, or lets any one else lose it for him. This way."

The next half hour passed for Caldwell in a haze of delight. He was less conscious of his pleasure—although that was very great—in the somewhat remarkable experiments which were made under Prof. Wentworth's direction than in the recognition of the great and noble spirit of the man himself.

Alert in every sense but one, eager as a boy to prove what he had assisted, intimately interested in his class itself, with down to his individual members, with whom he showed perfect familiarity, calling upon one another to note various steps of the work in confirmation or refutation of their personal notions concerning it—he was the genius of the place, a dominating personality, which it was an inspiration to each mind within its influence to know.

"Glad you enjoyed it," said the young man who had brought them in. "We're so proud of him here we never lose a chance to have others appreciate him. He never lets up on himself. Takes his cold tubs and his dumbbells just the same, and tramps miles with one or another of us every day. We count it a treat to go, you know."

Tom Thorpe kept Caldwell until the class had nearly gone, and the professor was left with his assistants making ready to go to the next duty. Then he wheeled his friend up to the blind man and made a blunt introduction which came from his heart:

"Professor Wentworth, this is my friend Kirke Caldwell, an electrical engineer who was in my class. He can't give you his right hand because he tried to save the life of one of his men last February, and lost a hand and foot, and—some other things. I want—"

The strong left hand of Maurice Wentworth had found Kirke's long, thin face had lighted instantly at Tom's description with a peculiar tenderness of sympathy which as long as he lived Kirke never forgot.

"A handicap," he said, his fine lips smiling. "Ah, then, we shall see what you are really made of. Electrical engineering—and your brains are left you. Let the other men put on the rubber gloves; it's you who can solve their problems for them."

What a Bay of Sunshine Can Do

It was rather a gloomy room and a very gloomy day. There were many at work in the room and they all looked weary and dispirited.

There was a break in the cloud and a ray of sunshine managed to find its way through the window and made a little lake of gold upon the floor and scattered a golden glow all around.

One of the workers began to whistle. He did not know just why—he whistled a merry tune because he felt like it. The little spot of sunshine on the floor had been reflected on his heart. The faces of the workers brightened. They were not so weary as they had been. The little ray of sunshine had lifted the mist from their hearts. They worked at their tasks with more spirit.

Strange how much one little ray of sunshine can do.

There is never a day that we do not have a chance, yes, many chances, to shed sunshine into shaded lives.

It does not require much effort. It does not cost a cent. It does not take any sunshine away from those who shed it.

The sun cannot help shining. It sheds sunshine in all directions all the time, because it has so much sunshine that it does it without trying.

The Will for the Deed.

(By Frances Lee Pratt.)

I feel as young as ever I did; I don't know but I do. I can step off as spry as what Lester can to-day, and hoe out my row with him—if I take a notion to.

And my sight, that hasn't failed me much, if any. Why I can see the tall pine tree on the top of Northfield mountain that my old grandsire used to try his eyes by as plain as you can. And there ain't anything the matter with my hearing ear's I know. Well, it pesters me some to understand folks when they talk down their throats as some of these young ones have 'got a notion of doing. Don't it you?"

This fashion of muzzling has come round since I was a boy. We 're used to be taught to speak up plain, and so's to be heard.

I won't say as I care to do the day's work as I did once, but that ain't necessary, for I am considerable forehanded, so why should I be bored down to it now?

I've got a good home here with Lester, as good as anybody need to want, and I can have things pretty much as I want 'em now; with no bother of keeping up the fences, and getting the cattle out of the corn.

I like to putter 'round in the garden, and chore about the barn a little, for there ain't a lazy bone in my body, and never was, and I'd rather than not; it is good exercise. But I've put in a power of hard work in my day; I calculate I've done pretty near my part and it is time I lay off a little and let the younger ones take the felt of the burden. Lester and Martha say the same.

All I've got will be Lester's when I'm through with it, and he knows it. His wife knows it too, otherwise I doubt if she would make me altogether welcome, for she is a good deal of a driver and likes to look out for number one.

I made my will when Lester first got married and took the farm to work, and I did surmise I'd let matters rest there. A body kind o' likes to feel that he owns his own things to the end. But Lester and Martha, they kept deceing and nagging me to give them a deed of the old place right out, clean and clear.

I held off for a spell, but they said so much that at last I gave in for the sake of peace. Lester said I shouldn't never know any difference, but it would be the old place, the old things and the old home, just the same; but if he had the property made over to him there wouldn't be no chance for any trouble or wrangle after I was gone.

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Table for the month of March 1905, showing days of the month, days of the week, and corresponding feast days or events. Includes 'March 31 DAYS' and 'S. JOSEPH'.

BE A Draftsman Canadian Correspondence College, Limited - TORONTO, CAN. Complete courses in Mechanical Drawing and Machine Design, Freehand Drawing, etc., with practical work, materials, etc., supplied.

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A Priest Novelist America has three famous Jesuit novelists and one of them lives in Chicago. Everybody knows Father Finn and many know Father Henry S. Spalding, but Father J. E. Copus, S.J., is the coming great Catholic novelist of the century.

January number of the Rosary by Charles O'Malley. Shadows Lifted, a sequel to Saint Cutberts, by Rev. J. S. Copus, S.J. (Cutbert), New York. Benziger Bros., 1904, 800 p.p. 22c.

Father Copus is well known in Stratford and especially in Kinkora, where he was a member of Father O'Neil's congregation, and was well acquainted with the elder generations of the Hairsnips, Kellys, Kennedys and others of that neighborhood.

Father Copus said his first high mass and preached in St. Joseph's, this city, on the Sunday immediately after his ordination by James Cardinal Gibbons at Woodstock, Maryland, on June 27, 1899.

Father Copus is Professor of English in St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and is much engaged in mission work in the city and state, besides all his literary engagements.

A Fable for the Times A Millionaire one morning bought a paper from the newsboy who frequented the corner where the rich man's office stood, but found he had no small change in his pocket to pay for his purchase.

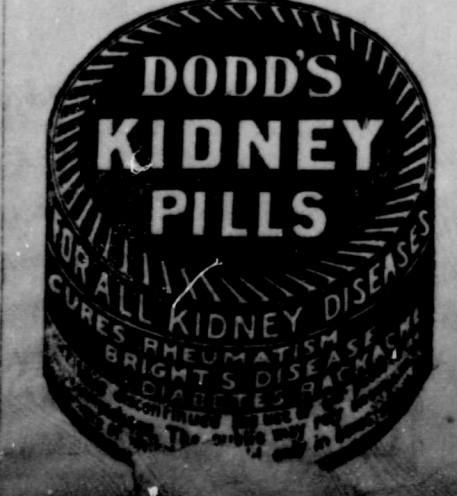
"Never mind, sir," said the boy at once, touching his hat (which was proper) as he spoke, "I'll trust you, sir."

A day or so later the millionaire again saw the boy, and called him. "Here," said he, "I bought a paper from you the other day when I had no change. I owe you a penny."

"Oh, that's all right," came the reply from one who knew something of Wall Street, "keep it for your honesty."

Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue. IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism when drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cures me and thousands of others, saving them over \$1000's of expense. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to shake off their rheumatism.

JAMES L. SMITH, 619 North 3rd St., Milwaukee, Wis.



.....The HOME CIRCLE

A LAUGH'S VALUE.

An eminent surgeon once said: "Encourage a girl to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands the chest and makes the blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh; not to a wide, smuggering laugh; but to one that will sound right through the nose."

THE WEAVER.

I stood in the room of a weaver, Then watching the shuttles fly, And the colors as they blended, Like a rainbow in the sky. His eyes were fixed on the pattern, As he wrought the figure fine, So wonderful in its beauty, So marvelous its design.

How earnestly he is looking; He turns not to gaze away From the figure he is weaving, Or the shuttles in their play. He knows if a thread be broken, Or a color be misplaced, It would mar the costly fabric, And could never be effaced.

I watched, and watched, nor grew weary, And these thoughts came to my mind: That we, all of us, are weavers, And God has made the design; Has drawn a beautiful pattern, For us to work by each day; Is helping us with the shuttles, Is guiding them in their play.

HINTS FOR CAKE MAKING.

