

The Catholic Register

SMOKERS
CIGARS 7 Cent Good
Sold for Five
Cents Each.
MY OWN MANUFACTURE
ALIVE BOLLARD
New Store 126 Yonge St.
Old Store 136 Yonge St.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

VOL. XIV., No. 17

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Destruction of San Francisco—A Child of Spain and of the Church—Founded by the Franciscans in 1776—Dedicated to St. Francis—Its Beautiful Location and Magnificent Scenery—Beautiful and Healthy Women and Children—Advanced Municipal Laws—Will Rise Again—A Stronghold of the Irish Race.

I am in sorrow for San Francisco and the State of California. I once knew both well. I made their acquaintance first in the fall of 1870. I was preceded there by a brother, who was one of the Argonauts of 1849, and subsequently by a sister, who went there in 1866, with friends. The remains of two beautiful young sons lie buried in the Oakland Catholic cemetery, opposite the far-famed Golden Gate, and I have therefore a family as well as a general interest in the unfortunate city and country.

I am sorry for San Francisco's fate because in the first place it is the child of the Church, the Franciscans having founded it. I am sorry for San Francisco because it is one of the strongholds of the Irish race in America, where they achieved success and became prosperous. I am sorry for San Francisco because its people are enterprising and great, and as generous as they are enterprising and great.

It is a great community, that of San Francisco. People who go there and reside there for some time grow from common-place people to be giants physically and intellectually. There the most beautiful race of people in the world is to be found. And none are more charitable and ready to extend a helping hand to those who need it. Others, contrasted with the San Franciscans are narrow and contracted mortals. Their stature is increased, mind is expanded and a superior race is brought forth into the world. The Celt flourishes there and leads in the march of civilization.

Let me say something of the topography and scenic surroundings of that great western mart now laid low in ashes and ruins, but which, like the phoenix, will rise again more beautiful and brilliant than before, with the experience and evidence of her present calamity to guide her. I will quote the description given of her by a great British statesman, James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present British Cabinet. It occurs in his great work on "Democracy in America," and to the truth of it I can well testify as no overdrawn picture:

"Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco, either in the beauty or natural advantages of her situation. Indeed there are only two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibraltar—that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. Before you there is the magnificent bay with its far-reaching arms and rocky isles, and beyond it the faint line of the Sierra Nevada, cutting the clear air like mother-of-pearl; behind there is the roll of the ocean; to the left the majestic gateway between mountains through which ships bear in commerce from the farthest shores of the Pacific; to the right, valleys rich with corn and wine, sweeping away to the southern horizon. The city itself is full of bold hills, rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue. Perhaps it is air and light, recalling the cities of the Mediterranean, that make one involuntarily look up to the top of these hills for the feudal castle, or the ruins of the

Acropolis, which one thinks must crown them."

This is very fine and very eloquent, but really there is a great opportunity for descriptive power that might heighten the color of the picture. Across the great bay, between which and the ocean, the Golden Gate intervenes, studded with bold and high islets are the dimpled hills of the Contra Costa, at the feet of which nestle towns and villages which for beauty of contour and the refinement of their people, no ancient Greece nor classic Rome could show an equal. There is Berkeley, the seat of the state university, named after an Irish churchman of fame and learning, who wrote that well-known poem, "Westward the Star of Empire Takes Its Way." At that little city Mr. Douglas Hyde, during the past month delivered one of his enlightening and broadening lectures on the Gaelic revival, and was received with favor and encouragement. And there is Oakland, a city now of about 70,000 inhabitants, which if not as bold in outline and position as San Francisco, has more fascinating charms, with its ever-blossoming exotic shrubs and trees, which make a constant Arcadian summer. Two Hayes of distinction have made this bower of flowers dear to Irishmen—Catherine Hayes, the distinguished swan of Irish song in the early years of the fifties; and "Col. Jack Hayes, the Texas Ranger," who led a portion of the American army through the Halls of Montezuma in 1848. He was one of the founders of Oakland and lived on his ranch in the Foothills. His Irish countrymen when recounting their heroes, hardly ever think of him, although men travelled hundreds of miles to join his "rangers" when going to war with Mexico in 1846. And there is the other beautiful little city of Alameda, not noted for any Irish distinction, but which is a bower of celestial beauty, soft with the fragrance of flowers and the balmy of southern breezes. Then, on the other side of the bay there is Sausalito, San Rafael, hidden among the rose-clad hills and free from the rough winds of the ocean. There, a little further to the west, is the coast railroad, built by Peter Donohoe without the aid of any company, an Irishman born in Glasgow, and full of the enterprise and spirit of the boldest American.

Still further to the northwest is tall Mount Tamalpais, with the sign of the cross cut on its crest by a stroke of lightning and visible for many a mile. Further towards the east but visible from San Francisco and the Bay, is Monte del Diablo in Contra Costa county, from which the streets of San Francisco, with some prominent objects were visible, so clear is the air, although fifty miles distant. This used formerly to be the haunt of wild animals and as some said also of wild men.

I have said nothing of what is to be seen in the country south of the late great city. San Jose, fifty miles away, is one of the prettiest little cities in existence. It was in this city the first legislature of California met and it is full of historic interest. This first legislature is known in California history as "the Legislature of a thousand drinks." It was the first incorporated town in California, under Spanish rule, and here in overland days crowded in many of the earliest immigrants—the Murphys, the Reeds, the Rylands and other noted California Irish families. It was here the first American governor of California lived and became a convert to the Catholic faith and brought the majority of the people of the place with him, including judges, lawyers, doctors and capitalists. There is a beautiful avenue connecting San Jose and Santa Clara, which latter is a few miles further west. Here is located the Santa Clara college of the Jesuits, one of the most efficient schools to be found anywhere. This institution suffered but slight damage from the recent shock. Some few miles to the west of this is the great Stanford University, which suffered to the extent of four millions of dollars. But I might dilate on the beautiful and gratifying gifts of nature long enough to fill a book. Many years ago I was enthusiastic enough to make a book about them, and it was truly a labor of love.

Rudyard Kipling, arriving in San Francisco from India many years ago, recorded in his "American Notes" that San Francisco was a mad city, whose population was made up of perfectly insane people and whose women were of a remarkable beauty. The bustling, active life of men living in that climate—a climate which is stimulating the year round, without any excess of heat or cold—appealed to this dreamer from the lethargic and far Oriental lands. He could not understand at that time the active American temperament. The out-of-door life, possible the year round, the mixture of the races, and the abundance of cheap and nourishing food, have given to the women that physical beauty to which he referred. But physical beauty is not confined to the women alone. I lived once near one of the largest schools of San Francisco and used to delight in noticing the beauty and grace of the school children. And not alone was it physical beauty that they possessed, for they had lovely voices and it was a treat to listen to their singing. As the climate favored physical beauty, I am inclined to think the men were equally favored, if not so noticeably as in the women and children.

San Francisco is a gay city, the people being pleasure loving; and some go so far as to accuse its inhabitants of being an immoral people. Indeed there are those who believe that this visitation of earthquake and fire is a visitation of Providence on the people for their sins. The climate, no doubt, gives rise and prominence to moral imperfections that are constantly cast up to them. They have counterbalancing virtues, however, that are all their own. They are generous to any other people to deserving objects and purposes. Human sympathy ever finds lodgment in the people's hearts. I may instance the case of Dr. Douglas Hyde, who had just come away from there with \$20,000 of money in his pockets for the benefit of the Gaelic League and the building up of an Irish Ireland.

There is nowhere a more public-spirited people than those of San Francisco. There are no people who are more advanced in civic and organic ideas. On January 1, 1900, a new city charter, drafted by a board of its own freeholders, went into effect, and it is considered the most advanced code that is anywhere to be found. It confers upon the mayor large responsibilities as to appointments and the power of removal of executive boards sets up a rigorous civil service system, divorces the city from the State in order to avoid the biennial rapacity of the Legislature, limits taxation to one dollar on the one hundred of assessed valuation, limits expenditures to funds established inviolably at the beginning of the fiscal year, and prevents extravagance by giving the supervisors (aldermen) the power, simply, of raising the revenue, with no power to handle its expenditures. It gives to the people, by a unique feature, the right, by the Initiative and Referendum (borrowed from Switzerland) to legislate for themselves if their local legislative body fails them. This is pure and ultimate democracy, which they are now endeavoring to imitate in Chicago. Great sums of money have been spent for park purposes and their Golden Gate Park was one of the finest to be found anywhere.

The people of San Francisco are great lovers of art and besides purchasing pictures abroad have encouraged native artists more than any other city in America, thus showing tastes akin to the Greeks of old. In their street parades, in their theatres and their picture galleries this taste for art is ever visible. Also in their architecture is the same taste displayed. San Francisco had several beautiful museum parks and it was a great treat to visit Woodward's Gardens, for there were to be seen

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO STREET—TORONTO
Incorporated by the Parliament of Canada, and authorized by its Charter, as well as by Act of Legislature of Ontario, 63 Victoria, Cap. 129, to receive Deposits.

INTEREST 1% 3 1/2 Per Annum Compounded Twice a Year	COMPARE THE FOLLOWING with corresponding particulars of any other Canadian Financial Institution accepting Deposits. Proportion of Cash and immediately available Assets to Amount Held on Deposit. 1 Per Cent. Capital Paid Up.....\$6,000,000.00 Reserve Fund.....\$2,200,000.00 Investments.....\$35,241,114.55	ANY SUM FROM \$1 UPWARDS RECEIVED
--	--	--

recorded in his "American Notes" that San Francisco was a mad city, whose population was made up of perfectly insane people and whose women were of a remarkable beauty. The bustling, active life of men living in that climate—a climate which is stimulating the year round, without any excess of heat or cold—appealed to this dreamer from the lethargic and far Oriental lands. He could not understand at that time the active American temperament. The out-of-door life, possible the year round, the mixture of the races, and the abundance of cheap and nourishing food, have given to the women that physical beauty to which he referred. But physical beauty is not confined to the women alone. I lived once near one of the largest schools of San Francisco and used to delight in noticing the beauty and grace of the school children. And not alone was it physical beauty that they possessed, for they had lovely voices and it was a treat to listen to their singing. As the climate favored physical beauty, I am inclined to think the men were equally favored, if not so noticeably as in the women and children.

San Francisco is a gay city, the people being pleasure loving; and some go so far as to accuse its inhabitants of being an immoral people. Indeed there are those who believe that this visitation of earthquake and fire is a visitation of Providence on the people for their sins. The climate, no doubt, gives rise and prominence to moral imperfections that are constantly cast up to them. They have counterbalancing virtues, however, that are all their own. They are generous to any other people to deserving objects and purposes. Human sympathy ever finds lodgment in the people's hearts. I may instance the case of Dr. Douglas Hyde, who had just come away from there with \$20,000 of money in his pockets for the benefit of the Gaelic League and the building up of an Irish Ireland.

There is nowhere a more public-spirited people than those of San Francisco. There are no people who are more advanced in civic and organic ideas. On January 1, 1900, a new city charter, drafted by a board of its own freeholders, went into effect, and it is considered the most advanced code that is anywhere to be found. It confers upon the mayor large responsibilities as to appointments and the power of removal of executive boards sets up a rigorous civil service system, divorces the city from the State in order to avoid the biennial rapacity of the Legislature, limits taxation to one dollar on the one hundred of assessed valuation, limits expenditures to funds established inviolably at the beginning of the fiscal year, and prevents extravagance by giving the supervisors (aldermen) the power, simply, of raising the revenue, with no power to handle its expenditures. It gives to the people, by a unique feature, the right, by the Initiative and Referendum (borrowed from Switzerland) to legislate for themselves if their local legislative body fails them. This is pure and ultimate democracy, which they are now endeavoring to imitate in Chicago. Great sums of money have been spent for park purposes and their Golden Gate Park was one of the finest to be found anywhere.

The people of San Francisco are great lovers of art and besides purchasing pictures abroad have encouraged native artists more than any other city in America, thus showing tastes akin to the Greeks of old. In their street parades, in their theatres and their picture galleries this taste for art is ever visible. Also in their architecture is the same taste displayed. San Francisco had several beautiful museum parks and it was a great treat to visit Woodward's Gardens, for there were to be seen

things that were instructive and not to be found elsewhere. It is the land of the olive and vine, emblematic of the deeds that are done in that clime.

It will not be now amiss to describe the origin of San Francisco and California. They are the children of Spain and of the church. California was Spanish by right of discovery and possession. It is not an old community by any means. It was Catholic through the missionary zeal of the order of Franciscans, who were the first to enter it, possess it and undertake its civilization. San Francisco is just as old as the American Republic. It was not known before 1776 when the Franciscans set up a cross and took possession of it in the name of the founder of our religion. The Jesuits had established themselves in Lower California, but never attempted any missionary work in Upper California, having been suppressed before they had time to attempt anything in that country. The Franciscans superceded them. A band of them landed at San Diego and vigorously entered upon their work to convert to Christ and civilize the natives, who were red men, indolent, lazy and brutal. This was sometime in the sixties of the seventeenth century. They had the civil support of the Spanish government, which gave them a few Spanish soldiers for their protection. In addition to instructing the natives in the rudiments of religion, they taught them the domestic arts, trade craft and traffic. The missionaries moved along northward in their work. There is a picture somewhere that I have seen of one of those missionaries having a removable bell swung up in a tree, calling the aborigines together to receive their instructions. They built churches and mission buildings, many of which I have seen and are yet standing. That at San Diego was the first; the last at Sausalito, far in the interior, and where the late shock was felt most and was very damaging. Twenty-one in all of those cradles of the faith, were built, when the American invasion in the forties put a stop to the good work. The missionaries at the beginning had an idea that there was a great bay somewhere northward in the country, but they had no exact knowledge of it. The early navigators knew little about it, although Captain Drake (Sir Francis) had wintered near it when intercepting and robbing the Spanish galleons coming from Manila, loaded with the riches of that far away country. After many of the mission houses and churches had been established and given the names of Spanish saints, such as Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, San Diego, etc., the question arose among the Fathers, when they had made their headquarters at San Carlos, near Monterey, where they were to erect a mission in honor of the founder of their Order, St. Francis of Assisi?

Father Junepera Serra, their leader, answered:

"Where St. Francis wants us to erect a mission to his memory he will lead us to the spot. There is a great bay said to exist further north; we will seek that and if a desirable spot is found on its borders and St. Francis approves of it, it will be there. We will send one expedition in search of it as Pious Portala discovered and raised his cross at Monterey, by land, and another by water. So these expeditions were fitted out, with one in charge of Fathers Cambon and Parlon, and the other led by Lieutenant Moraga, a Spanish officer. So they drew their caravansaries along by water and by land; the land party moved along by the valleys of Salinas, Santa Clara and Alameda, in the meantime naming those places, taking the calendar of Saints for their choice of names. The land party found the great bay first, but had to build boats or barges to take them across to the promontory that stood westward between them and the sea—the

(Continued on page 5.)

THE SPRING IN ITALY

The Churches, Palaces and Market-Place of Genoa—A Day at Pisa.

(Elizabeth Angela Henry in the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.)

