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VOL. X. No. 21

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1902

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

THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE

Description of the Tiara.
The following is a description of the tiara to be presented to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Pontifical Jubilee, given in the artist's (Signor Augusto Milareo) own words: I have endeavored (he writes) to give to the whole of the tiara the purest lines conceivable in any work of art—making the three superimposed crowns which form the tiara proper the objects of particular attention. These will be of the purest gold, and will preserve the heraldic form. They will be ornamented with flowers with their stems and leaves, while the inscriptions which surround their respective fillets will suggest the triple power granted to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.
The base of the tiara will be of silver, and will have an inscription reminding posterity of the solemn homage to our Divine Redeemer Jesus Christ and the Pontifical Jubilee of His august Vicar. In the lower fillet between the flowers of the superimposed crowns will be designed six circular medallions bordered by inscriptions, three of which will enclose representations of St. Peter, Plus IX., and Leo XIII.—the only three Popes who, in the long line of the Pontiffs, have completed twenty-five years in the government of the Church; and in the other three there will be angelic figures with commemorative shields.
Six olive shoots, spring from the base of the tiara, will interlace themselves with the inscriptions of the medallions, and, rising from the base of the second crown, will expand in their upper fillet, and will sustain, in their turn, two other medallions of oval form, ornamented with inscriptions, enclosing one the image of the Divine Redeemer under the form of the Good Shepherd, and the other the seal of the solemn homage. Above these the third crown will rise. Its top, bearing the sphere and cross, will be ornamented with a beautiful rose decoration, which, spreading from the summit, will fall with fine effect towards the centre.
In designing the tiara one great technical difficulty had to be overcome in the question of its weight. This must not exceed a kilogramme. In order that the tiara may be easily borne on the august brow of the loved and venerated Pontiff. To meet this difficulty it is indispensable, in order that the three crowns may be of pure gold, to substitute the lighter metal, silver, for gold in the base of the tiara.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE FATHER TRAEHER.

London, May 20.—The funeral of the late Rev. Father Traher, of St. Mary's Church, took place this morning to St. Peter's Cemetery. It was one of the most largely attended funerals ever seen in London, and the new St. Mary's Church was found too small to accommodate the numbers who desired to attend the services and pay a last tribute of respect to the dead pastor. The fact that every class of citizen and every shade of religious belief were represented, was an evidence of the respect and love which Father Traher had won from the whole community. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by

Very Rev. Vicar-General Bayard, St. Thomas assisted by Very Rev. Dean McManus, Part Huron, and Father Forster, of Bothwell. Bishop McEvoy pronounced the absolution at the close of the Mass. Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto, and Bishop Dowling, were also present; and said Mass earlier in the morning. The requiem was rendered by the combined choirs of St. Mary's Church, and Mr. Joseph Leech sang "O Salutaris." Mrs. J. P. Murray rendered Handel's "Dead March in Saul."

The interment took place near the foot of the great cross in St. Peter's Cemetery.
Among the priests present were: Rev. Fathers Aylward, McKeon, Pinsonneault and Egan, of London; Very Rev. Dean Kilroy, St. Thomas; Father McCormick, Ashfield; Father Andreux, Belle River; Father Noonan, Bidulph; Father Forster, Bothwell; Father Turlan, Bismarck; Father Fogarty, Dublin; Father West, Goderich; Father Connolly, Ingersoll; Father McCabe, La Salette; Father McGee, Listowel; Father Gnam, Mornington; Father Tiernan and Father Scanlan, Mount Carmel; Father McCrae, Parkhill; Father Loubat, Ridgeway; Father Lorton, Ruscom River; Father Kennedy, Sarnia; Father P. Brennan, St. Marys; Father J. Brennan, Corunna; Father Ladouceur, Jeannette's Creek; Father J. Hogan, Strathroy; Father Hanlon, St. Augustine; Father Mennler and Father Downey, Windsor; Father Hodgkinson, Woodstock; Father P. Gnam, Wyoming; Father Valentin, Zurich; Father Ferguson, Sandwich; Father Mahoney, Hamilton.

Opening of St. Mary's Church, London

London, Ont., May 25.—The beautiful new St. Mary's Church, on the northwest corner of York and Lyle streets, was opened to-day with imposing ceremonies. The weather was decidedly unpropitious, heavy rain falling most of the morning, but in spite of this fact the edifice was filled to its utmost capacity. It was the wish of Father Traher that in the event of his death the opening of the new church be not interfered with. As a consequence the programme arranged was carried out as nearly as possible. The dedication services were conducted by the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops of Hamilton and London, and visiting and local clergy. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton. His Grace the Archbishop preached the dedication sermon. Among the clergy taking part in the services were Very Rev. V.-G. Bayard, St. Thomas; Rev. Wm. Klopfer, C. R., Hamilton; Rev. Father J. Kennedy, Sarnia; Rev. Father D. J. Egan, London; Archdeacon P. Andreux, Belle River; Rev. Father Ferguson, C. S. B., Sandwich; Very Rev. G. D. Kilroy, D. D. Stratford; Rev. Father J. M. Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton; Rev. Father Aylward, St. Peter's, London; Rev. Father Meunier, Windsor; Rev. Father M. McCormick, Windsor; Rev. Father Hermenegild, O. F. M., Chatham; Rev. Father J. Valentino, Zurich; Rev. Father McKeon and Rev. Father Pinsonneault of London. In the afternoon the body of Rev. Father Traher, pastor of St. Mary's, who died on Thursday afternoon, was brought into the church which he had labored so hard to have erected. In view of the sad event the order of procedure for the evening was changed: There was no sermon, but a solemn vesper service was held. Haydn's Imperial Mass was sung by the combined choirs of the cathedral and St. Mary's. The new church, which has seating accommodation for eight hundred people, is built entirely of grey stone with cut stone trimmings, its tall and graceful spire being surmounted by a gilded cross. The interior is exquisitely finished, and the edifice as a whole forms a striking feature in the east end of the city.

ANOTHER NOTABLE CONVERSION.

Rev. K. D. Best, of the Brompton Oratory, London, who was the agent of the late Dr. G. F. Leo's Conversion, has had the happiness of receiving into the Catholic fold Colonel Apeck Groves, T. S. C., formerly Superintendent Engineer of the Military Works Department, Peshawar, Punjab, and an officer with a long and honorable army record. Father Best, who during the course of his useful life, has received a great number of converts into the Church, is the author of many scholarly theological works, and also of a graceful and distinguished volume of verse, entitled "A Priest's Poems."

Ottawa Correspondence.

It is felt that the hot weather has come to feel that it is well to have the session of Parliament over. The holidays seem to have come with a rush, even as has the warmth after such a long spring of chilly weather. By holidays, I mean the decamping of citizens for their country resorts. It seems as if we were having all the preparations for an exodus. But that does not prevent lively times in the political sphere. In fact, since nomination day the various candidates have been making the cool evenings warm with their protestations of patriotism and the praises of their respective parties and leaders. It would be no easy matter to tell you, at this moment of writing, what the prospects are. Both parties appear to be perfectly confident of success. Yet, it stands to reason that only one party can succeed. There has been a considerable amount of activity around the departments during the week just over. The Fisheries conference has kept the attention of the various provinces riveted on Ottawa. All the Provincial Premiers, with the exception of British Columbia's Prime Minister, have been here in consultation. The meeting took place in the office of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. There was, likewise, another important assembly, that of the Railway Committee, consisting of Hon. Messrs. Blair, Tarte and Fielding, which had several important matters to decide upon. One, however, of the questions most noted—that of the vexed matter of the Montreal Terminal Railway's contract—was settled by the parties interested and thus the Committee was relieved of the necessity of taking up the subject again.
The Speaker of the House of Commons only left Ottawa on Wednesday for his home in Montreal. Apart from a mass of matters that he had to regulate after the session, he was occupied with a very important case before the Supreme Court, which was argued on Tuesday and Wednesday. Since his departure things have assumed a very quiet and "old castle" like aspect in and about the House of Commons.
The Premier has gone for a few days to the Adirondacks to rest, prior to his departure for the old country. It is now stated that during his absence he will be replaced by Sir Richard Cartwright as acting Premier. Almost all the other Ministers will visit Europe this summer, except Hon. Mr. Tarte, who hopes to take a trip to Manitoba.
As I stated in a former letter, I will, for some time, have very little news to send you from the capital. Moreover, after the example of others, your correspondent may fit for a time. But there are many other subjects that need to be ventilated in our Catholic press, and I will take advantage of the lax season at hand to devote some time to the consideration of such problems as affect, in a special manner, our interests in Canada. Meanwhile, I hope that the Catholic Register will benefit more and more by the growing feeling that we have an absolute need of a sterling Catholic press. Not one that is calculated to create antagonism, but rather one that will carry out the idea of Leo XIII., in his plea for the "Apostolate of the Press," and become an influence for good amongst all classes of our citizens in this Dominion.