A number of would-be cooks do not realize that there is quite as much in not more, in the mixing and baking of cakes as there is in the formula used. Hence if a recipe which sounds reasonable is not a success the first time it should be given a second trial. Flour should be sifted four or five times and then measured. Be sure that the baking powder is a reliable brand and fresh, and use level teaspoonful unless the recipe calls for heaping ones. Have whites of eggs very cold before beating. If they refuse to froth, add a few drops of cold water. The usual method of mixing a cake is to cream butter and sugar together; then add all but one cupful of the flour; then the sweet milk; next the rest of the flour in which has been sifted the baking powder, and lastly, the whites of the eggs and flavoring. There is a great deal of art in beating cake; it should not be stirred, but beaten; bring the batter from the bottom of the bowl at every stroke, thus driving the air into the cells of the batter instead of out of them. Use a wooden spoon and an earthen bowl for mixing. Some prefer to beat the batter with the hands instead of a spoon. It is a good idea to line all cake tins with this brown paper greased with lard, not butter, as the latter burns easily. If cake breaks or cracks in the middle, it has too much flour or is baked too rapidly. Be very careful not to jar a cake or remove it from the oven until it is thoroughly done; test by inserting a straw; or many have learned to tell by putting the ear near the cake. If there is a ticking sound, it is not done; a cake when done will leave the edges of the pan. To test the oven for loaf, fruit or molasses cake, place a piece of brown paper on the grate; if it colors, a light brown the oven is right for baking. For layer cakes and cookies the paper should be a dark brown, as they require more heat.

THE HEART OF A LITTLE CHILD

Many pages in the current magazines are devoted to the subject of child-manchasing, and especially to the much-discussed question of corporal punishment. American parents as a class, do not enjoy an international reputation for docile offspring, and the bugle-note of reform has been sounded. Would it not ring truer if it dealt more with the causes that lead to the faults peculiar to our children and less with the remedies? After all, is not so much discussion as to the mode of punishment useless, since no two dispositions can be dealt with alike, and the wise mother must decide for herself what means of correction she will employ? The best of children have faults that must be eliminated, and if the rod is found necessary, it should be used, but only in grave cases. If our children could be reared in an ideal atmosphere, a happy medium between the overly severe methods of our grandmothers and the overly lax ones of the present day, the difficulties that beset the perplexed parent would be reduced to the minimum. A faithful adherence to higher ideals and simple living would solve the problem of managing children, as well as many others that are vexing modern reformers. The mother, with her multiplicity of affairs, is rushed and overworked until frequently she becomes a nervous wreck. Then she is surprised that her child is cross and excitable, nor does the evil end with the unfortunate heritage to the child. The presence of the irritable mother becomes positively painful to the delicate little creature, and they are better apart than together. To become convinced of this one has only to watch the soothing influence

which a calm, self-possessed person exerts over a nervous child. The cardinal fault in American homes is that children are kept too constantly with their elders and treated too much as one of them. This usually causes premature development which is anything but desirable. The mother makes the mistake of relating all the cute sayings and doings of her two-year-old child in its presence, and then is surprised when, at the age of five or six, the child tries to make itself the center of attraction. Yet who is to blame?

What children need is cheerful, home-like surroundings, good, wholesome, food, simple clothing and healthful, childish sports. Give them a few toys at a time, but do not be too lavish, for it is the experience of all who have carefully studied children, that where they have a great many playthings they cease to care for them. A country child will reap exquisite pleasure from a corn-stalk horse or a squash baby, because it has not been made critical and its capacity for enjoyment dulled by having a wilderness of toys. I like the fundamental idea of kindergarten, which endeavors to correct the fault by trying to inculcate the corresponding virtue. Children may inherit tendencies that are difficult to manage, but at heart they are not bad; it is usually the evil example and mismanagement of their parents that makes them so. If mothers realized more fully their great dignity and responsibility they would feel like fasting in sack-cloth and ashes instead of gossiping and scolding before their children. SERMONS IN STONES. As you build your edifice to-day, put the front door on the avenue of To-morrow, and a few windows in the backyard of Yesterday. Be not a cloy of corruptible iron, when a little charcoal of high impulse and the fire of perseverance will convert you into a bar of durable steel. Solitude, that fair nurse of thought, influences characters as age does wines, ripening the delicate flavors of some and sharpening the vinegar qualities of others. Sorrow, like the thorn piercing the rose, let out the fragrance of a truly noble heart. Vices, like weeds, sprout up at short notice and beget a huge crop from very little nourishment. Make the most of each summer-time of opportunity, birds never return to last year's nests. Do not covet the lot of a prodigal, who, like the summer sun of Norway, has nights and days of glory for a few months; the long dreary winter that follows has very little sunshine, even in the noonday. The bark of a hound is the same in New York as in New Zealand; the mark of a gentleman is the same in the plow field as in the parlor. An ounce of knowledge of yourself is worth a ton of boasting about your great-grandfather. If you wear more honors than your neighbor, remember that the best-loaded tree loses the most fruit in the storm. A man may expect to have his day sooner or later, even if he scores it on the color of his hair. Alphabetical order makes the African first of the human races. In striving to effect your aspirations, imitate gardeners, who prune some of the fruit from the tree to secure a better quality in the remainder. If, at length, you have driven from your character all the alloys, so that only pure gold remains, remember that this, to have its highest worth, must be stamped; and if, on one side, it must show the impress of the world, be sure the upper face bears, in bold relief, the image of the King—Michael Earis, S.J., in the Irish Monthly. Kept Home From School WITH COUGHS AND COLDS, AND PARENTS ARE PROVING THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE POWER OF Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine When grown people neglect their ailments and allow them to develop into serious diseases, they have no one to blame but themselves. With children it is different, because they do not realize the seriousness of a neglected cold nor the means of obtaining cure, and many a child, as he grows older and finds himself a victim of pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, asthma or throat trouble, cannot but see that his parents were responsible for neglecting treatment when his ailment began in the form of a cold. To-day the schools have many a vacant seat on account of coughs and colds, and many children who are there should be at home. What treatment are these children getting? Do their parents realize the seriousness of neglecting to cure a cold? Have they proved the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all kindred ills? Very many have, for there is no preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase are on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store, warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LOST HAIR FOUND.

Mamma and auntie were talking about a friend's beautiful hair. "I wonder which side of the family she got it?" said auntie. "She must have got it from her papa," said little Orville, "for his hair is all gone."

THE HIGHEST MONUMENT.

The Monument to Washington, D.C., is the highest in the world. It is a simple marble shaft, rising 555 feet in the air. The base of the shaft is 55 feet square, and it tapers gradually until, at the 560-foot point, it is 34 feet 5 1/2 inches square. Here the pyramidal top begins and is run to an apex 55 feet above the square masonry. The door at the base opens into a room 25 feet square. At one side begin the stairs, of which there are 50 flights, containing 18 steps each.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

That old classic, "Abou Ben Adhem," was being read in the school-room. "And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest," the teacher finished impressively. A twinkle was plainly visible in the eye of the incorrigible. Well, what do you think of it, Jack? "Dead easy! O' course his name led all the rest if the angel kept the books alphabetically!"—Sunday Magazine.

AN AGGRAVATED ATTACK.

A West Side family in the throes of an afternoon reception. Five-year-old Johnny had been sent to his grandmother's so that he might be out of the way. As the carriages began to arrive, there was a call on the telephone. The mother hurried to the receiver. She heard a small voice at the other end say: "Mamma, is that you?" "It is, boy. What do you want?" "Can't I come home? I'm sick."

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy. "You are too little," said mamma. "Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them." "Well, mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

The fur trader sat on the steamer wharf at Quebec, leaning back on a packing-box. For a moment he looked down at the first sheet of ice that had skimmed the broad St. Lawrence; then he said, "That ice there is about as thick as I was the time I got caught on my first trip north into the barrens." "Another fellow by the name of Andrew Danson and myself had been trading with Indians in British Columbia. We broke camp at the end of the season and started to the nearest settlement, which was ten miles south of us, with a big lake lying between. We found the ice had all gone out, and we couldn't cross on sledges, as we did when we came up. To go around the lake meant a mean journey on account of the marshes. As our provisions were used up and we had already sent our peets out, there didn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't paddle the six miles across. Our outfit was light, and we figured we could reach the other side before dark.

DEAR SIR.—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism.

I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEMONS 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

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CRONIN
Business Manager and Editor.

A BIRD OF FREEDOM FROM MANITOBA.
The "mass meeting" held in Massey Hall on Monday evening resembled the general run of so-called citizens' gatherings of Toronto in its chief feature, viz., the absence of representative and prominent citizens therefrom.