This Italian seaport city shows to best advantage seen from the harbor and, if it so happens that one's steamer arrives at nightfall, when town and bay twinkle with a thousand lights, the view is doubly charming. Semi-circular in form, a shower of lights falls from the topmost point, a height of over 12,500 feet, to the water's edge, where the big steamers from the North and the West carry the illumination far out into the water. And when morning comes the aspect is no less inviting—a city of sunshine, luxuriant gardens and marble palaces. Even a self-sacrificing group of Portuguese Sisters, who were en route to India to teach and do hospital work, cast longing eyes at "La Superba" as if they, too, wished to tarry within its pleasant quarters.

Just now Genoa is especially gay, because of entertaining the officers of the British Mediterranean squadron, which is anchored here for ten days. A brilliant ball is to be given for them, a repetition of the jolly doings held when Admiral Sigsbee's fleet visited the port a while ago. The American Consul, James Jeffrey Roche, and Mrs. Roche, were the hosts on that occasion, and we can imagine no more hospitable entertainers than the genial Mr. Roche and his charming wife. The Consul's office is the rendezvous of Americans touring Northern Italy, where the last of a long day's quota of callers received the same cordial welcome as does the first. There spoke a true son of Erin when the Consul said, at parting, "Give Ireland my love." She has always had that, Mr. Roche, and your loyalty!

Just now the city is alive with travellers, some returning after wintering in The Riviera, others who are touring Italy before the warm season. You may see them, guide book in hand, wandering about the churches, frequently at unseemly hours when Mass is being celebrated, and abusing by loud whispers and a pushing presence the privilege permitted them of the Open Door. To be sure, it is difficult to visit a church in the morning and not be present when a Mass is in progress, especially at one of the most notable here, the Church of the Annunciation, which has several altars. Its frescoes are exquisite in coloring, yet some of the altars are decorated with hideously colored artificial flowers, when at the door may be had for a few pennies an armful of fragrant roses and dewy violets. This street corner market swings into life at 6 o'clock and disappears three hours later. Flowers and green vegetables alone are sold here, and the bare-headed market women with their red shawls make a pretty study in red and green. About five years ago a fine, modern market building was erected convenient to the business section of the city, and there one may buy anything from a radish to a bolt of cotton.

Genoa's Cathedral, but for its great age (it was founded in the tenth century), will never invite a visitor to enter and pray, so bleak and neglected is the interior. Yet, it contains most precious relics—the chalice from which Christ and His apostles drank, and in which Joseph of Arimathea caught some of the precious blood as it flowed on the cross; also the Zaccharia Cross, which contains that piece of the true cross on which rested the Sacred Head and which was detached by the hands of St. John the Baptist. That Mother Eve is not yet quite forgiven we were forcibly reminded by a refusal to allow women to enter within the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, which adjoins the main altar of the Cathedral. Another custom noticeable in Italy and Spain—men are accorded the privilege of receiving Holy Communion within the sanctuary rail, while women must kneel without—but the latter always outnumber the former. A few steps from the Cathedral is a little church built by the great Genoese patriot, Andrea Doria. His ashes lie buried there and his good sword hangs above the altar.

The Doria palaces and those of many other great dukes of Genoa are no longer occupied by the descendants of the original owners, other cities evidently proving more than attractive for residences. Along one of the principal streets, the via Palli, nam-

ed after a Jesuit, who built at his own expense the handsome University Palace, are a line of ducal palaces. One after the other presents facades that are imposing, while their interiors are a succession of spacious rooms decorated with artistic taste, and beautiful galleries supported by marble columns. Genoa is the city of palaces, all of which are situated on the slope of a high hill. It is this situation of the seaport city which makes it so charming. Looking down from the city's crest we see lovely gardens dropping until they reach the level of the sea.

In the group of fourteen hills surrounding Genoa lies the city's Camposanto, the most beautiful cemetery in Italy. A gallery-like structure of stone and white Carrara marble encloses three sides of an open space, where are buried Genoese of moderate or no means. In the galleries repose men and women who, in death as in life, were among the favored. The monuments are representative of several renowned sculptors, many of whom are buried in the Camposanto. A chapel forms part of the galleries and within its niches are statues designed and executed with artistic and dignified feeling. Yet, after one has duly admired this superb resting place of the dead and then walks out among the green mounds marked by humble crosses, it does seem as if a grave with the soft grass for a cover and the blessed sunshine above were a more welcome place than the marble galleries in which to await the trumpet's call.

One does not wonder at the lavish use of marble in Genoa when he remembers that whole mountains of it are near by, as at Massa on the road to Pisa, where the sound of the marble cutters' chisels may be heard miles away. Even by train it is a delightful journey to Pisa, past numberless little villages and towns with beautiful gardens. One of the prettiest spots is Nervi, where the late Secretary Hay sought a respite from the fatal sentence. The walks in Nervi show a tangle of white, winding through rows of pine black in their thickness. Even in country places are roadways which are avenues, the shade trees, tall, slender pines that branch out like the bowl of a long-stemmed goblet. And as you scan the gardens and fields which have no unsightly fences to mar their sweep, Pisa looms into view, and from the train window you catch the first glimpse of the Leaning Tower.

No one who possibly can avoid it lingers any longer in Pisa than will allow a visit to the city's group of famous buildings, the bell tower, Cathedral and Baptistery. It is such an unattractive looking town and it rains on four days out of seven. But the trio of buildings are its saving grace. Situated on the north side of the slowly-flowing Arno and surrounded by a green meadow, they are well worth spending a day in even a less inviting town than Pisa. We all remember when we were taught to enumerate the Seven Wonders of the World. Here stands one of them, a marble tower of eight stories, the last leaning slightly forward as if in welcome to admiring visitors. At the top hang seven bells, the largest weighing several tons and which is made to hang opposite the overhanging wall of the tower. The Cathedral occupies a central position in the group of three buildings. It was consecrated in the middle of the 12th century and is constructed of the white marble with black and colored bands. Its facade and bronze doors, the latter having representations of scriptural subjects, are magnificent. In the nave hangs a beautiful bronze lamp whose swaying is said to have suggested the pendulum to Galileo.

A short walk and we are at the Baptistery, which is also of marble, and being circular in form, balances the tower on the other side of the Cathedral. In the center is a marble octagonal font, where the children of Pisa are made heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven, and near it stands the famous pulpit by Nicolo Pisano, elaborately decorated with bas-reliefs depicting the life of Christ. Before visitors leave the porter invariably entertains them by running the scale to show off the fine echoing properties of the Baptistery.

It being Sunday afternoon, Pisans were enjoying the weekly drive. The driveway edges the meadow and no more grotesque contrast than the parade with the Cathedral environments can be imagined than was this. Every four and two-wheeled vehicle in town

(Continued on page 4.)

Newer Styles at Dineen's

Visitors to our show-rooms will appreciate the exclusive stylishness of our millinery display.

Our designs in Ladies' Hats have been selected with especial care from the most recent productions imported from Paris, London and New York.

Ladies' Rain Coats and Cloth Coats in the newest effects.

DINEEN

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

BE SURE

and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a

GOOD PAYING POSITION

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodic business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.

Enter any time. No vacations.

Central Business College

W. H. SHAW, Principal
Toronto.



THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Head Office and Toronto Branch:
8 KING STREET WEST

City Branches:
78 Church St. and 522 Queen W.
Open 7 to 9 p.m. Saturdays

Ontario Branches:
Alliston, St. Thomas & Walkerville

Savings departments at all branches. Interest added to account or paid twice yearly. One Dollar starts an account. General banking transacted.

JAMES MASON
General Manager

PENNOLINE

BURNING OIL

Rivals the Sun

Canadian Oil Co. Limited

2-12 Strachan Avenue
Toronto

THE ONE PIANO

That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

MADE BY
Ye Olde Firms of Heintzman & Co.

For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

Phone 3400 - 115-117 King St. W., Toronto

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Of course the night when Joe would ride backward by the side of the chaise, and when Mrs. Varden would insist upon his going back again, was not forgotten—nor the night when Dolly fainted on his name being mentioned—nor the times upon times when Mrs. Varden, ever watchful and prudent, had found her pining in her own chamber. In short, nothing was forgotten, and everything by some means or other brought them back to the conclusion, that that was the happiest hour in all their lives, consequently that everything must have occurred for the best, and nothing could be suggested which would have made it better.

While they were in the full glow of such discourse as this, there came a startling knock at the door, opening from the street into the workshop which had been kept closed all day that the house might be more quiet. Joe, as in duty bound, would hear of nobody but himself going to open it, and accordingly left the room for that purpose.

It would have been odd enough, certainly, if Joe had forgotten the way to open the door, and even if he had as it was a pretty large one and stood straight before him, he could not easily have missed it. But Dolly, perhaps because she was in the flutter of spirits before mentioned, or perhaps because she thought he would not be able to open it with his one arm—she could have had no other reason—buried out after him; and they stopped so long in the passage—no doubt owing to Joe's entreaties, that she would not expose herself to the draught of July air which must infallibly come rushing in on this same door being opened—that the knock was repeated, in a yet more startling manner than before.

"Is anybody going to open that door?" cried the locksmith. "Or shall I come?"

Upon that Dolly went running back into the parlor, all dimples and blushes, and Joe opened it with a mighty noise, and other superfluous demonstrations of being in a violent hurry.

"Well," said the locksmith, when he reappeared, "what is it? eh Joe? what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, sir. It's coming in."

"Who's coming in? what's coming in?" Mrs. Varden, as much as a loss as her husband, could only shake her head in answer to his inquiring look; so, the locksmith wheeled his chair round to command a better view of the room door, and stared at it with his eyes wide open, and a mingled expression of curiosity and wonder shining in his jolly face.

Instead of some person or persons straightway appearing, divers remarkable sounds were heard, first in the workshop and afterwards in the little dark passage between it and the parlor, as though some unwieldy chest or heavy piece of furniture were being brought in, by an amount of human strength inadequate to the task. At length after much struggling and bumping, and brushing of the wall on both sides, the door was forced open as by a battering-ram, and the locksmith, steadily regarding what appeared beyond, smote his thigh, elevated his eyebrows, opened his mouth, and cried in a loud voice expressive of the utmost consternation.

"Damme, if it ain't Miggs come back!"

The young damsel whom he named no sooner heard these words than, deserting a very small boy and a very large box by which she was accompanied, and advancing with such precipitation that her bonnet flew off her head, burst into the room, clasped her hands (in which she held a pair of patten, one in each), raised her eyes devotedly to the ceiling, and shed a flood of tears.

"The old story!" cried the locksmith, looking at her in inexpressible desperation. "She was born to be a damper, this young woman! nothing can prevent it!"

"Ho master! ho mim!" cried Miggs, "can I constrain my feelings in these here once again united moments! Ho Mr. Warsen, here's blessedness among relations, sir! Here's forgiveness of injuries, here's amicableness!"

The locksmith looked from his wife to Dolly, and from Dolly to Joe, and from Joe to Miggs, with his eyebrows still elevated, and his mouth still open. When his eyes got back to Miggs, they rested on her, fascinated.

"To think," cried Miggs with hysterical joy, "that Mr. Joe, and dear Miss Dolly, has rally come together after all as has been said and done contrary! To see them two a-settin' along with him and her, so pleasant and in all respects so affable and mild and me not knowing of it, and not being in the ways to make no preparations for their teas. Ho what a cutting thing it is, and yet what sweet sensations it awoke within me!"

Either in claspin' her hands again, or in an ecstasy of pious joy, Miss Miggs clinked her pattens after the manner of a pair of cymbals, at this juncture, and when resumed, in the softest accents:

"And did my missus think—ho goodness, did she think—as her own Miggs, which supported her under so many trials, and understood her nature when them as intended well but acted rough, went so deep into her feelings—did she think as her own Miggs would ever leave her? Did she think as Miggs, though she was but a servant, and knewed that servitudes was no inheritances, would forget that she was the humble instruments as always made it comfortable between them two when they fell out, and always told master of the meekness and forgiveness of her blessed dispositions! Did she think as Miggs had no attachments? Did she think that wages was her only object?"

To none of these interrogatories, whereof every one was more pathetically delivered than the last, did Mrs. Varden answer one word; but Miggs, not at all abashed by this circumstance, turned to the small boy in attendance—her eldest nephew—son of her own married sister—born in Golden Lion Court, number twenty-seven, and bred in the very shadow of the second bell-handle on the right-hand door post—and with a plentiful use of her pocket handkerchief, addressed herself to him, requesting that on his return home he would console his parents or the loss of her, his aunt, by delivering to them a faithful statement of his having left her in the bosom of that family, with which as his aforesaid parents well know, her best affections were incorporated, that he would remind them that nothing less than her imperious sense of duty, and devoted attachment to her old master and missis, likewise Miss Dolly and young Mr. Joe, should ever have induced her to decline that pressing invitation which they, his parents, had, as he could testify, given her, to lodge and board with them, free of all cost and charge, forevermore; lastly, that he would help her with her box upstairs, and then repair straight home, bearing her blessing and her strong injunctions to mingle in his prayers a supplication that he might in course of time grow up a locksmith, or a Mr. Joe, and have Mrs. Varden, and Miss Dollys for his relations and friends.

Having brought this admonition to an end—upon which, to say the truth, the young gentleman for whose benefit it was designed, bestowed little or no heed, having to all appearance his faculties absorbed in the contemplation of the sweetmeats—Miss Miggs signified to the company in general that 'they were not to be uneasy, for she would soon return, and with her nephew's aid, prepared to bear her wardrobe up the staircase.

"My dear," said the locksmith to his wife, "Do you desire this?"

"I desire it!" she answered. "I am astonished—I am amazed—at her audacity. Let her leave the house this moment."

Miggs, hearing this, let her end of the box fall heavily to the floor, gave a very loud sniff, crossed her arms, screwed down the corners of her mouth, and cried, in an ascending scale, "Ho, good gracious!" three distinct times.

"You hear what your mistress says my love," remarked the locksmith. "You had better go, I think. Stay; take this with you, for the sake of old service."

Miss Miggs clutched the bank-note he took from his pocket-book and held out to her, deposited it in a small, red leather purse, put the purse in her pocket (displaying as she did so, a considerable portion of some under garment, made of flannel, and more black cotton stocking than is commonly seen in public), and tossing her head, as she looked at Mrs. Varden, repeated:

"Ho, good gracious!"

"I think you said that once before, my dear," observed the locksmith.

"Time is changed, is they, mim!" cried Miggs, bridling; "you can spare me now, can you? You can keep 'em down without me? You're not in wants of any one to scold, or throw the blame upon, no longer, ain't you, mim? I'm glad to find you've grown so independent. I wish you joy, I'm sure!"

With that she dropped a courtesy, and keeping her head erect, her eye toward Mrs. Varden, and her eye on the rest of the company, as she alluded to them in her remarks, proceeded:

"I'm quite delighted, I'm sure, to find such independency, feeling sorry though, at the same time, mim, that you should have been forced into submission when you couldn't help yourself—he he he! It must be great vexations, specially considering how ill you always spoke of Mr. Joe—to have him for a son-in-law at last; and I wonder Miss Dolly can put up with him either, after being off and on for so many years with a coach-maker. But I have heard say, that the coach-maker thought twi' about it—he he he!—and that he told a young man as was a friend of his, that he hoped he knowed better than to be drawn into that, though she and all the family did pull uncommon strong!"