House of Providence Picnic

The greatest success in the history of the annual entertainments to aid the House of Providence is to be recorded of last Saturday, the first "Victoria Day."
The annual picnic was a decided success, and was attended by upwards of 10,000, thus far surpassing former years. The clergy of the various parishes were present, and short addresses were delivered by the candidates of both political parties contesting the local ridings. The grounds were decorated with flags of all descriptions, and the various refreshment booths representing the different parishes were well patronized. The ladies in charge were: At St. Peter's, Mrs. Butler, Misses Jacobs, McConvey, Dockray, Mouguel, Hazza, Talbot and Connors; St. Helen's, Mrs. Quinn, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Delaney, Misses Boland, Collins and Murray; Our Lady of Lourdes, Mrs. George Thompson, Miss Morton, Mrs. Aymon, Misses Conlin and O'Malley; St. Michael's, Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. Ferguson, Misses M. Beale, A. Dugan, Mrs. Egan, Misses Connors, L. Beale, O'Leary, Mrs. Connors, Misses Quinn and Maloney; St. Paul's, Mrs. H. O'Connor, Mrs. Macdonald, Misses Delaney, O'Hagan and Walsh; St. Basil's, Mrs. Devine, Mrs. Curtin, Curtin, Zeagman, Casey, Murphy, Puerlitz, Collins and Hazza; St. Joseph's, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Gloucester, Misses Nolan, Holland, Luke, Gloucester, Mrs. Tierney; St. Patrick's, Miss Phelan, Miss A. Burns, Mrs. O'Connor, Miss Francis, the Misses Costello, Miss Cochran. During the afternoon an entertainment was contributed by Mons. Lamola, flying trapeze artist; the Jullians, in their ladder act; two bright lights, Lamp and Lamp; Ginger and Popo, comedy act, and Prof. Odell, Spanish ring artist. In the evening a brilliant display of fireworks was given, followed by a promenade band concert. The Woodmen of the World's Band rendered several popular selections. The committee who had charge of the arrangements were Messrs. J. W. Morgan, Chairman; C. J. McCabe, J. Clancy, J. Ferguson, A. A. Clancy, D. McMullen, J. Callahan, John Doyle, E. Rosar, J. Delaney and P. McCabe.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

Goldwin Smith writes in The Weekly Sun: In England the busy election season seems to have had the effect of slightly restoring the life and unity of the Liberal party. The Government did its best to force the issue of the war against a Liberal victory would signify the obstinacy of the Boers; but the people insisted on voting upon the issue of the bread tax. The issue of the bread tax has been eagerly embraced by the Liberals and Lord Rosebery appears to have

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swooped upon it from his solitary perch aloft, and to see in it an opening for reconciliation and leadership. It is not likely that the Government will be so blind as to persist in the policy which they must see is most woeful to their opponents. On the Education bill the British Liberals are united, all of them supporting secular against religious education; but the Irish as Catholics take the other side, and the breach between them and the British Liberals is thus made wider than ever. The Government seems to be staid, discredited, and weary, two of its members, Balfour and Hicks-Beach, are even reported to be meditating retreat from the Commons to the Lords. But there is at present little prospect of a renewal of the balance of parties, while the tone of leading Liberals is still despondent in the extreme.

Mine Horror in British Columbia.

Fernie, B. C., May 24.—One of the worst coal mining disasters in the history of British Columbia, occurred at the Coal Creek mine at 7 o'clock Thursday night, when from 125 to 150 men met almost instant death in mines Nos. 2 and 3. An explosion occurred in the depths of No. 2 and not a man of over 100 employed, escaped to tell the tale. From No. 3 workings about 21 men escaped.
The first intimation of the disaster which those on the outside received was a rush of coal dust and fire to a height of over 1,000 feet above the fans. Word was immediately sent to Fernie, five miles from the mine, and within twelve minutes, relief parties were at Work. R. Drinnan, Dr. Monnell and True Withbee were the first to enter the mine when about 500 feet into the workings Drinnan was overcome by fire damp. On being removed to the outer air he recovered and gave instructions to the rescue party to commence repairing the overcasts. The overcasts are the pipes which conduct the air through the mine and as they had been almost completely destroyed it was impossible to enter owing to the after damp which prevailed.
The Town of Fernie bears all the evidences of the passage of the angel of death in the miners' section there were few of the cottages which did not display the badge of mourning. On some of the doors it was large piece of black crepe to signify that the head of the family had gone, and on others, and far too many, the crepe was set upon a ribbon of white, to indicate that the victim was but a youth, who had been attracted to the mines by reason of the fact that they offered him the speediest means of earning a man's wages. The badge of death is not posted until the body of the victim has been recovered.
This rule has been generally observed, and although there are close upon a hundred houses waiting for their dead, yet the crepe does not go up until the corpse has been identified at the English Church, where it remains only so long as may be necessary to perfect the funeral arrangements and start for the cemetery.
The day was wholly given over to funerals, and at the cemetery it frequently happened that four or five little circles would be around open graves at the same time. The victims are to have a cemetery of their own. It forms part of the old burying ground, and is situated upon the town. Here a gang of men is engaged steadily in digging graves and in covering up the bodies, as they are lowered into them. The graves are lined up to 25 in a row. In one group there are four brothers, in others there are father and son, who earthly friendships have been observed by reserving and ticketing adjoining pits for men who had been comrades until death struck them down. In some such cases one of the bodies has been recovered and buried, and the grave alongside stands ticketed and waiting for the other.
Scores of widows and children thronged the cemetery all day. In many cases the bereaved had not been permitted to see the remains, and the site of the freshly-turned earth seems to open the floodgates of their sorrow. There were innumerable cases of little children too young to understand endeavoring to comfort, but each family appeared to be too full of its own sorrow to realize the affliction and need of solace of the other.

SOME OF THE DEAD.

Steve Morgan, Joseph Salgala, Willie Robinson, V. Johnson, John Leadbeater, G. Altobelli, Thomas Johnson, Thos. Fearful, Jr., John McLeod Frank Salter, W. H. Hetherington, Jos. Tuka, John Norman, Ronald Jones, Walter Wright, Andrew Hovorn, Thomas Glover, Jas. Cartledge, Owen Holmes, Wm. Ferguson, M. J. Fleming, Samuel Hand, Thos.

Fraternization Insurance

(Communicated.)
As long as men live and labor and give the sweat of their brows and the tissue of their brains for those they love, so long will the question of adequate life protection be the paramount one around the fireside of every Canadian home. To the needy man, the man who lies awake in the silent watches of the night trying to figure how he can best invest his limited income to secure the greatest good for the little family he has gathered about him, the question whether he shall join the ever-increasing ranks of the fraternalists, or trust his earnings to an old-line company, is a difficult one to decide. To the man in moderate circumstances the solution is easy, he will not trust all his eggs to one basket, but will take a portion of both. To the great mass of the wage-earners, however, this is impossible, there are too many bills to be met to indulge in any luxuries, and a single policy must suffice. There are several thousand readers of The Register to whom this question comes home every week. In our individual case we settled the matter definitely by looking into the records of both systems, and the most convincing argument we found was the fact that during the year 1901, the fraternal societies returned to members and their families ninety-two cents on every dollar received, while the old-line companies returned only twenty-eight cents on the dollar. An old-line friend explained this discrepancy by saying that the seventy-two cents was held as a reserve against our possible death, but we looked a little further and found that during the fifty years some of them had been doing business that they never had returned more than this sum, and we do not believe that they ever will. The conclusion that we reached, and that every man who gives a little thought to both systems will reach, is that, for the man who is looking for a safe investment of surplus funds, where the risk of loss is reduced almost to infinity and the chance of profit is great, there is no safer investment offered than an endowment policy in an old-line company; but to the man who is looking for protection because his family needs it, who is looking for co-operation and is willing to contribute his share towards it, we hold that there is just one place for him, and that is in the ranks of a reliable and economically managed fraternal benefit society. It will protect him while he is living and his family when he is dead, and that is what the common man wants.

CONVENTION OF THE ONTARIO GRAND COMMANDERY KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

The ninth annual convention of the above named society opened in Cameron Hall on the 7th inst., with representatives present from all Commanderies and Auxiliaries in Ontario.
The reports of the grand officers show that this society is gradually gaining ground in this country, and bids fair in the near future to outnumber all Catholic fraternal societies in the Province.
The main idea which prevailed amongst the delegates was for greater recognition by the Supreme Commandery of the Ontario Grand Commandery, and in order to bring this about, a delegation were appointed to attend the convention of the Supreme Commandery at Rochester in June, and to endeavor to obtain the recognition desired and to insist on the Supreme Body dealing with subordinate commanderies in Ontario through the Grand Commandery.
The delegates present at this meeting were very enthusiastic as to the future of the order in Ontario, and after arranging for an energetic campaign of organization, this most successful convention was brought to a close by the election of the following officers for the ensuing term:
Grand President—J. P. McCarthy, Toronto, re-elected.
Grand First Vice-President—Joseph Krelz, Toronto, re-elected.
Grand Second Vice-President—Terence O'Loughlin, Woodstock.
Grand Secretary—W. J. Dillon, Toronto, re-elected.
Grand Treasurer—Thos. Callaghan, Toronto.
Grand Trustees—J. N. Parent, Windsor; Miss L. O'Leary, Toronto.

Hopes of Immediate Peace.

London, May 27.—The British Cabinet was in session for two hours to-day discussing the communication received from Pretoria since the meeting of the Ministers on Friday, last. It is understood that the Inner Committee of the Cabinet telegraphed the result of the deliberations to Pretoria this afternoon. The Boer delegates at the Transvaal capital will then probably return to Vereeniging and report to the burghers, who are still assembled there.
A. J. Hallour, the Government leader, made no statement in the House of Commons to-day in regard to the peace negotiations, but he announced a postponement of the discussion of the budget fixed for this week, remarking that it would be very inconvenient to debate the budget "while there were other things in the balance." Mr. Hallour subsequently explained that it would be impossible in discussing the budget to prevent references to the peace negotiations.
According to the views of officials here, there is nothing to warrant the pessimistic opinions expressed in some quarters regarding the ultimate outcome of the discussions at Pretoria and at Vereeniging. The Associated Press learns that the Government continues to be satisfied that the negotiations will result in a peaceful settlement. Some minor points are still being discussed, but these are expected to be fully disposed of within a day or two.

CATHOLIC VICTORY IN THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

Brussels, May 27.—The final election returns show that the new Chamber of Representatives will be composed of 96 Catholics, 34 Liberals, 34 Socialists and 2 Christian Democrats. The Government thus has a majority of 28, as compared with a majority of 20 before the election.
The new Belgian Senate will contain 52 Catholics, 41 Liberals and 6 Socialists, the Government majority being increased by one.

THE NEW PARKDALE CHURCH.

Rev. Father Walsh, rector of St. Helen's, has taken out a building permit to erect a \$14,000 church and a \$10,000 schoolhouse at the northeast corner of King street and Close avenue. It will be known, as already has been announced, as the Church of the Holy Family, and for the present will remain a part of St. Helen's parish.

A STORY OF LORD ROSEBERY.

When you get Lord Rosebery outside politics you invariably find him to be a most interesting and original personality. Take, for instance the latest story about him. He went into a large Oxford street establishment to purchase a new hat, and while he stood bareheaded waiting to be fitted a Bishop entered on the same errand, and mistook the Earl for one of the shop assistants. "Have you a hat like this?" he asked, showing him his own extraordinary head-gear. Lord Rosebery took it from him and examined it critically before he answered. "No," he replied; "length; 'I haven't got a hat like that, and if I had I wouldn't wear it!'"



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The End of a Fued

(By Frank H. Sweet) A boy was standing on a mountain ridge, near a sharp turn in the path. Before him was a descent of a few rods, and beyond this, a dense fringe of chestnut trees. Above the trees was a column of black smoke.

"What's he doin' up here?" he said, suspiciously. "Spyin' round I reckon." He knelt down and examined the ground more closely. "That ain't no smoke, nigh burned off him," he said, wondrously. "Can face a' lands a solid blifter. It's certain he's been where a fire."

PAGAN IRELAND

Lecture by Dr. Kuno Meyer on Early Irish Civilization. The following is a report of a recent lecture by Dr. Kuno Meyer delivered in Alexandra College, Dublin.

There was abundant evidence as to the pastimes of the people. O'Curry had fully described music and musical instruments. Pipes and harps were the favorite instruments. The position of the harps was well known. A faithful history of them would form a most difficult but a most fascinating chapter of general Irish history.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

PRINCE DANDELION.

(From The Cincinnati Enquirer.) The Prince of Dandelion wandered forth upon the green, And flung his golden banner to the sunshine and the breeze;

Sir Robin Redbreast piped a note as royal heralds do, And from the lists of field and fell there rose a sylvan cry—

'A cry of royal welcome to a royal Prince and true, Whose domain is a flowerland beneath a smiling sky!

'Foretime Robber Winter bound the gallant Prince in chains; And mewed him in a dungeon cold, With all his regal train;

So, Phoebe-bird, and Blue Bird, and the raucous-calling Jay, Sang welcome to the Golden Prince, and to his fair array,

Whose jeweled trappings flashed and burned and hid the earth from view!

THOMAS EMMET MOORE.

HOW COWSLIP SAVED HIM.

In the Highlands of Scotland it is a kiddy custom to give names to the cows as well as other animals.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

"One day," the boy tells us, "I was not with them, and had been given a holiday and gone up on the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle, so I could not move.

"I was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hiccoughing along among the heather. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was.

"After awhile I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift and the hills. She was a good way below, but I knew her. It was Cowslip!

"I shouted as loud as I could, Cowslip! Cowslip! When she heard her name she left off grazing and listened.

"I called again and again! What did she do? She just came toiling up and up—till she reached me. Those hill sattle are rare climbers.

"She made a great ado over me; nickered me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then like a Christian, she set up a moan and moaned—so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below.

"To break a cow moaning like that they knew meant that she was in trouble. So they came a searching and seeking. They could see her red and white body, though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was Cowslip saved my life."

DO YOU KNOW HER?

I have a little friend who doesn't like to mend, To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that some day, maybe, She'll go away and linger where they're no babies' round

'Tis true she cannot bear to even walk a square To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for mamma's mail,

BODY AND BRAINS.

Wizened little bodies and big brains or big strong bodies and no brains—neither one of these makes a good combination.

To produce big healthy bodies and big healthy brains take Scott's Emulsion.

Childhood is the best time to commence. Scott's Emulsion contains food for bone and nerve and flesh and blood.

Scott's Emulsion promotes growth and proper development.

Just the thing for weak children.

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OPENING OF CORK EXHIBITION.

The Earl of Bandon declared the Cork Exhibition open on May 1.

Mr. Osborne J. Bergin, Jr., B. A., Lecturer in the Celtic to the Queen's College, Cork, who wore the gown of a Bachelor of Arts, read his Prize Irish Ode.

The following is a translation of Ode made by the talented author himself:

right it is to be Gaelic, Over great hill and plain over narrow glen, over sea;

"Often was I journeying throughout the lands of Eibhear, Wet-checked and lonely," says the old love of the poets,

Through the coldness of my perverse sons beneath the cruel spells of death."

Here are gathered in a fair lawn on the bank of Lee of the swans, In trim new halls, pleasantly, beside a grove,

Every expert and excellent work devised by human ingenuity, And named in Erin in the noble school of crafts.

Let them gather, let them gather, we have pleasure in store for them— Our hearts are full and our doors are open—

Let them gather, let them gather, we have pleasure in store for them— Our hearts are full and our doors are open—

God's blessing prosper thee, thou fair branch of blossoms; Never may thy proud name be missing upon Erin's new charter.

Our prayer, our prayer is—every good fortune twice over upon thee, No enchantment on thy people hurrying them over the ocean, Triumph in the true fight

Mr. Bergin, the talented young author of the Ode, is one of the most accomplished workers in the Irish language movement.

When he was first attracted to the study of the national tongue, he was already a good classical scholar, and, being gifted with a marvellous facility for acquiring languages, he made rapid progress, enthusiasm for the language adding his natural gifts.

After some years of study, he became a master of Irish. At the Ordo-chachtas in 1897 he was awarded the first prize for Gaelic lyrics. He was up to the end of 1898 a constant and valued contributor to The Gaelic Journal.

HOME CIRCLE

THE FLOWERS THAT SOW THEMSELVES.

The gardener toils in the warm spring sun, Upruned to the light is the damp, brown mold.

The trim, straight walks, and the prim, straight beds, Are his heart's delight as he digs and delves,

Nobody tends them, or counts their leaves, Or looks for the bud in the calyx green;

So it isn't only the weeds that thrive; But the soft, sweet graces for which we care,

Perennial bloom of a faithful heart— The little flowers that sow themselves!

LONG COURTSHIPS.

There is, perhaps, no country where freedom between young folks of the opposite sexes is so tolerated as in ours.

But it is of their elder brothers we especially complain. These young men often with a serious thought of matrimony, lay siege to a young lady's heart, take up her time and attention, when both could be far better employed.

There is yet another class of young men, who, consciously or unconsciously, do a very grave wrong to the marriageable portion of our young women.

It may not be courage, so much as confidence they lack. Perhaps, in a year or two, the young man thinks he will be better situated, better able to give a home such as he would wish to furnish.

When they will learn that they are neglecting the very best means for their own betterment, in mutual help and encouragement.

When they will learn that all any sensible girl requires of the man who loves is an honest heart, a ready hand, and she is willing to share the burden and the battle of life with him?

KIND WORDS.

The priceless things of earth are its kind words. They are the glittering gold in the white way of our early years.

And of all these rare jewels of life, the spoken word goes on its way the most prized. But the word that means in the end, the broken promise, the word said to soothe for the time and give false hope, is not a kind word.

"They are vulgar things we pay for, Do they stones for crowns of kings. While the precious and the peerless Are unpriced symbolic things"

And of all these rare jewels of life, the spoken word goes on its way the most prized. But the word that means in the end, the broken promise, the word said to soothe for the time and give false hope, is not a kind word.

"SISTERS." She abares in the hopes of those that sow.

She shares in the hopes of those that reap, She smiles for the joys that the joyful know,

The softness of woman, the strength of man, And the faith of a little child Combined together in beauty can

She walks in the path she chose in youth, With never a thought for earth, Bright in her holiness, grand in her truth,

DO NOT DELAY.—Do not let a cold or a cough fasten upon you as it will if neglected. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will break up a cold and cure a cough, and should be resorted to at once when the first symptoms appear.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH MEMORIAL WINDOW. The window in memory of the late Archbishop Walsh in St. Michael's Cathedral, already mentioned in The Register, is placed on the north side of the building, in Our Lady's Chapel and in close proximity to the spot where the remains of the late Archbishop are interred.

The true motives of our actions, like the true pipes of an organ, are usually concealed, but the golden hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.

Ignorance, as far as learning is concerned, is no disgrace to those who have never possessed the means of improvement. It is otherwise, however, when opportunity has been neglected.

An estranged friend is apt to overflow with tenderness and remorse, when a person that was once esteemed by him undergoes any misfortune.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver.

The Whole Story in a letter! Pain-Killer (FRANK BATES) From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 3, Montreal.—"I have recently used FRANK BATES' PAIN-KILLER for neuralgia in my shoulder, rheumatism, all kinds of neuralgia, toothache, headache, and all kinds of neuralgia. I have been cured in every case. I have no hesitation in saying that FRANK BATES' PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

Use an Oxydonor, Absorb Oxygen and Write for Pamphlet to J. E. BRIGHT, Druggist Phone Main 2642 135 King St. W.

AN ISLAND OF CATHOLICS.

"Priests, 57, Catholic population, 175,000." The above is the sum total of the statistical information concerning Martinique that appears in the Official Catholic Directory. It is sufficient, however, to show that for the faithful the Catholicism that has practically obliterated St. Pierre, the principal town of Martinique, with its 30,000 inhabitants, is of deep and mournful interest to members of the faith the world over.

The figures 175,000, given as the Catholic population, represent practically the entire population of the island, and of the 30,000 souls said to have perished in St. Pierre only a very small percentage were without the fold.

Distinctive among the buildings of the city was the Cathedral, a great white building with a magnificent chime of bells, presided over by Mgr. Marie Charles Alfred de Cormont. This was a magnificent structure for such a small city, and was built many years ago. Latest advice as to the effect that this edifice is all down with the exception of one tower.

The second purser of the steamer Roralma, destroyed in St. Pierre Bay during the storm of lava, in telling of his narrow escape from death, says: "The Governor of Martinique and his family had arrived in St. Pierre to attend Mass at 8 o'clock on the morning of the fatal day. Special thanksgiving services were being held, the people believing all danger had passed, and the Cathedral and city churches were filled with worshippers at the moment of the catastrophe."

The convent and academy, which contained 200 girls and thirty-six nuns, have disappeared, as has the college, where seventy boys and twenty-two priests and professors were domiciled.

St. Pierre had many images and some fine statues. One of the latter, standing on a height and easily visible from the sea, was a gigantic "Christ," which overlooked the bay, a great white "Virgin" surmounted the Mornes d'Orange, while the "Our Virgin of the Watch" overlooked the anchorage. Behind the city was a beautiful cemetery.

Mgr. Cormont, the Bishop of Martinique, who is in Paris, is terribly shocked by the news of the destruction of St. Pierre. He says Mgr. Pelee was looked upon by the people as a picnic and pleasure point. He was anxious to start for Martinique at once, but the civil authorities advised him to postpone his departure in order that he might be of assistance in raising subscriptions for the vast amounts of money which will be necessary to relieve the distressed people of the island.

His Holiness Pope Leo has contributed 20,000 lire (\$4,000) to the fund being raised for the relief of the sufferers.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA. Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

What One of Canada's Leading Business Menes Thinks of Our Paper. Toronto, March 8, 1902. The Catholic Register Co., (City): We have been using the columns of The Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory.

MONUMENTS. Plans work and best designs at lowest prices in Granite and Marble. The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1115 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone North 1264. TORONTO.

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The Catholic Register

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

Telephone, Main 489 THURSDAY MAY 20 1902

THE ILLUCTIONS

The Ontario Provincial elections are being held to-day. The campaign has been a short one, and on the whole free from unpleasant feelings.

RELIGIOUS GOOD FEELING IN IRELAND.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world to-day where religious differences are as little felt in the daily lives of the people as the South of Ireland.

GOLD MEDALIST AT TRINITY

The Register observed by the daily papers of Tuesday that the name of the Trinity Medical gold medalist was given as John Joseph Thompson, of Scranton, Pa.

THE IRISH REVIVAL.

That distinguished Englishman, Wilfrid Seaven Blunt, contributes to The May Nineteenth Century a review of Lady Gregory's translation of the great Irish epic, "The Life and Death of Cuchulainn."

POISONING THE WELLS

Under the above heading our valued contemporary, The Messenger Monthly Magazine, New York, makes an investigation of "Appleton's Universal

Cyclopaedia and Atlas" which seems to have been compiled with the object of discrediting the Catholic Church as much as anything else.

Instances are cited, some of which we merely mention. Articles on "Reformation, Monachism, Education, America, Schools," "Theology, "Albigenses," and so on.

"We may confidently submit to our readers that those who thus ignore us as ignorant, obscurantist, unprogressive and slaves to ecclesiastical authority are doing all in their power to keep unsuspecting readers in error and darkness.

"The editors of this Cyclopaedia owe not only to Catholics but to Protestants also, and to the entire English-speaking world to which they seek a market for this work, and above all to some of the eminent scholars and specialists who are among their contributors, to revise it thoroughly, to change it at least in what we have shown it to be antiquated, superficial and partial even to the verge of bigotry.

OLD MEDALIST AT TRINITY

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ple has been rescued from its decay. The Celtic literature, too long despised by schools or universities, too ignorant to understand it, has been rehabilitated and at the present moment the Irish sagas are being accepted by modern criticism as the most interesting as well as the most ancient of western Europe.

"We have not space to-day to deal extensively with the outline of the story. The chief inspiration of Mr Blunt's article is the happy fact that the politics and national literature of Ireland have been once more united by the policy of the United Irish League on the one hand and the Gaelic League on the other, and that to sympathetic minds all over the world this unanimity of national passion means the true basis of Ireland's claim to be a nation.

WATER FOR THE COLONIES

Sir Robert Giffen, K C B, to whom was allotted the task some time ago of preparing the British budget for the imposition of the new bread tax, appears in The Nineteenth Century now with an inspired message to the Colonies.

Sir Robert Giffen frankly tells the Colonists that it is moonshine to expect any favors from the Mother Country. Of course, he says so in the way of a wise and loving adviser.

The Colonies are supposed to love the Motherland too generously, to ask her to injure herself in any way on their account. True they say, aid in the form of contingents for the Boer war but Sir Robert Giffen asks them to please remember that practically the entire cost and loss of the war falls upon Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen only.

ONE OF THE FIRST POINTS TO BE DETERMINED

"One of the first points to be determined when the Colonies and the Mother Country are in council, cannot but be the question of free trade or protection as the policy of the Empire and it is the Colonies and not the Mother Country that should give way.

THE SAME IDEA IS REPEATED

The same idea is repeated in other words again and again through the long article. It means that England cannot live by the policy of protection, and that she believes the Colonies should open their markets to her goods.

HOMOGENEITY OF EDUCATION.

Some trenchant remarks on the subject of Godless education are contained in a pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and laity of New Zealand by the four Catholic Bishops of that Colony. We intend to publish the entire document in a future issue.

Christian and irreligious. As well try to make the forest trees have the same sized leaves, or to make all men belong to the same political party, pursue the same occupation, live in the same kind of homes, wear the same style of dress, think the same thoughts, and reach the same conclusions with the same methods.

"Again, the scheme is 'undemocratic' - violently so. If you must have homogeneity, close all expensive private schools, which are so many sacred and inviolable preserves, intended as they are for the children of the rich, or dismiss your private tutor or governess, or be ready to let the public official knock at your door and inquire if what he or she teaches corresponds in time and matter with the programme of the State.

"Let us state the unvarnished truth. The homogeneity brought about by these godless schools is a homogeneity of senselessness of irrelevance, a practical negation of all Christian beliefs during five consecutive days of every week of the child's life, with nothing adequate to counteract it on Sunday, for these children, like their parents, are not churchgoers. It is the cancelling of Christianity from the life of the nation."

EDITORIAL NOTES

King Edward will visit the Cork Exhibition.

The only Christian Government in the world that refused aid to the St. Pierre sufferers was the Imperialist Government of Lord Salisbury.

A very strong protest against the anti-Catholic portion of the Royal Declaration and Coronation Oath has been extensively signed by the Catholics of Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown and other districts in the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope.

Dr Bourne, the Catholic Bishop of Southwark, has received a communication from an anonymous benefactor placing at his disposal a sum of money sufficient to erect three Catholic churches in South London.

Father C. B. Macey, an Irishman of the Church of the Sacred Heart, West Hattersea, has just been appointed Provincial of the Salesian Order in England and the Colonies.

A correspondent of The London Spectator writes a rather interesting letter about Mr Cecil Rhodes' references to the Jesuits in his will.

"I was sitting next Mr Rhodes at a large dinner," he writes, "and our conversation turned on religious belief. Mr Rhodes expressed himself strongly in eulogistic terms of the Roman Catholic Church. He said, 'I have a great admiration for the Roman Catholic Church; it is in my opinion the one logical religion in the world, and if I only had the time I should like to become a Jesuit myself. Do you know any Jesuits? I have met many of them in Rhodesia, and have so great a respect and so keen an admiration for them as a body, that I take off my hat to them, each and all. It is not so much what they do, or what they say; it is what they are that has impressed me so deeply.'"

An indication of Mr Rhodes' hatred and contempt for Mr Chamberlain, who was, he stated to Mr. Tatton Egerton, the Tory member for the Knutsford Division of Cheshire, a participant and accomplice in the Rhodes-Jameson plot against the Transvaal, is furnished quite undeniably by Mr. Stead's account of the circumstances under which Mr. Rhodes cancelled his appointment of Mr. Stead to the position of trustee

and executor of his will. It was not until 1901 Mr Rhodes revoked the portion of his will in which he had named Mr Stead his trustee and executor. Mr Stead, however, had for years previously assailed Mr Chamberlain fiercely for his complicity in the Jameson Raid. In a pamphlet published on October 16, 1899, and sent to every member of the House of Commons, entitled, "Are we in the Right?" Mr Stead then referred to Mr Chamberlain in language of which Mr Rhodes clearly did not disapprove, but he did not remove Mr Stead from the position of trustee till two years afterwards.

The centenary of the Christian Brothers will be celebrated in Dublin on the second of next month, says The Dublin Freeman's Journal. On that day, one hundred years ago, a Waterford merchant named Edmund Ignatius Rice established a brotherhood for the religious and secular education of the poor Catholic boys of that city. That was the germ of the Order of Christian Brothers, which has since spread its branches all over the world wherever the Irish exile has gone and even into countries where he has not gone.

A most unique record has just been decided in the London Law Courts, and is all the more remarkable as concerning a musician whose fame rests principally on the composition of an Anglo-Irish song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," which still has a certain popularity. The case under notice is that of Frederick William Nicholls Crouch, who became bankrupt in 1837, and whose creditors (more correctly, their survivors) were recently called together, 65 years after his failure, with a view of proving his claims and discussing matters, resulting in the very substantial dividend of 11s. 9d in the pound Crouch, in the bankruptcy returns of 1837, is described as "Professor of Music, Felix Terrace, Liverpool Road," and he was the son of Frederick Crouch, a fair violinist and composer, who died a pauper in 1840.

It was not, however, by music that the late Mr Crouch acquired a property which has now resulted in a belated dividend, but from a garden in Pfitzville originally only worth 6s. a year, but now extremely valuable. Almost needless to add that Crouch was not, as some have supposed, an Irishman, although "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dermot Asthore" were at one time great favorites - masquerading as Irish ballads.

The destruction of St Pierre by the recent volcanic upheaval was complete. In our editorial on the subject last week we remarked that the inhabitants had well preserved the faith received from the early missionaries. How well can be understood from the following extract from the report of The London Daily News concerning the moment of the calamity:

"By the by, when this thing happened I'm sure most of the people of St Pierre must have been at early Mass. It always was a place for church-going - morning and evening, and every day of the week. Of all places in the West Indies I always used to think of St Pierre as a little paradise. You didn't get the idleness and poverty that you found elsewhere. Then it was undeniably a pretty little town, from the ships you saw the churches and chapels with pillars, in front and domes on top, and roofs of all colors - white, red and light blue. It is the one island where the people don't come down to the shore selling fruit on Sundays. Lolling on deck, and looking at the little town in the sunlight, it was like being in a dream, everything being so quiet and pretty. When you got on shore you also saw a lot of difference from the other islands.

The houses were not so much jammed together, and the people all seemed to be industrious and to have something to do. You could walk about the town without a crowd coming up inquisitive to find out what you wanted. Perhaps you might be spoken to quietly by some one, but as it would be in French you wouldn't understand much, except that he wanted to be polite and friendly. There wasn't much to take you on shore. There was no place of amusement.

The Pope's felicitations to Catholic Australia as the youngest of the Christian nations will direct attention to the progress of the Church in the new Commonwealth. In New South Wales it has made enormous strides since Cardinal Moran's advent over seventeen years ago. But in no direction is the change more marked than in the friendly relations between the old Church and the new State. Two incidents recently marked this in a striking way. When the Cardinal was leaving Sydney for his vacation in Europe the whole New South Wales Cabinet paid a formal visit to wish him bon voyage. Shortly afterwards St Patrick's Day was proclaimed a public State holiday in the Colony. The St Patrick's Day banquet was attended by Mr Barton, the Federal Premier, who joined heartily in the chorus of "God Save Ireland."

The recent attempt of the absurd Protestant Alliance to disbar Jesuits as citizens drew attention to one of the greatest anomalies in English law. There were, however, even more curious anomalies than those that at present affect Jesuits so recently as 1878. By the Statute Law Revision Act of that year were repealed, among others "An Act that every Englishman and Irishman that dwelleth with Englishmen and speaketh English, between sixty and sixteen years, shall have an English bow and arrows." Then there were, in addition, "An Act to restrain the carrying of hawks out of this Kingdom," "An Act abolishing these words, Cromaboo and Butleraboo," "An Act to prevent Papists being solicitors." These statutes were the law of the land twenty years ago. "By the way," asks an English paper, "can any of our readers explain these mysterious words, Cromaboo and Butleraboo?" The Dublin Freeman's Journal answers that any Irish reader could explain them. They are the familiar war-cries of the Fitzgeralds and the Butlers.

ANOTHER CATHOLIC REPUBLIC.

(Chicago Now World.)

Cuba entered on her political independence last Tuesday. It was an auspicious omen of her future that upon the eve of her practical assumption of nationality her people attended memorial masses throughout the island for her sons who fell in the cause of her liberty.

Fear is expressed that on account of her small size and her population of only a million and a half the republic of Cuba cannot endure. Her security from attack external is guaranteed by the United States.

DR. LIEBER AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

In noticing the death of Dr. Lieber we quoted a poetical motto of his college days in which he declared that he would not accept knighthood from a prince, and would refuse other honors since he desired to be as free as air in his service of God and the people. According to statements made by the German papers within the past few days, Dr. Lieber's resolution was put to the test. He was offered a Provincial Presidency. The Presidencies of the fourteen Prussian provinces are, it need hardly be said, posts of high responsibility. Those who hold them receive a salary of twenty-one thousand marks and are lodged at the expense of the State. Dr. Lieber was it appears, sounded as to whether he would take such a position, and gave a courteous refusal. Then he was sent for by the Emperor, who asked him to accept the Presidency of the province of Hesse-Nassau. When he declined the offer His Majesty proposed that he should accept an Order. Dr. Lieber, while thanking him, firmly assured him that he was resolved to remain a plain man of the people to the end. "Well then, Doctor," said the Emperor, "you will at least accept a portrait of your Sovereign." This, of course, Dr. Lieber very willingly did, and the portrait was handed to him with His Majesty's autograph - Catholic Times.

During the illness of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Catholics throughout the kingdom were instructed to pray for her recovery.

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ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S WILL

The will of Archbishop Michael A. Corrigan and proof for its probate were filed in the Surrogate's Court during the week. The will was executed on Feb. 9, 1894, before subscribing witnesses William P. O'Connor, Father Joseph H. McMahon and Father James N. Connolly. It says: "I give, devise and bequeath all my estate, both real and personal, of whatever kind, name and nature and wheresoever situated, whether in possession, reversion, remainder, or otherwise, unto the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of the city of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, late Bishop of the city of Newark, N. J., and the Right Rev.

Henry Gabriels, Bishop of the city of New York, to have and to hold their heirs and assigns, forever, joint tenants and not as tenants in common. I have executed this will in duplicate according to Pl. Council of the diocese.

Under the joint tenancy the survivor would take the whole. The will is satisfactory to him. It is only through the will that the brothers Joseph P. Corrigan, St. Leo, Fla., J. George W. Corrigan, of Newark, N. J., that the proceeding for probate has been expedited. These are the only heirs and executors of the late Archbishop. The three beneficiaries named the executors. Bishop Gabriels yesterday took the oath of office as executor. Bishop Wigger has done since the will was made.

MR. PETER RYAN.

We are sorry to see that one of our best known citizens, in the person of Mr Peter Ryan, is suffering from a very severe attack of rheumatism. We wish him a speedy recovery.

PROTESTANTS AND THE BIBLE

(London Monitor.)

If the latest endeavors of Protestant learning have resulted in the publication of a Biblical Encyclopedia which as The Methodist Times protests, has "torn the Bible to tatters," it forms but a symptom of the contemptuous indifference with which the Bible is now-a-days regarded by so many of the sects. The Sacred Book which Protestantism at its inception protested it alone had the right to defend, is now become the happy hunting ground of the theorist. The cause or the effect of this extraordinary development is seen in the absolute indifference of the rank and file preaching on behalf of the Protestant Reformation Society at St. Michael's Cornhill, on Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Wright drew a gloomy picture of the condition of the Anglican establishment. Most people, he said, were more familiar with Shakespeare than with the Scriptures, and even students in the Universities were equally ignorant. These facts are patent to any observer. Protestantism, it seems, is ceasing to be a religion, and becoming a mere pseudo-philosophic cult.

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large, but the risk is generally great. But when you invest your money in our debentures, you combine good profits with the safety of a gilt edged investment. You can invest as little as \$100.00 or as much as you like, with an absolute guarantee against loss - with an assurance of five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly. Write for our Booklet, "An Investment of Safety and Profit."

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S WILL

The will of Archbishop Michael A. Corrigan and proof for its probate were filed in the Surrogate's Court during the week. The will was executed on Feb. 9, 1894, before subscribing witnesses William P. O'Connor, Father Joseph H. McMahon and Father James N. Connolly. It says: "I give, devise and bequeath all my estate, both real and personal, of whatever kind, name and nature and wheresoever situated, whether in possession, reversion, remainder, or otherwise, unto the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of the city of Brooklyn, the Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, late Bishop of the city of Newark, N. J., and the Right Rev.

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

Little Rody

He was a fair, fragile little urchin, with light curly hair and clear blue eyes that looked straight at you when he cried: "Buy a paper, sir!"

Yes, Rody was a veritable street arab, with no one to love him, no one to care for him, a poor wretch that the world seemed to imagine was made of tougher stuff than flesh and blood. But Rody was not accustomed to think over his misfortunes, and did not consider himself ill-used because cold and hunger formed a part of daily existence. When a few crumbs from the rich man's table fell to his lot he enjoyed them, and called himself lucky if a kindly passer-by dropped him a copper. Eleven years was the precise time this small boy had inhabited our globe, and yet he had suffered more, in much more than many of us suffer, well-to-do worldlings suffer in a lifetime.

There was a time when Rody was neither a walt nor an outcast, when he had a little cot and a fond mother who tucked him away each night in warm blankets as she kissed him, whispering softly, "God bless my own boy, Rody! God love my own boy, my own little Rody!" that was a long time ago now, nearly four years, but Rody remembered it well, and often when he felt cold and miserable it did him good to think of those far-off days and to picture to himself the cottage where he had knelt at his mother's knee and learned the first lessons of piety, truth and love. Yes, Rody liked to dream of that happy time and relate to his wondering companions how he had once lived in a cozy thatched cottage and gathered violets from mossy hedges and cowslips in green fields. "But why did you not always stay where the trees and flowers were, Rody?" some pale-faced nite would ask. That was a question the boy never chose to answer. Perhaps he feared the tears which were so near his eyes might steal down unawares, and then Rody considered it unwomanly to betray all he felt for his dear, dead mother. And yet, all the same, when alone, "Ah! why had she died and left him?" was the questioning cry of the child's heart.

It was only in a shadowy, distant way Rody remembered his father, the tall, strong man who used to lift him on his shoulder, whistle to him and kiss him.

One bitterly cold week in January that kind father died, and the doctors said pneumonia had claimed another victim as its own. Rody's pretty, fragile mother, never recovered from the shock of her young husband's death. She pined away slowly, and before two years had passed was laid beside him in the churchyard. At that time Rody had only a vague idea of death. The poor little fellow cried when he looked at his mother's pale, stiff face and worn, transparent hands and begged her to speak to him. Kind friends and neighbors, at his tears, took the child from the bedside and filled his pockets with sweetmeats. "Don't cry, Rody!" they said, "your mother has gone to a happy home above the skies."

"Why did she leave me all alone?" wailed the child. "Because God called her," they told him, "and you must be a good boy and you'll be with her later on. Your Uncle Joe or his wife will be coming for you from Dublin to-morrow, so don't cry any more."

But Rody was not to be comforted. He sobbed and wailed and called "Muddy! Muddy! your own little Rody wants you!"

Even when the hardfaced, black-eyed woman who called herself Aunt Ellen lifted him in a third-class carriage, which was to bring him away from the sweet, wild country and to the home he loved to a crowded tenement house in a dismal back street in the Liberties, still he cried. However, young as he was, Rody soon found there was no good fretting or walling for his dead mother. Aunt Ellen, to his great relief, was not sympathetic. From the first she regarded the child as a nuisance. He would be the cause of extra expense and trouble, and this one fact was quite sufficient to make Rody objectionable to his aunt. Uncle Joe Rody learned to regard in rather a peculiar light. He was a dark, curly man, who at times was kind to the child, but oftener beat him, swore at him and told him to begone and beg. For some time the child was unable to account for his uncle's uncontrollable fits of passion, but as he grew older he began to perceive the reason why his uncle and aunt quarrelled so frequently and so sorely—why they declared they hated each other—that they wished one another dead. Both were drunkards.

of pity Things did not improve with time in Uncle Joe's dwelling. Each year a greater number of blows fell to Rody's lot. Each year he longed more and more to get away from his inhuman protectors.

One dark winter night, when the child had been maltreated more severely than usual, he fled from his wretched home to return no more. Alone, hungry and miserable, Rody started to seek out a precarious existence. Poor little mite! He faced the world with a bitter heart than many a man, yet with a sickening feeling of despair often took possession of him as he stood at nightfall at the corner of some deserted street, a corner of unsold Evening Telegraphs under his arm and not a penny to call his own. Everywhere around him was food, money and warmth, but when they came to his bed and said that the child might linger some time, but want and exposure had done their work, he could never recover.

Rody did not seek pity or wait out in distress. He bore his privations with a mute callousness which might have shamed many a stronger soul. He beat his cold, mud-beset feet against the wet pavements which were cold and comfortless himself while gazing in at savory dishes in cookshop windows when adverse fortune had left him superfluous. But there was something which grieved Rody even more than cold and want, and that was the longing of his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been unusually lucky in the sale of his papers or Dame Fortune had bestowed one whole shilling on him as his own, the child felt that vague feeling of loneliness which he could never have explained. Perhaps it was this emotion which made him cling to the sweet memory of his mother, and perhaps, too, it was the thought of her which kept him so long from sin. But the boy was human—intensely human, he did not pray, in fact, he had forgotten God and prayer, and when the poor, as we all know, become unmindful of their Father in heaven or learn to regard him in a far-off, shadowy way, they find, if very hard indeed in their wants and sorrows to keep to the right path. Rody was not an exception to this rule. He often felt it would be much more profitable to cheat or steal than to be honest, much easier to lie than speak the truth, but then there was no one to care particularly, he thought, what he did; it was all the same whether he was good or bad, and the fact of being upright had only left him destitute.

Such was the train of Rody's thoughts one cold winter evening, as he stood at Grafton street corner with a few unloved Evening Telegraphs in his hand.

"Little use I've trying to live," he muttered between his chattering teeth. "Every one can have something but me, I'm the worst off of the whole lot of them," and Rody wiped away the unbidden tears that were trickling down his cheeks with the sleeve of his tattered coat.

"Come, my boy, get on now! You can't stand here," cried a voice by his side. Rody raised his clear, honest eyes to the speaker and then fled in terror, for the street arab generally regards the "Bobby in blue" as his natural enemy. When he had reached the end of the street, and not till then, he stopped.

Poor little mite, his head was throbbing madly and his frame shook with a hacking cough. A few yards from him was a gay toy shop, surrounded by laughing children. Rody, relieved from his fear, watched them. They all looked so happy, he thought. He alone was miserable. Suddenly a bright shilling rolled towards him. He gazed at it longingly. He knew it belonged to one of those merry boys who were eagerly discussing the merits of a pop-gun. They had plenty, he was starving and ill. Besides, no one was looking. He could easily take it. He stooped down, picked up the money and then ran as if for his very life. But he had been seen, and six pairs of legs followed in swift pursuit and shrill voices yelled "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

Rody heard them and knew that he was followed. He strained every nerve, every muscle, to keep ahead of his pursuers. He darted down one street, then up another, now ran a rough one lane, now through another, until he fell exhausted in a dark alleyway, his brain swimming and the cry of "Stop thief!" still ringing in his ears. As he raised his hand to his throbbing forehead he felt it wet with warm blood. A thousand lights, he thought, danced before his eyes, while "Stop thief! Stop thief!" seemed to be echoed and re-echoed by the shrill winter wind. Although Rody pressed his little hands against his ears to deafen the hands against his ears to deafen the sound, yet the weird cry still went on, only growing louder and louder each minute, until at last it culminated in one long, wild shriek, and then—Rody knew no more.

his blue eyes, his pale cheeks were flushed like scarlet, and the fair, unkempt curls tossed restlessly from side to side.

"I hear them, they are coming, coming, nearer and nearer—they are crying 'Stop thief!' and I can run no farther!" he would wail.

It was all in vain that gentle Sister Winifred strove to quiet his fearful fancies, he only moaned "more and more loudly, until it seemed as if he must die of the very grief and fear."

At last, however, the plaintive cry grew lower and lower and then died away altogether. The fever had gone, and weak, white and wasted Rody lay, with his great blue eyes wandering from bed to bed, vainly trying to recollect himself and guess when they came to his bed and said that the child might linger some time, but want and exposure had done their work, he could never recover.

Meanwhile Rody had grown very patient and quiet. The comfort and kindness which surrounded his cot puzzled his little brain, it was so different to the misery to which he was accustomed. He listened wonderingly to Sister Winifred's gentle voice telling of the love of the Sacred Heart for little children, and how Jesus used to take them in His arms and bless them and say, "Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Gradually Rody began to lose his sense of loneliness. He knew God cared for him and watched over him even more tenderly than his own long lost mother.

One day when Sister Winifred asked him where she should send for his father and mother, he replied, raising his eyes to Sister Winifred's sweet face in amazement. "They are dead long ago," he said, sobbingly. "I have been working for myself ever so long."

"Poor little mite," murmured the nun, "God loves you all the better for being poor and lonely, you are one of His favorite little ones!"

As she spoke a faint flush stole into the child's cheeks, for those words awakened in his childish heart pang of keen remorse, and he felt a great sad recollection, like a painful picture, rose before him that he had been a bad boy, he had forgotten God, he had stolen, and oh! what would mother say if she knew all! And as the thoughts crowded on him Rody covered his head with the blanket to hide his grief.

Levar's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant.

years with his idolized mother, then his sorrow and loneliness in the city tenement house and lastly, his bitter struggle to earn a living in the streets. It was a sad tale, but it is the tale of many of our cities and towns, for as a rule there are many dark days and heavy rainfalls in the lives of our city wretches.

"Sister Winifred, I'll never forget to love God again, not even if I live to be ever so old," he child would cry, with his eyes full of tears and with clasped hands.

"Would you do it very hard to die Rody?" Sister Winifred asked one day Rody looked startled. "To die?" he repeated.

"Yes, Rody." The tears trickled down the child's cheeks as he said sobbingly.

"I never thought of dying, Sister," he said, and turned his face to the wall. An hour later, when Sister Winifred came to her little favorite's cot, he took her hand and, drawing her over to him, he whispered.

"I won't be sorry to die if God wishes it, only I sed to think of living and being very good to pay back the shilling and to make up for all the time I was bad."

"I understand, Rody, darling," the nun answered, and she wiped away her own tears. "You wish whatever God wishes."

"Yes, Sister," the child answered, firmly. "That is what I mean."

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ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH, MONTREAL.

Montreal, May 28—Sunday, May 25, will be a red letter day in the history of the English-speaking Catholics of St. Michael's Parish. Rev. Father J. P. Kiernan, the pastor of the congregation, has been tireless since his appointment, in his efforts to get the new parish started under favorable auspices and he has succeeded. Beautiful weather favored him, and a large congregation assembled in the temporary chapel. The Holy Sacrifice, with its impressive ritual carried out in every detail, was celebrated. Rev. Father McGarry, C. S. C., Superior of St. Laurent College, preached an appropriate sermon based on the command of the Lord to Moses to build a temple in which He could dwell in the midst of his people.

Truth and Honesty

Like Precious Stones are Perhaps Most Easily Imitated at a Distance. —Nicholas Mickloby.
Therefore look to see that a spurious imitation is not being foisted upon you in place of

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, which is sold only in sealed lead packets—never in bulk.

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Baltimore, Md., March 20, 1901

DEAR SIR:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be read at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in that ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city who told me that as far as operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the best noise would then come, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

Then saw your advertisement, cordially in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noise ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

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THE OPINION OF AN ADVERTISER.

To the Editor of The Register:

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

Yours,
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31 Jordan street, Toronto.

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Large Bot. 50c. Medium Size 30c. Trial Size 10c.
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DEAF AMBASSADOR

Washing May 21.—Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador, died at Flock this morning at his residence. He has been in failing health some time, but the medical men have been rather reassured by the news of his death came as a shock to official circles here.

Jesus Christ

embroidered on a pocket square. Her. Walter Elliot. C.S.C. profusely illustrated. A pocket square at a popular price. 10c. post paid.

BESS

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Chats With Young Men

In a letter to the editor of the Catholic Register... I am a young man of 21 years of age... I am a student of the University of Toronto...

What are the facts? There are every year in Montreal over one hundred young Catholics... who follow the lead of the University of Toronto...

While non-Catholics have their Y. M. C. A. and other organizations... which are continually and actively working among them...

All this could be easily remedied if our wealthy Catholics throughout Canada would lend themselves...

THE FAY-BILLS MAN.

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PERSONALITY AS CAPITAL

A pleasing personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it...

Very few people ever come to your home or see your stocks and bonds and lands and interest in steamship lines or corporations...

Glimpses of the Great.

The coming shooting of genius... which will add to our personal wealth... which will enrich and beautify the character of those about us.

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us wherever we go through life and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us...

MGR. FALCONIO WILL GO TO WASHINGTON.

The departure of Cardinal Martinelli last Saturday, with the understanding that he will not return, has given rise to much speculation...