MR. FRANK SLATTERY SPEAKS AT STRATFORD
A magnificent demonstration was held in the old city of Stratford in honor of the Irish National Festival. The chief attraction of the evening was the speech of Mr. T. Frank Slattery of Toronto, on Irish Conditions.

EDITORIAL NOTES
What will the parrot say? Read The Globe to-morrow on the educational clauses.
We reproduce in another column a fairly adequate report of the St. Patrick's Day oration of Mr. T. Frank Slattery, at Stratford, as representing the spirit of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Canada rather than the opinions which Judge O'Neill Ryan expressed in Massey Hall.

not be waged around the educational clauses exclusively.
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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

THE EDUCATIONAL CLAUSES.
As a preliminary to the further progress of the Northwest Autonomy Bills, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on Monday submitted the following in substitution for the educational clauses that have been the subject of anti-Catholic agitation inside and outside the House of Commons since the delivery of the Premier's notable speech upon the introduction of the measures.

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Return of Mgr. Bruchesi
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OBITUARY
FATHER FROC, O.M.I., OTTAWA.
The funeral of the Rev. Father Froc, O.M.I., who died Friday evening at the Ottawa General Hospital, after four days' illness of pneumonia, took place on Monday.

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LIBERAL ORGANIZATION AND THE SCHOOLS
Editor World: In reference to the resolution passed Monday, March 13, by the executive Liberal organization of the central district, City of Toronto, appeared in your issue of March 14 the names of the committee agreeing to the resolution.

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THE RELIGION OF NAPOLEON

As Revealed in Conversations that took Place at St. Helena During his Exile

There has been of late years a remarkable revival of Napoleonic literature, not only in France, but in England and other countries also—coming down to the present hour, when one noteworthy work is just appearing for favor—and this reversion to an old theme has naturally produced a great deal of criticism upon the character of the central figure.

PAGANISM'S HUMAN ORIGIN. One of the staff having spoken of Christ as simply a philosopher, Napoleon immediately corrected his view.

In paganism all is human, imperfect, incomplete, uncertain, contradictory. It is not with metaphors nor with poetry that one explains God, that one speaks of the origin of the world and reveals the laws of intelligence.

There is still another marvel to be noted—"Christ awaited all from His death. Is that the intention of a man? No; on the contrary, it is a strange phenomenon, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality.

Thus was inaugurated a war having a duration of three hundred years. "In this war all the kings and all the forces of the earth were ranged on one side, and on the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; some men scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the cross.

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law was unrecognized, disfigured, modified by egoism and the exigencies of politics. It was tolerated, but not viewed as invested with any character of sacredness.

A THOUSAND CONTRADICTIONS. Then comes this fine passage: "Penetrate into these pagan sanctuaries, and you find neither order nor harmony, but positive chaos—a thousand contradictions, conflicts between the gods, the immobility of scripture, divisions subversive of unity, parceling out of the divine attributes sophisms of ignorance and presumption, profane festivals, the triumph of personal degradation, impurity and abomination worshipped, all kinds of corruption, which do not glorify, but dishonor God."

THE CLAIMS OF CHRISTIANITY. Having thus disposed of the claims of paganism to human belief, Napoleon directs his discourse to those of Christianity. He turns to Christ, in whom he sees nothing of man.

"AWAITED ALL FROM HIS DEATH." There is still another marvel to be noted—"Christ awaited all from His death. Is that the intention of a man? No; on the contrary, it is a strange phenomenon, a superhuman confidence, an inexplicable reality.

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his declarations in respect to Catholicism and Protestantism.

REFUSES TO CALL PROTESTANTS CHRISTIANS.

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"Bells Known 'twe World Wide." The popularity of the Steel Alloy Bell is not confined to this country alone, but to many foreign countries.

Newmarket Notes (Newmarket Express-Herald.) One of the pleasing features in connection with the Conservative convention on Tuesday was the donation of a handsome Irish flag to Mr. T. H. Lennox, M.P.P., by Mr. Danford Roche.

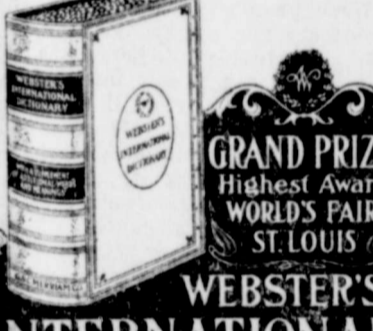
Dear Mr. Allan,—I notice that on Tuesday next, March 14th, Mr. T. H. Lennox, M.P.P., will be at the annual Conservative meeting. May I ask you to favor a few friends of his, who are members of the United Irish League of Toronto, myself among the number, to present to Mr. Lennox this grand old Irish Flag as a souvenir of the "Redmond" meeting at Toronto last fall, and may he live long to fly it.

The "Crick in the Back"—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago, which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable.

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The MARRIAGE MONEY

(By Nicholas P. Murphy.)

Larry, the postboy, having finished his round that fine evening, crossed the stile opposite Dolan's corner and made his way over the fields to the lodge of the "big house."

The lodge was a sacred shrine to Larry, for here lived Celia Harney, who had completely put the "combater" on him several months before. But poor Larry possessed no means for the hire and betocking of a cottage for the reception of the little goddess, and he could only regard the realization of his matrimonial hopes as very remote, indeed. Oh, for a few golden sovereigns, he thought, as he sped along the brown path that gnashed through the meadow. Twenty pouns would do the business. But a thousand, or indeed a million, appeared to him as much within his reach as twenty. It was very hard, very hard, indeed. But gently, Harry, gently; even now, at this moment, there is developing an event that will leave all you care in the palm of your hand.

When he entered the kitchen, he was met by Celia with a demeanor that aroused his curiosity; and not only his curiosity, but a momentary feeling of fear.

"Tis all over atween us," she said, with a dramatic wave of the hand.

Then it was that the fear came upon him. But Larry knew every turn of the precious little body, and when, almost instantly, he caught the merry glint in her eyes, he had no difficulty in realizing that the mischievous Ariel, which lodged somewhere behind those, was at work. He grew reassured, but remained curious.

"What's on ye, Celia?" he asked.

"What's on me, indeed!" disdainfully. "You're very innocent, surely. Come now, answer my question; what have you been doin' to Miss Winifred?"

"Is it Miss Gilray up at the castle?"

"Miss Gilray up at the castle? Oh, dear, the innocence of the poor boy. But that's who I name."

"You must do it," cried Celia, imperiously. "I order ye to do it. I have no wish to make the acquaintance of the hard bones of the road, I may tell ye."

"But what am I to say to her at all?"

"Well, that depends," she replied. She stood reflective for a moment, dipping into her store of novelette lore for information on the point.

"One thing, ye mustn't give in too aisy. They never do that in the story-books. They're always stand off and coy at first."

"Coy, indeed! But how?"

"Why, if she says she's fond of ye, she will, she will, ye must pretend ye're in doubt about it. But hurry, she'll be close here in a minute. Out with ye to meet her."

Thus tyrannically impelled, Larry left the lodge and stood helplessly outside the door. He had the uncomfortable sensation of a bundle of sticks carelessly tied together, the prospect of going to pieces imminent at any moment.

"Don't let on to see her until she notices ye first," exhorted Celia, as a last word of advice. "And mind ye and be coy."

Down the path towards the lodge sauntered Miss Winifred, her eyes bent on the ground. She saw Larry approaching, but made no sign. Larry on his side, fixed his gaze firmly on the hill of Tarlagh beyond far.

When they were near each other the girl looked up with a sudden start.

"Oh, Mr. Glennan! There was a pause and a deep sigh from Miss Winifred. Then: "Let me introduce myself. I'm Miss Gilray. How do you do?" and Larry was receiving a white, soft little hand, which he was clearly at a loss to know what to do with, into his great hand palm. "Are you well?"

"Sorra better," replied Larry, giving his usual answer to the question, and unable to think of anything more elaborate on the spur of the moment.

There was a moment's silence, during which Larry got more bashful than ever. That instant brought him to the top peak of confusion.

"Isn't the weather delightful?" broke in Miss Winifred, awakening out of a sentimental reverie, and deeming it time to say something.

"Sorra better," rejoined Larry, "thinking it wise to stick to an observation that had already passed muster."

They had moved at the opening of the conversation, Larry turning and walking beside her. Truth to say, the little hand had gripped one of Larry's fingers and she was leading him as one would a blind man. They were soon in the shrubbery at the rear of the lodge, where the wall hid them effectively from view of the big house.