Here she paused for a reply, and receiving none, went on as before:

"I have heard say, mim, that the illness of some ladies was all pretensions, and that they could faint away stone dead whenever they had the inclinations so to do. Of course I never see such cases with my own eyes—ho no! He he he! Nor master neither—ho no! He he he! I have heard the neighbors make remark as some one as they was acquainted with, was a poor good-natured, mean-spirited creature, as went out fishing for a wife one day, and caught a Tartar. Of course I never to my knowledge see the poor person himself. Nor did you neither, mim—ho no. I wonder who it was—don't you, mim? No

doubt you do, mim. Ho yes. He he he!"

Again Miggs paused for a reply, and none being offered, was so oppressed with teeming spite and spleen that she seemed like to burst.

"I'm glad Dolly can laugh," cried Miggs with a feeble titter. "I like to see folks a-laughing—so do you, mim? And you always did your best to keep 'em cheerful, didn't you, mim? Though there ain't such a great deal to laugh at now, either; is there, mim? It ain't so much of a catch, after looking so sharp ever since she was a little chit, and costing such a deal in dress and show, to get a poor common soldier, with one arm, is it, mim? He he! I wouldn't have a husband with one arm, anyways. I would have two arms. I would have two arms, if it was me, though instead of hands they'd only got hoofs at the end, like our dustman!"

Miss Miggs was about to add, and had, indeed, begun to add, that, taking them in the abstract, dustmen were far more eligible mates than soldiers, though, to be sure, when people were past choosing they must take the best they could get, and think themselves well off too; but her vexation and chagrin being of that internally bitter sort which finds no relief in words, and is aggravated to madness by want of contradiction, she could hold out no longer, and burst into a storm of sobs and tears.

In this extremity she fell on the unlucky nephew, tooth and nail, and plucking a handful of hair from his head, demanded to know how long she was to stand there to be insulted, and whether or no he meant to help her to carry out the box again, and if he took a pleasure in hearing his family reviled; with other inquiries of that nature, at which disgrace and provocation, the small boy, who had been all this time gradually lashed into rebellion by the sight of unattainable pastry, walked off indignantly, leaving his aunt and the box to follow at their leisure. Somehow or other, by dint of pushing and pulling, they did attain the street at last, where Miss Miggs, all blazed with the exertion of getting there, and with her sobs and tears, sat down upon her property to rest and grieve, until she could insure some other youth to help her home.

"It's a thing to laugh at, Martha, not to care for," whispered the locksmith, as he followed his wife to the window, and good-humoredly dried her eyes. "What does it matter? You had seen your fault before. Come! Bring us Toby again, my dear; Dolly shall sing us a song; and we'll be all the merrier for this interruption!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Another month had passed, and the end of August had nearly come, when Mr. Haredale stood alone in the mail-coach office at Bristol. Although but a few weeks had intervened since his conversation with Edward Chester and his niece in the locksmith's house and he had made no change in the meantime, in his accustomed style of dress, his appearance was greatly altered. He looked much older, and more careworn. Agitation and anxiety of mind scatter wrinkles and grey hairs with no sparing hand, but deeper traces follow on the silent uprooting of old habits, and severing of dear, familiar ties. The affections may not be so easily wounded as the passions, but their hurts are deeper, and more lasting. He was now a solitary man, and the heart within him was dreary and lonesome.

He was not the less alone for having spent so many years in seclusion and retirement. This was no better preparation than a round of social cheerfulness; perhaps it even increased the keenness of his sensibility. He had been so dependent upon her for companionship and love, she had come to be so much a part and parcel of his existence; they had had so many cares and thoughts in common, which no one else had shared, that losing her was beginning life anew, and being required to summon up the hope and elasticity of youth, amid the doubts, distrusts, and weakened energies of age.

The effort he had made to part from her with seeming cheerfulness and hope—and they had parted only yesterday—left him the more depressed. With these feelings, he was about to revisit London for the last time, and look once more upon the walls of their old home, before turning his back upon it, forever.

The journey was a very difficult one, in those days, from what the present generation find it; but it came to an end, as the longest journey will, and he stood again in the streets of the metropolis. He lay at the inn where the coach stopped, and resolved, before he went to bed, that he would make his arrival known to no one, would spend but another night in London, and would spare himself the pang of parting, even with the honest locksmith.

Such conditions of the mind as that to which he was a prey when he lay down to rest, are favorable to the growth of disordered fancies, and uneasy visions. He knew this, even in the horror with which he started from his first sleep, and threw up the window to dispel it by the presence of some object, beyond the room, which had not been, as it were, the witness of his dream. But it was not a new terror of the night; it had been present to him before, in many shapes; it had haunted him in bygone times, and visited his pillow again and again. If it had been but

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs, which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effectual remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Berwick, N.S. writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

an ugly object, a childish spectre, haunting his sleep, its return, in its old form, might have awakened a momentary sensation of fear, which, almost in the act of waking, would have passed away. This disquiet, however, lingered about him, and would yield to nothing. When he closed his eyes again, he felt it hovering near, as he slowly sank into a slumber, he was conscious of its gathering strength and purpose, and gradually assuming its recent shape, when he sprang up from his bed, the same phantom vanished from his heated brain, and left him filled with a dread against which reason and waking thought were powerless.

The sun was up, before he could shake it off. He rose late, but not refreshed, and remained within doors all that day. He had a fancy for paying his last visit to the old spot in the evening, for he had been accustomed to walk there at that season, and desired to see it under the aspect that was most familiar to him. At such an hour as would afford him time to reach it a little before sunset, he left the inn, and turned into the busy street.

He had not gone far, and was thoughtfully making his way among the noisy crowd, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning, recognized one of the waiters from the inn, who begged his pardon, but he had left his sword behind him.

"Why have you brought it to me?" he asked, stretching out his hand, and yet not taking it from the man, but looking at him in a disturbed and agitated manner.

The man was sorry to have disobliterated him, and would carry it back again. The gentleman had said that he was going a little way into the country, and that he might not return until late. The roads were not very safe for single travellers after dark, and since the riots, gentlemen had been more careful than ever not to trust themselves unarmed in lonely places. "We thought you were a stranger, sir," he added, "and that you might believe our roads to be better than they are; but perhaps you know them well and carry firearms."

He took the sword, and putting it up at his side, thanked the man and resumed his walk.

It was long remembered that he did this in a manner so strange, and with such a trembling hand, that the messenger stood looking after his retreating figure, doubtful whether he ought not to follow and watch him. It was long remembered that he had been heard pacing his bedroom in the dead of the night; that the attendants had men-tioned to each other in the morning, how fevered and how pale he looked, and that when this man went back to the inn he had observed in this short interview lay very heavy on his mind, and that he feared the gentleman intended to destroy himself, and would never come back alive.

With a half-consciousness that his manner had attracted the man's attention (remembering the expression of his face when they parted), Mr. Haredale quickened his steps; and arriving at a stand of coaches, bargained with the driver of the best to carry him so far on his road as the point where the footway struck across the fields, and to await his return at a house of entertainment which was within a stone's throw of that place. Arriving there in due course, he alighted and pursued his way on foot.

He passed so near the Maypole that he could see its smoke rising from among the trees, while a flock of pigeons—some of its old inhabitants, doubtless—sailed gaily home to roost, between him and the unclouded sky. "The old house will brighten up now," he said, as he looked towards it, "and there will be a merry fire-side beneath its ivied roof. It is some comfort to know that everything will not be blighted hereabouts. I shall be glad to have one picture of life and cheerfulness to turn to, in my mind!"

He resumed his walk, and bent his steps towards the Warren. It was a clear, calm, silent evening, with hardly a breath of wind to stir the leaves, or any sound to break the stillness of the time, but drowsy sheep-bells tinkling in the distance, and, at intervals, the far-off lowing of cattle, or bark of village dogs. The sky was radiant with the softened glory of sunset; and on the earth, and in the air, a deep repose prevailed. At such an hour he arrived at the deserted mansion which had been his home so long, and looked for the last time upon its blackened walls.

The ashes of the commonest fire are melancholy things, for in them there is an image of death and ruin—of something that has been bright, and is but dull, cold, dreary dust—with which our nature forces us to sympathize. How much more sad the crumbled embers of a home, the casting

down of that great altar, where the worst among us sometimes perform the worship of the heart, and where the best have offered up such sacrifices, and done such deeds of heroism, as, chronicled, would put the proud temples of old Time, with all their vaunting annals, to the blush.

He resumed himself from a long train of meditation, and walked slowly round the house. It was by this time almost dark.

He had hardly made the circuit of the building, when he uttered a half-suppressed exclamation, started, and stood still. Reclining, in an easy attitude, with his back against a tree, and contemplating the ruin with an expression of pleasure—a pleasure so keen that it overcame his habitual indolence and command of feature, and displayed itself utterly free from all restraint or reserve—before him, on his own ground, and triumphing then, as he had triumphed in every misfortune and disappointment of his life, stood the man whose presence, of all mankind, in any place, and least of all in that, he could the least endure.

Although his blood so rose against this man, and his wrath so stirred within him, that he could have struck him dead, he put such fierce constraint upon himself that he passed him without a word or look. Yes, and he would have gone on, and not turned, though to resist the Devil who poured such hot temptation in his brain, required an effort scarcely to be achieved, if this man had not himself summoned him to stop, and that with an assumed compassion in his voice which drove him well-nigh mad, and in an instant routed all the self-command it had been anguish—acute, poignant anguish—to sustain.

All consideration, reflection, mercy, forbearance; everything by which a goaded man can curb his rage and passion, fled from him as he turned back. And yet he said, slowly and quite calmly—far more calmly than he had ever spoken to him before:

"Why have you called to me?"

"To remark," said Sir John Chester with his wonted composure, "what an odd chance it is, that we should meet here!"

"It is a strange chance."

"Strange? The most remarkable and singular thing in the world. I never ride in the evening; I have not done so for years. The whim seized me, quite unaccountably, in the middle of last night. How very picturesque this is!" He pointed, as he spoke, to the dismantled house, and raised his glass to his eye.

"You praise your own work very freely."

Sir John let fall his glass, inclined his face towards him with an air of the most courteous inquiry, and slightly shook his head as though he were remarking to himself, "I fear this animal is going mad!"

"I say you praise your own work very freely," repeated Mr. Haredale.

"Work!" echoed Sir John, looking smilingly round. "Mine! I beg your pardon, I really beg your pardon."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Haredale, "those walls. You see those tottering gables. You see on every side where fire and smoke have raged. You see the destruction that has been wanted here. Do you not?"

"My good friend," returned the knight, gently checking his impatience with his hand, "of course I do. I see everything you speak of, when you stand aside, and do not interpose yourself between the view and me. I am very sorry for you. If I had not had the pleasure to meet you here, I think I should have written to tell you so. But you don't bear it as well as I had expected—excuse me—no, you don't indeed."

He pulled out his snuff-box, and addressing him with the superior air of a man who by reason of his higher nature, has a right to read a moral lesson to another, continued:

"For you are a philosopher, you

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

know—one of that stern and rigid school who are far above the weaknesses of mankind in general. You are removed a long way from the frailties of the crowd. You contemplate them from a height, and rail at them with a most impressive bitterness. I have heard you."

"And shall again," said Mr. Haredale.

(Continued in next issue.)

CANCER OF THE BREAST.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word philosopher.

Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to tell.

"Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher.

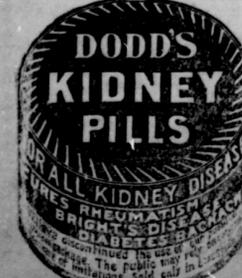
"A man what rides a philosophed," was the little girl's answer.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE EASTER BONNET.

A new-born April chicken— Such a cunning little fellow! Came hopping out on Sunday In a downy coat of yellow.

His tiny, fluffy noddle— Had an egg-shell cocked upon it. "Oh!" cried the laughing children, "He has on an Easter bonnet!" —Holiday Magazine.

April THE RESURRECTION 1906. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and descriptions of religious events like Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday, Easter Sunday, Low Sunday, and Second Sunday After Easter.



Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs, which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs, which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

.....The HOME CIRCLE

APPEAR AT YOUR BEST.

To be well and becomingly dressed does not necessarily mean a large outlay of either time or money; neither does it call for the latest "creation" of style or material. Often, the simplest and most inexpensive materials, made up with regard to the suitability of style, color and fabric, adaptation to the figure and to the age, are the most becoming and effective. A simple five-cent calico or lawn can be made into a very dressy and becoming garment, while a bit of lace or linen about the neck, and a touch of color at the throat, combined with dainty personal cleanliness, will make the plainest of women attractive. Do not be in too big a hurry to "dress according to your age" for one will grow old fast enough, and it is just as well to hang on to a remnant of youth as long as one can, even if one has to resort to simple artificial means to accomplish it. Personal cleanliness is an adjunct to good looks above everything else, and a woman should give proper attention to this feature. It is all nonsense for a woman to claim that she is "too old," or too poor, or too overworked to care for her personal appearance. She should resolve not to grow old, not to be too poor to use soap and water and a wash rag, or an emollient for the cleansing of the face, neck and hands, or for the proper dressing of her hair. She should take as her right, a few minutes every day in which to properly attend to her toilet, and learn to regard a pleasing personal appearance as much of a necessity as the getting up of the family meals. This duty she owes to herself.

COMPLIMENTS TO IRELAND.

Ireland is rejoiced at Princess Ena's promise that part of her wedding trousseau shall be supplied by the Royal Irish Industries association. The future Queen of Spain has shown excellent taste, for although the sunny country in whose ruling she is about to share is famous for its lace, Ireland yields place to none in this particular industry. It is well known that the future queen of Spain has excellent taste in dress, and there are many conjectures as to what dainty novelties will distinguish the royal outfit. Princess Ena has paid the pretty compliment to the country of her adoption of having her wedding gown of cloth of silver made in Spain, but the remainder of the trousseau, outside that made in Ireland, will be designed and executed by Mme. Lambert of Hanover square. "Needless to say, Princess Ena is very particular," said Mme. Lambert yesterday. "She realizes that her costumes will awaken a vast amount of criticism, and for England's sake she wishes Spain to be impressed. "I have made Princess Ena's dresses since she was a little girl, and she has always delighted in the daintiest gowns. "It is impossible so early in the day to describe the designs for the trousseau. I can only say that everything will be made by hand, and trimmed with real lace. "We are designing and making ball dresses, day dresses, and handkerchiefs, and there will be a large assortment of lovely tea gowns and morning robes." Princess Ena has a girl's natural love for "frills and furbelows," and Mme. Lambert understands her taste to a nicety.

FACTS ABOUT FRUIT.

Fruit should only be eaten very moderate quantities by people of nervous temperament and those inclined to skin eruptions. In illness accompanied by heat and fever no solid food should be taken, but juicy fruits are beneficial. Fresh fruit, if used when thirst

arises, takes away the desire for alcohol.

Canned fruits, such as apricots, peaches, etc., are much improved in flavor if, after being taken from the can, they are placed in a saucepan and allowed to boil for two minutes without stirring.