The return of Cardinal Martinelli to Rome awakens interest in his probable successor at Washington.

WHAT TRUE FRIENDSHIP MEANS.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES

Five little minutes are all the time Perry Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomach-ache...

Non. E. Blake on Mr Dillon's Suspension.

We take from our old country exchange the following arrangement of the Speaker of the House of Commons made by Hon. Edward Blake...

From the honey-suckle gray The oriole with capericed quest Twitches the fibrous bark away...

MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB.

Everybody knows the story of Mary and her little lamb, but not every one knows that Mary Sawyer...

When Mary's mother came for her recitations she sat down the aisle after her, to intense delight of the pupils and surprise of the teacher.

THE GREAT DEMAND

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable agent for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Dr. Williams' Anti-Consumptive Syrup...

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LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A
MODERN NEMESIS

(By Margaret Kelly)

CHAPTER XIV.

Dollie was no longer to be seen in the wards of the hospital. She had finally put off her becoming uniform, much to the regret of the medical staff and her fellow-nurses, who heart good wishes for her future, however, still cling in her ears and made for her the most tender and touching music.

She had gone to Rochampton to stay with Mr. Clive's sister for the time before her marriage, which was to take place with as little delay as possible. Mrs. Eversley had not been pleased to hear of her brother's intentions.

"What do you think of this, Henry?" she asked, handing her husband the letter in which her brother had made the first intimation of his engagement. "Poor Ossy has succumbed at last to some fair charmer. I am anxious to see the sort of woman that has succeeded in captivating him. The last time we teased him, do you remember, he said he should marry when he met some one who had the charms of Mary Anderson."

Captain Eversley read the letter, then stroked his military moustache and smiled.

"He wants you to act as chaperone to his girl, so your wish will soon be gratified. He does not mean to lose any time, evidently."

"Oh, but it is so like Ossy! The girl seems to have no parents, or he wouldn't have wished her to be married from our place. She is some friendless creature that he thinks it his duty to protect, you may be sure. He has such strange notions. I am sure she is a designing little puss. I wish he had asked my advice before taking such a decisive step as engaging himself."

"Men are accustomed to do that sort of thing, aren't they?" replied the Captain, with good-humored irony. "One always asks one's sister's advice as to matrimonial adventures, is it not so?"

"But most men are not a bit like Ossy. He is such a dear fellow, and not a bit able to protect himself from the dreadful women who are determined to marry him," returned Mrs. Eversley, who was a tiny, pretty little woman, looking as though she were made to be petted and made much of all her life.

"The Captain was a fine, well-proportioned, well-grown man, with a good-humored expression on his otherwise ordinary features and a soldier-like bearing in all his movements."

"I think," he said, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "that the dear boy has protected himself extremely well so far, and you may be sure that he has not done anything rash. As for marrying in order to constitute himself protector to some poor torn maiden, I fear the days of such chivalry are past. Depend upon it, this Miss Brownedge is a person worth having. Osborne has a discriminating eye."

"Well, I hope so. I should like him to be happy. I suppose I must write and say we shall have great pleasure in receiving Miss Brownedge."

Mrs. Eversley wrote, and the consequence was that her brother and his future bride came two days later, the latter to take up her residence for a short time at "the Homelands."

Poor little Mrs. Eversley was quite overwhelmed by the surprising beauty of quiet dignity of her brother's fiancée, and capitulated at once without any preliminary siege. Captain Eversley, too, thought that his brother-in-law had been especially discriminating this time, and the Eversley children declared that Miss Brownedge was far and away the most delightful person who had as yet entered into their young lives.

The next day, when the surgeon had gone to the hospital and Dollie was charming the children, who had begged to have her all to themselves for just one half-hour, Captain and Mrs. Eversley were discussing their guest and future relative.

"If she was not so sweet I should be quite afraid of her. Do you know, I could scarcely realize that it was she at the station yesterday."

"I suppose you were looking out for a girl with an orphan-like appearance, eh? The regulation blue serge frock and a black sailor hat," laughed the Captain.

"Don't be absurd, Henry! But really, I was not at all prepared for such a princess. I feel quite small and insignificant, and the house does not seem at all up to the mark, somehow. Does she make you feel like that?" Mrs. Eversley inquired nervously.

"Oh, dear no," answered her husband. "But then my preconceived notions of her were not as definite as yours. I had not imagined her to be a poor forlorn orphan, nor did I go to the other extreme of imagining her to be an impudent husband-seeker. Women are so hasty—and then, of course, they get so dreadfully taken in."

"I am glad you are pleased, and I only hope that after ten years Osborne will have as much reason to congratulate himself on his wife as I have on my Nell."

Mrs. Eversley blushed, looking very young and pretty. She was as pleased as any girl might have been at receiving a first compliment from the man she loved.

"Ah, Henry, you have not forgotten yet how to say pretty things. I am afraid that Ossy has not that gift," she said.

"How do we know what being in love will do for him?" asked Captain Eversley. "He may even, like that character of Dickens', 'drop into poetry.'"

"I hope not. That would be too awful to contemplate. But I mustn't waste any more time in idle gossip. I have promised to take Miss Brownedge (I can't call her Dollie—it is too absurd for such a queenly creature) up to town to do some shopping. You might drive us down to Hammersmith, and we can get a train there. I won't ask you to take us all the way into town, as we shall be busy all day."

Dollie felt that she had never spent such a pleasant day. She was too much of the true woman not to love pretty things, whether of dress or furniture, and her artistic sense was charmed by the sight of so much of the beautiful merchandise of the wealthiest city in the world.

Then Mr. Clive dropped in to lunch with them in Regent street, for his house in Wimpole street was in process of being turned inside out by painters and decorators.

"How you mind my leaving you for an hour?" asked Mrs. Eversley with a smile when they rose from the table. "Do you think you could manage to entertain Miss Brownedge for a little while? I should like to call on Mrs. William Eversley if you can spare me for a time. I shan't stay if you have any engagements, Osborne. But if not—"

"Go, by all means. I am free for a couple of hours now. Where shall we see you?"

Having appointed a meeting place, Mrs. Eversley tripped away, and Osborne took this first opportunity of asking Dollie what she thought of his sister.

"I like her very much—and she seems so very happy. I shall be very fond of them all by-and-by."

"Yes, Eversley is a good fellow, and the children are jolly little fellows, aren't they?"

"They are charming," answered Dollie, and then the thought of her own boy came and cast the only shadow that had fallen across her happiness.

"Osborne Clive seemed to respond to her thoughts, for he said suddenly: 'By the way, I shall never rest till we get your little fellow from Mrs. Clifton. She would not be so cruel as to wish to keep him. It is rather unfortunate business, though, she has become so very much attached to him. However, we must make every effort, even though it should come a little hard on her.'"

Dollie's eyes looked their gratitude, but for the moment she could find no words in which to express it.

"You make me too happy, Osborne," she said at length. "I can never be grateful enough to you."

"There is no question of gratitude," replied Mr. Clive. "Let it be only love between us."

"You have my love," she answered, simply. "But don't you think love is made up of many parts, and that gratitude might be one of them?"

"Perhaps you are right—I don't think I have very analyzed it. I am afraid I am totally ignorant of the theory of love, and am content to remain so."

It must be confessed that the great surgeon's ignorance seemed so blissful that one could not have found the heart to trust wisdom upon him if it would have subtracted one iota from the sum of his happiness.

Dollie too was happy now. Often she had vainly regretted having given up her boy so readily, as it seemed to her. Why had she not kept him and struggled to make a way for him and for herself? It was easy to question why, but the answer that came and showed her those past days in all their utter dreariness acquitted her of any but a wish for her son's future welfare.

Now all her troubles had come to an end, and her only feeling was that this perfect joy could not last. She was in a state of feverish consciousness, accompanied by a sensation that she was living in a dream out of which she would surely awake and find herself plunged into some new phase of a sad experience.

"You don't look very bright. What are you thinking about?" Osborne Clive asked, softly breaking in upon her reverie.

"I was thinking that I am not used to being so happy, and I am afraid it cannot last. If I were to be always as happy as I am now, I think I should not have the very faintest desire for Heaven—and it won't do to prefer earth to Heaven."

"So you are looking for a little something disagreeable to season your happiness with. My dear little girl, you have had your share of that in the past, and you will be sure to have more in the future, only don't run to meet it half-way, it will find you out, depend upon it, without so much exertion on your part. I did not know before what an ascetic little wife I was to have."

"Oh, no, I am altogether too selfish to want to go in for asceticism. It is nothing but selfishness that makes me feel like this. After all, I have been loaded with happiness in the past compared with any, some of your poor patients. I shall disgust you when you find out how little I care for and that will be something disagreeable for me in earnest."

"I am glad you are giving us some idea of what the future unhappiness is to consist of, I shall be able to act accordingly."

"It would cause me the greatest distress to knowingly disgust or pain you. I am so stupidly sensitive over anyone I love. It would hurt me beyond measure to think that I deserved a cross look or an unkind word. But I suppose I shall, some day. I hope it won't be for a long, long time."

"Never, as far as I am concerned," said Mr. Clive, fervently.

"Do you know, Henry," said Mrs. Eversley that evening, upon her return. "I have often heard of the twilight that shines in people's eyes, but this afternoon after she had left Ossy I really saw it in Dollie. It is quite a love match, one can see I am so glad. They say there is so little of that sort of thing in the world nowadays, and I do despise a person who would marry for money or position."

The captain laughed.

"I declare, Nell," he said, "you are getting quite romantic and sentimental. Money is, to be sure, a great factor in most of the marriages we hear of. But what can one do? If a fellow only has enough to live on he is bound either to marry for money, or, if he marries without it, he only drags himself and his wife—"

"I don't mean in that case. The best thing a man can do then is to leave matrimony alone altogether," interrupted Mrs. Eversley.

"Oh, Nell, you didn't think so ten years ago, did you? Isn't it possible to find love and money together sometimes?"

"Sometimes, I suppose," Nell admitted, for Captain Eversley had had nothing but his pay as lieutenant when he married the well-dowered Miss Clive.

"Well, having got you to admit that, I will not continue the discussion. Come and play me something nice. Miss Brownedge is very fond of music, so she will enjoy it as much as I shall."

CHAPTER XV.

On arriving in London Alaric, finding that his wife had gone to Park Lane, followed her thither. He was comparatively affluent at present, the result of his play at Monte Carlo, and, being affluent, his insolence was also at a high pitch. If his wife had made any awkward disclosures to her parents, he was resolved to brave it out. What did he care for them or her?

"She little dreams in her haughty, vixenish heart, how I could humble her in the dust," he muttered between his white teeth, and then resuming his smile, he went on, "but such a course would be too hard on myself. I must keep that secret at all hazards."

He was not surprised to find the Margraves somewhat cold and distant in their manner towards him. They asked him to stay for dinner, which he did, nothing loth, expecting to get over an uncomfortable meeting with Sybil thus easily. He met her crossing the hall, and confessed to himself that he beauty was peerless, enhanced as it was by the becoming folds, and tint of a turquoise blue velvet gown that hung from her white, rounded shoulders, with a wondrous grace.

Alaric was enchanted to see his wife looking so exquisitely lovely; putting love aside, it was impossible not to admire her. So with something of his former charm and grace of manner, he went towards her, and would have kissed her.

"I have come back, Sybil. Will you not welcome me?"

She stood back and surveyed him as though he had been the most complete stranger—and an insolent one as well.

"Why should I welcome you?" she asked, with cold scorn and a gesture of infinite disdain. "You can be nothing to me henceforward. You are a guest of my father at present, but you are nothing—less than no thing—if it were possible—to me."

She passed on.

A thousand evil spirits leapt into Alaric's heart. He set his teeth with a cruel snap, and his face became deadly pale. His first impulse was to fall her to the ground—and he refrained not from any manly afterthought—but because Alaric Huntleigh feared the consequences for himself.

She went into the drawing-room, and he waited for a few moments to collect his senses and to recover from the blow which his pride had received. Then he followed her, and took part in entertaining several guests who were strangers to him.

At dinner that evening he surpassed himself by his brilliant and interesting conversation. Mrs. Margrave softened very considerably towards him before they rose from the table, and began to assure herself that probably

the cause of her child's estrangement resulted from faults on both sides.

Mr. Margrave had no desire to condemn his son-in-law upward, and was of opinion that "Sybil must not be allowed to wreck her happiness in the way she wished. This little quarrel must be smoothed off, or patched up, somehow. Sybil did not know how to manage this high-spirited young fellow, it was plain."

So after the guests had gone Mr. Margrave, with all the tact he could command, began his self-imposed task of reconciliation.

But he had reckoned without his host, and ended by declaring that it was a hopeless affair. Knowing Sybil's forgiving nature, they were equally astonished at her firmness in abiding by her first decision, and at the calm contempt with which she listened to Alaric's pleadings and urgings.

Mrs. Margrave retired in tears after the first few minutes, and then at last Mr. Margrave himself began to despair of his influence having any effect. He also felt that it was impossible to do any more at present. It was certainly a great fiasco.

It grieved him greatly to see this great "rifle in the lute," but so adroit and diplomatic had Alaric been that he could not fathom the depths of that young man's character, and was inclined to throw a good half of the blame on poor Sybil's shoulders.

Sybil herself was astonished when she found out how small a list of chargeable offences she could make out against Alaric. And many of these which had seemed dire in the extreme, he laughed away, until she felt that she must appear foolish in comparison with him. Yet she knew his baseness and the depth of his deceit.

The instinct which she had despised in Felix, was now strong in her own soul, so she steeled her heart against him. He had felt from the first that nothing was to be hoped for from her, and each rebuff that he met with increased him more and more, until—though in outward appearance cool and self-contained—he was in a white heat of passion.

It was late when the unsuccessful ordeal was over, and so Alaric remained at Park Lane that night. He slept little, and when he did sleep his slumber was disturbed by dreams in which Sybil appeared to torment and harass him. When he rose, it was with a plan of revenge, the contemplation of which caused him an ocean of satisfaction, though its execution would put him for ever beyond the pale of society. Whilst dressing, his resolution was made. He would leave London that day after a last interview with Sybil. He could easily realize all his effects, and Matabeleland was a splendid field for adventure and enjoyment. He would join the Chartered Forces; he knew men who had already done so, and who would give him a hearty welcome.

He breakfasted alone, calmly and quietly, with the smile on his lips at

intervals. He saw Mr. Margrave's horse brought round, and knew that Mrs. Margrave had made an appointment in Portland Place for eleven o'clock. He waited until that time, and then sent a note to Lady Huntleigh to say that he would like to see her for a few minutes, as he was about to leave England that day. She came down to the morning-room looking pale, but still beautiful.

"Won't you sit down?" Alaric said, drawing up a chair, with the frozen smile about his mouth. Sybil saw the smile and a sudden terror took possession of her. She was afraid she knew not what, and felt hysterically inclined to scream. Alaric knew that she was frightened, and it was a real pleasure to him to prolong the agony as long as possible. He was like a cat, playing with the poor little mouse before he gave it the final blow.

Sybil sat down. Alaric continued standing.

"I shall leave England to-day," he said, "but I could not go without saying good-bye to you, my darling."

He spoke with exaggerated emphasis. Sybil looked up quickly, and the hot blood surged into her cheeks.

"Have you brought me here to insult me?" she asked, rising. "Have you no manliness left, Lord Huntleigh?"

"Sit down, he said, placing his hand heavily upon her shoulder and pushing her back into the chair. "I want you to listen to me." His eyes gleamed and his cruel teeth shone white—his look was savage, scorching, and Sybil recoiled from him with horror. "Yes," he continued, noticing the almost involuntary movement, "draw yourself away from me. Show a little more of your infernal pride, but remember that pride always has a fall, and yours is no exception to the rule. I am going to tell you now what I should never have told you if you had treated me with anything like consideration. You are not my wife. You are not Lady Huntleigh. You are only Sybil Margrave. I am already married and there is an heir to the earldom of Huntleigh, though no one knows it. You can spread abroad the news if you like, or if you wish to keep the secret to yourself it will be something pleasant to meditate upon in my absence."

Sybil stood up without hindrance this time.

"You are mad—you must be mad. None but a madman would take a pleasure in inventing such vile falsehoods, even to revenge himself upon—"

"Falsehoods!" laughed Alaric. "It is as true as there is—"

"Don't—don't!" Sybil covered her face with her hands. Then she looked at him, and a wave of pity swayed over her. With a sudden impulse she threw her arms around his neck.

"Dear Alaric, don't say such wild things. I will love you, I will do whatever you like, I will go back to our house. You are over-tired—you want to rest. Let me ring for something for you—only don't say such

foolish things—you will kill me."

"Dear Alaric, don't say such wild things. I will love you, I will do whatever you like, I will go back to our house. You are over-tired—you want to rest. Let me ring for something for you—only don't say such

The trembling Sybil drew near and saw a marriage certificate, but that was all. Before she could distinguish the names written upon it her head swam and a sudden faintness overpowered her. But the very intensity of the shock she had received prevented her from fainting. She took hold of the table to steady herself, and presently the mist passed from her eyes. She could not see, she could not move, her throat swelled, her tongue was parched—in her face was sufficient agony to have satisfied the most rapacious of human vultures.

Alaric spoke again as he folded up the paper and put it back in his pocket book.

"I swore last night to be revenged on you—I have kept my oath—farewell Sybil Margrave—revenge is sweet."

He was gone.

Sybil sank upon the lounge close at hand—a motionless heap. She pressed her hands tightly over her burning forehead feeling that her very brain was on fire.

How long she remained thus she knew not. She was dimly conscious that after a time some commotion was taking place without, and then someone burst into the room. It was her mother.

"You have heard all," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, my darling child, my darling Sybil! I am so grieved it is all so shocking, he is dead. Don't give way, dearest, if you had only—"

But she said no more, for Sybil lay white and rigid. She was mercifully unconscious.

It was the day before Dollie's marriage with Osborne Clive was to take place. She had been strangely nervous and excited for several days, and not at all her own, calm, self-possessed self.

"Are there such things as presentiments, Osborne?" she had asked. "I have a conviction that something dreadful will happen before to-morrow. Be careful of yourself, dear."

(To be continued.)

"TIS A MARVELOUS THING.—When the cures effected by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil are considered, the speedy and permanent relief it has brought to the suffering wherever it has been used, it must be regarded as a marvelous thing that so potent a medicine should result from the six simple ingredients which enter into its composition. A trial will convince the most skeptical of its healing virtues.

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He suffered a very great deal of pain, and his doctor ordered him to rise every hour during the night.

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Mons. Boivieu says: "Lodd's Kidney Pills are good. I know this because while at one time I suffered very severely from Kidney Disease, now I am well."

"Not long ago I used to have to get up several times during the night, now I can sleep well all night without rising."

"You can believe me, I am glad to have regained my health, and I say thanks a thousand times to Lodd's Kidney Pills."

That was a fine extravagant company that recently toured a portion of the United States in its German-American play of the "Prince and the Pauper." The audiences were large and the enthusiasm immense. All the millionaires alighted themselves, and the consumption of "white label" wet goods was enormous. The "working classes" carried the torches and otherwise behaved themselves. No matter! Thus are the capitalists of the two countries once more united. The unification of "capital" and "labor" is not in it with this latest movement of the exploiting classes. Now will you be good, or go away back and sit down?

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

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

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Letter from Mgr. Satelli, formerly Apostolic Delegate. Size of Volume 13 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in. 3 in. thick.

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

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

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, with sentiments of highest esteem, Most faithfully yours in Christ, ARCHB. SATOLLI, Del. Apost.

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