Miss Winifred paused.

"Mr. Glennan," she said with a blush, "perhaps Celia has told you what I was speaking to her about."

"Indeed, and she has, miss."

"Don't say miss. Say Winifred."

"Winifred."

"That's better. Isn't it a pretty name?"

"Indeed, and it is, miss."

"Winifred, I do."

"Really, all this is no jest of mine. I do like you. Indeed, I do."

"Ye do in my eye," said Larry, as a specimen of coyness, raising his voice so that Celia should hear.

"Lord save us," muttered Celia, as the remark mingled with the song of birds that flowed through the window in a continuous stream of melody. "Sure, no story-book ever had that sort of coy talk in it, anyway."

"Oh, really I do," persisted Miss Winifred. "From the first moment I saw you I was taken with you. Since then, my affection has grown from day to day, becoming stronger and stronger, till now I really love you, yes, you, and you only."

"You do in my eye," repeated Larry, louder than ever, for Celia's heart.

"Listen to that now, isn't it awful!" said that young lady, despairingly. "The terrible man jugged with the delicate porcelain of romance as if it were wrought iron."

Miss Winifred sighed. "I can see you don't believe me," she said. "But that can't alter the fact that I do really love you. I will try to prove it to you, Laurence. It is Laurence, isn't it?" with a shy glance at Larry. "Yes, I hope to be able to prove that I love you—"



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A loud warning whisper from the end of the house broke upon the interview.

"Your father's comin' down the avenue, miss," came from Celia.

"I must go, in that case," said Miss Winifred, with a sigh. "Good-bye, Laurence—for the present."

Her two hands were left in Larry's, and a very sweet face looked up into his. There is no knowing what Larry would have done under the spell of those eyes, had not Celia, who still stood at the corner, and was closely viewing the details of the incident, thrown out a warning that just reached his ear.

"Now, Larry, be careful. Ye've gone quite far enough."

"Say good-bye, Laurence," pleaded Miss Winifred.

"Good-bye, miss."

"Winifred."

A moment later, Larry was returning alone to the lodge to receive due castigation from Celia for his very meek exhibition of coyness.

When he arrived at the lodge the following evening, he found Celia in a state of great excitement. She thrust a letter and a packet into his hands.

"Open the package till we see what is in it—quick now. My fingers have been itchin' the whole afternoon to get at the inside of it. 'Tis knobby things that's in it. Joolry, I'll hold ye. In all the story-books rich people like herself, that are seized with her complaint, do make presents of joolry. Open it quick—quick."

Larry tore open the covering of the packet and out flowed a stream of sweetmeats. Celia regarded them indignantly.

"This is what I call courtin' on the cheap," she said out of the middle of her disappointment. "If I had the money she has, 'tis joolry and the like I'd lavish on the object of my affections—not chocolate."

"Give her time, the creature," returned Larry, in a mood of indulgence. "This is only a beginnin'."

Ye don't know but it might be a watch and chain next time; mebbe one of them pipes, with the silver top, that I do see with Pat Gill."

"All I have to say is that 'tis a terrible bad start, anyway," returned Celia, filling her mouth with half a dozen chocolate creams. "But what does the letter say?"

Larry passed over the envelope to her.

"Read it you. You can do it better than me."

Celia tore out the missive, rolled the chocolates from the way of her tongue and commenced to read:

"My own dear Laurence— Laurence, indeed! What a big fella she's makin' of ye! Even Larry's too good for the like of ye. But let me go on. 'Since I saw ye yesterday, my heart has been sore and sad and forlorn. I fear you do not believe that I love you. I fear that you are— what's this word at all?—skippilike; s-c-e-p-t-i-e-a-l-i. I wonder what that means, but no matter— that I love you. You do not trust me. Oh, do not faith in me. I do love you. My fears about your mistrust have troubled me greatly. In the silent watches of the night—"

"Begar, there's somethin' about watches there anyway," put in Larry, his interest deepening.

"Ay, but not the ones you name," rejoined Celia. "These are different kinds of watches, poetical watches. But where was I? Oh, ay—in the silent watches of the night, the thought has worried me. But I hope to prove my devotion to you in time—with some thing better than chocolates, I hope—and I am sure I shall be able to convince you. My heart is yours, and yours only. All the evening after I saw you, my heart, when I forgit you from my mind, My eyes are yearning to see you again. I will let Celia know when and where I can meet you in safety. In the meantime, write me a line in reply and intrust it to Celia. Yours, Winifred."

"Bedad, 'tis she can do it well," was Celia's criticism.

"That she can. But tell me what I'm to write back to her."

Celia thrust her hand into a drawer and drew out writing materials.

"Take up the pen there, till we think out somethin'," she said.

Larry was not used to the pen, yet he gapsed it boldly, and croaking his head over the paper, waited for in-

spiration to seize Celia. At length he looked up.

"You're a long time thinkin', Celia," he said. "Supposin' I start off this way: 'I hope you are well as this leaves me at present.'"

This prosy suggestion was doomed to perish under Celia's disdain.

"Oh long with ye," she cried. "As this leaves me at present indeed! I'll go hail, the call without could write as good a love letter as ye. Ye'll start off now with 'My darlin' Winifred,' that's what ye'll do."

Larry settled down manfully to his task. Having made the suggested commencement, he drew up to await Celia's further dictation. Celia was ready.

"My heart does be jumpin' out of my body at the thought of ye," she said, convinced that a love letter could not be too dithyrambic. "Put that down."

"Alanna, shall I say aither that?" inquired Larry.

"The suggestion invoked a storm of contempt.

"Alanna, indeed!" cried she. "Ye'll put nothin' of the sort down. A nice tame love letter 'twould be if left to you. Ye'll put down 'my rajient columbine' aither that."

"My rajient columbine," echoed Larry, as with difficulty he committed the glowing expression to paper.

"I'm eternally thinking of ye, my sweet," went on Celia, with increasing fervor of expression.

"My sweet what?"

"There's no sweet what," returned Celia, tartly. "It breaks off at sweet. Now," warningly, "none of your alannas or ahagurs. Now go on; 'My whole future life will be entirely devoted to you—' and so the precious missive went on to a conclusion.

"Begar, this doesn't read very coy," protested Larry, as he smoothed the blotting pad.

"The time is past now for bein' coy. A nice business ye made of it when ye had it in hand. Oh, by the way, ye must thank her for the sweets."

"Oh, ay," agreed Larry, picking up the pen, and bending anew to his task. "I'll say, 'The sweets are very nice, and if ye have any more of the same sort, ye may as well send them on, because Celia has a great likin' for them—'"

Celia seized his arm.

"Heaven pity me for the gom I've given my poor heart to. Sure, ye'd ruin all if it was left to yourself. Why, if ye said that, she'd see through the whole business at night. Just put down what I tell ye and not a word more."

A few moments later the letter was quite complete and sealed for delivery.

For a while afterwards Larry lived in an atmosphere of choice conjecture, love letters, and stolen interviews, the last of which he would willingly have dispensed with, if permitted. Occasionally, too, he was in receipt of pipes, cigarette cases, and small articles of jewelry. Larry's love tokens to Miss Winifred included a skull, a horse shoe, and several bronze coins, articles of great antiquarian value, which had been brought to light by the plough in the paternal acres.

Presently it became apparent that the infatuation of Miss Winifred was beginning to wear off. This change was coincident with the arrivals at Lisora House, on a visit of a dashing young cavalry officer. Costly presents, such as pipes and jewelry, were entirely discontinued. The packages of sweets became smaller and the chocolates of inferior quality.

Celia was far from sorry at this turn of events. At the commencement of the romance, its novelty had secured her interest. As it progressed, however, she began to dread its consequences.

In the story-books she had read of the powerful effect of gold on the affections. She began to fear that silver-mounted pipes and chocolate creams might possess equally magnetic qualities, and so reduce her hold on Larry's heart. She was, therefore, very pleased when Captain Barclay appeared and blotted Larry out of Miss Winifred's mind.

One day the postboy received a letter from Miss Winifred, in which the young lady expressed a wish to meet him at the usual place in the wood at dusk. It was the first time she had written for a fortnight and Celia wondered what was in the wind.

Larry accepted the interview.

When he returned to the lodge an hour afterwards, he looked well pleased with himself. He produced a canvas bag from his pocket and held it out for Celia to look at.

"What's that?" she asked. Then, without waiting for an answer, "Come 'tis on agin and them are chocolates."