The contents of a fruit can which shows a bulge should never be used. Fruit salads should not be allowed to stand long before being served, as many fruits quickly become discolored after being cut.

When making jam pour a small quantity of the syrup in the bottom of the jar in which it is to be kept before putting in the jam. It will prevent air-bubbles forming.

Before sealing the jar, stir the fruit carefully to allow the air to escape. Uncooked figs, although alone not a cure for constipation, are a good appetizer.

Apples are particularly wholesome for "gouty" people and those with a sluggish liver.

The juice of a lemon, without sugar, in a tumbler of water, night and morning, is an excellent remedy for biliousness.

Rhubarb should not be eaten by "gouty" or rheumatic people.

Pears will keep for a long time if cut in halves and dried slowly in the oven. They can be stewed like ordinary dried fruits when required.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Here is a little dance drill which brings into play nearly every muscle in proper harmonious relationship to every other.

It is taken to waltz time. Start with good standing position, hands on shoulders and elbows in a line with them, chest well up and out, head held easily with eyes looking straight ahead.

Now on I. slide the right foot diagonally to the right, bending the left knee. II. slide it back in a straight line till the heel of the right foot is directly in front of the toe of the left, at the same time rising to the tips of the toes. III. sink, still on the toes, bending the knees as far as possible, which positions requires self-control and poise. I. rise to full height on toes. II, sink to position. III. arms at side. Without doubt this is one of the best exercises in the whole category, and although it is a bit difficult and awkward to master, its results amply justify the time spent in its practice.

AN EXAMPLE IN ADDITION.

"What are you doing, Reginald?" asked Reginald's wife, as she saw him lay down the two-year-old and take up the twin babies, who were crying like good ones. "Only an example in addition, my dear," he responded, wearily. "I don't understand." "I put down one and am carrying two, that's all," and he began the midnight walking match.

THE EPITAPH OF SARAH JEMPSTER.

"Here lies a poor woman who always was tired, She lived in a house where help was not hired; Her last words on earth were 'Dear friends, I am going Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing; But everything there is exact to my wishes, For where they don't eat, there's no washing up dishes. I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing, But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me ever, I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

GET RID OF ROUND SHOULDERS

Round-shouldered, flat-chested people can become straight and symmetrical if they will go about it right. Standing upright and extending the arms on either side as far as possible and rotating them in large circles vigorously, will help to strengthen the shoulders. Raising the hands above the head as far as they can be stretched, and breathing a deep breath of air, and still another breath and another, simply packing the lungs with air, will soon round out and expand the chest. Stretching the hands out on either side of the body as far as possible, and well back, till the shoulder blades almost touch, then rotating the arms in very small circles, will help very much to straighten the shoulders. What the round-shouldered, flat-chested person needs is to brace up, get some thought of energy and animation into the body. A stoop-shouldered, flat-chested person almost invariably indicates a purposeless life, lacking in ambition and void of energy. Brace up. Put the shoulders where they belong, expand the chest by breathing deeply and fully of fresh air all the time. Get out of the lazy, souchy habit of letting your shoulders drop in an ungainly posture. Throw out the arms and swing them in large circles, around, while the chest is held well up. A normal position of the body means always that the chest is in the lead. Round shoulders and flat chest make not only an ungainly figure, but such a position cramps the lungs and depresses them and robs them of the pure air that is so necessary to health. Go outdoors. Expand the chest. Breathe in great, deep draughts of pure, fresh air. Swing the arms, limber up the muscles, exercise the body, and by bringing it back to a normal shape, health, strength, vigor and energy are sure to come.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE MISCHIEVOUS CRICKETS.

Three little crickets, sleek and black, Whose eyes with mischief glistened, Climbed up on one another's back And at a key-hole listened.

The topmost one cried out, "Oho! I hear two people speaking! I can't quite see them yet, and so I'll just continue peering."

Soon Dot and Grandma he could see— Tea party they were playing; And as he listened closely, he Distinctly heard Dot saying:

"This pretty little table here Will do to spread the treat on; And I will get a cricket, dear, For you to put your feet on."

The cricket tumbled down with fright; "Run for your life, my brothers! Fly, fly!" He scudded out of sight; And so did both the others. —Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.

MR. BUSHEL'S HOSPITALITY.

Four brothers by the name of Peck, (All Mr. Bushel's kin), As often as one desires it, Are taken by him in.

Eight sisters, the Misses Gallon, When the four Peck brothers are out, In Mr. Bushel's quarters, Have room to move about.

Thirty-two cousins, the Quarts— ah, me!

What will Mr. Bushel do? Politely and open he smiles and says, "I'm alone, so there's room for you."

A jingling crowd—the sixty-four Pints To shelter them, no fun! Mr. Bushel laughs, "I'm empty now, Walk in, come every one!"

Two hundred and fifty-six baby Gills, The tiniest friends and shy— "Can we all come in?" Mr. Bushel replies, "I can hold you and not half try."

A jolly fellow to entertain all, This Mr. Bushel must be! He takes them only one group at a time— And each group makes him, ye see!

A GUESSING CONTEST.

(Western Watchman). Here is a new guessing contest that ought to please the younger readers of the department and make the older ones put on their thinking caps. At the top of slips of paper write "The Islands We Visit" and give the following list of questions, withholding the answers until after the contest: What islands are always to be had at picnics and quick lunch counters? Sandwich Islands. What island is always verdant? Greenland. What island is a bright English coin? New Guinea. What island is recently discovered? Newfoundland. What island offers plenty of frozen refreshments? Iceland. What island is always wrathful? Ireland. What island offers a very poor beverage in place of the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate? Hayti. What island has in its name a very inhospitable greeting for ships that come into its ports? Ceylon (Sailon). What island is rough and unrefined? Corsica. What island should contain plenty of small canned fish? Sardinia. What island is a pine tree? Cypress. What island should maiden ladies visit? The Isle of Man. What island is named as a forfeit or present? Philippines. What island has many driveways? Isle of Rhodes. What islands take the form of small birds? Canary. What island is six-sided? Cuba. What island has the greatest length? Long Island. What island in former times received

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER SHOULD READ THIS

SHE WAS CURED OF FEMALE TROUBLES BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Made a New Woman of Her and she Blesses the Day She First Heard of Them.

Newmarket, Ont., April 23.—(Special.)—The case reported below is another of the many thousands of instances of Dodd's Kidney Pills coming to the rescue of weak, suffering women. Mrs. M. Doner, of this place, says:

"For more than three years I suffered from weakness and female troubles brought on through my kidneys failing to act properly. I was bothered with a pain in the small of my back, headaches, dizzy spells, heart flutterings, depression, loss of sleep, poor appetite and a terrible dragging sensation as if a weight was fastened round my loins. I tried doctors and took all kinds of medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good. Then a neighbor told me of Dodd's Kidney Pills and advised me to try them. I did so and after taking six boxes I am entirely cured."

ed many fabulous heads? Block Island.

What island is a prey for hunters? Fox Island.

What group of islands have a pleasant breeze? Windward Islands.

What island is justly feared for its jumping and kicking? Kangaroo Island.

What island makes good things to eat? Cook Island.

What island should we look to for wisdom? Solomon Islands.

What islands are not intended for week day use? Sunday Islands.

A miniature globe or a toy ship will make a suitable prize.

COURTESIES TO PARENTS.

Parents lean upon their children, and especially their sons, much earlier than either of them imagine. Their love is a constant inspiration, a perennial fountain of delight, from which other lips may quaff, and be comforted thereby. It may be that the mother has been left a widow, depending on her only son for support. He gives her a comfortable home, sees that she is well clad, and allows no debts to accumulate, and that is all. It is considerable, more even than many sons do, but there is a lack. He seldom thinks it worth while to give her a caress, he has forgotten all those affectionate ways that kept the wrinkles from her face, and made her look so much younger than her years; he is ready to put his hand in his pocket to gratify her slightest request, but to give of the abundance of his heart is another thing entirely. He loves his mother? Of course he does! Are there not proofs enough of his filial regard? Is he not continually making sacrifices for her benefit? What more could any reasonable woman ask?

Ah, but it is the mother-heart that craves an occasional kiss, the support of your youthful arm, the little attentions and kindly courtesies of life that smooth down so many of its asperities and make the journey less wearisome.

THE LATE PLOVER.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and Uncle John was obliged to drive out to his farm. "Would you like to come with me, Teddy?" he asked, as the horse was brought round to the door. "Yes, sir!" Teddy answered, eagerly. "I just guess I would." The sun was bright, and the country road was green and sweet with delightful odors, and Teddy trotted around in the fields like a young colt. Uncle John was driving along home at a smart trot, when all of a sudden he stopped the horse quickly and cried out: "Teddy, do you see that?" And there, right under the pony's feet almost, were a whole family of little plovers.

Teddy was so delighted that he could scarcely speak. The tiny birds were just as quiet as could be, because their mother had taught them not to make a noise when any danger came near them. But they were dreadfully frightened, for you see they had been nearly run over. "You may get out, Teddy, and run along the road for a short distance," said Uncle John. And then Teddy saw that the little plovers were not alone, but that their father and mother were with them. The minute Teddy's feet touched the ground the old birds began to make a fuss. Probably they thought he was a cruel, bad boy that was coming to steal their birdies. The mother "cheeped" and all her little family followed her into the grass at the roadside, but the father bird ran along in front of Teddy, back and forth, and seemed to want the little boy to play with him. "Try to catch him, Teddy," he said. Teddy tried, but found it was not an easy thing to do. It was queer, too, for the plover dragged one wing along in the dust, and seemed to be quite lame, but just as soon as the little boy would get near the bird and think he could put his hand on it, he would find it was a little ahead of him all the time. He followed it along the road for three or four minutes, Uncle John driving slowly after him, till all of a sudden, when the father plover thought the mother bird had had time to get their we family through the fence into the field and to hide them safely in the long grass, he rose straight up into the air, and away he flew back to them before Teddy had time to think. "Wasn't it too bad to fool a boy

like that," Uncle John said, as Teddy climbed back into the buggy. "You see the father bird was only pretending he was lame, so you would think you could catch him, and then, while you were chasing him, he knew the mother plover would be hiding the little ones. If you were to go back now you couldn't find them anywhere." "Oh," said Teddy, "but I wouldn't have hurt them. Why did they want to hide from me?" "Well, you see," said Uncle John, "they don't know you had an Aunt Anna, who has taught you to be kind to every living thing." "That's so," said Teddy, soberly, and he wondered if he would ever know as much as Uncle John did.

The Need of Water-drinking

A well-known nerve specialist has said that "all neurasthenics (that is people with unhealthy nerves) have desiccated nerves and suffer from an insufficiency of fluid in the tissues of the body." It is probable that we all, in more or less degree, even when not conscious of any definite symptoms, are suffering in some part of our system for the lack of enough fluid, and especially of enough pure, cool water.

We know that so nicely is the human body adjusted and adapted to its uses that one part cannot suffer without all suffering. If the nerves are desiccated, or dried through the lack of fluid, then it is certain that other tissues are also suffering from the same lack, and that the wheels of the wonderful machinery are being clogged by reason of waste matter which is not washed away.

We see by this that water does for us a three-fold service. It feeds, it washes, and it carries away the cinders of the body furnace, and through the want of it we are exposed to many and great dangers. The tissues become too dry, the blood is thick and its flow sluggish, and the retained waste of the body sets up a condition which the doctors call "auto-intoxication," or self-poisoning. This condition may give rise to almost any known symptom, from a pimple to heart failure, and is really responsible for most of the semi-invalids with whom the world is largely peopled.

To obtain the best results from water-drinking certain rules should be observed. People do not all need the same amount, and it may take a little experimenting to find out just how much should be taken in individual cases. It has been stated by some physicians that five or six pints should be taken during the twenty-four hours. Of this only a moderate quantity should be taken with the meals. It is a mistake to take no water with a meal, but it is perhaps a greater mistake to wash food down with water, especially with ice-water.

The best time for water-drinking is at night and early in the morning. It is well to form the habit of slowly sipping, during the bath and while dressing, two or three glasses of cool—not ice-cold—water. Two or three more may be sipped at bed-time, and again two or three glasses an hour or two before luncheon and before dinner. In a very short time the value of this habit will become apparent in the resultant general improvement in digestion, temper and appearance.

Conditions in Famine-Stricken Japan

Two letters from Japan have lately been received by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, one from Father Marnas, dated from Sendai, in the heart of the famine district, and the other from the Bishop of Hakodate, who is now in Europe gathering alms and whose diocese comprises the three afflicted provinces. They write:

"Three districts in northern Japan, Iwate, Myagi and Fukushima, comprising in all a population of 2,821,837 inhabitants, have been made desolate by the most cruel famine experienced in the last sixty years.

"The calamity is such, especially in Myagi, that a local paper goes so far as to say that the sentence of death has been passed on the people of the district, words strictly true as the writer says, 'on one-third of the population. In fact, out of a population of 900,000, at least 280,000 are reduced to the last straits, and have no means of subsistence if

That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. GIN PILLS cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the Kidneys.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, St. Cloud, Minn. June 29th, 1905.

I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day. I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills I have a very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclosed please find money order for \$1.00 for which send me two boxes of Gin Pills. FATHER BONIFACE, MOLL, O.S.B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. —THE BOLE DRUG CO. Winipeg, W.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, pure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the bowels, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costed Tongue, Water Brash, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Flat Breaks. Mrs. B. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

help does not soon reach them. "The official returns will give some idea of the present misery to which hundreds of thousands are exposed—a condition, which, unless relieved, must continue through the spring and summer, until the new harvest.

"The district of Myaggi is by far the most severely afflicted. The usual rice harvest here yields about 12,000,000 yens (a yen is about fifty cents). This year it yielded only twelve per cent. of this return. This means a loss of more than 10,000,000 yens, and is indeed "the sentence of death hanging over the heads of a quarter of a million people."

The writer describes similar conditions in Iwate and Fukushima, giving statistics and adds:

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges Catholics to subscribe to the relief fund. Offerings may be forwarded to the general director of the Propagation of the Faith, 627 Lexington avenue, New York, N.Y.

Latest in Stamps

The Italian Government is issuing what might be described as military picture stamps. Each regiment of the Italian army is provided with a special stamp for the use of the soldiers belonging to it. The designs are, of course, all different and of the most varied nature. Thus, on one appears the name of a colonel of the regiment, on another a design of rifles supporting the Royal arms. The military district of Ivrea has a stamp on which is a view of the town of Ivrea; on that of Milan is a representation of a military council; on that of the Twenty-second Regiment of Cavalry are the arms of Catania with the regimental motto. On the regimental stamp of the Sixth Bersaglieri are the notes of the regimental bugle-call and motto.

A Protestant Protests Against Infamous Inventory

In connection with the unwarranted and infamous inventory now taking place in the churches of France, the following story illustrative of the justice and nobility of a Protestant, the Baron d'Este, is told:

"The other day the inventory was taken in the little village Church of Billere, almost a suburb of Pau, the Winter station in the Pyrenees so much frequented by the English. The Church and presbytery lie on the side of a smiling little hill, overlooking the English golf ground and the vast plane of the Gave. To protest against the odious and sacrilegious proceedings the faithful were assembled in the Church—the Catholic gentry, the peasantry and the working people. The Government's agent pursued his task while the faithful were engaged in prayer. Suddenly a tall gentleman, of military appearance, in top-boots, riding-whip in hand, rose quietly and approached the agent: "Pardon me, sir, but may I ask to what religion you belong?" "I," replied the police-agent confusedly, "I am a Catholic." "And I," continued the gentleman, "I am a Protestant, but I have come here to tell you that the act you are performing at this moment is an act shameful for you and for those who have ordered it."

"But who are you that you question me thus?" "I am the Baron d'Este." "I shall insert in the official report (procès-verbal) the words you have just used." "Yes, sir, that is my wish, and not only do I wish it, but I insist upon it!" Thereupon the treasury agent dictated to his secretary: "M. le Baron d'Este said: 'The act you are committing is shameful.' "Add "and ignominious," said the Baron d'Este, and then, his protest made, he left the little Church."



A Burning Sensation.

JOHNSVILLE, New Brunswick. For over six months I could hardly sleep and had a burning sensation in my feet, that would go through my whole system. I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The burning sensation is entirely gone and I can sleep well. I will never be able to praise this remedy enough for what it did for me. Mrs. JOHN MALOY.

PERTH, Ont. I am taking great pleasure in informing you that I have had a good sale of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results in every case. I further beg to say that your Tonic has worked wonders, and is getting a great name in this locality. Ship me another lot of the Tonic early in January. F. L. HALL, Druggist.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL Co., LTD., MONTREAL.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

Subscription rates: In City, including delivery \$1.50; Outside points \$2.00; Foreign \$3.00.

Office - 117 Wellington St. W., Toronto Telephone, Main 489.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates

Transient advertisements 15 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1906.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The Church, being mother of wisdom, is ever imparting lessons to her children. She never loses an opportunity. Adversity and prosperity, youth and age, health and sickness, cradle or grave—all the circumstances and vicissitudes of life afford her subjects for instruction. Every day she would make a feast at which we might satiate our soul with the knowledge of things eternal.

It is right and proper that this dear Queen should have a month for herself, when we might more freely dwell upon her many privileges and go to her with our wants. It is right, also, that we as subjects of this heavenly Queen should bring all our filial affection as a tribute to her.

When we look back to those dark days, And think about their fiendish ways, It makes our very blood to boil, And moves the Orangeman loyal.

Criticism and curiosity are naturally out of place in the presence of genius. All the same we must confess to a suppressed wish that the sense of the stanza was more complete. To what was the Orangeman moved, or how was he moved. To prove the need of boiling loyal vigilance, however, which is the price of excluding the "Roman band" from getting any sort of a show in the departments, the poet's reflections do not in any sense fall short of definite and positive conclusion.

"We can't see that there's any need For those men of a different creed, When our freedom it was brought so dear To have any special privileges here."

That settles it. It is all so delightfully clear to the poet and to the editor that a few stanzas are consecrated to mutual congratulation: "The Sentinel is the only paper That can see through this misty vapor. And send to all a warning note, And teach the people how to vote."

ORANGE GRATITUDE TO THE WHITNEY GOVERNMENT.

The Orange Sentinel is delighted with the "vigorous protest" of the Catholic Register against the treatment of Catholic officials by the Whitney Government. It has reprinted our article with approval—not ap-

proving the grounds of the protest, of course, but the fact of the protest. It is a great day for the Orange Sentinel when Catholic office-holders are catching it. And the Orange organ is at pains to impress upon Mr. Whitney the political value to his party of the widespread publication among Orangemen of the Catholic Register's article. This is candor to the extent of thinking out loud. But surely a just conception of the Orange point of view calls for a special word of congratulation to the Catholic supporters of the Whitney Government in the Legislature upon their admirable capacity for taking it lying down.

Then again, lest there should be any possible room for feelings other than of keen satisfaction on the government side over what is happening to Catholic office-holders, the Orange Sentinel publishes what it declares is a return of the religion of the employees of the Dominion Government Printing Bureau. More than half the hands in the printing office at Ottawa, it is alleged, are Catholics, and it is implied that as long as the disparity is maintained at Ottawa the Whitney Government cannot make too many Catholic office-holders in Toronto squeal, or make them squeal too loudly. If the Orange Sentinel's statistics are as strained as its notions of operating the spoils system, nothing more need be said of one or the other.

But more thorough work, it would appear, remains to be done by the sectarian spoilsmen in the Queen's Park. The Orange Sentinel would have them understand that Catholic office-holders are denying their religion for the sake of hanging on to their jobs. We quote from the Orange organ:

"It has been difficult in the past to obtain returns through parliament showing the exact condition of affairs in the departments, for when enquiry is made in order to prepare such returns, many employees who are Roman Catholics say they have no religion and consequently are counted as Protestants."

They have no religion "and consequently are counted as Protestants." Let us hope that so extraordinary a condition of things cannot be continued under the vigilant takers of the religious census of the departments for Mr. Whitney.

The present outlook is one truly satisfying to the Orange Sentinel. What has been gained is but an earnest of what can be gained if the members of the Orange order stand more closely together. The Orange Cabinet Minister on the inside and the Orange heeler on the outside, should be pretty radical reformers of the civil service.

Under all the circumstances we offer no apology to our readers for reprinting a few extracts from the Orange Sentinel's official muse, inspired to a burst of song by Mr. Whitney's "fairness to the Protestants of this country." The pen is headed "An Orangeman's outlook." The prologue which is scriptural compares Gideon of old to a modern leader (obviously Mr. Whitney.)

To lead his people to the fold, There are a few passing thoughts upon King William and the Boyne, all in the style of the following perfect nugget of pure poetic gold:

"When we look back to those dark days, And think about their fiendish ways, It makes our very blood to boil, And moves the Orangeman loyal."

Criticism and curiosity are naturally out of place in the presence of genius. All the same we must confess to a suppressed wish that the sense of the stanza was more complete. To what was the Orangeman moved, or how was he moved. To prove the need of boiling loyal vigilance, however, which is the price of excluding the "Roman band" from getting any sort of a show in the departments, the poet's reflections do not in any sense fall short of definite and positive conclusion.

"We can't see that there's any need For those men of a different creed, When our freedom it was brought so dear To have any special privileges here."

That settles it. It is all so delightfully clear to the poet and to the editor that a few stanzas are consecrated to mutual congratulation:

"The Sentinel is the only paper That can see through this misty vapor. And send to all a warning note, And teach the people how to vote."

Mr. Whitney is to be congratulated upon having so clear-visioned a political mentor close at hand. The vote cannot go wrong when poetry keeps the enthusiastic gratitude of the boys at boiling pitch. The Catholic followers of Mr. Whitney in the Legislature will also be kept quiet by such ministrals. With them it is a clear case of obedience to the order "Crop-pies lie down."

THE PURITANS.

Amongst the papers read at the Educational Association held in this city during the Easter vacation, was one entitled "Europe and America" by Professor Dale. It was addressed to the historical section, and it dealt with the two continents from the historical point of view. This at least is the assumption, though the reports were too meagre to give us a satisfactory outline of the arguments advanced. Two conclusions are thus enunciated by the Professor: "Religion was the centre, the core of the history of both continents. The English Puritans were the first to substitute 'libertas' for 'imperium.'" Such wide inaccurate generalization should not be allowed to go without question. Religion has played a large part in the history of Europe and even America. It has no more been the maker or unmaker of nations than it can be credited with building the wall of China. So far as America is concerned it was rather the initial point of history's curve than the centre of turning events. Neither Canada nor the United States has witnessed serious religious wars. The war of independence which started the republic and the civil war which sealed it were, neither of them, religious in any sense of the term. Maryland Catholics fought side by side with New England Puritans in the contest against England. And today the battle-fields of the South shelter alike in their never-to-be-forgotten graves, brave Irish Catholics and Yankee Protestants. In saying this we do not forget that religion has acted a considerable part in the social fields. Battles have been fought in which "not a gun was heard." Hardly a generation has passed without religious persecution. The anti-Catholic wave in the fifties was no less a war than in any other contests. Nor did the later form of the so-called American Protective Association assume a peaceful character, or tend to either extend liberty or cement union. These facts prove one part of the statement attributed to Prof. Dale, but they disprove the other. They contradict him when he says that the English Puritans were the first to substitute liberty for empire in religion. The history of those Puritans almost from their first landing at Plymouth Rock, proves that the only liberty they understood was to do as they liked and persecute every one who differed from them. They were not without their virtues, and great virtues which are still the inheritance of their descendants. They were courageous, industrious, enterprising and religious in their narrow way. Persecution did not turn them from their purpose or danger terrify them. But they were narrow-minded and exclusive. No sooner had they established themselves in the new world than they started to establish odious religious tests, to persecute, to hang, to burn, and to enact as barbarous a set of laws as can be found in any legislative history, the Blue Laws. Washington Irving tells us that "they employed their leisure hours in banishing, scourging or hanging divers heretical Papists, Quakers and Anabaptists," for daring to abuse the liberty of conscience which they now clearly proved to imply nothing more than that every man should think as he pleased in matters of religion, provided he thought right, for otherwise it would be giving a latitude to damnable heresies." We fail to see that this is either equality or liberty. How far the Puritans inserted religion at all into the constitution of the United States is also difficult to see. If education according to conscience is a test, then they did not admit it at all. No; do they admit it at the present time. So far as the puritanical spirit has shown itself in history and in nation building, it has taken the very opposite position claimed for it by Prof. Dale. The only liberty it has practised is that of might, in crushing those who held other opinions. The only equality it has fostered is absolute inequality. One thing more, its spirit has provided that republics are as liable to encroach upon liberty and equality as an empire or a monarchy. We hope that Prof. Dale will read other sides of Puritan history before addressing Ontario teachers again—and we advise him to be more accurate in his philosophical conclusions, and even in his classical antithesis. Libertas is by no means the contrast of imperium.

THE LAST COMBINE.

What is the world coming to? The nurses of the province are forming a combine with full legal rights, a titled association and power to examine, grant degrees and fine recalcitrants. Surely combines are bad enough down town where health and strength may struggle against them, or at least not be handicapped in their contest. To transfer the combine office to the sick-room is the limit of social endurance. Let us explain. A bill was introduced on March 1st in the local Legislature entitled "An Act respecting the Graduate Nurses' Association." The objects and powers of the Association are set forth in the third clause: "The Association may promote and increase by all lawful ways and means the knowledge, skill and proficiency of its members in all things relating to the profession or calling of nursing, and attending under the direction of a qualified medical practitioner, sick, wounded, injured or diseased persons, and maternity cases, and to that end may establish training schools, classes, lectures and examinations, and generally prescribe such tests of competency, fitness and moral character as may be thought necessary or expedient to qualify for admission to membership, and may grant diplomas and certificates of efficiency in any branch of the said profession or calling of nursing and attendance." These are sweeping powers. Why the Legislature should deem it necessary to give any association such a lever we do not see. Every association will strive by lawful means to advance its interests. It is entirely uncalled for that a Provincial Government should give its imprimatur to an extensive use of "lawful means," as we have in this instance. We have several objections. We object to the principle of the bill. We object more strongly to the covert attack which it makes

EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

During the greater part of last week this Association held several sessions with papers and addresses upon various subjects. The field they covered was nearly as extensive as the field untrod. Languages, old and new; sciences, physical and domestic; history and hygiene were only some of the topics whose lurid light their authors cast upon the mental vision of the learned listeners. Just think of a long address upon the Psychology of Spelling—and that during va-

cation time. It is the only time its writer could get in a word on psychology. The programme of the schools admits nothing so serious. We are not sorry that this is the case; because if it were taught it would be a false system, gross materialism or evolution. But psychology of spelling is a harmless novelty, homeopathic psychology with orthographic trimmings. Since psychology is not taught in the schools, we think this paper ought to have been ruled out of order. Let that pass. We are concerned about the omissions as well as the commissions. We did not see any paper treating upon the necessity or method of teaching virtue of politeness. These are certainly necessary subjects, too, which ordinary scholars need nowadays, and of which they possess a meagre supply. True, these belong to the moral, more than to the intellectual, phase of culture. But the scholar cannot be divided. There is too much specializing in education—not enough unification. One man teaches Latin, another teaches mathematics, and so on. No one interferes with the other; each of them gets as much work out of the scholar as possible upon his particular subject. The school board does not pay any specialist in virtue or politeness. These subjects are not on the examination list. They are left, therefore, to be taught by those at home. But co-education and lax discipline at school interfere too much with the austerity of the family hearth, where all is not known. What is the result of the system in public and high schools? It is more humiliating to conceive than edifying to describe the manners and conduct of young people nowadays. Without reverence or restraint they too plainly show the complete want of that modesty which is the external and appropriate mark of true interior virtue, as they show the utmost disregard for politeness which is the charming expression and observance of charity. Complaints of these deplorable results appear from time to time. But few lay the blame at the right door. When children are not taught to revere God, when God and the things of God form not a great part of their education, when His law is never a subject of their mind's thought or heart's affection, we cannot expect that these young people will show consideration for their elders or superiors. On the contrary trained as they are to despise the past and to use pippant speech so readily they look upon themselves as the superiors and upon the old folks as anything but subjects of regard. This will continue. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit. In a system of godless education there will ever be a cankerworm. And a system which goes so much into specialism fails in the development and unification of character. We have specialists for science, religion, rectitude or even politeness.

Chevalier John Heney

The veteran chevalier, John Heney of Ottawa, one of the most picturesque and admired figures in the Dominion's capital, has now entered upon his eighty-sixth year. Hale and hearty after watching for eighty-five successive rounds the course of the sun in the heavens, this venerable and esteemed citizen of Ottawa may hopefully wait for many more years the reward of an active and regular life spent in the interests of all that is good. The story of Ottawa's Grand Old Man is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, the work he has done in the cause of temperance, in the cause of Ireland, and in that of the Church, are all before the people; it is not necessary to repeat them here; for us there only remains to offer congratulations and hope that many years may yet be added of continued health and well-doing.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Collins (nee Ferrett) came to Toronto, Canada, about 30 years ago, with her husband and children from Tufton street, Westminster. Any information as to her whereabouts is earnestly sought by her cousin, Mrs. E. Herbert, 14 Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, London, Eng., or by the Catholic Register, Toronto.

Miss Beck and Miss Coffey Made Presentations

At Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Miss Beck of Edmonton, and Miss Coffey of Montreal, were the happy actors in presentations to Prince Arthur, the former presenting a sheaf of roses and the latter a picture, both of which were graciously received.

Letters From Elizabeth Angela Henry

Many readers of the Catholic Register will read with interest the second letter of Elizabeth Angela Henry, who is now in Italy writing a series of descriptive articles for the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo. From the first article on the Alhambra which we re-produced, the name of the writer was inadvertently omitted. As Miss Henry is well known in Toronto where she resided for some years, her letters will receive a welcome in many homes.