"'Tis not on agin, and these are no chocolates," returned Larry, thrusting the bag into his pocket, and behaving in a way intended to tantalize Celia's curiosity.

"Come now, out with it," cried Celia, dictatorially.

Larry laughed and began.

"When I stood under the ould elm-tree, up she came."

"I want ye to do me a favor, Mr. Laurence," she says. "In a moment of temporary infatuation," she says, "I was swept off my feet and carried away by the excellence of your fetures and the beauty of your form. That's what she said, Celia, as it is the sun in the heavens," as Celia mocked him. "Put," she says, "I think I've made a mistake, and now I find out that though I like ye as a friend, I don't love ye in the proper sense of the word. At that I looked terribly forlorn, although I was real well placed. Ye see, I was workin' out a scheme I've had in my mind for some time back. Well, I hung my head doleful, and she went on, 'Tell me,' she said, 'have ye kept any of the letters I sent you?' 'I have,' I says, 'I kept them to remind me of the happy time we had and we courtin'.' I says, 'my voice quiverin', sorra-like in it.' 'Ye are ye can't mane that it's goin' to be all over with our courtin'.' I says, 'I fear so, Laurence,' she says, 'for I find that I love another.' 'Tis that Captain Barclay, I says, makin' a great show of bein' vexed. 'If I met him, by the powders of way, I'll break every bone in his body, so I will.' 'Don't talk like that,' she says, 'ye must be forgin' and try to forget.' 'Oh, Winifred!' I says, as if heart-broken. 'Ye mustn't say that any more, she says, 'You must call me Miss Gilray from this out. Come, Laurence, if ye give me back the letters, I'll give ye ten pounds.' 'Ten pounds, is it?' I says, and my affections rised? One of them ould judges would give me more than that in one of them

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In silence I must take my seat And give God thanks before I eat; Must for my food in patience wait Till I am asked to hand my plate. I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout, Nor move my chair or plate about. With knife or fork or napkin ring I must not speak, nor must not sing. I must not talk a useless word. For children must be seen, not heard. I must not talk about my food, Nor fret if I don't think it good. My mouth with food I must not crowd. Nor while I'm eating speak aloud. Must turn my head to cough or sneeze. And when I ask say, "If you please." The tablecloth I must not spoil, Nor with my food my fingers soil. Must keep my seat when I have done. Nor round the table sport or run. When told to rise, then I must put My chair away with quiet foot. And lift my heart to God above. In praise for all His wondrous love.

How to Cleanse the System.—Parley's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Some folks seem to be born cheerful and this, in fact, may have something to do with a certain but very small portion of the light-hearted beings in existence. It doesn't make much difference how we are born, or where, so far as our dispositions in life are concerned. We can acquire almost any virtue by applying ourselves to the task.

DUEL BY PROXY

Whinney loved Miss Robins. So did Jackson. Whinney won a prize at golf and was convinced that his victory over Miss Robins was complete, but the next day Jackson won a prize. Also as to which was her favorite no one could determine. Up on both she smiled; to both she held out her hand with equal frankness. Jenkins, a common friend and a shrewd observer, said that a lucky word, a look, a gesture on the part of either one might settle it at any moment. He understood women. The rivals had confided in him and strove accordingly to utter the lucky word, give the lucky look or make the lucky gesture. Jenkins himself was accused of being in love with her, but he denied it with a laugh, though in his laugh there was little mirth.

One afternoon on the golf links Whinney and Jackson refused to speak to each other. If a duel could have been fought with eyes they both would have fallen. "I would rather be her caddy than a king," said Whinney, so that she might overhear him.

"Than a czar," spoke up Jackson, looking far away.

"I didn't speak to you," said Whinney.

"I didn't speak to you," replied Jackson.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Robins, "if you are ill-natured on my account I shall request Mr. Jenkins to take me home."

"Oh, not at all," cried Whinney.

"Oh, not at all," cried Jackson.

How handsome she was in her short skirt, and as graceful as the newest come bird that hops upon the first grass of spring. Surely she was enough to turn the head of any man to make him stake his all upon the chance of winning her love. Jackson had avowed his devotion, and she had listened patiently and smiled sweetly as she declared that as yet she did not know her own mind, and as her heart was companion to her mind, she could not answer. She had listened and smiled and said the same thing to Whinney.

The sun was down and the players and the spectators were leaving the links. Miss Robins' ball was lost, and out in the dusk the two rivals were hunting for it.

"Now don't substitute another ball and swear that you found it," said Jackson.

"Ah, I see you credit me with a deception that is at this moment passing through your own mind," Whinney declared.

"Oh, out with it. Don't let her stand in our way."

"If I weren't afraid that her tender nature would prompt her to take pity on you I would scalp you with a golf stick."

"Ah, when you show her a drop of my blood I will exhibit to her a pint of yours."

"And she would say: 'Oh, you have shed all the blood in the world.'"

"Egotist!"

"Brute!"

"Come, gentlemen, don't quarrel," Jenkins exclaimed, in a voice more than loud enough.

"Jenkins," cried Whinney, "attend to your own business. One would think that you were a peace commissioner appointed by all the powers on earth."

"And when you want to shout," Jackson spoke up, "reserve your strength for an occasion when I am not present."

"Ah," said Jenkins, "so you have both resolved upon insulting me, your friend. You have mistaken my gentleness for timidity. But I want to tell you that I'm as revengeful as—"

"As a snow-bird," suggested Jackson.

"Or a ravenous angleworm," put in Whinney.

"All right, you'll pay for this," and then walking back to Miss Robins he offered her his arm and took her away.

The next morning the two rivals received a copy of the following note: "Gentlemen: You have misunderstood my nature if you suppose that I am only a dove. In my veins flows the blood of the old Vikings, who loved danger and blood. I have often declared that the man to whom I give my hand must fight for me. Hitherto there has been no occasion, but now there is a pressing opportunity. You must fight each other. The battleground shall be the little grassy cove to the left of the golf links, where the two oaks bend over and intertwine their horny figures. There you shall meet to-morrow night at ten o'clock, and with no words, for they might lead to reconciliation, fight with golf sticks till one of you is vanquished. Then let the victor repair to the little church, in sight, which will be lighted up where I shall gladly receive him. From this there is no appeal."

When Whinney read down and grasped the name of the writer, a thrill shot through him. Indeed, he was shot with an icicle several times before he reached the end of the note.

"Why, I'd rather a man would come at me with a scythe. And in his arm that scoundrel Jackson's got the stretch of a mile. I think my forefathers must have been fighting on the sea. I do not want to fight—but I adore her, and something must be done."

But why should not fight my battle for me? Why can't I hire some tramp, and let him go there in the dark and hammer that scoundrel's head into a jelly? I will."

The night came and it was almost pitch dark. On a knoll not far from the two oaks stood Whinney and his tramp. "Now you understand it all, I guess."

"I think I've got it, sir."

"I don't want you to kill him, you understand—but I do want you to make him sore."

"I see, sir. Shall I break one of his arms?"

"Well, yes, his right one. But do not shatter it so it may have to be cut off."

"All right. I'll break it below the elbow, sir."

sticks; but there were no outcries. It was to be a stubborn combat. Whinney heard a footfall on the grass and turned about. "Who are you?" he inquired.

"What, that you, Whinney?"

"Jackson, as I am alive. Yes, it is I."

Jackson laughed. "I thought you were down in the hollow fighting my man."

"And I thought you were fighting mine."

"Well, we've tricked each other. The fact is, I'm too civilized to fight."

"So am I. Listen! they'll crack each other's skulls."

"Let 'em crack. Here comes some one with a lantern—and see, the little church is lighted. Now how are we going to settle it?"

"Let our men decide by their valor."

The combat had ceased and they heard the fighters approaching, and they arrived just as the man halted with the lantern. They were paid and asked as to who was the victor.

"It was a good joke," spoke up the man with the lantern. "I came over to see them fight. My friend Jenkins got the thing up—and see that church lighted over there? He is marrying Miss Robins."

The two tramps grinned in the yellow light. "I guess we hain't done bad," said one of them. "We are pals, you know, and so we sat down and hammered each other's sticks."

Whinney and Jackson reached over and shook hands.—Opie Read in Ten Story Book.

The times call for men—men who are manful, dependable, capable—whom God and men can trust in the dark to fight, or to work, or to be, on and till the morning breaks or the end comes.

The Bright Idea Box

It all grew out of Bessie's coming in from school and throwing herself down on the couch in that dreadfully discouraged fashion.

"Oh, I do wish we could do anything to make the days different!" she cried, digging her nose into the down pillow till a fine dust of feathers flew out and set us all coughing. It's a house where nothing ever happens."

"What would you do to differentiate them, dear?" asked mother, looking up from her sewing.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bessie, a shade less dolefully. "Sometimes I have ideas though. Seems as if there might be ways to get out of the treadmill. Don't you tell me, mother? Breakfast—dinner—supper—breakfast—dinner—supper! The same old round! Sometimes I think I'd live to have it dinner in the morning, just to change the program!"

"It is rather humdrum," said mother, assentingly. "I wonder if you and I couldn't manage to put a bit of freshness and joyousness into it? What do you say to a Bright Idea Box? See! I'll tack this little square box up here on the wall. You go and print a label for it. Then anybody who thinks of a bright scheme for home, fun or frolic drop it in here. Every morning we'll open it and talk it over at breakfast."

The very next morning, almost before the blessing was asked, Bessie hopped up and went fishing in the little white box for "ideas." There were three of them. The first was Bessie's. It read: "Something Nice Under the Pillow."

"Oh, ho! that counts for my orange!" cried Margery, getting up to give her a very sweet and rather sticky kiss, due to the buckwheats and maple syrup. "It's the most beautiful thing to happen! I thought 'bout angels and fairies and brownies, but I never once s'posed 'bout you."

"For this relief much thanks!" laughed mother, appreciatively, holding up the corner of a new kitchen apron, so pretty that she had kept it for breakfast. "I hadn't a whole apron to my back, and I like the idea of having one."

"Say, my jackknife's all right!" called out Jamie, holding up a "three-blader" he had long coveted.

"So is my new magazine!" laughed father, beaming over toward Bessie.

"And, oh, if you could know what I thought when I felt something square and lumpy under my pillow and found it was that lovely 'Mrs. Wiggs'!" whispered dear little Daisy, pale but radiant after her night of backache and no sleeping.

Bessie leaned over and kissed her with a glance of heavenly pity for the poor little crooked back, and then smiled her thanks for appreciation round the table.

"Wasn't it fun, mother?" she said, in an undertone, and mother nodded, but told her to look at the rest of her ideas. The next one read: "Friday Night Home Social."

"What does it mean, mother?" cried Jamie and Margery and Daisy all together, while Bessie looked her questions.

"Just what it says," said mother. "Each one must take charge of it in turn. Next Friday night I'll manage. It will be a corn-popping party, and each person has the privilege of inviting one guest from outside to make it lively."

"Goody!" cried the younger children. "We'll give you each a privilege when it's our turn."

"Thanks!" smiled mamma. "Now, Bessie, you have one more, I see."

"The Game of Good Neighbors," read Bessie. "Yours are blind," she added.

"We had 'bout neighbors in the Sunday school," said Margery between mouthfuls. "There was a man named Smarritum, and he was awful good to a thief that fell down in Jericho."

"Evidently you need to study that lesson over again," said mamma, "but you're 'warm,' little pussy, for all that. In fact, it was the lesson that made me think of it."

"Why, we don't know any thieves!" put in Margery, who was still on the wrong track.

"Well, we know—or could know—a good many people who are as badly off as the poor man who fell among thieves and wanted a neighbor. Do you know what that brick building is across the road?"

"Course! It's an awful asylum!" "Poor little things! I'm afraid it is, to some of them. Did you ever think that what it must be to an orphan and have that for a home? Don't you want—"

"To be a neighbor to an awful asylum!" cried Margery. "Course! I do! Here's two cents, and if it costs any more I will repay you. That's what Smarritum said."

"Crack!" crack!" went the

Sending a Valentine

"I know how we can manage to receive more valentines than the other girls," said Fanny to her girl friend, May Adams.

"How?"

"Why," said Fanny, "send some to ourselves, disguise our handwriting and have the valentines posted in some other place. I don't like to do it very well, though. Oh, if some kind friend would turn up and send us a few more than we expect to receive. Then we would get more than 'them girls.'"

May's face flushed. She stood thinking a moment and said, "Fanny, I'll tell you something if you promise not to tell."

"I won't tell."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly and truly I won't."

"Well," began May, hesitatingly. "I was staying in a small town last winter when St. Valentine's day came around. I bought a few to send to friends. When I was buying them I thought to myself: 'I'll buy a pretty one and send it to myself, and then they will all wonder who sent it to me.' I wouldn't have done it if I thought I would get a pretty one—I knew I would not. I wanted to show off my pretty valentines as well as anybody else. There were five at the place where I was staying. To each I was going to send two valentines in separate envelopes. They all expected a valentine from me, and they knew when I was going to post them. As they did not expect two from me, then they would have to guess which I sent."

"The evening I went to post them I had to wait till the mail was distributed. A boy passed by, remarking in a loud voice at the sight of all my envelopes, 'Somebody's going to get something.' This attracted the attention of a girl that I knew and whom I greatly disliked. Because if one happened to know something that she did not know she'd soon know it. Though she was only fourteen she was a great gossip."

"Hello, May, are you sending away valentines?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What are you sending two valentines to each person for?" Her sharp eyes, having seen some of the names on the envelopes. "Are you going to send me one?"

"No," I replied in surprise.

"Why?" she asked in a hurt tone. "I never thought about it." Why didn't she send me one, I thought. If she thinks it's my duty to send her one I think it's her duty to send me one. Then she began to tell about all the valentines she had received from all her friends, when she didn't have one friend in the place.

"Meanwhile, watching me closely, trying to find out the address on the valentine I was going to send to myself. 'O, dear!' I said, 'I've put one stamp left. Now, I've put one of the envelopes in the box without putting the stamp on. Did you notice which I put in?' I asked.

"The largest one," she replied.

"Rather mean, wasn't she? Just waiting for a chance to find out who was going to get that valentine."

"She might have told you," answered Fanny.

"I asked one of the clerks to give me back the envelope that I didn't stamp."

"That girl was standing right beside me so she could read the name as the girl handed the envelope back to me."

"Oh, May," she cried, "you're going to send it to yourself, just to show people that you got one pretty valentine anyway. I don't have to do that."

"It was a crushing moment, but I answered, 'That is my sister's name.'"

"I saw 'Miss May Brown' on the envelope as plain as I see you," she replied in mocking triumph. I was so angry that I felt like tearing it up."

I wish now that I did. But for my Christian name I could have easily substituted it for my sister Myra's name. And there was nothing to rub it out with in the post office. So I thought I might as well put it in the box again."

"The next day they were trying to guess which valentine I sent. They compared the writing. I was not very good at disguising my writing, and they soon found out that I sent two valentines to each person."

"That morning, when the little boy handed me mine, he said, 'Oh, May sent a valentine to herself!' I denied it and said the writing looked like a friend's handwriting. Every one seemed to believe him, but nothing more was said. I felt awful bad about it and I mentally resolved then and there to never again send a valentine to myself."

"Did that girl ever speak about it afterward?" asked Fanny.

"Yes. One evening Bessie and I met her—that was the name of the girl who lived where I was staying. During the conversation she asked Bessie, 'Did May get any pretty valentines?' 'Yes,' answered Bessie. I pretended that I never heard her. And for one late was kind. She did not say any more about it."

The girls resolved that they would get send any valentines to themselves.

"Perhaps we shall get more than the other girls if we don't," laughed May. "It seems when I try to do right everything comes out right."

"Valentine's day found May very excited. Fanny, Fanny! Just what I was wishing! Those people met last summer and as all those pretty ones! I asked the girls how many they got and we have ten more than they. Aren't you glad?"

"Yes," replied Fanny, "but if we had tried anything mean about it something would sure to have gone wrong. Somehow it always does."

"Katherine Coyne in the New World."

While they were all laughing, mamma got up and drew back the muslin sash curtain. There was a little flattened nose at the pane opposite, and a pathetic little face was peering out and trying to peer in to see what was going on in that happy home dining-room.

"Why, I never thought about them being in lozenges, or—'home-sick!'" said Bessie, in a low voice.

"No," said mother, nodding and smiling sweetly to the sad little face before she turned back to the table.

"We've been selfish. Suppose we try to make the days different for somebody else as well as ourselves, dear."

"We will!" said Bessie, earnestly.

"And I—I feel 'different' already. It isn't humdrum—a bit! I think it's a beau-ti-ful home!"

"I've thought so this long time," said mother, smiling.

The Shamrock

It's a letter from dear Ireland. Oh, what joy it brings to me! For it contains the little plant I long so much to see.

How! there it is as fresh and sweet, As the balmy Irish breeze; In a bed of soft and dewy moss, Enfolded 'tween the leaves.

I know the very place it grew, Where the Barrow runs so bold, Upon its green and verdant banks, 'Mid daisies white and gold.

Sweet memories it always brings Of places where I've been; And days of happiness untold, Where the shamrock grows so green.

I see the rushing rivers, And the lofty mountains grand, And the peaceful, smiling valleys Of my own dear native land.

Oh, yes, I'll proudly wear them, On this festival at least; For his children ever should be glad, On their dear Saint's glorious feast.

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A Mishap

I made a little cake one day, For Dollie and for me; And Nellie, she came to stay With her doll, to our tea.

And puss was curled up in a chair, We didn't see her stir; We dressed our dollies, curled their hair, And never thought of her.

And then we set our table too, With cloth and cups and all, As nice as mamma's ever do, When ladies make a call.

But, oh, that cake! We had cut one, Just one slice, for a test, And what had naughty pussy done But eaten all the rest!

—Good Housekeeping.

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In and Around Toronto THE FORTY HOURS AT ST. PAUL'S.

The Forty Hours opened at St. Paul's at the High Mass on Sunday celebrated at eleven o'clock. A large congregation was present. The celebrant was Rev. Father O'Donnell of St. Mary's, assisted by Rev. Fathers Cantelon and McCabe as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Hand, P.P., who took his text, "Lord it is good for us to be here, from the gospel of the day. The meaning of the devotion about to be inaugurated was given, and the Transfiguration of our Divine Lord on Mount Tabor, as described in the text, was likened to a foretaste of that which would be realized by the just in the Kingdom of Heaven. All were urged to do their utmost to make the time of the Devotion one of special merit; if this were done, what was witnessed by the apostles on earth would be the reward of our glorified beings in the world to come. It was announced that from 2 to 7 p.m. the different societies of the parish would each take an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament; the Sacred Heart League, Altar Society, Societies and St. Vincent de Paul Association were all mentioned in this connection. The Mass of the Angels was sung by the alternate choirs in the loft and sanctuary, the latter composed of about fifty boys from the schools, who did remarkably well. One of the largest parish processions of which our city is capable was formed after the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament was carried through the aisles of the church in the hands of the celebrant, Rev. Father O'Donnell. The procession was more than usually effective on account of the many who took part, in addition to the large number of sanctuary boys and girls of the Holy Angels Sodality and the members of the Children of Mary were all in rank and the smallest of wee maidens in shiny white and with flowers of the different societies. The altars were tastefully arranged and the large number of electric lights was utilized very effectively. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given and the Litany of the Saints sung. The auspicious beginning argued well for the beneficial and well attended continuance of the devotion which was impressively ended on Tuesday evening.

AT THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Church of the Sacred Heart, on King street east, saw the solemn close of its Forty Hours on Sunday evening. Rev. Father LaMarche, the pastor, officiated, and the church was filled by a large and devout congregation. The singing under the direction of Mrs. McKinnon, the organist, whose playing displayed much sympathy and vivacity, was very pleasing throughout, many antiphons and verses not common to the other church being introduced. The O Salutaris sung as a solo by the organ arranged as a quartette by Buhler, were sung with a good deal of artistic taste and devotion. The masterpiece, however, was the Te Deum, which though often given in Toronto by larger and more powerful choirs, was perhaps never sung with finer effect than at the Sacred Heart church on Sunday evening. Every singer sang with certainty and the notes in every instance were modulated in correspondence with the meaning of the words. Listening to the Te Deum as so sung, there was none, not even the most ignorant, but would have fully grasped its significance, would have fully realized that it was meant to be a great and grand psalm of praise to the Almighty.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

One more St. Patrick's Day has been counted, and in passing it leaves with us renewed and loving thoughts of the Green Isle across the ocean. Here in Toronto we welcomed it with a large turn out of the children of Erin and their descendants, in every church and chapel. Our altars had everywhere the Great Sacrifice offered in commemoration of the great Saint whom the day honored, and our organs and choirs vibrated with the music of Ireland, festive or pathetic. Everywhere the little shamrock wickered out from the furs and winter trapping, of the congregation. Very touching, too, were the voices of the children who sang in clear and earnest notes the old time favorite, "All praise to St. Patrick"; in some way not easy to explain the smile and the tear seemed equally blended in the words and tones of the old hymn, and it was noticed that though sung after the mass, a solemn silence remained with the congregation, and none stirred until the first verse had been fully sung. Yes, it was a beautiful anniversary, one in which the sons and daughters of Erin though scattered and distant, will ever respond with the heart's utmost fervor and on every voice and soul will pray "God save Ireland."

HIBERNIANS AT MASSEY HALL.

The greatest demonstration in honor of St. Patrick, from a social point of view, took place at Massey Hall on the night of Erin's patron Saint, when between four and five thousand of Toronto's citizens gathered under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to honor the occasion. In point of numbers the annual entertainment was the finest ever seen in Toronto; every seat was taken, many stood in the aisles, and it is reported that hundreds turned away unable to gain admittance into the hall. The spirit of the night was typified by the festoons of green and white which stretched across the platform, and by the banners and garlands surrounding the scene.

save Ireland," which faced the audience. The boxes, too, had their quota of "the harp of gold on a field of green," and plants and foliage gave the stage a very attractive appearance. A chorus of four hundred school children under the direction of Mr. M. J. Kelly, accompanied on the organ by Miss Angela Tone Breen, opened the evening by singing St. Patrick's Day. In this and their after selections, O'Donnell Abu and the Wearing of the Green, the children sang truly, with good tone and clearness of enunciation, winning loud applause and demanded encores, and it was accorded on all sides that their efforts were amongst the most pleasing features of the evening. Mr. V. J. Leitensner, a popular baritone of Toronto, sang "In sweet Killarney," and the applause which followed bespoke his success. Miss Agnes Curran, who as an artistic singer was undoubtedly the star of the evening, sang Kathleen Mavourneen, and was rewarded by a recall and by a presentation of flowers. In response to the recall Miss Curran sang "Kate Kearney." The next number was the "Lament of the Irish Maiden," by Mr. Frank Cartan, who was accompanied by his sister, Miss Pauline Cartan. This song was very pleasingly sung and Mr. Cartan had to respond to a decided encore. Miss Nellie M. Corbett, who sang the "Dear Little Shamrock," was just recovering from a severe cold and was unable to respond to the recall with which her song was received; she was also made the recipient of a bouquet of flowers. Mr. F. V. McGuire sang the Minstrel Boy and in response to an encore sang "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." Master J. Edgar Glynn, a little lad with a very engaging appearance, sang the Boys of Kilkenny as his first number. This being his first appearance in the big hall, a little nervousness was not at all to be wondered at; nevertheless, he won his way into the hearts of his audience and amid vociferous applause he responded to a recall by singing "I'm Lonely for My Old Kentucky Home." In his second song Master Glynn had found his voice and his bearings, and the words and music rang out pleasingly and clearly in every part of the hall. Miss Mollie O'Donoghue was one of the accompanists. It was a disappointment not to hear Mrs. Annie Hargraves whose name was on the programme, and who last year proved herself an expert in the art of interpreting Irish music. Another disappointment, too, was the absence of the Irish pipes, which it was understood were to have been played by Piper Sullivan. The most looked forward to event of the evening was the oration given between two parts of the musical programme by Judge J. O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis, Mo., who was introduced in most eulogistic terms by the chairman, Mr. J. J. McCauley. The address of the evening was not misnamed when it was called an oration. Judge Ryan possessed a voice of much carrying power; he also proved himself a very virile speaker with much command of language and energy of gesture and interpretation. He declared his audience to be the most "magnificent and inspiring" that he had addressed in the course of twenty years, during which time he had addressed many and in many places. Judge Ryan gave us much of the history of Ireland, and often won warm applause from his audience, but often, times, too, we could not agree with him. For example, some found it hard to believe that O'Connell had fallen behind in the matter of achievement. We preferred our old lessons and impressions, which taught us that he had done more for the Irish people than all others put together; we did not wish our idol shattered and we wished to remember him as the emancipator, the Liberator and the saviour of his people. Then, too, the statement that a "creed makes no nation," even though supported by Davis, is open to the objection of being too sweeping. Though Creed is not the maker it has often a good deal to do with a nation's make-up, and lastly when we were asked to look forward to Ireland as a republic the picture would not come readily. However, Judge Ryan had been invited to express his views and he was within his right in doing so. He was accorded the hearing due to a guest, and though all did not agree with his ideas, he will always be remembered as amongst the orators one has had the privilege of hearing.

The entertainment were Messrs. Frank Fulton, D. A. Phillips, John Hay and H. M. Bennett.

AN IRISH NIGHT.

On Monday evening the regular work of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was laid aside and in honor of St. Patrick the hours were spent with the prose, poetry and music of Ireland. The meeting was held at the home of Miss Ayrmong, who had decorated the rooms with little green flags and several of the members had adorned themselves with touches of the national color. Besides the Association a number of outsiders were present. Twenty-four members in response to the roll-call, contributed everyone her mite, the aggregate consisting in readings, recitations, witticisms, songs, piano and violin selections and an Irish jig, the evening concluding by the company rising and singing "God Save Ireland." It was altogether an informal and most enjoyable event.

DEATH OF REV. FR. LAWLER.

On Sunday, the 19th inst., the death occurred of Rev. Father Edmund Lawler, the pioneer priest of many parts of Ontario, and a missionary whose name was once a loved and familiar household word throughout the entire Province. A life of eighty-eight years, during the last three of which he had been gradually passing from earth, had a peaceful and painless ending on the Feast of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death when with hand but lately raised in blessing the dear ones who surrounded him, with a smile upon his lips and fortified by the Sacraments and last rites of the Church, the soul of Father Lawler passed to its reward. In purple vestments, the chalice in his hands and his biretta lying near, the dead priest lay in his coffin. A spray of violets laid across the casket paid a last tribute to one who had always loved them. Thus his friends saw him as they took a last look and said a last prayer beside his bier. Father Lawler was born in Boston, Mass. in 1818. As his name indicates he was of old Irish Ancestry and was the eldest son of a family of three boys and five girls all of whom he survived. He was named after his uncle Bishop Edmund Burke the first apostolic delegate to Canada. He received his early education in the schools of Boston after which he spent nine years in the colleges of Montreal, making his theology at the Grand Seminary and was afterwards ordained at Kingston by the late Bishop Pheasant. In Kingston, Father Lawler labored for many years, after which he began missionary work in Hastings, and thus entered upon a career of work akin to that of the early Jesuit missionaries, for in the first days of his labors, things were not so now, and the hardships he had to endure are beyond the imagination to those days of every convenience and travelling facility. Coming to Toronto, Father Lawler gave missions in every parish then in the city, and it was only due to ill health that he declined the charge of one of the oldest and largest parishes in Toronto, offered him by his friend, the late Archbishop Lynch. Nevertheless he consented to officiate at the little old chapel of the Grove, and here from very small beginnings developed the now parish of Our Lady of Lourdes. Of late years Father Lawler's only charge was that of Sunday Chaplain to the convent of Loretto on Wellesley Place. In the days of his active life Father Lawler was a distinguished trait of his disposition and his unusually powerful and sonorous voice and this together with the eloquence of his preaching are still remembered by those who then heard him. The last years of his life were spent in the company of his orphaned nieces Miss Lawler and Miss Gertrude Lawler to whom he had played the part of a loving parent, and in the society of his books, with which he ever kept close companionship. Father Lawler never lost a kindly interest in his many friends, and the bright and hopeful temperament which had always been a distinguishing trait of his disposition even in his declining years a pleasing and loving remembrance to those with whom he was associated. During his last hours Father Lawler was attended by Rev. Father Rohleder of the Cathedral and by his old friend, Rev. Father McEntee.

ST. PETER'S.

The Canadian Temperance and Debating Society held a most successful meeting on Wednesday last. Mr. Power presided and Mr. Peter Ryan who was in his best form, delivered an address on the question of Temperance. Dr. McMahon followed in a short speech. Recitations were delivered by Messrs. Morris and Power. The next meeting will take place on the first Wednesday of April.

CELTIC LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Celtic League celebrated St. Patrick's Day by a very successful entertainment in St. Andrew's Hall, which was crowded to the doors. Controller Ward presided and an address on "What Ireland has done for other nations" was delivered by Mr. Claude Macdonell, M.P. In his comprehensive and able address Mr. Macdonell took his listeners to every part of the globe, showing that amongst the most brilliant soldiers, statesmen, orators and men of letters, the names of Ireland's sons had ever been uppermost. Irishmen hold and have held most important positions at the helm of the ship of state in Spain, France, Australia, Russia, Rome, India and America. The names of Swift, Edmund Burke, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Justin McCarthy, Sheridan, Charles Lever, Daniel O'Connell and many others, were cited in support of this statement. In concluding the lecturer foretold the coming of Home Rule in the near future for Ireland. The speaker was tendered a vote of thanks by the Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., M.P.P., seconded by Rev. Father Minehan; Dr. Peattie Nesbitt added his quota of thanks and appreciation. Six young ladies of one family, the Misses Annie, Ada, Mary, Nellie, Kathleen and Vera O'Connor, gave much pleasure by their several musical numbers, while Miss Florence McNeil won encores of praise for her clear, sweet singing; the spiritual interpretations of Miss Mae Dickerson were much appreciated. The other well known artists who added to the success of

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the entertainment were Messrs. Frank Fulton, D. A. Phillips, John Hay and H. M. Bennett.

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

President Roosevelt Entertained

New York, March 18.—With the President of the United States in town and dining at night as the guest of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, the Ancient Order of Hibernians marching in the afternoon in a parade 60,000 strong, and celebrating at night, Lt.-Gen. Neilson A. Miles reviewing the first regiment of Irish Volunteers, commanded by Charles J. Crowley, at Grand Central Palace, and scores of Irish organizations holding banquets and receptions from Coney Island to the northern boundaries of the Bronx, the observance yesterday of the festival of Ireland's patron saint was the most elaborate in the history of the city. President Roosevelt was the guest of honor at night at the 121st annual dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was accorded a flattering ovation by more than six hundred members of the society and its guests, and responded in a notable address. The banquet was given in the golden dining-hall at Delmonico's and annex and both rooms were filled to their capacity. So great was the demand for tickets that the society was obliged to refuse more than 2,000 applications. Immediately back of and above the seat of the President were the Gaelic words "Caed Mile Failte" in letters of fire, signifying "A thousand welcomes." To the right and left of the guests' table were fine medallions of Washington and Roosevelt, illuminated by unique electric effects. The contrast of Washington and Roosevelt was significant. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick entered aimed Washington in 1782 as the general-in-chief of the Colonial Armies. Roosevelt is the first President, as such, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick have entertained, although both Arthur and Cleveland, as ex-Presidents, were guests of the society. Upon the conclusion of his address, President Roosevelt left for the banquet of the Sons of the Revolution at the Hotel Astor. On his arrival there he was received by the guests standing. "America" was sung and then the President was presented with a badge of the society, which he himself pinned on.

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Much information on the subject of immigration was given on Friday afternoon at the meeting of the Associated Charities held in the city hall, when G. B. Smart, head of the Child Immigration Department of the Dominion Government, delivered a very interesting lecture. During the last fiscal year 50,374 of whom 2,012 were juveniles, had entered Canada. The opportunity of hearing Mr. Smart was due to the interest taken in this and kindred matters by Mr. Frank Walsh, Secretary of Associated Charities.

DEATH OF MRS. MULVHILL.

The death of Mrs. Mulvihill, an old and much esteemed resident of St. Mary's Parish, took place at the home of her son, 620 Bathurst street, on the 13th inst. Mrs. Mulvihill was the widow of the late John Mulvihill, engineer, and a long time employee of the G.T.R. The funeral took place from St. Mary's church on Thursday morning to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

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THE LATE SISTER ST. JOHN

Lindsay, March 15, 1905. Tuesday, March 15th, was the first anniversary of the death of the late Sr. St. John of St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay. At half-past seven Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Ven. Archdeacon Casey. The number of pupils who received Holy Communion showed that their beloved teacher was not forgotten. May her teaching and example ever remain in the hearts of her pupils to encourage and support them through life. Requiescat in pace. ONE OF HER PUPILS.

The woman who can make a good pudding in silence is better than the one who can make a tart reply.

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

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(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 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 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 Railroads and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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