Mr. Lynett's Death

After an illness extending from the 12th of November last, Mr. David Lynett passed away Saturday night, April 14th, a few minutes before midnight, on the farm on which he was born. Deceased had been an active man for many years in this section, and will be greatly missed. For the past fifteen or sixteen years he was a member of the Richmond Hill Board of Education, for six years he sat on the East York License Board, and he was a past president of the Richmond Hill and Yonge St. Agricultural Society. Deceased was a good committeeman and any work entrusted to him would not be neglected. The funeral to the Thornhill Cemetery Tuesday was largely attended, the cortege of vehicles being unusually long. High Mass was commemorated in the church and an impressive service conducted by the pastor, Rev. Father McMahon, and Rev. J. R. Teffy. Besides a widow, an aged father, and several brothers and sisters, deceased leaves a family of four sons and four daughters. R.I.P.

THE SPRING IN ITALY

(Continued from page 1.) took part in the parade, motors and bicycles sandwiched between, and all going at as rapid a rate as possible. Spectators lined both sides of the road, hugely enjoying this open-air vaudeville entertainment. When the line of carriages was most congested upon the sidewalk came a funeral procession. The coffin was carried and preceded by a priest bearing a crucifix, and nuns and monks with lighted candles. The mourners followed the coffin, and as it was carried past, every head was uncovered, excepting where here and there stood some disrespectful foreigner. At 6 o'clock the crowd of spectators made its way to the broad street by the side of the Arno and there, until nightfall, they formed another avenue of people and watched men and women promenading up and down Genoa, Italy.

upon our existing institutions. Throughout the province there are several hospitals in charge of religious communities whose well-being is seriously threatened by this novel association. Are those communities to enter this Association? If they do apply, then a council of nurses is going to sit in judgment upon their "fitness and moral character." If the communities do not apply then the bill leaves them out in the cold. What chance now will they have for training nurses? Whatever improvement either in the qualifications or standing of nurses may be proposed let our communities share in them. They are devoted, unselfish, successful. They, wherever they have institutions, win and hold the public confidence not only of their co-religionists but of unprejudiced non-Catholics. Why is the Legislature going to deal them a blow which will knock the life out of them? We protest against it, and call upon our people to close their serried ranks in protest. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. That is our motto.

Chevalier John Heney

The veteran chevalier, John Heney of Ottawa, one of the most picturesque and admired figures in the Dominion's capital, has now entered upon his eighty-sixth year. Hale and hearty after watching for eighty-five successive rounds the course of the sun in the heavens, this venerable and esteemed citizen of Ottawa may hopefully wait for many more years the reward of an active and regular life spent in the interests of all that is good. The story of Ottawa's Grand Old Man is known throughout the length and breadth of Canada, the work he has done in the cause of temperance, in the cause of Ireland, and in that of the Church, are all before the people; it is not necessary to repeat them here; for us there only remains to offer congratulations and hope that many years may yet be added of continued health and well-doing.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Collins (nee Ferrett) came to Toronto, Canada, about 30 years ago, with her husband and children from Tufton street, Westminster. Any information as to her whereabouts is earnestly sought by her cousin, Mrs. E. Herbert, 14 Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, London, Eng., or by the Catholic Register, Toronto.

Miss Beck and Miss Coffey Made Presentations

At Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Miss Beck of Edmonton, and Miss Coffey of Montreal, were the happy actors in presentations to Prince Arthur, the former presenting a sheaf of roses and the latter a picture, both of which were graciously received.

Letters From Elizabeth Angela Henry

Many readers of the Catholic Register will read with interest the second letter of Elizabeth Angela Henry, who is now in Italy writing a series of descriptive articles for the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo. From the first article on the Alhambra which we re-produced, the name of the writer was inadvertently omitted. As Miss Henry is well known in Toronto where she resided for some years, her letters will receive a welcome in many homes.

Mr. Lynett's Death

After an illness extending from the 12th of November last, Mr. David Lynett passed away Saturday night, April 14th, a few minutes before midnight, on the farm on which he was born. Deceased had been an active man for many years in this section, and will be greatly missed. For the past fifteen or sixteen years he was a member of the Richmond Hill Board of Education, for six years he sat on the East York License Board, and he was a past president of the Richmond Hill and Yonge St. Agricultural Society. Deceased was a good committeeman and any work entrusted to him would not be neglected. The funeral to the Thornhill Cemetery Tuesday was largely attended, the cortege of vehicles being unusually long. High Mass was commemorated in the church and an impressive service conducted by the pastor, Rev. Father McMahon, and Rev. J. R. Teffy. Besides a widow, an aged father, and several brothers and sisters, deceased leaves a family of four sons and four daughters. R.I.P.

THE SPRING IN ITALY

(Continued from page 1.) took part in the parade, motors and bicycles sandwiched between, and all going at as rapid a rate as possible. Spectators lined both sides of the road, hugely enjoying this open-air vaudeville entertainment. When the line of carriages was most congested upon the sidewalk came a funeral procession. The coffin was carried and preceded by a priest bearing a crucifix, and nuns and monks with lighted candles. The mourners followed the coffin, and as it was carried past, every head was uncovered, excepting where here and there stood some disrespectful foreigner. At 6 o'clock the crowd of spectators made its way to the broad street by the side of the Arno and there, until nightfall, they formed another avenue of people and watched men and women promenading up and down Genoa, Italy.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism. COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (Maple Leaf Label) Absolutely Pure COWAN'S MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE ICINGS, Etc. Used in Every Household.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 QUEEN ST., W. CHALICES CIBORIA OSTENSORIA

Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSIONS Supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West, Toronto

Dolatoes 26 KINDS THE ELDERADO POTATO The World's Wonder absolutely bright, and disease proof, sold in 1901, 14 lbs. for \$7.00, in 1904, 14 lbs. \$1.20, 35 lbs. one for \$30.00, producing that year 24 lbs. of which 100 potatoes weighed over 100 lbs., and grew from stock imported in 1902 from originator at cost of \$15.00 per lb. For \$1.00, no grower can afford to miss this disease proof and most wonderful cropper. Get List, also Star, Mexican Beauty, Gold Gem, Cobber, etc. 25 kinds. STRAWBERRY PLANTS SMITH BROS., also 80 kinds, \$1.50 per 1000 up. CINCINNATI, OHIO. \$250 EACH Box D7

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S ALE Peerless Beverage

COSGRAVE'S X X X PORTER For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

BELLS Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillsboro, O.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY Church Bell and Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only THE W. VANDUZEN COMPANY Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. Established 1877

A TRIUMPH OF ART in laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without tearing, fraying, ripping off of buttons; starching not too little or too much, ironing without scorching, or otherwise ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub. If your friends can't tell you about our work, phone us. We'll call for and deliver the goods and our way of doing up things will tell for itself.

New Method Laundry Limited 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO PHONE—MAIN 4546 and MAIN 3289

The Mother of Princess Ena Becomes a Catholic

Manchester, April 22.—The New York Herald's correspondent cables as follows: The Daily Dispatch is informed that next month Princess Henry of Battenberg will enter the Roman Catholic Church.

Foresters at St. Helen's

At the nine o'clock Mass at St. Helen's on Sunday the C.O.F. received Holy Communion in a body, the fine turnout of men presenting a most edifying appearance. Rev. Father Walsh referred to the recent great calamity at San Francisco and asked the prayers of the congregation for those who had there met so sudden and unexpected a death.

Leakages Owing to Mixed Marriages

Late statistics from Germany show appalling leakages to the Church owing to mixed marriages. While this applies to all marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, it applies with greatest force to those instances where the marriage contract has been entered into in the presence of a magistrate or other civic official, the leakage in such cases being far in excess of that from those mixed marriages contracted with even some semblance of religious observance.

A proposition is before the American Congress to free the Philippines on the ground that a foreign nation cannot properly govern subject provinces. But in case of freedom it is feared the Japanese might seize them and make them a part of their empire. It is claimed by those advocating the measure that the Philippines are fully capable of self-government.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

place a few days ago, and which was known to the natives as Yerba Buena, spot where the great disaster took or the place of the good herb, so called because the herb that grew there possessed healing qualities that were known to them. Moraga's party was there first, because the strait by which the vessel of Fathers Camon and Pailon entered the bay was obscured by fog; but they found the Golden Gate, ever since celebrated by navigators and travellers by water. So magnificent was the view of this bay with its prominent islands, its headlands and its dimpled surrounding mountains and its great oak groves, that the missionaries said surely that St. Francis desired a mission church to be erected there to his honor, and accordingly on the low Presidio ground, they erected a huge wooden cross and piously, peacefully and fervently took possession in the name of Christ and named the place San Francisco! It was then a Spanish dependency. After Mexico obtained her independence in 1820 it became Mexican territory, and after the American conquest in 1848, it became American territory.

After California was partly settled by the Spaniards first and the Mexicans afterwards, it was visited by sailing vessels engaged in hide drouthing and trading off the fine things they brought with them to exchange for the hides and tallow of the Mexican ranchers, and they first made the great bay and the Golden Gate familiar in name to the navigating world and hence San Francisco soon became the principal port of the Pacific coast.

There was a Swiss gentleman in those days who was a soldier of the Legion of Honor, who had heard of this far-distant golden land on the shores of the Pacific and desired to establish a colony therein and proceeded to find it. The story of his search is one of the most romantic and his voyage the most roundabout ever heard of. His name was Sutter and at last he found the spot in the territory on which he desired to settle and receive a patent for an immense tract of land at the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers, and built him a fort for defense, at New Helvetia, now known as the City of Sacramento. The latter name has been conferred by the missionary explorers. Sutter employed many men, both white and red, as he was undertaking many works in preparation for his colony. Forty miles east of Sutter's Fort he had in course of construction on the American river a saw mill. Here some of his men discovered gold in the mill race, but they were not sure of its quality. Soon the precious metal was discovered in other places, and at last the news got to San Francisco, where but a few hundred people were then residing. This was in February, 1848, the year of the close of the Mexican war, and the year of revolutions and rebellions in Europe. The vessels trading to San Francisco soon carried the news abroad and during the year 1849, thousands were on the move from all directions bound for the land of gold, and San Francisco was their destination and harbor of great hope. Soldiers from Mexico were among the first arrivals and Mexicans from Sinaloa and other Pacific states were early on the ground. The following year, in "The days of old, The days of gold, The days of forty-nine,"

the harbor of San Francisco was more full of sailing vessels, Chinese junks, and all other kinds of sailing craft than any other harbor in the world or at any other time, and within a year San Francisco had a population of over 6,000 souls, of all sorts, from all climes, and in all conditions.

WILLIAM HALLEY.
(To be continued.)

Thos. Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE

Of LOTS IN THE TOWN SITE OF

NORTH COBALT COBALT

Is already feeling the want of room. It is equally well recognized that the immense wealth of the district will lead to the immediate growth of a large town or city. To meet the pressing need THE NORTH COBALT LAND CORPORATION LIMITED, have acquired 640 acres of land, beginning at a point two and one-half miles north of Cobalt Station, and fronting and sloping toward Lake Temiskaming. The T.&N. O. Railway cuts through the northwest end of the property, and at the southwest end the railway track and its Argentite Station are within 500 feet of it. From Argentite Station a watercourse stretches into the Kerr Lake Mining District, and during the season of navigation all the supplies for the Kerr Lake Mining Region are forwarded from this station.

Write C. M. Henderson, 87 King Street East, Toronto, Canada, for map of the town.

To C. M. HENDERSON, Auctioneer, 87 King St. E., Toronto, Can.:

The undersigned hereby offers for Lots No.....
Street.....Town of North Cobalt, the sum of.....
Dollars, for which Marked
Check, Postoffice Order or Express Money Order is enclosed, being payment in full, including deed, for the above. If a higher bid is received, the enclosed to be returned to me.
Name..... P. O. Address.....

NORTH COBALT is in the Centre of the Active Mining Region

MAKE MONEY

By getting in now on the ground floor and waiting for the rise! Real Estate is so called because it is real, tangible, can't run away; it has value now and will have greater value in the future. A plot of land in a growing mining town site makes money while you sleep.

This Property is within five minutes by rail of the present Cobalt Station.

The North Cobalt Land Corporation, Limited,

16 King Street West, Toronto.

AUCTION SALES Will Be Held—Cobalt, May 3rd, 4th, and 5th; Toronto May 7th and 8th, at Henderson's Auction Rooms, King Street East.

\$25.00 EXCURSION To Cobalt, Going May 2nd Returning Sunday May 6th

Sleeper and Cafe Cars will be attached. \$25.00 Includes berth for 4 nights as Sleepers will be held at Cobalt. Write H. W. Emery, King Edward Hotel, Toronto, and reserve your berths before May 1st.

O'KEEFE'S

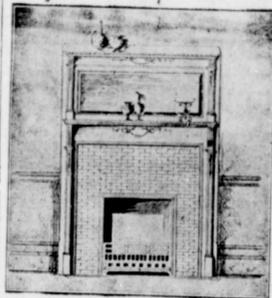
FAMOUS BREWS

Special Extra Mild Ale
Special Extra Mild Porter
Special Lager

CANADA'S FINEST



THE IMPERIAL COAL CO.



Mantels, Grates and Fire Place Fittings
also
Floor and Wall Tiles

When decorating your house and changing the fire-place it will pay you to visit our show rooms.

THE O'KEEFE
Mantel & Tile Co.
97 Yonge St.
Gerhard Heintzman Building.

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"
Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing
30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER



WRITING IN SIGHT
Strong, Durable, and Most Widely Used.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited
All makes rented and sold on instalment

Catholic Boarding House
For spring and summer holidays nice rooms and good board.
Daniel J. Cunningham,
Gravenhurst, Ont.

MAISON JULES & CHARLES



Lead for Comfort and Style
Parisian Transformation Fronts, Pompadours, Bangs, etc.
Gents' Toupees & Wigs
Of a superior Parisian make No equal on this continent. Switches from \$2.00 up.
Green Soap
For shampooing the hair, gives it a beautiful glossy silky appearance. Free from all alkali powder. 1/2 lb. 35c, 1 lb. 50c. Sent by mail.
431 Yonge St., Toronto
Phone Main 2498

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

\$74.90

TO CALIFORNIA and return from Toronto, Good going April 24th May 5th. Return limit July 31st.

and \$76.90

Good going June 24th to July 7th, return limit Sept. 15th. Account National Educational Convention San Francisco. Proportionate rates from other points.

Choice of any direct route going and returning, and certain stop over privileges allowed.

For tickets and information call on Agents or address J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A., Room 308 Union Station, Toronto.



This is the Time to Organize a Brass Band!

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
Every Town Can Have a Band!
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, with upwards of 500 illustrations, and containing everything required in a Band, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd.
Western Branch 356 MAIN ST. Winnipeg, Man. 158 YONGE ST. Toronto, Ont.

Guaranteed Mortgages

IN Improved Real Estate
This Corporation absolutely protects holders of mortgages guaranteed by it from any loss resulting from failure of a mortgagor to pay principal or interest.
Interest paid at the rate of four per cent per annum half-yearly.
Investors have as security not only the mortgages, which are allocated to their accounts in the books of the Corporation, but also the guarantee of principal and interest under the seal of the Corporation.

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION
59 Yonge St., Toronto

Luxfer Prisms
For more light.
Ornamental Windows
For beautifying the Home.
Memorial Windows
For decorating the Church.
Send for Information. See our Sample Room.
Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd.,
100 King Street West, Toronto

An Eye Glass To Fit Any Nose

So do not think you are forced to wear spectacles until you have examined my latest importations from New York.
Eyes tested by the latest improved methods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Special attention to repairs.
Office hours 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Evening appointments made.
MRS. K. HURLEY, O.R.
Graduate New York University of Optometry
Office 72 Confederation Life Building.

AN UNLUCKY ALIBI

(By Elliott Flower.) In a gloomy room of a shabby house on a side street a little old man received Donald Rushton and bowed him to a seat. It was evident that the room was used as an office, for there was a small roll-top desk, with well-filled pigeonholes, and many files for letters or other papers.

"She's more interested in her trousseau." "Ah, yes," returned Crinner. "That is not exactly the same, but never mind. You wish me to send you elsewhere by mail so that you can make this trip."

SUFFERING WOMEN

Who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weakness, dizziness and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system.

"I don't see how you can be so unfeeling!" exclaimed Daisy, bitterly reproachful.

"But it isn't Donald," returned Josephine. "Of course, I'm sorry for the man, but I can't get wildly excited over the misfortunes of a total stranger."

"He did nothing of the sort," explained Daisy. "He was knocked on the head by footpads before he ever got to his train, and he's been in the hospital ever since."

"All done," he mused. "I get a vacation of two weeks, and I've got it fixed so that I can extend it a few days by forwarding Crinner the necessary letters from camp. A fellow doesn't know all the conveniences there are in this world until he goes out to look for them. Crinner would have a big thing if he only dared advertise, and I guess he does pretty well as it is."

"Not to that hateful camp!" she exclaimed. "Certainly not. This was a business trip to the East. The matter had come up unexpectedly and demanded immediate attention. There were several people to see, but he thought a day or two in Washington would enable him to attend to everything, although there was a bare possibility that he might have to go to Baltimore or Philadelphia; that would depend upon circumstances."

"I will," said Josephine. Now, it was naturally impossible for Donald Rushton to be in a Chicago hospital and a Washington hotel at one and the same time, but she had Donald's own written word for it that he had been in a Washington hotel two days before, and the hospital authorities assured her that the man she saw had been under their constant care for something over four days. They were very sure that no other man could have been substituted for him. His head was so bandaged that another might possibly have made a mistake, but hardly a sweetheart, talked like Donald, acted like Donald, and said he was Donald. Surely no other would have murmured "dearest" and appropriated her hand so quickly. But he rambled a little, and the doctor had warned them that nothing must be said that would excite or worry him, so she could ask no questions.

"I do hope I'm in time!" she exclaimed, as she burst in upon Josephine. "Have you heard anything?" "Nothing unusual," answered Josephine. "Why?" "Then I am in time," said Daisy, relieved. "I was afraid you'd get some terrible, exaggerated report. You see, Donald has been hurt, but not very seriously—that is, it's serious, but not dangerous. He'll be all right again soon."

"I tell you he's at the hospital!" insisted Daisy hotly. "He's been there, unconscious or out of his head, for four days, and they only found out who he is this morning."

A Soothing Oil.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subdue to calmness the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements. It cures pain, heals bruises, takes the fire from burns, and as a general household medicine is useful in many ailments. It is worth much.

"How else could he have written a letter in Washington when he was in Chicago?" persisted Daisy. "I don't know," answered Josephine, "but the two letters I have are from him."

Josephine was pale and thoughtful at breakfast next morning. She had not slept well. She had assurances from the hospital that her prospective husband would be on his feet again in time for the wedding, and she had assurances from the East that he would also return in plenty of time for the wedding. It was enough to trouble any girl. The doctors informed her that, beyond the temporary aberration that was now passing away, the blow on the head had done no serious harm, and the letters informed her that he was never in better health and spirits. It was so mysterious and inexplicable that she had hesitated to speak even to her mother about it, hoping to find some satisfactory explanation first.

"The mail came while she and her mother were finishing breakfast, her father having left for his office. There was one letter for her—a letter that bore a Baltimore postmark and was addressed in Donald's handwriting. She felt faint as she looked at it, but summoned all her will power and broke open the envelope. It was from Donald. He had missed his man in Baltimore and would have to follow him to Philadelphia, but he thought it would not delay him longer than another day or two. In any event, he would write to her from Philadelphia. He spoke of their approaching marriage, told her again how it distressed him to have to be away at this time, enclosed the usual consignment of love and kisses, and hoped that he would be able to say in his next letter that he was just starting for home."

"Mamma," she said slowly, "do you believe in astrals and transmigration of souls and all that sort of thing?" "Oh, I never have given much thought—Why, how pale you are!" "Yes, I know; but do you?" she persisted.

"I really don't know," her mother replied. "I believe there are psychic influences that we don't understand, and they may account for many mystifying things. There can be no doubt that people, in moments of great mental or physical distress, do sometimes convey thoughts and visions to other people. I've known of such cases."

"I suppose so. I don't see any reason why the soul shouldn't do miraculous things." "Do you suppose," Josephine went on, speaking with tense earnestness, "that the soul of a living man could migrate to Baltimore and get back to the man before it was missed?" "I do not see why not."

"And write and mail a letter in Baltimore?" "Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Fraser, startled. "Of course souls don't write letters; they don't have to, for they can impress a message on the mind."

"But I have had three letters from a soul—one mailed in Pittsburgh, one in Washington, and one in Baltimore. I got the last this morning. It's from Donald's soul." She showed her mother the last letter.

"Yes, that's from Donald," admitted Mrs. Fraser cheerfully; "but why do you talk of souls?" "Because," impressively, "Donald is at St. Mark's Hospital, under a doctor's care, and has been there for five days. I've seen him."

"What!" cried Mrs. Fraser. "Let me see that letter again." She examined the paper, postmark, address and signature critically. "Yes, that's from Donald," she said again. "Nothing surprising in it, for he went East."

Mrs. Fraser wanted to refer it all to Mr. Fraser, but Josephine insisted upon waiting until they could add Donald's experiences to their own, for she was sure he must have had some strange illusions or sensations that would have bearing on the subject that so perplexed and disquieted them.

"Burn it, if there is," advised Mrs. Fraser. "I'll scream if I see one," said Josephine. Nevertheless, they both rushed to the door when the postman came. There was only one letter. It was postmarked Philadelphia and was addressed in Donald's handwriting. Josephine took it and limply led the way to the library, where they sat and looked at each other for ten minutes before they dared open it. He was very sorry, but developments at Philadelphia made it necessary for him to go to New York. He would write again from the latter city.

"If he goes," wailed Josephine, "I will have to go to a sanatorium. I can't stand it."

"Let's go right to the hospital and make sure he's there," urged Mrs. Fraser. "But we saw him yesterday."

"Yes, anyone can see that." "Then where is he?" "I don't know." "And which is he?" "I don't know."

"And which are you going to marry?" "Oh!" cried the girl. "I never thought of that."

"Suppose he comes back from Philadelphia while he's still at the hospital?" "Don't!" pleaded Josephine. "There can't be two of him; it's only something psychic that we don't understand. I'll go to the hospital alone and talk with him. I'm sure they'll let me to-day."

It was finally so arranged, although Mrs. Fraser went along and waited outside in the carriage. Donald was much better, and the doctor was of the opinion that if he would do no harm to ask him a few questions.

"What was?" he asked. "Oh, I am going too fast," she said penitently. "I mustn't distress you; but there has been a wonderful psychic phenomenon while you were here. Did you dream of writing any letters?"

"No," he answered with a puzzled smile. "Are you sure?" "Quite sure." "Didn't you dream of writing letters from Pittsburgh and Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia?"

The light of comprehension dawned in his eyes; also there came to them a look of anxiety. He remembered, for the first time since the assault, his arrangement with Crinner. "It is coming back to you!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I knew it would. I've got all those psychic letters."

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

questions. She went about her task with diplomatic circumspection. Had he had any strange dreams or visions while he was unconscious? Yes, he had had many.

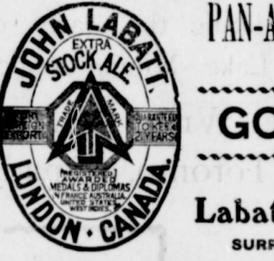
Could he remember any of them? Well, he remembered that he had dreamed of her a good deal. "I knew it!" she exclaimed at this point. "I knew it was your soul or your astral or something of that sort!"

"What was?" he asked. "Oh, I am going too fast," she said penitently. "I mustn't distress you; but there has been a wonderful psychic phenomenon while you were here. Did you dream of writing any letters?"

"No," he answered with a puzzled smile. "Are you sure?" "Quite sure." "Didn't you dream of writing letters from Pittsburgh and Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia?"

The light of comprehension dawned in his eyes; also there came to them a look of anxiety. He remembered, for the first time since the assault, his arrangement with Crinner. "It is coming back to you!" she exclaimed joyfully. "I knew it would. I've got all those psychic letters."

"How many?" he asked. "Four." (Continued on page 7.)



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

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE' If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think

Tomlin's Bread

Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

Office Phone Park 553. Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

HOUSEKEEPERS See that you are well supplied with EDDY'S WARES And you will escape a great deal of annoyance, you would otherwise experience with a "2 in 1" or a "3 in 1" WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRE TUB and PAIL

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT.

DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH BY USING "SALADA"

Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea instead of the adulterated Japan Teas.

Lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Sir Francis' Prescription

"Gene! Gene!" The room swam round; nervously the man crossed the room and sank trembling upon the nearest chair. "Gene!" The thought reiterated itself through his brain; his hand clenched his dry, parched throat. Every picture upon the walls of the luxuriously furnished apartment, each familiar, treasured object seemed animate—to know his misfortune. A pile of music left carelessly in a corner caught his eye; songs that bore upon their title pages the words, "Sung by Geoffrey Templeman." The man laughed mockingly. Geoffrey Templeman would never sing again—his voice was gone!

listened. The sound proceeded from the flat opposite. He could discern the brilliant lights, the swaying of curtains at the half-opened windows. Suddenly the music gained form, and then he recognized the melody. A Schubert impromptu. He listened on, the critic becoming lost in the hearer. Familiar, he had never heard such sweet expression, never realized the exquisite pathos of the theme. It stirred him as music had not done for a long time. The last bar ended, and he remained there motionless. Lady Crane's party—he remembered now. A card was in his pocket. Should he go? He would like to see this latest genius, for such an unusual player must be. A moment's hesitation, and then suddenly the piano burst forth again. The man started, spoke. "Years rolled back; it was shortly after he met the woman he had made his wife. A composition of his, unpublished, a fragment he had sent her, inscribed 'To Elaine.'" She had kept it always, treasured it, and now—

he had touched those lips, left the pressure of her embrace! "And you heard—our child?" Half an hour later the man had learned, gathered much. His grief was poignant. "Yes, and she's wonderful," the man whispered softly. "Through her I found you. She played that old song of mine, and I guessed. But I've come back poor and broken. My voice has gone; our happiness is too late." Elaine looked up with tender anxiety. "Dear," she murmured, "does that matter since you've saved my life? And we've the rat-tat resounded outside, 'he's been goodness itself. He brought a noted physician to perform the operation yesterday. But you remember him—he was—'"

AN UNLUCKY ALIBI

(Continued from page 6.) He closed his eyes and let his brain wrestle with this problem. It was too late to shut out the others, even if he could get word to Crinner, but he was a man of quick wit, and his predicament roused his slumbering faculties sharply. "It is coming to me now," he said dreamily. "You really got those letters?" "Yes. Isn't it wonderful?" "Very wonderful." He kept his eyes closed and spoke drowsily. "You will get two more—one from New York and one from Boston. Then I shall come back." "But you're here now," she argued. "Oh, yes, of course; but I have been taking a dream trip. I remember now. I floated away and away and away and wrote letters. There were six, and you've got only four yet." He opened his eyes again and spoke with more animation. "You must destroy those letters, Josephine."

Educational

Loretto Abbey WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO

This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so essential to the education of young ladies. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform, terms, etc., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

St. Michael's College

Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. BOARD and Tuition, per year \$ 160 Day Pupils.....\$30 For further particulars apply to REV. DANIEL CUSHING, President

St. Joseph's Academy

The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to FOREIGN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK. Pupils on completing their MUSICAL COURSE and passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLEGATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Phonography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address MOTHER SUPERIOR

School of Practical Science

The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction: 1- Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Laboratories: 1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Church Bells

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Memorial Bells Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, 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 must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required 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 and cultivation may be satisfied by the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of 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. SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS. Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output. Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital. A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet. The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales. PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly. A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The lessee shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000. W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1851 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000 Assets.....\$ 3,565,000 Annual Income..... 3,675,000 Losses paid since organization..... 37,000,000 DIRECTORS: Hon. G. O. COX, President; J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director; Geo. R. K. Cockburn, Geo. McMurich, Esq., J. K. Osborne, H. N. Baird, Esq., E. R. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq., C. C. Foster, Secretary. WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents 14 VICTORIA STREET Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 5098 Phone—Residence Park 667.

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED

LONDON, ENGLAND ESTABLISHED 1803 CAPITAL \$11,000,000. TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St. A. WARING GILES, Local Manager. WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents 14 Victoria Street, Toronto Tels.—Main 592 and Main 5098 Residence Tel.—Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND

ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS PERCY J QUINN, Local Manager. JOHN HAY, Asst. WM. A. LEE & SON, General Agents 14 Victoria Street, Toronto Phones—Main 592 and Main 5098 Residence Phone—Park 667.

FIRE INSURANCE

New York Underwriters Agency Established 1864 Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87 JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 Wellington Street East, Toronto. WM. A. LEE & SON, Toronto Agents, Phone M. 492 and 5098 14 Victoria St., Toronto.

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 257; RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER

has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial

FAIRCLOTH & CO. ART and STAINED GLASS

MEMORIAL WINDOWS Factory and Showrooms: 64 Richmond St. E., Toronto

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON Office—Land Security Chambers, 34 Victoria Street, Toronto.

L. E. O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, Ont., Offices—Bolton, Ont. Phone Main 1585 Res. Phone Main 2055 W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue, LL.B., W. T. J. O'Connor.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty, Rooms 6 and 68 Canada Life Building, 54 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2745. L. V. McBrady, K.C. J. R. O'Connor Res. Phone North 457.

H. HEARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty, Offices: Canada Life Building, 54 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1585. T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 25 St. George St. Res. Phone Main 876. EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 21 Grange Ave. Res. Phone 1535.

L. LATCHFORD, McDUGALL & DALY BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT. F. R. Latchford K.C., J. Lenn McDougall, Edward J. Daly.

J. UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corners Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto, Telephone Main 1235.

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES ARCHITECT 10 Bloor St. East, TORONTO Telephone North 1260.

Roofing

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY—Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established forty years. 153 Bay Street. Phone Main 53.

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER 300 King St. East, Toronto Telephone Main 1034.

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER TELEPHONE 679 300 YONGE ST. TORONTO

McCABE & CO UNDERTAKERS 222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1466

Dr. E. J. Woods, DENTIST. 450 Church St. Phone North 3258 Branch office open Tuesdays, Francis Block, Thornhill, Ont.

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR... 27 COLBORNE STREET Opposite King Edward Hotel

MEMORIALS

GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS Most Artistic Design in the City PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited Phone N. 1249 1119, Yonge St TORONTO

Established A.D. 1856. ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED 86 Wellington St. West Toronto, Canada

Memorial Stained Glass Windows References: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows, St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.

EMPRESS HOTEL

CORNER of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes. RICHARD DESBETTE - PROPRIETOR

In and Around Toronto

ST. PETER'S NEW CHURCH.

The beginning of work on a new church for St. Peter's parish is now a reality and the parishioners are congratulating themselves and their energetic pastor, Rev. Father Minehan, as it foretells the realization of something which for some time has been felt as a very pressing necessity, that is a much larger edifice and one more in keeping with the growing wants of that part of the city in which the parish is situated; one, too, more befitting the decorum and general environment which we always associate with a temple built as a house for the Most High. Not that the present little building has not been witness to many an exhibition of piety nor that it has not been conducive to the nurture and development of a devout and practical congregation, but the presence of a primitive building, adequate setting for which would have to be looked for through a retrospect of thirty-five years, is altogether incongruous and unsuited to the fine and ever expanding part of Toronto in which St. Peter's is located. This being the case, the excavating for the new building which was begun last week is viewed with infinite pleasure by the people of St. Peter's and the vicinity.

It might be interesting for those who were witnesses to the first beginnings and subsequent developments of the parish, to glance for a moment backwards. It is now thirty-five years since the little building was put up which, for some twenty years or so was to do duty as both school and temple of worship. Here for five days in the week the children and youth of the neighborhood were initiated into the mysteries of the four R's and of their religion, and on Sunday Mass was celebrated, the priest coming from St. Mary's, of which parish it is an offshoot, as it was for a number of years merely a mission chapel of the larger church. In those days two teachers sufficed for the wants of the school. One of those for a number of years was Sister Martha, now of St. Joseph's Academy, whose work is gratefully remembered. During the past decade things have been somewhat changed, a new school-house left the first building altogether free for church purposes, and the growing educational needs of the children of the parish demanded four teachers, the number at present engaged. For a quarter of a century the spiritual wants of the people were ministered to by the priests of St. Mary's, two masses being celebrated on Sunday for several years prior to the time when St. Peter's became a distinct parish with a resident priest. The present pastor, Rev. Father Minehan, is the first parish priest and on Candlemas Day, 1896, he celebrated his first Mass as head of his new charge. Under Father Minehan's care the old church was renovated and in the pride of its new dress it took heart and created its head again, thinking itself the peer of any of its surroundings. This feeling, however, was only temporary, and it soon became evident that something much larger and more in keeping with its environment was altogether necessary. On July 1st of the same year the school-house was begun and in September it was ready for occupation. Since then a parochial presbytery has been built and furnished, and things generally are in readiness for the concentration of the forces of the parish upon the speedy erection of a substantial and handsome church. The site for this is the north-east corner of Bloor and Markham streets. The church will front on Bloor and will stand high on its foundation. The stone dressing will rise to a considerable height from the foundations, giving an elevated and attractive effect. The architecture will be early Gothic, the material brick with stone trimmings. The interior, finished in Georgia pine, will have open timber roofs and wooden ceiling. The length will be 130 feet and the width 65 feet. It will have accommodation for 600. Sacristies will be erected on either side leading to the church and connected by passages behind the main altar. Mr. A. W. Holmes is the architect.

It is hoped that the church will be in readiness for use before next winter, though it is not the intention to build the spire or ornamental front until later. The present cost is estimated at \$27,000, and the cost when completed at \$33,000. It goes without saying that pastor and people co-operating in this as in every other good movement of the parish, present prospects will be amply realized, the vitality and earnestness of the pastor having communicated itself to the people, until now they are behind none and superior to many in their zeal and activity in parish affairs.

HOLY NAME AT ST. MARY'S.

The Quarterly Communion of the members of the Holy Name Society took place at the 8.30 Mass at St. Mary's on Sunday. In the evening a grand representation signalized the regular monthly meeting, five hundred men filling the front pews of the church and listening to the eloquent sermon by Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., who preached on the necessity of fidelity towards the obligations imposed by membership. The Rev. speaker also complimented the Society on its large numbers and prophesied for it a career of great and unspeakable good.

MISSION AT ST. FRANCIS.

The Mission looked forward to for some weeks past at the Church of St. Francis, began on Sunday morning with every propitious circumstance, and as its beginning so does its second promise to be. The weather was

delightful, just the season for the work to be done, and the pretty church had just received extra embellishments in the way of ornamentation to the Sanctuary and a number of new stained glass windows. When the Redemptorist Fathers Klauder and Caughlin entered and knelt at the beginning of the High Mass to invoke the blessing of God upon their labors, they were confronted by an altar exquisitely adorned with the fairest of flowers and behind them knelt a large congregation, who, if it may be judged by appearances, were imbued with all the qualities which go far towards the making up of the receptive condition necessary for the proper "making of a mission." The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours, and the glorious Alleluias of the Easter morn, were still in the air, all seeming to proclaim that now indeed is the acceptable time. The opening sermon preached by Rev. Father Klauder, was taken from the Gospel of the day, the text, "Peace Be to You," affording scope for a most appropriate initiatory address. The Rev. speaker showed that there are two kinds of peace, the peace of victory and the peace of subjection, the first being that which comes from a triumphant conquest over sin and the second, when sin has so conquered that conscience is no longer heard and the victim remains passive and inert under the vile dominion of the conqueror. The peace of victory was the happiness desired by the missionary for all those who listened to him. It was announced that the special week's mission for the women would begin at the evening service, and the men were requested to make an actual beginning to their part in the work of the time by doing all possible to make it easy for the women to get out to the different services. Compliance with this seems to have been the rule, for at seven o'clock in the evening over eight hundred women had gathered in the church when the directors for the week were announced by Father Klauder and the sermon preached by Father Caughlin. The speaker told the story of Martha and Mary, telling in simple words how when poor Martha beset with her many household labors, appealed to our Divine Lord in order that she might get help from her sister Mary, who sat at the feet of the Master eagerly drinking in His words, she was met with the response, "Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but Mary has chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her. The 'better part' was the one thing necessary, and the one thing necessary is the salvation of the immortal soul. Applying this to those present, the Rev. speaker said that this was what they as missionaries had come to do, to help the people of St. Francis to save their immortal souls. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The Masses during the week are at 5 a.m. and 8.30 a.m. and evening exercises at 7.30. The Masses are followed by a short discourse and every evening a sermon is delivered. A class is in progress preparing adults for the Sacrament of Confirmation which will be given by the Archbishop on the first Sunday of May. Any eligible for this class are invited by the Pastor to attend. The men's Mission begins on Sunday next.

DEATH OF MR. P. BOLAND.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from his late residence to Holy Family Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Coyle, and from there to St. Michael's Cemetery, where all that was mortal of a kind old friend was consigned to the tomb. R.I.P. M.J.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The Quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon at the Hall, Shuter street. It is expected that all interested will be in attendance.

Mr. J. D. O'Donoghue

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who is seriously ill in Fernie, B.C., is slightly improved. His son, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, barrister, is now with him, and further good news is now reasonably expected.

FORTY HOURS AT ST. PETER'S.

When the Forty Hours opened at St. Peter's on Sunday morning after the High Mass, the church was crowded, but despite this fact, so admirable were the arrangements, a beautiful procession of the Blessed Sacrament made its way down the aisle, strewn with flowers and incense in the path of the Divine Guest, carried in the hands of the Pastor, Rev. Father Minehan.

ALBANI'S FAREWELL.

In the beautiful music of the Redemption Albani bade farewell to Toronto. A large audience greeted Canada's first singer, and applause was spontaneous and appreciative. Though in the midst of a trying and fatiguing tour Albani sang as she alone can sing, and in the solo where the word is given to the Apostles to go forth and preach the glad tidings of the Kingdom of Heaven, the grand voice soared in a devotional ecstasy of command, until it seemed as though it were indeed a celestial messenger delivering the word to all parts of the earth. So great was the applause that a repetition was demanded.

NO MAN NEED SUFFER RUPTURE ONE MINUTE MORE

It is an undeniable fact that rupture can be cured without operation. Our pneumatic appliance cures without loss of time, the most stubborn cases. The appliance is comfortable, soft, easy, with lots of elasticity and gives the same degree of pressure as nature itself and leaves nature perfectly free. Our method recommended by the medical fraternity.

The Lyon Manufacturing Co. Dept. B 435 Yonge St. Limited E. C. HILL, Pres. J. J. WYLLIAMS, Manager



Twenty-five years ago it was difficult to sell spring wheat flour for pastry at any price.

People didn't want it—they were using soft, winter wheat flour, and saw no reason for changing.

But hard wheat flour was persistently pushed and prejudice has been overcome. The women tried it, succeeded with it and appreciated it.—To-day hard wheat flour is the favorite for pastry as well as for bread.

The flour that is doing the most for the reputation of hard wheat flour is the brand known as

Ogilvie's Royal Household

It is hard wheat flour at its best—milled by modern methods, retaining all of the good of the wheat and none of the bad—it is without an equal for every kind of baking in which flour is used.

Talk to your grocer about it—if he isn't enthusiastic it's only because he isn't informed.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited. MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never before published. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.



ed. The support was excellent and the fine chorus with florid orchestra in which the added harp and trumpets rendered additional brilliancy, made the event a memorable one. Musical Toronto will long remember Albani as laden with flowers, her sweet face all wreathed in smiles, with perhaps a suspicion of tears, she bade it a last farewell.

DEATH OF MR. P. BOLAND.

While the prayers of the community were being offered in the parish church for the recovery of Mr. Patrick Boland, his soul was called to its Maker on Sunday morning last, at the advanced age of 72 years. Mr. Boland was born at Newpark, Tipperary, and came to this country a number of years ago, subsequently settling at Humber Bay, where he has been a resident for some time past. He leaves a widow and a family of two sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. John, travelling with the Canadian Highlanders, Thomas, proprietor of the New Armour Hotel, Mrs. Virtue of Woodstock and Miss Minnie at home.

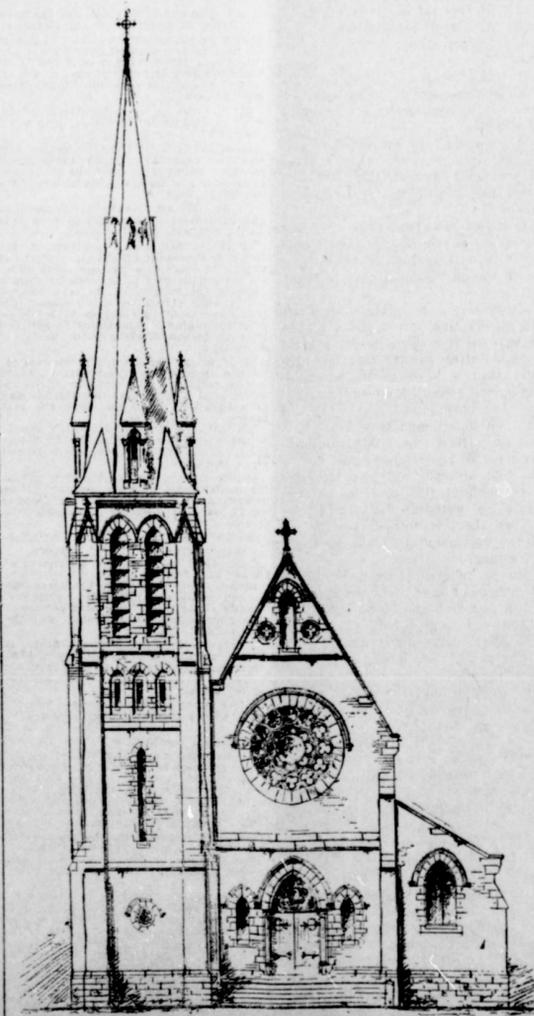
The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from his late residence to Holy Family Church, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Coyle, and from there to St. Michael's Cemetery, where all that was mortal of a kind old friend was consigned to the tomb. R.I.P. M.J.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The Quarterly meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon at the Hall, Shuter street. It is expected that all interested will be in attendance.

Mr. J. D. O'Donoghue

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who is seriously ill in Fernie, B.C., is slightly improved. His son, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, barrister, is now with him, and further good news is now reasonably expected.



ST. PETER'S CHURCH Robertson's Land Marks of Toronto.

LOOK AHEAD

To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age.

An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you.

On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements.

DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE AND FULL INFORMATION SENT ON APPLICATION TO

Confederation Life ASSOCIATION

HAED OFFICE - TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1856 If you wish an up-to-date Vegetable or Flower Garden the coming season you must have

Simmers' Seed Catalogue For 1906::

Because it contains the most complete list of Vegetables and Flowers, together with many striking novelties.

Simmers' Field, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have for over fifty years been staple with the best farmers, market gardeners and critical private planters. When you buy Seeds you naturally expect them to germinate. This is an absolute necessity, but the most important point is the quality of the vegetable or flower produced.

Simmers' quality Seeds cover this, because we buy from acknowledged specialists, and we spare no expense in procuring the best Seeds for germination and productiveness. It tells you about it in our Seed Catalogue for 1906, which is mailed FREE for the asking. Write at once.

J. A. SIMMERS TORONTO, ONT.

SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

KENNEDY SHORTHAND SCHOOL

A course at the Kennedy School is a guarantee of absolute independence and unusual earning power.

You cannot do better than get particulars about this unique school.

9 Adelaide Street East TORONTO

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Expert. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, Reg'd., New York Life Bldg., Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Commencing June 4, 1906 THE "Ocean Limited"

Will Leave Daily Except Saturday MONTREAL 19.30 Arrive Daily Except Sunday ST. JOHN 17.15 HALIFAX 20.15

ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD BETWEEN Western Ontario and St. John, Halifax etc. SAVE HOURS OF TIME.

Grand Trunk Express Leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m. Makes Connection.

Through Sleeping Cars between Montreal St. John and Halifax

Dining Car Service Unequaled

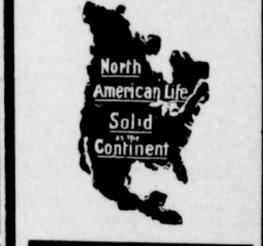
DAYLIGHT VIEWS of the METAPEDIA and WENTWORTH VALLEYS DIRECT CONNECTION with PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Write for time tables, fares, etc. to Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street East

A Great School! ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Students from British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba on the west to New Brunswick on the east are in attendance this year. Distance is no hindrance to those who wish to get the best. Our graduates are always successful. Our facilities are unsurpassed. Commence now. No vacations. College open entire year. Magnificent catalogue free.

W. J. Elliott, Principal, COR. YONGE and ALEXANDRA STS.



GUARANTEES

The Limited Payment Guaranteed Dividend Policy issued by the

North American Life

is essentially a policy of guarantees. It differs from the ordinary investment plans in that the dividend at the end of the investment period, and the options as to its disposal, are guaranteed not estimated.

Write for full particulars. It is a matter of great importance to your dependents, and the information will cost you nothing.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO JOHN L. BLAQUIE, President L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary