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# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XIV., No. 8

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Something About Hon. H. H. Killaly, a Minister of the Crown in Pre-Confederation Days.

(Written for The Montreal Standard and the Catholic Register.)

The following announcement appeared in the Toronto papers of the 9th of January, 1906: "Mrs. Hamilton Killaly, widow of the late Hamilton Hartley Killaly, who was a former Minister of Public Works in Ontario, died at her residence, 91 Huntley street, last evening, at the advanced age of 97 years. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Turner, residing in England, and Mrs. Killaly Gamble, of 91 Huntley street, and a son, Mr. Richard Killaly, of Osogood Hall."

This mention of the death of this lady recalls an era in Canadian history that is very interesting—the era of the contest with Sir Charles Metcalfe for responsible government, and of the first Baldwin-Lafontaine administration. Hon. H. H. Killaly, husband of the lady whose death is here recorded, was a member of that administration as Commissioner of Public Works, but has long preceded his wife to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." He was one of the large Irish contingent in that administration.

No doubt a list of the members of that celebrated cabinet would be of interest to your readers in all parts of the Dominion. It is as follows: Robert Baldwin, Toronto, Attorney-General West; L. H. Lafontaine, Montreal, Attorney-General East; J. E. Small, Toronto, Solicitor-General West; T. C. Aylwin, Quebec, Solicitor-General East; J. H. Dunn, Toronto, Receiver-General; Francis Hincks, Toronto, Inspector-General; A. N. Morin, Montreal, Commissioner Crown Lands; R. B. Sullivan, Toronto, President of the Council; D. Daly, Montreal, Secretary of the Province; H. H. Killaly, London, Ont., President Board of Works.

This cabinet was formed shortly after the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces in 1841, and lasted until 1846, when, with the exception of Mr. Daly, they all resigned, as a protest against Lord Metcalfe's failure to comply with their demand for a responsible administration. A fierce battle was waged until the advent of Lord Elgin, when the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration, with some changes in its personnel, came into power again, with the seat of government in Montreal. This administration was a very able one, but there were members of it who had little or no political leanings, and, strange to say, they were all Irishmen, and included Sullivan, Daly, and Killaly. It was sometimes called the Irish administration, including, as it did, five members of that nationality, Baldwin and Hincks being the other two; and they were men with very strong convictions. Baldwin was born in Toronto, but his father came to Canada from Cork county; Hincks was born in Cork county; Sullivan was born in Cork county, and Killaly came from Dublin. Dunn's name is Irish, but I am not aware of his nationality. It is with Killaly, however, that I have now most to do.

He was a very modest man, and his name has few, if any, places in Canadian biography. The few facts about him that I am here able to produce were obtained some time ago from a member of his family, and may be relied on as being correct.

Mr. H. H. Killaly was born in Dublin in the year 1800. His father was Director of Public Works in Ireland, and built all the relief works before 1830 and afterwards all the public works were erected under his direc-

tion. The name is undoubtedly Celtic, and therefore he must be set down as a genuine Irishman. His mother belonged to the Hamilton family of King's County, Ireland. Mr. Killaly was partly educated at the Finghian Institute. At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and received his professional training from his father, who was an eminent engineer, and once proposed to build a canal from Dublin to Galway.

Mr. H. H. Killaly came to Canada by way of New York, in the year 1834, his brother John accompanying him. He settled at a place named Wacousta, near London, where several Irish families, that have since become famous, had settled not long before. Among those families were the Blakes and the Cronins. He farmed for a while with more or less success, but in 1840, at the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canada he engaged in politics, and ran for member of Parliament for the new city of London, on the reform ticket, and was elected by a very small majority, his opponent being a leading London merchant. Engineering talent was not then very prominent in Canada, and Mr. Baldwin no doubt had then an eye on him for Commissioner of Public Works, and appointed him to that bureau when forming his celebrated responsible government cabinet. He was also a member of Lord Sydenham's Executive Council. In private life he was a contractor, as well as an engineer, and got the reputation of being somewhat eccentric.

There was another Irishman in those days who was chaplain to Lord Sydenham, and a gentleman of some literary pretensions, Rev. Dr. Adamson, who has left us the only sketch of Mr. Killaly that I can anywhere find, and this tells of him as a sportsman and fisherman. In his book on "Salmon Fishing in Canada," I find a description of this subject of my pen. It is humorous, perhaps a little grotesque, but a striking piece of portraiture. This sketch of Killaly, or "The Commissioner," as Dr. Adamson calls him, is not the less vivid because there seems to be about it a "suspicion" of malice.

"In the month of July, 1846, a little cutter yacht, having on board the 'Commissioner,' the Baron, the Captain, Adamson, and a crew of three men, a boy and two servants, entered the Saguenay. In a nook among the mighty mountains near Tadoussac was a settlement of Mr. Price, who received the fishermen, and gave notice that there would be divine service on board the yacht the following day. In the evening they had some good sea-trout fishing, their enjoyment qualified by mosquitoes and black flies. There being too many fishermen together, one of the party struck out for himself. Sport went hand-in-hand with good cheer and pleasant converse, until the shades of evening and the gloom of the overhanging cliffs having warned the party to return home, they went in search of their friend. They came suddenly on a dark-visaged gentleman who at the moment was playing a fish. The 'Commissioner' was asked whether he had seen another gentleman during the evening and was answered by a laugh. The voice was the voice of the friend they were in search of but the face was the face of a 'negro in convulsions.' He had been attacked by the black fly. I hope a long sermon the next day consoled the poor wretch."

In describing a Sunday on the Saguenay, Dr. Adamson's literary touch at times falters. "The morning," he remarks, "was bright and clear. All on board the cutter 'Cleanliness.' At half-past two o'clock Mr. Price, accompanied by half-a-dozen mechanics, came on board, followed by several gentlemen from the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and a few Indians. Having been received by Mr. Commissioner Killaly, they seated themselves around the cabin at each side of the dinner table, where also sat the servants and crew; the whole represented a fair number of the various religious denominations into which the inhabitants of the Province were divided, together with a goodly number of the Church of England. At the head of the table, clad in a sober

(Continued on page 5.)

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## GAELS AND SAXONS

Irish and Saxon Said to be of Same Origin—Many Ancient People Spoke Gaelic.

Litchfield, Conn., Feb. 22, 1905.

You know I often claimed that the Irish and Saxons were of the same origin. I had good reason to believe so on account of their ancient religion, customs, etc., and that the Chertuans on the River Cher were the older Saxons and that they lived in the middle of Belgic Gaul. Tacitus said they were Gauls; now we know that all the Gauls spoke Gaelic in some form. I have also stated that the Scutum Cimbreum or Seco-Cambrians, were Saxons. Now I can prove it. In Prof. Nicholson's "Gaelic Researches" he states that the Secontia and An-Calites at Silchester on the borders of Berkshire in England, worshipped Hercules and that there was found there a statue of "Deo Her (Culi) Saegon." He also states they were a branch of the Atrabates, from whom Silchester derived its name of Calveva Atrabatum; but he says the Atrabates were Belgians and the Belgians were Gauls and Gaelic, or Scutum Cimbreum, as the Roman writers called them, and Strabo says Hercules was worshipped by the Gauls.

The Belgae, Atrabates, Parisi, Icenii, and Seguntii, were Gaelic, Caesar states that the Suesiones were Belgians. Prof. Nicholson states that Auitaia, Sequana or Armonica was occupied by the same people. It is clear that the Segontia or Secontia derived their names from Saegon, which in old Latin would be Saegon, as they used c for g. There are many variations of the name Saxon, but I will only give a few. The Welsh spell the name Saeson or Saesonaeg; the Norman French spelled the name Sesse, as Essesse, Susses, Middlesesse. Nilla Sudas is now Saix, Sassonia, Saeson, Saesanaigh, Saesonia, Secuan, Sequan, Seanan, Segantuan, Sequantian and the river Sequana in Normandy is now called the Seine. The old home of the river Shannon was Seinan, although it is said it was so called after St. Senanus, which is doubtful, as cuna Stonain seems to be a pre-Christian name. Without the affix the name Sax is variously spelled Sac, Sex, Sego, Saec, Saec, Saeg, Saec, Sak, Saek, Saes, Saes, Sues, Sess, Sasse, etc.

Those names are evidently derived from Deo Herculi, Saegon, or Saec, hence Saec's, Saegon, Saes-on, etc. Hercules was also called Milieth, or Miles Spain; hence Clan na Miliidh or Militians (Irish). He was also called Cnaus-Punpius, founder of Pompeii. He was also called Gallimb, hence Clan na Gallin or Gallis. Hercules was also called Melkart, in Gaelic Maol Cartha (hence Carthage-nia, Governor of the city of Tyre, or Tor; hence Muir Toir, tower walls, or sea walls, meaning the Pillars of Her-

cules, the two great Rock Hills of Gibraltar. Hence Muir-Toir-ean or Mediterranean. The Tyrians and Carthaginians spoke Gaelic-Valency. Melkart was worshipped as a god in Africa. Edir was another name for Hercules, as Edir-Toir was also the name of the Mediterranean sea and Dun-Edir was the old Gaelic name of the Hill of Fowth. I believe the round towers in Ireland (Magh Toira for instance) were in honor of Hercules.

## Death of Cardinal Autun

A Paris despatch of Feb. 11th tells of the death of Cardinal Perraud, Archbishop of Autun.

Cardinal Adolphe Louis Albert Perraud was born in Lyons February 7, 1828. His father was an officer in the army. Educated in Paris, where he was a student of the Normal School from 1847 to 1850, he was afterward a professor of history at Angers for two years and then took orders, becoming a priest in 1855. He became Bishop of Autun in 1874 and was created a Cardinal reserved in petto in 1893 and was proclaimed in 1895. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

## Leper Girls Become Nuns

The spread of leprosy in South America has called forth the zeal and charity of Salesian missionaries in trying to mitigate the sufferings of these unfortunates. At Auga de Dios in the Republic of Colombia, a new refuge has been recently opened, called after Father Michael Unia, the first apostle to the lepers. Twelve little orphans, all lepers, were the first to take possession of the new refuge. Among the developments of the work is the foundation of a community of nuns. Daughters of the Sacred Heart, formed of leper girls who desire to consecrate themselves to a religious life in the service of their companions in misery.

## The Dominion Bank

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the report of the annual meeting of the Dominion Bank, published in our issue of the 8th inst. The report shows that the Bank is now in its thirty-fifth year with a record of continuous and satisfactory progress. The name of the gentlemen elected as Directors for the ensuing year speak for the reliability of the concern and are as follows: Messrs. A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, R. J. Christie, T. Eaton, J. J. Foy, K. C. M. P. P., W. D. Matthews and E. B. Osler, M. P., the latter being likewise President of the Bank. The report shows that new branches have been opened during the past year in Hesper, Ont.; in Winnipeg, and in Toronto at the corner of Dovercourt road and Bloor street, and at the Union Stock Yards. The financial status is of the best, for details of which see our issue of Feb. 8th.

## CAUSE OF FRENCH CRISIS

Neglect of Catholic Press a Telling Factor in Present Condition of France.

(French correspondence in the London Catholic Times.)

If we inquire into the causes—and they are not a few—which have brought French Catholicism to its present low estate, we shall find that one of the principal has been the neglect of the clergy and laity to adequately utilize the press as a weapon of religious defense. To say that the press is a power is but to repeat the commonest of commonplaces. It is the press which more than any other agency inspires and guides public opinion, and public opinion nowadays rules the world. By the press is usually meant the newspaper, and the power which the newspaper exerts for good or for evil is simply immeasurable. Its influence as a moral or religious factor is more apparent in continental countries than amongst the population of these (British) islands, for—more frequently than is the case at home—the secular journals abroad carry on an active propaganda in favor of or hostile to Christian ideals.

In France especially freethinkers and atheists have long used the newspaper as an effective instrument for their attacks on the Catholic Church, and as a ready vehicle for the propagation of doctrines pernicious to faith and subversive of morality. Catholics unfamiliar with the religious situation cannot realize to what an extent the poison of corruption has been spread, nor how terrible is the havoc wrought among souls by the infidel press so widely diffused throughout France. The war against religion is daily pursued in leading articles, critical notices, news items and feuilletons, these latter being made the medium for the moral corruption of the young and inexperienced of both sexes. No careful observer of contemporary France can have failed to note the change for the worse that has come over the country within the last quarter of a century. Amongst every class of society there has been a remarkable decline, and while the Paris and provincial press is an indication, it is also to a large extent the cause of the decadence. It is perhaps superfluous to say that it is through the press the Freemasons have astutely conducted their long campaign against Catholicism—a campaign which has issued in the dispersion of the religious congregations, the dechristianization of public instruction and, lastly, the separation of Church and State.

## The "Motu Proprio" a Strict Law

Dr. Norman Holly, Professor of Church Music at Dunwoodie Seminary of the Archdiocese of New York, has just returned from Rome, and speaking of the Papal document, the "Motu Proprio," on the subject of reform in church music, Dr. Holly left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that the order of the Pope must not be trifled with, saying that it was a law rather than a mere order. The requirements of the "Motu Proprio" he said were chiefly the resumption of the Gregorian chant, the formation of liturgical choirs and congregational singing, that is, active participation by the people in the solemn services of the Church.

"In all of this, however, the benign heart of Pius X. is full of consideration for our weakness," said Dr. Holly. "He does not require the impossible; he wishes this reform carried out *paucis primis*, as soon as possible. Provided we do the best we can and ever strive to do better yet, we shall satisfy the Holy Father. 'He who loveth his brother hath fulfilled the law.' For those who show themselves proud and contemptuous, he has condign punishment in reserve."

"The reform of church music is the constant desire of the Holy Church," Dr. Holly said. "The 'Motu Proprio' of Pius X. is but one of a series of such juridical codes extending back to the time of the Apostles. St. Paul

says, 'Therefore I will confess to Thee, O Lord, among the gentiles and I will sing to Thy name.' And again 'Praise the Lord, all ye gentiles, and magnify Him, all ye people, and elsewhere he tells us to sing together in hymns and spiritual canticles. Later on we find St. Ambrose reforming the music in his day. St. Gelasius and St. Gregory, the great Popes, also reformed both liturgy and music. Gregory IX., Pius V., Benedict XIV., Pius IX., Leo XIII., and finally Pius X., our Holy Father, gloriously reigning; all these and many other Popes have acted vigorously in this important matter. Shall we then doubt of the mind of the Holy Church? I say the Church constantly desires reform in church music as in other things, because reform is constantly necessary. Our tendency is ever toward worldliness, and we have ever a need to be reminded of our duty to praise the Lord in a fitting manner.

"Our Holy Father has been a lover and student of church music ever since his childhood. As a young parish priest, as a Bishop, Archbishop and Patriarch he was ever on the alert to suppress all music that was unfitting in the churches over which he ruled, and now he has but extended to the Catholic world the reforms which he so fearlessly and wisely carried out at Treves, Mantua and Venice.

## Denmark and Ireland

The Dublin Freeman, commenting on the death of the King of Denmark, makes a contrast between that country and Ireland, in the course of which the following pithy paragraph occurs:

"For Ireland the picture of modern Denmark is of the profoundest interest. In population Denmark is only about a third part of Ireland's. Denmark's prosperity is increasing; Ireland's is decreasing. The two kingdoms have this resemblance—both are largely made up of agricultural or pastoral holdings. Denmark has long enjoyed what Ireland is slowly achieving. In six cases out of seven the owner of the soil in Denmark is the tiller of the soil. It is the best tilled soil in the world. It keeps the people in comfort. Of Denmark it might almost be said with literal accuracy that every *rod* of ground maintains its man. There agriculture has been carried to an exact science. Denmark's agricultural produce, in quality and quantity, is of the best, and all the hungry nations are scrambling for their share. The agricultural exports of Denmark reach to close on \$20,000,000 a year. Her people live in comfort and contentment. Her expenditure is proportioned to her resources. Denmark has a King and court of her own, an army and navy of her own, an Upper and Lower Legislature and a Government of her own. Her educational system is thoroughgoing, compulsory and provided free by the State. Her Agricultural Department is as efficient as Ireland's is inefficient. Yet in Denmark the whole cost of administration totals up to no more than \$5,500,000 a year. Ireland pays more than twice the sum for a government as inefficient as it is costly."

## The Equity Fire Insurance Company

The Directors' Report of the Equity Fire Insurance Company, found in last week's issue, shows a financial standing which places the Company amongst the best of its kind, and cannot but inspire confidence in all who have dealings with it. The premiums for the past two years have had an extraordinary increase and the company has now a substantial interest account and a systematic and thorough organization. The work of the company is in the hands of agents, office staff and officials whose fidelity is vouchsafed by the Directors, and the report as it stands, presents a guarantee for safe and sure investment for all who place themselves within its keeping.

## Dineen's February Fur Sale

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Barnaby was beside him when he staggered to his feet. It was well he made him hear his voice, or Hugh, with his uplifted axe, would have cleft his skull in twain.

"Barnaby—you! Whose hand was that, that struck me down?"

"Not mine."

"Whose?—I say, whose?" he cried, reeling back, and looking wildly round. "What are we doing? Where is he? Show me!"

"You are hurt," said Barnaby—as indeed he was, in the head, both by the blow he had received, and by his horse's hoof. "Come away with me."

"Where's—where's Dennis?" said Hugh, coming to a stop, and checking Barnaby with his strong arm. "Where has he been all day? What did he mean by leaving me as he did, in the jail, last night? Tell me, you—d'ye hear!"

With a flourish of his dangerous weapon, he fell down upon the ground like a dog. After a minute, though already frantic with drinking and with the wound in his head, he crawled to a stream of burning spirit which was pouring down the kennel, and began to drink at it as if it were a brook of water.

Barnaby drew him away and forced him to rise. Though he could neither stand nor walk, he involuntarily staggered to his horse, climbed upon his back, and clung there. After vainly attempting to divest the animal of his clanking trappings, Barnaby sprang up behind him, snatched the wide, turned into Leather Lane, which was close at hand, and urged the frightened horse into a heavy trot.

He looked back, once, before he left the street, and looked upon a sight not easily to be erased, even from his remembrance, so long as he had life.

The vintner's house with half a dozen others near at hand, was one great, glowing blaze. All night, no one had essayed to quench the flames or stop their progress; but now a body of soldiers were actively engaged in pulling down two old wooden houses, which were every moment in danger of taking fire, and which could scarcely fail, if they were left to burn, to extend the conflagration immensely. The tumbling down of nodding walls and heavy blocks of wood, the hooting and the execrations of the crowd, the distant firing of other military detachments, the distracted looks and cries of those whose habitations were in danger, the hurrying to and fro of frightened people with their goods; the reflections in every quarter of the sky, of deep, red, soaring flames, as though the last day had come and the whole universe were burning; the dust, and smoke, and drizzling of fiery particles, scorching and kindling all it fell upon; the hot unwholesome vapor, the blight on everything; the stars, and moon, and very sky obliterated, made up such a mass of dreariness and ruin that it seemed as if the face of Heaven were blotted out, and night, in its rest and quiet, and softened light, never could look upon earth again.

But there was a worse spectacle than this—worse by far than fire and smoke, or even the table's unappeasable and maniac rage. The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran with scorching spirit, which, being damned up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool in which the people dropped down dead by dozens. They lay in heaps all round this fearful pool, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breasts, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink and never raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell, and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on

this fatal night. From the burning cellars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs, and shoes, some men were drawn, alive, but all alight from head to foot, who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissing, in this devious lake, and splashed up liquid fire, which lapped in all it met with as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead. On the last night of the great riots—for the last night it was—the wretched victims of a senseless outcry became themselves the dust and ashes of the flames they had kindled, and strewed the public streets of London.

With all he saw in this last glance fixed indelibly upon his mind, Barnaby hurried from the city which enclosed such horrors, and holding down his head that he might not even see the glare of the fires upon the quiet landscape, was soon in the still country roads.

He stopped at about half a mile from the shed where his father lay, and with some difficulty making Hugh sensible that he must dismount, sunk the horse's furniture in a pool of stagnant water, and turned the animal loose. That done, he supported his companion as well as he could, and led him slowly forward.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the dead of night, and very dark, when Barnaby, with his stumbling ramrod, approached the place where he had left his father, but he could see him stealing away into the gloom, distrustful even of him, and rapidly retreating. After calling to him twice or thrice that there was nothing to fear, but without effect, he suffered Hugh to sink upon the ground, and followed to bring him back.

He continued to creep away, until Barnaby was close upon him, then turned and said in a terrible, though suppressed voice:

"Let me go. Do not lay hands upon me. You have told her; and you and she together have betrayed me." Barnaby looked at him in silence.

"You have seen your mother!"

"No," cried Barnaby, eagerly. "Not for a long time—longer than I can tell. A whole year, I think. Is she here?"

His father looked upon him steadfastly for a few moments, and then said, drawing nearer to him as he spoke, for, seeing his face, and hearing his words, it was impossible to doubt his truth:

"What man is that?"

"Hugh—Hugh. Only Hugh. You know him. He will not harm you. Why, you're afraid of Hugh! Ha, ha, ha! Afraid of gruff, old, noisy Hugh!"

"What man is he, I ask you?" he rejoined so fiercely, that Barnaby stopped in his laugh, and shrinking back, surveyed him with a look of terrified amazement.

"Why, how stern you are! You make me fear you though you are my father. Why do you speak to me so?"

"I want," he answered, putting away the hand which his son with a timid desire to propitiate him laid upon his sleeve—"I want an answer and you give me only jeers and questions. Who have you brought with you to this hiding-place, poor fool, and where is the blind man?"

"I don't know where. His house was close shut. I waited, but no person came; that was no fault of mine. This is Hugh—brave Hugh, who broke into that ugly jail and set us free. Aha! You like him now, do you? You like him now!"

"Why does he lie upon the ground?"

"He has had a fall, and has been drinking. The fields and trees go round with him, and the ground heaves under his feet. You know him? You remember? See!"

They had by this time returned to where he lay, and both stooped over him to look into his face.

"I recollect the man," his father murmured. "Why did you bring him here?"

"Because he would have been killed if I had left him over yonder. They were firing and shedding blood. Does the sight of blood turn you sick, father? I see it does by your face. That's like me—what are you looking at?"

"At nothing!" said the murderer softly, as he started back a pace or two, and gazed with sunken jaw and staring eyes above his son's head. "At nothing!"

He remained in the same attitude and with the same expression on his face for a minute or more, then glanced slowly round as if he had lost something, and went shivering back towards the shed.

"Shall I bring him in, father?" asked Barnaby, who had looked on wondering.

He only answered with a suppressed groan, and lying down upon the ground, wrapped his cloak about his head, and shrunk into the darkest corner.

Finding that nothing would rouse Hugh now, or make him sensible for a moment, Barnaby dragged him along the grass, and laid him on a little heap of refuse hay and straw which had been his own bed, first having brought some water from a running stream hard by, and washed his wound, and laved his hands and face. Then he lay down himself, between the two, to pass the night, and looking at the stars, fell fast asleep.

Awakened early in the morning, by the sunshine and the songs of the birds, and hum of insects, he left them sleeping in the hut, and walked into the sweet and pleasant air. But he felt that on his jaded senses, oppressed and burdened with the dreadful scenes of last night, and many nights before, all the beauties of opening day, which he had so often tasted, and in which he had had such deep delight, fell heavily. He thought of the blithe mornings when he and the dogs went bounding on together through the woods and fields, and the recollection filled his eyes with tears. He had no consciousness, God help him, of having done wrong, nor had he any new perception of the merits of the cause in which he had been engaged, or those of the men who advocated it, but he was full of cares now, and regrets, and dismal recollections, and wishes (quite unknown to him before) that this or that event had never happened, and that the sorrow and suffering of so many people had been spared. And now he began to think how happy they would be—his father, mother, he, and Hugh—if they rambled away together, and lived in some lonely place where there were none of these troubles, and that perhaps the blind man, who had talked so wisely about gold, and told him of the great secrets he knew, could teach them how to live without being pinched by want. As this occurred to him, he was the more sorry that he had not seen him last night, and he was still brooding over this regret when his father came, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Ah!" cried Barnaby, starting from his fit of thoughtfulness. "Is it only you?"

"Who should it be?"

"I almost thought," he answered, "it was the blind man. I must have some talk with him, father."

"And so must I, for without seeing him, I don't know where to fly or what to do, and lingering here is death. You must go to him, and bring him here."

"Must I!" cried Barnaby, delighted; "that's your brave father. That's what I want to do."

"But you must bring only him, and none other. And though you wait at his door a whole day and night, still you must wait, and not come back without him."

"Don't you fear that," he cried gaily. "He shall come, he shall come."

"Trim off these gawags," said his father, plucking the scraps of ribbon and the feathers from his hat, "and over your own dress wear my cloak. Take heed how you go, and they will be too busy in the streets to notice you. Of course coming back you need take no account, for he'll manage that, safely."

"To be sure!" said Barnaby. "To be sure he will! A wise man, father, and one who can teach us to be rich! Oh! I know him, I know him!"

He was speedily dressed, and as well disguised as he could be. With a lighter heart he then set off upon his second journey, leaving Hugh, who was still in a drunken stupor, stretched upon the ground within the shed, and his father walking to and fro before it.

The murderer, full of anxious thoughts, looked after him, and paced up and down, disquieted by every breath of air that whispered among the boughs, and by every light shadow thrown by the passing clouds upon the daisied ground. He was anxious for his safe return, and yet, though his own life and safety hung upon it, felt a relief while he was gone. In the intense selfishness which the constant presence before him of his great crimes, and their consequences here and hereafter, engendered, every thought of Barnaby, as his son, was swallowed up and lost. Still, his presence was a torture and reproach; in his wild eyes there were terrible images of that guilty night, with his unearthly aspect, and his half-formed mind, he seemed to the murderer a creature who had sprung into existence from his victim's blood. He could not bear his look, his voice, his touch, and yet he was forced, by his own desperate condition, and his only hope of cheating the gibbet, to have him by his side, and to know that he was inseparable from his single chance of escape.

He walked to and fro, with little rest, all day, revolving these things in his mind, and still Hugh lay, unconscious, in the shed. At length, when the sun was setting, Barnaby returned, leading the blind man, and talking earnestly to him as they came along together.

The murderer advanced to meet them, and bidding his son go and speak with Hugh, who had just then staggered to his feet, took his place at the blind man's elbow, and slowly followed, towards the shed.

"Why did you send him?" said Stagg. "Don't you know it was the way to have him first, as soon as found?"

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, in the morning, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-acting virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Henshaws, 154 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family now is free from Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Wood's and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three glass vials in the trade mark and price 25 cents.

"Would you have had me come myself?" returned the other.

"Humph! Perhaps not. I was before the jail on Tuesday night, but missed you in the crowd. I was out last night, too. There was good work last night—gay work—profitable work"—he added, rattling the money in his pockets.

"Have you?"

"Seen your good lady? Yes."

"Do you mean to tell me more, or not?"

"I'll tell you all," returned the blind man, with a laugh. "Excuse me—but I love to see you so impatient. There's energy in it."

"Does she consent to say the word that may save me?"

"No," returned the blind man emphatically, as he turned his face towards him. "No. Thus it is. She has been at death's door since she lost her darling—has been insensible, and I know not what. I tracked her to an hospital, and presented myself (with your leave) at her bedside. Our talk was not a long one, for she was weak, and there being people near, I was not quite easy. But I told her all that you and I agreed upon, and pointed out the young gentleman's position in strong terms. She tried to soften me, but that, of course (as I told her), was lost time. She cried and moaned, you may be sure, all women do. Then, of a sudden, she found her voice and strength, and said that Heaven would help her and her innocent son, and that to Heaven she appealed against us—which she did, in really very pretty language. I assure you. I advised her, as a friend, not to count too much on assistance from any such distant quarter—recommended her to think of it—told her where I lived—said I knew she would send to me before noon next day—and left her, either in a faint or shamming."

When he had concluded this narration, during which he had made several pauses, for the conveniences of cracking and eating nuts, of which he seemed to have a pocketful, the blind man pulled a flask from his pocket, took a draught himself and offered it to his companion.

"You won't, won't you?" he said, feeling that he pushed it from him.

"Well! Then my gallant gentleman who's lodging with you will. Hallo, bully!"

"Death!" said the other, holding him back. "Will you tell me what I am to do!"

"Do! Nothing easier. Make a moonlight fitting in two hours' time with the young gentleman (he's quite ready to go, I have been giving him good advice as we came along), and get as far from London as you can. Let me know where you are, and leave the rest to me. She must come round; she can't hold out long, and as to the chances of your being retaken in the meanwhile, why it wasn't one man who got out of Newgate, but three hundred. Think of that, for your comfort."

"We must support life. How?"

"How!" repeated the blind man. "By eating and drinking. And how get meat and drink, but by paying for it! Money!" he cried, slapping his pocket. "Is money the word? Why the streets have been running money. Devil send that the sport's not over yet, for these are jolly times; golden, rare, roaring, scrambling times. Hallo, bully! Hallo!"

Hallo! Drink, bully, drink. Where are ye there! Hallo!"

With such vociferations, and with aspidochora urotae snorajsoq v his perfect abandonment to the general license and disorder, he groped his way towards the shed, where Hugh and Barnaby were sitting on the ground.

"Put it about!" he cried, handing his flask to Hugh. "The kennels run with wine and gold. Guineas and strong water flow from the very pumps. About with it, don't spare it!"

Exhausted, unwashed, unshorn, beguiled with smoke and dust, his hair clotted with blood, his voice quite gone, so that he spoke in whispers; his skin parched up by fever, his whole body bruised and cut, and beaten about, Hugh still took the flask, and raised it to his lips. He was in the act of drinking when the front of the shed was suddenly darkened, and Dennis stood before them.

"No offence, no offence," said that personage in a conciliatory tone, as Hugh stooped in his draught, and eyed him with no pleasant look from head to foot. "No offence, brother. Barnaby here too, eh? How are you, Barnaby? And two other gentlemen! Your humble servant, gentlemen. No offence to you either, I hope. Eh, brothers?"

Notwithstanding that he spoke in this very friendly and confident manner, he seemed to have considerable hesitation about entering, and remained outside the roof. He was rather better dressed than usual, wear-

ing the same suit of threadbare black, it is true, but having round his neck an unwholesome-looking cravat of a yellowish white; and, on his hands, great leather gloves, such as a gardener might wear in following his trade. His shoes were newly greased, and ornamented with a pair of rusty iron buckles; the packthread at his knees had been renewed, and where he wanted buttons, he wore pins. Altogether, he had something the look of a tipstaff, or a bailiff's follower, desperately faded, but who had a notion of keeping up the appearance of a professional character, and making the best of the worst means.

"You're very snug here," said Mr. Dennis, pulling out a mouldy pocket-handkerchief, which looked like a decomposed halter, and wiping his forehead in a nervous manner.

"Not snug enough to prevent your finding us, it seems," Hugh answered sulkily.

"Why, I'll tell you what, brother," said Dennis, with a friendly smile, "when you don't want me to know which way you're riding, you must wear another sort of bells on your horse. Ah! I know the sound of them you wore last night, and have got quick ears for 'em; that's the truth. Well, but how are you, brother?"

He had by this time approached, and now ventured to sit down beside him.

"How am I?" answered Hugh. "Where were you yesterday? Where did you go when you left me in the jail? Why did you leave me? And what did you mean by rolling your eyes and shaking your fist at me, eh?"

"I shake my fist—at you, brother!" said Dennis, gently checking Hugh's uplifted hand, which looked threatening.

"Your stick, then; it's all one."

"Lord love you, brother, I meant nothing. You don't understand me by half. I shouldn't wonder now," he added, in the tone of a desponding and an injured man, "but you thought, because I wanted them chaps left in prison that I was a-going to desert the banners?"

Hugh told him, with an oath, that he had thought so.

"Well!" said Mr. Dennis, mournfully, "if you ain't enough to make a man mistrust his feller-creatures, I don't know what is. Desert the banners! Me! Ned Dennis, as was so christened by his own father! Is this axe your'n, brother?"

"Yes, it's mine," said Hugh, in the same sullen manner as before; "it might have hurt you, if you had come in its way once or twice last night. Put it down."

"Might have hurt me!" said Mr. Dennis, still keeping it in his hand, and feeling the edge with an air of abstraction. "Might have hurt me! and me exerting myself all the time to the very best advantage. Here's a world! And you're not a-going to ask me to take a sup of that 'ere bottle, eh?"

Hugh passed it towards him. As he raised it to his lips, Barnaby jumped up, and motioning them to be silent, looked eagerly out.

"What's the matter, Barnaby?" said Dennis, glancing at Hugh and dropping the flask, but still holding the axe in his hand.

"Hush!" he answered softly. "What do I see glittering behind the hedge?"

"What!" cried the hangman, raising his voice to its highest pitch, and laying hold of him and Hugh. "Not—not soldiers, surely?"

That moment the shed was filled with armed men, and a body of horse galloping into the field, drew up before it.

"There!" said Dennis, who remained untouched among them when they had seized their prisoners; "it's them two young ones, gentlemen, that the proclamation puts a price on. This

THE HOW AND WHY OF IT.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the parts of the fruit that do you good. Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes are pressed—the juices separated from the tough, woody fibre—and concentrated. Then—and this is the secret of "Fruit-a-tives"—one more atom of bitter principle from the orange peels is forced into the concentrated fruit juices. By this process—one of the most remarkable achievements of the age—the juices are made stronger, and many times more active medicinally. Finest tonics and internal antiseptics are added, and the whole evaporated and pressed into tablets. "Fruit-a-tives" are the greatest tonic, laxative and blood purifying medicine ever discovered.

50c. a box. At all druggists.

other's an escaped felon. I'm sorry for it, brother," he added in a tone of resignation, addressing himself to Hugh; "but you've brought it on yourself; you forced me to do it, you wouldn't respect the scoundrel constitutional principles, you know; you went and violated the very framework of society. I had sooner given away a trifle in charity than done this, I would upon my soul. If you'll keep fast hold on 'em, gentlemen, I think I can make a shift to be 'em better than you can."

But this operation was postponed for a few moments by a new occurrence. The blind man, whose ears were quicker than most people's sight, had been alarmed, before Barnaby, by a rustling in the bushes, under cover of which the soldiers had advanced. He retreated instantly—had hidden somewhere for a minute—and probably in his confusion mistaking the point at which he had emerged, was now seen running across the open meadow.

(To be Continued.)

I WON'T BE CROSS RIGHT NOW.

Whenever I am awful cross, And act, you might say, bad, I just can't look in mama's eyes, 'Cause they're so big and sad.

So I just run and hug her tight, And promise right away, "I never will be cross again," And then—and then next day,

Would you believe it? 'Fore I think, I'm crosser than before, And then of course my mama dear Can't trust me any more.

And so I felt most awful bad 'Till just the other day I talked with grandma, and she knew A whole lot better way.

It's not to think boys have a right To fuss and fume and fret, It's not to keep on promising, And then next day forget; But when I get all wrong inside, The way boys will somehow, To whisper up to God and say, "Just make me good right now."

—Vida V. Young.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

SECOND MONTH February THE HOLY FAMILY

28 DAYS

1906

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and religious observances for February 1906.

PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY. GENUINE IMPORTED GREEN STOCK. W. E. BLAKE, Imp. & Manf. Vestments, etc. 123 Church Street, Toronto.



Plain Tips 15c Per Box

.....The HOME CIRCLE

FORE DADDY'D GO TO BED. Each night for fifty years or more, 'Fore daddy'd go to bed, He'd come 'round tryin' every door, From front hall to the shed, And then he'd blow the candle out And set it on the bin, And by and by you'd hear him shout: "Is everybody in?"

And if it happened one of us Young fellers still was out, He'd walk aroun' and fret and fuss And say he had no doubt That somethin' had befallen us Or we'd fell into sin, But when he'd hear our trampin' feet He'd say: "Thank God, you're in!"

And now I reckon he's up thar, A'waitin' day by day, To bid us welcome from afar If we should go that way; But one thing's certain, he won't rest Until his kith and kin Have passed the portals of the blest And all are gathered in.

OLD PHOTOS.

There are very few homes which have not numerous old photographs too precious to be thrown away, yet of interest to few besides the immediate family. These generally take up too much space to be kept where they can be got at conveniently, and so are carefully put in boxes in the store room or attic, to be kept from the dust. So when we would gladly spend a few moments looking on the familiar faces and scenes, alas, it is too much trouble to get them out. Here is one solution of the problem: Put the photographs in clear, hot water, and in a short time the pictures can be easily removed from the cards. When dry either trim down the picture (to economize space) or cut away the background entirely. This last requires care, but can be done without destroying the outline. Mount these in a scrap book or, better still, a book made especially for kodak pictures. This book of these books, if more than one is needed, can be made very interesting by clever arrangement of the pictures, grouping relatives, school friends, army comrades, babes, out of door scenes, etc., in different portions of the book.

TWO VALENTINES.

Could will bring you a kiss, So greet him with this, O sweetheart mine! And if you bid him "stay," He will remain away, An everlasting valentine! A rose, to symbolize thy face, A lily, love, to show thy heart, Wherein I hope to hold a place Till cruel death shall make us part. In love's sweet name, dear heart of mine, Receive, I pray, this Valentine.

HOW LINCOLN CLIMBED.

The lawyer who works his way up from a five dollar fee in a suit before a justice of the peace to a \$5,000 fee before the supreme court of his state has a long and hard path for twenty-five years, with industry, perseverance, patience—above all, with that self control and keen sense of right and wrong which always clearly traced the dividing line between his duty to his client and his duty to society and truth. His perfect frankness of statement assured him the confidence of judge and jury in every argument. His habit of fully admitting the weak points in his case gained him their close attention to his strong ones, and when clients brought him questionable cases his advice was always not to bring suit.

With New Blood In the Arteries

YOU WILL FEEL NEW VIGOR AND CONFIDENCE THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE BODY.

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Do you know what it is to feel well—to feel young and hearty and vigorous—to feel full of energy and ambition—to enjoy work and look forward hopeful and confident of the future? This is the natural way to feel when your blood is pure and rich and your nerves thrill with life and vitality. This is the way you will feel if you revitalize your wasted and depleted nervous system by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Not in any miraculous way—not after the first dose or first box, it may be, but when your system has been gradually built up—your blood enriched and new vim and vigor instilled into the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a wonderful medicine, but its wonders are accomplished in Nature's way, by thoroughly restoring the elements lacking in a rundown body. No other treatment for the nerves acts in exactly this way. Some relieve by deadening the nerves—some by excessive stimulation. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food brings about lasting beneficial results by forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force. There is lots of evidence of what this great food cure has done for others. Ask your neighbors about it. 50c a box, at all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SNOW MAN.

Behold the brave old snow man Out in the vacant lot! See how he stands and holds his hands And never leaves the spot. He always takes things as they come— Rain, sunshine, hail or snow, Old shoes or bricks, stones, crooked sticks And things that small boys throw.

For patience he's a model; He stands there day and night And doesn't wink or take a drink Or try to start a fight. He stands there cold, impassive, Unmoved and quite profound, And when a lass sedate may pass He doesn't look around.

Nor does he fret and worry, Though his complexion's tan, Or have a ut or two if it Would scare a timid man. Though soot from out the chimney His classic brow may smudge, He doesn't swear and paw the air Or even say, "Oh, fudge!"

There isn't any lesson— Let us give thanks for that— Nor preachment prim to get from him Nor moral plain and pat. He stands there like a dead one Until the busy sun Sends down some rays to end his days And then he starts to run.

FOR MY LITTLE READERS.

I know my little boy readers are very fond of birds. Who isn't? Many of them could tell me lots of things about birds' eggs and birds' nests; but I'm not so sure that they know all about the habits of these dear little creatures. For instance, there is the owl that flies about at night when most little children are going to bed. He is a very interesting bird, as you will see when you read this. Read it carefully and then tell it with a great air of importance to your little brothers and sisters or even to your parents and see how delighted they will be. Tell them that of course there are different kinds of owls, but the one you are going to speak about is called the barn owl. His favorite haunt is in barns, but he may also be found in church towers and the eaves of houses. An old ruin or some unfrequented spot is often chosen for a place of abode, and when once a pair of owls have made their home they will inhabit the same spot for many years. The owl has a very pretty plumage. The breast is white, with a shade of buff upon the chest. Some of the feathers are tinged with grey and tipped with black forming a delicate penciling. A very great variety is shown in the coloring of its feathers. By a few black spots that appear on either side of the breast the female may be identified from its mate. The nest of the barn owl is made of sticks, hay and sometimes her own feathers. The eggs, which are of a dull white and nearly round, number two at a time—that is, she lays two, hatches them, then lays again even a third time before the first have flown. The owl is a great help to farmers in keeping down that prolific little quadruped, the mouse, upon which the owl chiefly subsists, although young rats, and even small birds, are occasionally laid in its larder. The flight of the owl is dull and heavy but particularly noiseless. The birds feed at night, when they may be seen beating around the hedges in quest of prey.

AGATES.

Many of the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of school boys are made in the state of Thuringia, Germany. In winter days the poor people who live in the villages gather together small, square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills and grind them until they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common, painted and glazed china and imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone, and are painted to represent the pride of the marble player's heart in the real agate. Glass alleys are blown by glassblowers in the town of Lancha. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another piece of red glass, heat them red hot, blow them together, give them a twist and there is a pretty alley with red and white threads of glass twisted inside in the form of the letter S. Large twisted glass alleys—with the figure of a dog or sheep inside—are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles that are most prized are the real agates.

MILLIONS OF STAMPS.

At the village of North Bersted, near Bognor, England, there is an inn in which the parlor is covered over the walls and ceiling with postage stamps from all parts of the world, worked out in various designs. The table, the chairs, a hat, and a candlestick are all so entirely covered with stamps, and two or three pictures on the walls are executed in the same medium. Besides there are strung across the room festoons of stamps. There is also a summer-house where visitors sit to have their refreshment, and when I visited it five or six years ago this was likewise in process of being covered with stamps. The proprietor explains that it was begun as the result of a wager some years ago, and he also issues a pamphlet, setting forth the circumstances. The number of stamps is estimated at two millions.

CAN YOU SAY THESE THINGS IN A HURRY.

Thou wreath'dst and muzzl'd'st the far-fetched fox, and imprison'd'st him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of Popocatepetal in Cotopaxi. "Robert Rawley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rawley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rawley rolled round?" "Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust 3,000 thistles through the thick of his thumb. If, then, Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust 3,000 thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieveful of thistles, thrust not 3,000 thistles through the thick of thy thumb." "Villy Vite and Vife vent on a voyage to Vest Vindhavn von Vitsun Venedsdag." "Bandy-legged Boarachio Mustachio Whiskerifuscus, the bald but brave Bombardio of Bagdad, helped Abombique Bluebeard, Bashaw of Bahmelbande, to beat down an abominable bee of Bashaw." "Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,

USED UP AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wear out the strongest system, chatter the nerves and weaken the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, -tip beats, weak and irregular pulse, -shoring and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually ceases to decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

With barest wrists and stoutest boasts, He thrusts his fists against the posts And still insists he sees the ghosts."

A PRINCE WHO IS FOND OF HORSES.

Eitel Frederick, Prince of Prussia, and younger brother of the Crown Prince of Germany, is considered one of the finest horsemen of Europe. The German people love him greatly for this along with his kindness to his animals, a quality sometimes wanting when great daring is possessed by boys. When the Prince was sixteen he was given the freedom of the royal stables, and told that he could select one of the fine Arabian ponies for his own use. He asked if he could look after him, just as boys in lesser stations of life do with their ponies, and his father's reply was: "I want my boys to know how to work and to care for everything that belongs to them."

Eitel did care for his pony and spent many months learning all about the needs and nature of horses. He discovered that his Arabian could jump, and riding him one day he cleared a four-barred fence, which greatly delighted the Emperor, who was riding with him.

A short time after this his father gave him a powerful hunting horse. The boy looked like a midget on him, but would not ride him for three or four days.

"A horse needs to know you," he gravely said, "before he makes up his mind whether you will be kind and reasonable with him, or harsh."

After boy and horse had become acquainted he invited his father to take a ride in his company. The two set out for a gallop through the forests. Emperor William is regarded as a splendid horseman, but he told a circle of friends after this ride that Eitel had given a race for life. He leaped ditches and hedges, took the roughest roads, held his horse under perfect control and won the greatest praise.

It is told of this boy that he cannot go into the royal stables without every horse in the stalls turning his head and whinnying a glad welcome. This is a remarkable tribute to his tenderness of heart.

DUTCH COURAGE.

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends even on the threat of death is told by Major Seely, M.P., as an illustration of deeply rooted love of freedom and of country. It happened during the Boer war: "I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men readily and we set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farmhouse, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.' 'I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For Heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was levelled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone?' I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away."—Singapore Straits Budget.

The Psychological Conditions of Memory

(By Thos. S. Crowe, M.D.)

Memory comprises the two-fold process of conversation and reproduction. The former is an essential as the latter, because without a storage of thoughts and events reproduction is impossible. As impressions reach the brain, if they are to be recollected, they must be organically registered. They must be fixed there in some way ready for future use; and means by which the registration is accomplished constitutes the all-important question for consideration. The latter process, that of reproduction, is readily comprehended when once the mechanism of conversation has been satisfactorily explained. When an impression is received by the brain, whether it be that of a word, an image or a fact, there is immediately a "modification of the constituent elements" in the nervous tissue. The molecules of which the nerve cells are composed undergo alteration in respect of their relative position and arrangement. The result of the disturbance is that an imprint remains on the nervous structure which may be roughly compared to that of a seal upon softened wax. No change takes place in the composition of the nerve cell, but there is a fresh distribution of its tiny particles. The effect of this modification has some analogy with the impression of a man's footsteps on a sandy beach. A new imprint is made at every step, yet each particle of sand maintains its normal structure and character.

Illustrating this kind of molecular modification it can be observed that by brushing the smooth surface of water with a feather the liquid does not resume its normal condition. The surface may again resume its smoothness and it may appear as if it had never been disturbed; yet, as a matter of fact, many of its molecules have changed their places, and an eye of sufficient power would detect traces of the feather's action. If the procedure were never repeated the disturbed molecules would tend to return to their original position, but if a similar passage of the feather were made over the same spot on several occasions the molecules would then lose their power of returning, and soon become identified with the new conditions forced upon them.

Thus it is with molecules in the brain. When once they have been disarranged, and forced to vibrate in some other way, they never return exactly to their primitive state. Their new arrangement becomes in turn their natural one, and obeys the slightest cause that sets them vibrating in their new modified form.

An impression never repeated tends to fade from the memory; but one that is recurrent causes its effect to be more permanent, and since every fresh impression received, involves further changes in the disposition of component molecules, these nervous elements must be capable of an almost endless variety of modifications.

The next important point to grasp is the enormous multitude of cellular structures contained in the brain. It is computed that there are no less than six hundred millions of cerebral cells, many scientists placing the number even higher.

Supposing, therefore, that the nerve cell is capable of but one modification of its particles, that is, competent to store only a single impression for remembrance—then even, there would be ample scope for remembrance—then even, there would be ample scope for extensive conservation. But it is more than probable that when an impression is received by the brain it affects several cells, causing changes in their heterogeneous elements and presents associated or grouped results rather than a single effect. If such be the case, we have each of the six hundred million cells, with its unnumbered units, entering into combination with molecular changes in its immediate neighbors. This offers not merely a sufficient contingent of individual active elements, but suggests possibilities beyond conception, as the outcome of varied and combined modifications.

By way of illustration, compare the molecule of a nerve cell to a letter of the alphabet. The letter preserves its own identity although it enters into the formation of millions of words, and that not in one language only, but in many. There is variation of form according as the letter is written or printed, yet it is readily identified, whatever may chance to be the tongue. Moreover, when associated with other letters according to its relative position it both

modifies the sound and effect of its neighbors while it is modified itself by them in its turn. Similarly by association and by comparative combination, the molecular constituent of nerve cells interact and thus afford opportunity for unlimited storage of imprints.

It is well known that every ordinary movement of the body is produced by the activity of nervous elements, not only of the cells immediately concerned, but also of their branches and connecting motor nerves. Because these movements are almost automatic, we are liable to lose sight of the complicated mechanism that brings them about. Mr. Herbert Spencer has observed that the wing of a fly makes from ten to fifteen thousand vibrations a second, each of which implies a separate nervous act, so that in this case we have exemplified a nervous condition in which complexity and rapidity of action are simply astounding. The extreme minuteness of the parts concerned does not appear to present any difficulty.

Let us withdraw our attention from muscular movements and direct it towards the action of the cerebral cells. Suppose for a moment we have been looking at a watch and that as a result of our observation we have an appreciation of its form, size and metal, as well as of the time of day. The several impressions which reached our brain and duly registered there may be collected to illustrate the process of memory. Let me explain what really occurred. There were modifications first of all in the complicated nervous structure of the retina, then of molecules along the optic track, as the impressions were transmitted thence from the retina; and still further modifications of elements lying in various localities through which the impressions were produced in nerve cells in the cortical area of the brain.

Inspection of the watch, therefore, involved activity in the part of widely separated nervous elements; and the concerted action of these elements resulted in definite imprints on the cortex. Some elements concerned, merely oscillated to and fro, speedily returning to their previous condition; but those disturbed in the cortical cell maintain their form of modification. From imprints thus left in these molecules, we are able to describe the appearance of the watch, and to quote the hour its dial indicated.

TWO DEFINITIONS. A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the schoolgirls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her. "Why do you take such pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl who was especially given to the prevailing fascination.

"Why," said she, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's so lovely or so nice. It's because when I'm talking with her she makes me feel just as lovely and as nice as she is."

The New York Times tells another anecdote of the same complexion, touching a young lady who gave a good deal of time to "settlement" work and was a particular favorite with all the children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy. "I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."—Selected.

HE MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID

EX-REEVE'S RHEUMATISM CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Was so Crippled that he Could Hardly Get Around and Could Get No Relief from Doctors or Medicines.

Dresden, Ont., Feb. 19.—(Special.)—Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Rheumatism slick and clean. Mr. W. G. Cragg, the well-known merchant and ex-reeve of this place, was the speaker and he evidently meant every word he said. "It was the Inflammatory kind of Rheumatism I had and it crippled me up so that I could hardly get around to do my work in my store. I had the best doctors and everything in the line of medicines I could hear of, but nothing even gave me relief. "Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and six boxes cured me completely." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are right they will strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood and the Rheumatism will go with it.

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LUCK AND LAZINESS.

Luck tapped upon the cottage door, A gentle, quiet tap; And Laziness, who lounged within— The cat upon his lap. Stretched out his slippers to the fire And gave a sleepy yawn; "Oh, bother! let him knock again!" He said, but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still, Upon another door; Where industry was hard at work Mending the cottage floor. The door was opened wide at once; "Come in!" the worker cried, And Luck was taken by the hand And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guess, From out whose magic hand, Fortune flows fast—but Laziness Can never understand. How Industry found such a friend, "Luck never came my way!"

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1906.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors to our columns will do us a favor by sending in matter meant for publication, as early as possible. Saturday of the previous week is none too early for contributions on standing subjects, and matter of moment will be acceptable as early in the week as possible. Only very short items can be published that reach us later than Monday evening, and all communications will be welcomed at the earliest possible date.

BEQUESTS FOR MASSES.

The Freeman's Journal of Dublin editorially reviews a question of supreme importance for Catholics decided by the unanimous judgment of the Irish Court of Appeal in strict accordance with Catholic doctrine and feeling. The case arose on appeal from the Master of the Rolls, whose judgment was professedly based, not on his own opinion, but on previous decisions, by which he rightfully considered himself bound. Under the coercion of those decisions, he felt himself compelled to decide that a gift under the will of the late Ellen M'Loughlin, of Portadown, dated 18th July, 1891, for Masses for the repose of the souls of her late husband, her children, and herself was void, because there was no direction that the Masses should be celebrated in public. The Court of Appeal, however, was under no such compulsion. It was at liberty to examine and overrule the decisions by which the Master of the Rolls felt himself bound and it availed itself of that liberty. The law, as declared by its decision, may now be taken as finally settled, that a bequest for Masses, whether directed to be publicly celebrated or not, must be taken as a pious or charitable use, and, as such, legally valid. The unanimous decision of the Court of Appeal, which included judgments by the Lord Chancellor, Chief Baron Palles, Lord Justice FitzGibbon, and Lord Justice Holmes, reversed the previous judgment of the Court of Exchequer, in the case of the Attorney-General v. Delany, that a bequest for Masses was invalid as a charitable bequest unless accompanied by a direction that the Masses should be publicly celebrated. The Lord Chief Baron, who was a party to the decision in Delany's case, which for thirty years governed the law on the subject, now joined in the Court of Appeal in overruling his own judgment. The law on the question from the pre-Reformation days was very elaborately discussed, especially by the Lord Chief Baron, who conclusively vindicated the right of a bequest for Masses before the enactment of the Penal Laws, and after their abolition to be regarded as a bequest for charitable uses.

In the judgment of the Chief Baron, especially, the Catholic doctrine of Masses was clearly expounded. "When in 1793," he said, "the laws prohibiting the practice of the Roman Catholic religion were repealed the illegality determined, and they resumed the character they enjoyed in pre-Reformation times, charitable (1) because of their piety, (2) and because they were devoted to the support and maintenance of the clergyman, the celebrants. In the present case, the motive and the purpose of the gift were similar to those in Frankalmoyne, and were consequently charitable. To prevent misunderstanding as to his view of the nature of these gifts, he wished to say that he did not consider the money was a consideration for the celebration. In no period of the Christian Church would such a bargain be other than simoniacal. The true nature of the bequest was that of an alms to the clergyman, just as Frankalmoyne alms was in the nature of the gift; but the gift was accompanied by a request for the celebration, and the Church would not permit the clergyman to receive the benefit and disavow the expectation, and it imposed upon his

conscience the obligation to perform the services. The obligation, however, to his mind was one to the Church, and not to the testator, and certainly was to be enforced only by the Church. The honorarium then was an alms and a recognized mode of supplementing the income of the clergyman, and was applicable to his support and maintenance." For these reasons he concurred in overruling the case of the Attorney-General v. Delany, holding with the rest of the Court that Masses, whether said privately or in public, were in accordance with Catholic doctrine, not merely efficacious for the particular intentions, but conducive to the general spiritual advantage of the Catholic Church and community. The Court held that it had no license to inquire into the truth of the doctrine, which was governed by the tenets of the faith to which the testator belonged. "In determining," said Lord Justice FitzGibbon, "whether the performance of any particular rite promotes any particular religion and benefits the members of the Church or denomination, or body, who profess it, the Secular Court must act upon evidence of the belief of the members of the community concerned. I can have no other guide upon that subject." Again he reiterated in the conclusion of his judgment: "It is not within the power of any earthly tribunal to entertain the question whether these propositions are true. It is for us to decide that belief in their truth is part of the faith of the members of the Church which has laid them down; that that Church is in Ireland a lawful religious institution; and that by providing the celebration of the Mass for its members it promotes their religion by supplying them with what they believe to be a benefit common to them all. Therefore, a bequest for that object is a charitable gift within the Statute of Pious Uses interpreted by nearly a century of judicial decisions."

In still more forcible language Lord Justice Holmes elucidated and determined the question before the Court. "What we can determine," he said, "is this—that it is part of the creed of the most ancient Church in Western Christendom, of which the testator was a member, that the Mass is a true sacrifice offered to God by the priest in the name of the Church whose minister he is; that every Mass, whether public or private, is believed to bring down blessings to the world, and that all the faithful, present or absent, alive or dead, participate in those blessings. Now if this be true, there can, I think, be no doubt that a bequest for the purpose of having private Masses celebrated would be charitable; and a Temporal Court in Ireland, having no authority to decide for itself whether it is true or not, must take as its guide the belief of the Church of which the testator is a member." The decision establishes the law on the broad basis of religious equality in Ireland. It frees this branch of the law from the last taint of the virus of the Penal Code. It vindicates the right of the Catholic testator to bequeath his money to what his conscience and his faith convince him is the greatest of all charities.

CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The saying that "of the making of books there is no end" may now be given a more modern rendering, "of the making of encyclopedias there is no end." But the remarkable thing is that each new venture in this line contains enough really new and valuable matter to vindicate its own literary existence. This is in a special sense the case of the Catholic Encyclopedia, specimen pages of which have just reached us from the Appleton Company, New York. Following closely on the heels of the Scientific American's "Americana," which gives up more space to Catholic subjects and their authoritative treatment than any publication of the kind before, it is something of a revelation to survey the ground broken by the Catholic Encyclopedia. Though the publishers set forth lucidly and at length a statement of the imperative need of our times for this work, there is no occasion to prove the case after one has seen some of the actual pages of the accomplished task. The illustrations are quite up to any encyclopedia of the day and the treatment of subjects is in the hands of contributors, whose names are a guarantee of their ability. What the average reader will be more concerned about is the scope of the Encyclopedia, and of this the publishers say:

"The Catholic Encyclopedia purposes to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, Catholic action and Catholic doctrine. What the church teaches and has taught, what she has done and is still doing for the highest interests of mankind; her methods past and present, her struggles, her triumphs and her achievements of her members not only for her own direct interests, but for the broadening and deepening of all true science, literature, and art—

all come within the scope of The Catholic Encyclopedia. It will differ therefore from the general encyclopedia in omitting facts and information which have no relation to the Church. On the other hand it shall not fail to chronicle what Catholic artists, poets, scientists, and men of action have achieved in their several provinces. It is not exclusively a Church encyclopedia, nor is it limited to the ecclesiastical sciences and the doings of churchmen. It will record all that Catholics have done not only in behalf of charity and morality, but also for the intellectual and artistic advancement of mankind. In this respect it will differ from most other Catholic encyclopedias. The editors are fully aware that there is no specifically Catholic science, that Mathematics, Chemistry, Physiology and other branches of human knowledge are neither Catholic, nor Jewish, nor Protestant; but when it is commonly asserted that Catholic principles are an unsurmountable obstacle to scientific research, it seems not only proper but needful to register what and how much eminent Catholics have done for every department of human knowledge."

THE CLERGY AND SCIENCE.

The New York Sun in an editorial takes up the reference made by Goldwin Smith to the restlessness which is claimed to exist amongst the clergy, restrained as they are "from the intellectual development towards which they would tend in the unhampered pursuit of scientific truth." By the term "clergy" is not intended the Catholic priesthood. If any denomination is specialized it is the Anglican, many of whose members petitioned their bishops "for liberty as respects the authenticity and authority of the Scriptures." This petition, which was prepared in England, is the basis of a similar demand in the United States. What, then, is the condition of these clergymen? Supposing the petition is granted, and these men find themselves licensed to proclaim all sorts of confusing theories about these sacred subjects, where will any denomination be whose corner-stone is the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible? Supposing the petition is not granted will clergymen above all others teach what they do not believe when they should teach truth? Truth does not hinge upon the granting or refusing of a petition. If that is the only veil separating a sceptical clergy from doubt and unbelief it is too thin to last and not thick enough to save their reputation for self-respect. We can understand a petition for an official decision upon authenticity or any other question connected with the Scriptures. The insuperable difficulty which Anglicans, lay and clerical, would find in drawing up such a petition, would be to whom it should be addressed. It is the old story, no jurisdiction, no authority, no unity. A petition asking for "a scientific examination of the miraculous foundation of Christianity" is the paradoxical demand. Science and revelation cannot stand one against the other. The truth of revelation and the truth of science are not different. There can be no conflict between real science and divine revelation. Science cannot be the test of revelation, or of moral and religious truth. Revelation is the test of science. For a man, be he clergyman or layman, to change this order, to maintain science as the standard and measure of revelation, is to be hostile to both revelation and science. If there appears to be a conflict sometimes it is because too frequently nowadays what is called science is false and no science at all. Revelation cannot be on trial before science. The latter cannot sit in judgment upon the former. It has no jurisdiction. But a noisy unreasoning world is always dragging revelation, and especially Christian revelation, from one court to another—from the might of worldly power to the self-constituted tribunal of rationalism, from rationalism to material science, in whose court revelation now stands, innocent yet divided, surrounded by enemies, abandoned by friends, fully confident of her truth and justice, calmly waiting a generation when faith will take the place of doubt and science give up her seat of judgment which she never had the right to assume. Let it not be claimed that the tendency of science is to corroborate the doctrine of revelation. Too frequently have the sciences been pressed into the cause of infidelity. So far have they gone in this direction that they have entirely misled their teachers and disciples, and they have struck their opponents with terror. The two great queens of learning, science and revelation, who by joining hands for the welfare of the race, might have won the world, have drawn apart to the weakness of the one and the loss of souls. All that science has to do is to keep quiet. "She is the second, not the first." Revelation does not demand her support. The Cross may be to science what it was to the ancient Greek—a folly; but it is to faith the power of God—the only power which survived the persecuting sword of the Roman Empire, the only power which

did not yield to the seductive arguments of rationalism, the only touchstone which can withstand the searching analysis of science. Science is in the natural order; revelation in the supernatural. Science cannot be the judge, for all judgment is given to the Son.

There is another point from which we may look at this petition. Clergymen are not directly called to be scientists. "Go, teach all nations to observe My commandments," was the Divine commission. Of course we admit, and indeed positively claim, that this commission was not given to Anglicans. It was given to the apostles, and more particularly to St. Peter and his unfailing faith. If, therefore, such a petition found itself in St. Peter's household the natural course would be to forward it to the source of all jurisdiction and the head of all teachers—Christ's Vicar—St. Peter's successor—the Pope. His decision would be final. Within the limits of that decision investigation and study would continue with perfect liberty for the individual and filial respect for authority. Nor would such decision mean that the Sovereign Pontiff is a scientist teaching science. It means that he is the official guardian and interpreter of revelation. The Church has been too long before the world to fear enquiry or the march of science. Her clergy are set for the instruction of men in truth and holiness throughout the ages. Not only did they preserve literature and learning in the dark ages, but they have defended their cause from the attacks of rationalism and infidelity. "To probe the foundations of religion to their very centre without jealousy or alarm" has been the unremitting policy of Rome, the centre of Catholic truth and learning. That the Catholic clergy have stood in the foremost ranks in learning and science is undoubted and a proof that the Church is ever ready to explain her position and make alliance with truth in whatever school it may be taught. But when the laborers are thinned out by persecution, whilst the fields become more extensive and the harvest more pressing, the clergy are limited to the work of spiritual administration, which in these latter days taxes their energies to the utmost. All that the Church claims is that she, and she alone, is the pillar and ground of truth, the guardian and interpreter of revelation. If any scientific investigation clashes with revelation—there is something wrong with the investigation; it is neither scientific nor true.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

When a few years ago Rome refused to recognize the clergymen of the Anglican Church as validly ordained priests the disappointed imitators found consolation in the thought that at least the Russian Church would admit them. Any port in a storm for a sailor! A test case arose lately bearing upon the point. It occurred at Wilkesbarre in the State of Pennsylvania. The Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, formerly of Philadelphia, entered the Russian Church and was re-ordained by Archbishop Tikhon, a prelate of Eastern Church, at Wilkesbarre. As the re-ordination caused a good deal of surprise the Archbishop writes a protest, stating that the act was done without any wish to offend Anglicans. Still less was it done by him as one not believing in the validity of Anglican Orders. Personally he did not believe in them. "His individual opinion and the like individual opinions of the very learned archbishops, bishops and priests of the Orthodox Eastern Church can have no weight to prevent the re-ordination of one coming into the fold of the Russian Church at present from the venerated Anglican Church. The matter of Anglican orders is still under consideration by the patriarchs of the Holy Eastern Church." Until a decision is reached the rule of the Holy Synod is that all who come from the Anglican Church have to receive orders according to the form and manner of the Russian Church. That pill is well sugar-coated by the Archbishop, but it is a pill—and a bitter one too.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN TORONTO.

It seems ridiculous to be compelled again and again to declare that the sectarian rage of the evening papers of this city of Toronto would be a joke if it had not become a nuisance to the citizens and an injury to the good name of the city. The attack upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier should not be noticed at all. The evening papers are themselves quite indifferent to the public odium in which they are held, but their experience is, after all, like that of the sensational press in every American community. They seem to prosper upon unenviable advertising. Well, let them prosper. Sir Wilfrid Laurier honored the University on Monday evening and directed the attention of the students to the same imperialism that never for-

gets the rights of Canada. There has not been a more serene reproof administered to the strenuous constitution-makers of the day we live in than Sir Wilfrid delivered when he said:

"The idea which at one time was prevalent in Great Britain, that the colonies might well be separated for their own good and for the good of the mother country, has so completely disappeared that we almost wonder that it existed at one time. On the contrary, there is voiced in Great Britain a new sentiment in a large section of the population at all events that there should be a closer relation between the mother country and the colonies, so that the colonies may be given greater advantages and greater responsibilities; whereas, in the colonies, you know it, my young friends, as well as I know it, this sentiment in favor of union is just as strong, if not stronger, as it ever was, coupled at the same time with the idea of unalterable colonial autonomy. (Cheers.)"

"Gentlemen, there are at this moment, I know it very well, in this country and in the mother country men by the scores, nay, by the hundreds, who, behind their desks in the silence of their cabinet, consume the midnight oil in framing and reframing constitutions for the British Empire. Gentlemen, these cogitations, for my part, I do not think can serve any good purpose. I do not think they are maturing many things. It is not in the genius of British communities to move hastily. British communities never were carried by will-of-the-wisp, neither are they worshippers of the Rising Sun, and it is only when the sun is well up on the horizon that they will think of folding their tents and setting out in another direction."

The Liberal banquet in honor of the Premier on Wednesday evening, while it can add but little to the volume of public acclaim with which he has once more been hailed in the capital of Ontario, afforded an occasion for an unusually large representation of the dominant party to listen to an address from their leader in which he struck out far from the shoals and narrow places of politics.

LIBERALS AND IRLAND.

In letters written to The Freeman's Journal both before and after the British elections, the Catholic Bishop of Limerick cast doubt freely upon the honesty of the Liberal Party in dealing with Ireland. So far Dr. Dwyer has not vindicated the wisdom of his political opinions. The Speech from the Throne contained a paragraph dealing with Ireland which has excited the wrath and fury of Mr. Chamberlain, who appears to have evicted Mr. Balfour from the leadership of the Unionist Party. What a sorry spectacle the Irish Party would present in the present Parliament had any fault of omission or commission on their side helped during the recent struggle to strengthen the hands of Mr. Chamberlain.

Lord Aberdeen, upon his official entry into Dublin, put his name to a proclamation obliterating coercion wherever he found it enforced or applied throughout the land, and he offered grounds for hoping that the roots of these vindictive and partisan laws will be pulled out of the statute book without delay. The King, too, he assured the Irish people, was their friend, anxious to promote their peace and welfare by giving his personal countenance to wise reforms. The Irish people have long learned to trust King Edward, and with the Liberal Party in power the King will have a sympathetic majority in England as well as in Ireland.

So it may be said without optimism that the dawn of Ireland's peace seems closer at hand than in any previous epoch in her struggle against the hostile and harsh laws forged by English Toryism.

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Forms of Tender containing full particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender is not necessarily accepted.

J. D. McLEAN, Secretary.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 3rd February, 1906.

B.—Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority of the Department will not be paid.

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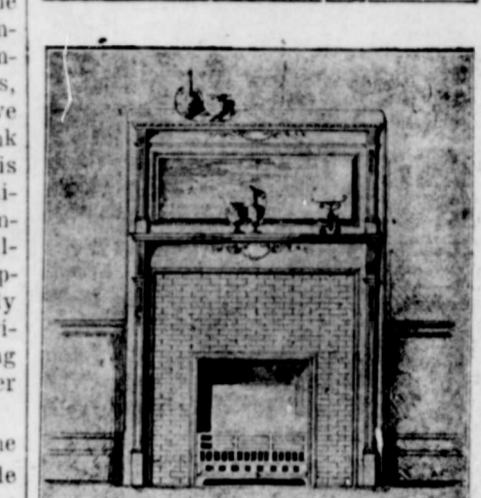
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EDITORIAL NOTES

Ground for the new diocesan seminary at Austin, Chicago, will be broken early in March.

The monks and nuns who have been expelled from France are flocking into Denmark, a very Protestant country.

In Buffalo two leading prize winners in a competition which had 6,000 contestants, are pupils of Catholic schools.

It is thought the efforts of the Conservatives to win North Toronto will come to Naught.

A magnificent statue of St. Patrick has been placed in the Church of San Lorenzo, City of Mexico.

Hon. William Gibson, son of Lord Ashburne, who was Chancellor of Ireland during the last Tory administration, is endeavoring to restore the national costume of the ancient Irish.

The total Indian population of the Dominion numbers 107,978. Last year the births among them numbered 2,999, compared with 2,426 deaths. British Columbia has the largest number.

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding of the Peoria diocese, has gone to St. Augustine, Florida, where he hopes to regain his former strength. Some months ago he was stricken with paralysis.

Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, Bart., who has been appointed a member of the Irish Privy Council, preceded Dr. Windle as president of the Queen's College, Cork. He is a forcible writer and a Catholic.

Ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco, Cal., has offered a prize of \$600 for the best oil painting portraying the hoisting of the American flag at Monterey, Cal., July 9, 1846. It is said that the sailor who did this act was an Irishman.

John J. Flinn, chief editorial writer for the "Inter-Ocean" daily newspaper in Chicago, was recently elected president of the Chicago press club. Several other leading writers on the Chicago press are Irish. Cornelius McAuliffe is the name of the managing editor of the "Record-Herald."

American cities are gradually acquiring Irish-American mayors. Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Jersey City and half the New England cities have them now. There is also a wonderful array of Irish names in the list of American Governors of states at the present time.

At a recent meeting at Boston, Mass., Mayor Fitzgerald said: "Thirty years ago the situation of Catholics in Boston was very different from what it is now, as you may judge when I tell you they had then just elected their first alderman. Several years passed before they elected their first member of Congress." Not only Boston, but all New England, has undergone a vast change since then.

Mrs. Martha Jane Killaly's will has been probated. Her estate totals \$38,947.29. She died in December last, in Toronto. She was 97 years of age at her death. She was the widow of the late H. N. Killaly, who was Commissioner of Public Works in the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration of the early forties, and like her husband was a native of Ireland.

John Hurley, writing from Litchfield, Conn., says the achievements of the Irish race have never been half

written. "There is a tacit conspiracy," he says, "among American writers of history against the Irish who participated in the revolutionary war. The 19,000 seamen, and the 6,000 Catholic soldiers of France, had their individual names recorded, but the members of the Irish regiments had not."

Dr. Kane, the American Arctic explorer, who died in 1857, was the son of an Irish sailor. Kane County, Ill., is named after a brother, who was once Governor of that state. Dr. Kane took a leading part in the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846. He afterwards accompanied the arctic expedition which went in search of Sir John Franklin. No book ever had a greater sale than his history of that celebrated expedition.

An overland railway connecting America with Europe by way of Behring Strait is one of the great constructive schemes now in contemplation. But it is said only Frenchmen and Russians look at the project seriously. They say the project is perfectly feasible. It would connect the existing railroads in America with Behring Strait, to be crossed by a bridge or a tunnel, and the rails to be carried through Northeastern Siberia to the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

The Home Rulers have 84 members now in the British Parliament, two more than they had in the previous Parliament. In addition several Irish Home Rulers have been elected on the labor ticket in England. The Home Rulers have now an equal number of the Ulster seats, which means that they have carried the North. Whether they succeed in getting the political autonomy that they desire or not, they will undoubtedly gain considerable concessions. Many of the Liberals are avowed Home Rulers, and it is said the Labor party will support the Irish claims. With the vanquishment of the Unionists, the moral support of the colonies and the great gains in Great Britain and Ireland, the cause certainly never looked so bright as now.

Fifty years ago in Toronto the Family Compact and the Grand Trunk Railroad combined to elect John Beverley Robinson, Mayor of Toronto. His competitor was one Mr. John Hutchinson, a Wellington street wholesale merchant and an Orangeman. The notorious Bob Moody, a mob leader of that day, was an Alderman for St. John's Ward, who was expected to support Mr. Hutchinson, but it was convenient for him to be abducted, and seeing this a couple of other aldermen found it suitable for them to turn their votes from Hutchinson to Robinson, and the latter won by four majority. The city council at that time elected the mayor.

Kaskaskia was the name of an ancient town in Southern Illinois that was once the capital of the American West. It went through four forms of government—Indian, French, British and American. It was visited when an Indian village by Fathers Marquette and Joliet, and by De La Salle, the French explorer. It was in 1722 that a parish church and a stone residence were erected there in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. When Illinois was organized into a territory Kaskaskia was made the capital. In 1743 a grant of land was made to the settlement by the King of France, which was recognized as a commons. In 1820 it was the largest town in the state and was said to have 10,000 inhabitants. Afterwards the capital was removed to Vandalia and the town began to decay. In 1822 the Mississippi river cut across the narrow neck of land that separated it from the Kaskaskia river and the town was gradually washed away until all that was left of it was an old convent building. The ownership of the commons, which consisted of several thousands acres, is now in dispute between the Church and the State. The outcome will be watched with much interest.

In the course of a recent address before the Irish Literary Society of Dundas, Scotland, the Rev. Stoford Brooke, related a few facts illustrative of the great and many services Ireland had rendered to England during the long history of the two countries. He said: The English army cannot get along without Irish generals, and it is strange that the Irish who do not love England should do so much for this country (England). Ireland, Mr. Brooke continued, had educated England. This when the English went to the Irish monasteries for instruction. In 500 St. Columba brought to Iona (Scotland) from Ireland the knowledge of the arts, and Iona became a great school of art and poetry. Poetry in Ireland was even honored at that time, and the English nobles went to Iona for their education. The south of England was Christianized by Rome. Theodore brought Greek to Canterbury, and when the Irish scholars neared this they flocked to Canterbury to learn Greek. When the English monks of Glastonbury fell away from learning, the Irish students there taught the arts. Ireland also Christianized all the North of England he claimed. Rev. Brooke is a Protestant minister.

It is sometimes much harder and more meritorious to ask another to do a charitable thing than do it ourselves when it is in our power.—M.R.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

suit of black, with a decent white choker, stood the gaunt and melancholy-looking parson—melancholy-looking, I say, for the man was not melancholy, but of a sanguine and cheerful disposition." It was Adamson.

With the portraiture of the Baron and the Captain we have no concern. It is otherwise with the "Commissioner," who was a curiosity. The most expensively and the most ill-dressed man on the continent of North America—one would be almost inclined to think that he studied the incongruities as the model after which he arranged himself, only that his slovenliness forbade the idea of his ever having bestowed a thought on the subject. "I have seen him at one time," says Adamson, "promenading a populous city in a dirty, powder-smear'd and blood-stained shooting coat, while his nether-man was encased in black dress pantaloons, silk stockings, and highly varnished French leather dancing pumps. At another time I have met him with one of Gibb's most "recherche" dress coats, a ragged waistcoat, and worn-out trousers, all looking as if he had slept in them for weeks, and lain inside of the bed among the feathers. His shirts never had a button on them, which constantly caused his brawny and hairy chest to be exposed to view, while a fringe of ravelled threads from their wrists usually hung dangling over his fat, speckled and dirty hands."

"Where he obtained the old hats he wore puzzled his acquaintances. That he changed his hats frequently was evident, for the hat of one day was never the same shape the next. Their general outline was that which might be expected in the hat of an Irishman who had been beaten at a fair—who had encountered a rainstorm as he returned homewards, and who had finally determined to sleep all night in a ditch. His head was white and his face was purple—a red cabbage in snow. A wonderful specimen of winter green, he carried his years well. With his brisk and vigorous step, and his hale and hearty laugh and aspect, he looked a man with whom old age and infirmity had no business. His laugh was defiant and jocund as the crow of a cock—his voice was like the blast of a clarion."

"Looked at merely as an original, he was a satisfactory object, with his wholesome system, his unflinching capacity to enjoy all or nearly all the pleasures which he had ever aimed at or conceived. His careless security in an official situation on a regular income, with but slight and infrequent apprehensions of removal, had contributed to make him proof against the assaults of time. The original and more efficient causes, however, lay in the rare perfection of his animal nature. To hear him talk about roast meat was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster. It made one's mouth water to listen to him expatiating on fish or poultry and the most edible methods of preparing them for table. His reminiscences of good cheer seemed to bring the savor of turkey or lobster under one's nostrils. It was marvellous to observe how the ghosts of bygone meals were continually rising up before him, not in anger or retribution, but as if grateful for his former appreciation and seeking to renew an endless series of enjoyments at once shadowy and sensual. A tenderloin of beef, a spare rib of pork, a particular megrum of claret, or a remarkably praiseworthy jorum of punch, which had satisfied his appetite or appeased his thirst in days long gone by, would be remembered, while all the subsequent experiences of our race, all the events that had darkened or brightened his individual career—all memory of the friends who had clung to him in his misfortunes—had as little effect upon him as the passing breeze."

"His temper towards his subordinates was as uncertain as the wind; sometimes as familiar as a playfellow, at others as impervious, arbitrary and unreasoning as a Turk. He was more courteous, however, with his superiors and with those whose opinions might affect his interests. But he was capable of a good-natured act, was a persevering fisherman, could tie, roughly, a killing fly, enjoy a joke, make no objection to hard work or coarse diet by "flood or field," and altogether was not a bad sort of companion for an expedition to the rivers in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. One of his boasts was to travel with the smallest possible quantity of luggage; indeed he seldom encumbered himself with a change of linen."

Such was Killaly something less than two decades after the time he is introduced to the reader amid the excitement of an election. What the man was in his prime may easily be guessed. The reader, however, must be reminded of the remark with which we introduced this sketch. Killaly had many of the best points of a fine old Irish gentleman, and in his younger days was a "swell." His picture will leave no unfavorable impression on our minds.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!

Strew roses on their way; The young in heart, however old, That prize the present day."

Killaly did not care much for politics, but he was a good head of a department, and was never happier than when engaged with its political duties. He was largely engaged with the construction of the Welland Canal, and during a portion of his official career resided in St. Catharines. Subsequently he resided in Toronto, but he ended his days in Picton, where he owned some land, and died in the year 1873. His brother John, who came out with him to America, went to New York, and died there a few years ago.

His son, Richard F., is entry clerk in the central office of the High Court of Justice in Osgoode Hall, and resides at 64 Hazleton avenue, Toronto. The father was married in Dublin, Ireland, to a Miss Handy, of Bracco Castle, King's County, the lady whose death is announced above and who was over 97 years of age, her last birthday being the 8th of November, 1905. Mr. Killaly's father lies buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Work of the Loretto Order

Speaking editorially the Freeman's Journal of the 5th inst., has the following:

The success that has attended the educational work of the Loretto Order in Australian Colonies and the rapid development of the Institute are a convincing proof of the high appreciation and sympathy accorded the nuns and their labours by the Hierarchy, clergy, and laity of the Southern Continent. Elsewhere in our columns we publish the circular recently issued by the Bishops of Victoria announcing the establishment of a Central Catholic Training College in Melbourne, to be placed under the care and management of the Loretto Nuns. Here the Sisterhood, as stated in their Lordships' address, "will be charged with the general administration of the Institute, and the material, moral, and religious welfare of the students..." and arrangements have been made to secure for this College all those educational advantages and intellectual helps which are available in the more advanced of the educational institutions of the State.

Than the action of the Bishops in thus confiding the new College to the management of the Loretto Sisters no higher tribute could be paid to the work carried on by them for almost thirty years in the schools established by the Order throughout Australia, no stronger proof, if proof were wanting, to justify the confidence these religious have so thoroughly secured in promoting the best interests of Catholic education in the great Commonwealth of the Southern Cross. As the pioneers of higher class education in the Australian Colonies the Irish Nuns of Loretto have scored a remarkable record. It is little more than thirty years since their first convent was founded from the Mother House of the Institute—Rathfarnham. In 1875 the first Australian house was created at Ballarat by Mother M. Gonzaga Barry—still kindly remembered by many friends in her connection with the convents of the County Wexford—Gorey and Ennis-corthy. Within a few years followed the establishment of the convents of Melbourne, Portland and Hamilton. Later Mother Gonzaga, on the solicitation of the Bishops of the respective provinces, spread her work farther afield and opened houses in Sydney, New South Wales; Perth, West Australia, and Adelaide, South Australia. Success in its fullest sense has blessed her enterprises, arduous as they were, and now, even though the shadows of seventy years are stealing across her path of life, she is called to the important sphere of duty which the government of the training College entails upon her as Provincial Superior of the Institute of Loretto in Australia.

Death of Katie May Kane

The Angel of Death, which hovers ever near, has again visited the village of Shamrock, this time to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt. Kane, depriving them of their little daughter, Katie May. Weakened by a severe attack of tonsillitis, and with a constitution naturally frail, she succumbed to a relapse of the same disease on Monday, Feb. 12th, at the age of eleven years. Rarely, if ever, has such grief been manifested on all sides, for apart from the respect and sympathy shown to her estimable parents, in her sweet, short life she gained a wider circle of friends than is often accorded to those who have lived more nearly the allotted span. Bright, gifted, pretty, with a discernment far beyond her years, she will be sadly missed in the home, where of a family of five, a baby sister alone remains. The idol of her grandparents and surrounded by comforts which only a parent's love and thoughtfulness could suggest, her future seemed a bright one, but God willed otherwise. To us it seems a privilege to have known and loved the little angel who now is, and how much more privileged the parents who have placed their treasure, precious beyond all price, at the feet of God, who gave her. To them in their great sorrow we extend sincerest sympathy.

A Plenary Council

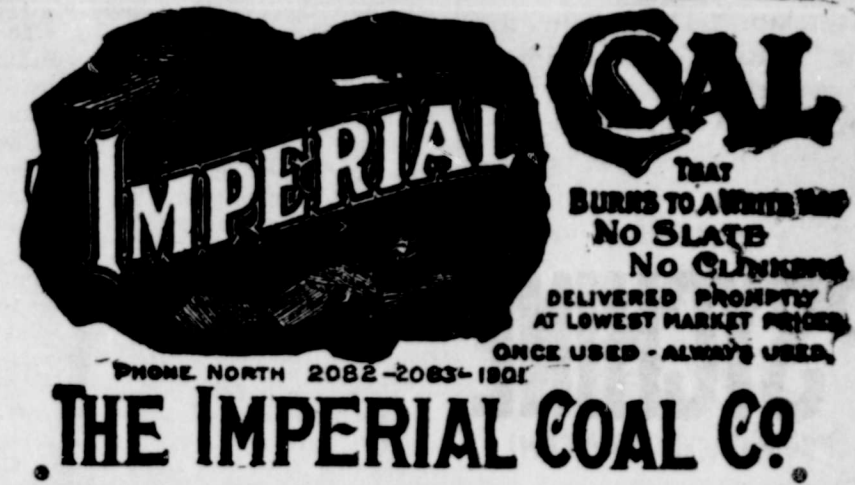
It is reported that a Plenary Council at which all the bishops of the United States will attend, will be held at Baltimore next month. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, will preside. The last Council took place in Baltimore in 1884.

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Perversion of History

The Boston Republic has the following to say about Sarah Bernhardt and Sardou, which in view of the late pastoral on certain theatrical performances, will be of interest: "The sensation of the moment in Boston is Sarah Bernhardt—the Sarah of the golden voice, the athletic contortions and the vulgar exploitation of the more noxious forms of the drama. She is without principle—the mere slave of the conditions of the time, and the dreary drip, drip, of the sickly sentiment which is smeared over her plays render them unfit for the Catholic theatre-goer. It would seem that the serpentine Sarah might have selected a play which would reveal her abilities without shocking the sensibilities of Catholics.

The latter she has done in the most offensive manner, in "La Sociere," which was produced last Monday night at the Boston Theatre and which, we believe, is to be repeated. Its author, Sardou, is one of the cleverest and most brilliant playwrights of the day. He is the Parisian wizard—the meteor of Marigny—who has created more effective plays than any other author before the public. He is as much of a mocker as Voltaire was, with no bitterness, but the desire to create theatrical effect that is a consuming passion. He has the supreme technician's love of form and symmetry, and all that lavish audacity and recklessness which makes the usual brilliant Parisian—unleashed from Catholic restraints—the most dangerous of rebels against religion and society. He exalts an ideal that is infamous, satanic. In "Dante" he placed his slimy hand upon the spotless lover of Beatrice. In "La Sociere" he teaches a view of history that would be amusing were it not tragical in its consequences. He has beauty at his command, but it is the beauty of serpents and of panthers, of sinister, cruel passions that writhe and crouch in the dark recesses of human nature—that is, human nature as seen in the green abysmal of the "boulevardier." He is shocking and shameless. Purity with him would seem to be a jocular expression, obsolete in the serious speech which he has invented for the bestial Bernhardt.

Sardou has invented his own history for dramatic purposes. His pictures of the period are false, his reading of Cardinal Ximenes' character totally untrue to history, his characters untypical and his incidents non-representative. One is rather lenient to the interpretations of religion given by authors who are nurtured on the traditions of anti-Catholic hostility in France. The atmosphere they breathe is bad. It is morally malarial. Yet Sardou, who, when he does not find history to his liking, deliberately falsifies it to suit his purpose, goes beyond the limits of indulgence. In one scene we see a governor's palter. Zoraya taunts her lover, cajoles him, overcomes him and sweeps him into flight. We view the subterranean chamber where she faces the inquisitors and the cruel, relentless purposes of the Cardinal dominating the scene. He explains, endures, lies, retracts, and lies again to save her lover. Then in the public square, near the waiting stake, before the snarling mob, takes poison from a secret vial and escapes from the flames. The lurid figure of the Cardinal is supreme—and such a figure. He is as close a portraiture as a grisly caricature of Roosevelt is unto the President. The intellectual power, moral passion, flight of the imperial imagination which marks the character of Cardinal Ximenes on the broad canvas of history is not hinted at. He is the Grand Inquisitor who, in the name of the Pope himself projects the tragic and cruel catastrophe. The portrait of Ximenes as rendered by de May is nothing less than perversion and prostitution of history.

Nora McCrohan, wife of Timothy O'Connor, who was the oldest woman resident of Whitby, died on Feb. 8th, aged 93.

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God Knows

God knows! Ah, yes! What countless things Are hidden from the human sight, That we can only leave with Him Till dawns the glorious light! Unknown graves on unknown hills, Like that on lonely Nebo's mount, Forgotten or unknown by man, And only God Himself keeps count.

God knows—ah, yes! The mysteries That weary many an aching heart By Him are seen and understood Who reads each secret, hidden part. He knows just why that good must go, He knows just why that ill must stay. We cannot know. We only "trust," Remembering God knows the way.

God knows—ah, yes! What comfort 'tis To know the eye that never sleeps Sees all that is—and every life In every watchful memory keeps. He knows the hopes yet unfulfilled, He knows the plans—the loss, the gain; He reads each thought of every soul, He feels it all—the joy, the pain.

God knows—ah, yes! He knows the heart, He looks beyond that seen by man, And reads the motive, pure and true, That lived before mistakes began, He sees the aim before the deed; And "wrong" in man's sight oft may claim From God's just judgment the "well done" For thou hast labored in My name."

God knows—ah, yes! Our Father knows The least one of His children's needs. He knows the want of every heart Far better than the heart that pleads. He knows all things, and this we know— "He doeth all things for the best." Then gladly we can leave all there, Safe in our Father's care to rest. —Seec ed.

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### HER FIRST "STORY"

She had just had a talk with the city editor of the afternoon paper and had won his consent for a week's trial as reporter.

All the world didn't know this, but all the world or that bit of it that takes notice might have known, as it looked at the glowing cheeks and bright eyes of the girl, that something had happened to make her joyful. She walked as if on air, and she had to bite her lips to keep from smiling broadly at every one she passed.

It was good to look at in this mood of happiness, for it beautified a face prevented, usually, from more than passable prettiness by a pronounced irregularity of features. But the sunny brown hair with a tendency to curl saucily about the temples and lustrous dark eyes that looked at you solemnly or sparkled with humor, made you almost forgive the hopelessly crooked nose. The mouth was too large for a girl's, had, as a friend declared, an adjustable attachment at the right corner that made it twist up or down, according to the mood of the maid.

In the solitude of her thoughts, she had often pictured this moment of triumph, but now that it had come, the realization seemed too deliciously good to be true. When she had told one or two of her friends that she intended trying for a reporter's place on the afternoon paper in her native Southern city—not society reporter, she scorned that, but regular local reporter—they had laughed incredulously at her. Friends are often good at that.

A woman on the reportorial staff of a newspaper in that conservative city was an untried experiment. Nevertheless, she had determined, and determination with Elizabeth Hammond meant something. A month ago she had been to the editor and submitted her case, only to be put off until another time, and for four long weeks they had been going through a polite fencing match. Only to-day, finding resistance useless to wear off the inflexibility of her purpose, he had turned her over to the city editor with instructions to do with her as he chose. Partly because it was hard for the gallant young city editor to refuse anything to an attractive-looking girl and partly because he was somewhat cowed by the look of unflinching determination in those brown eyes, he gave a reluctant consent to a trial of a week. He knew she would fail, but he also knew by looking at her that she would never be satisfied until she tried. It occurred to him as he noted the look of confident joy that met his words, that he didn't envy himself when it should become his task to "turn down" this aspirant at the end of the week.

From her first entrance Elizabeth loved the atmosphere of the office. She, that could never abide an untidy room, revelled in the fearful dirt, disorder, and general air of disorganization adjacent. It was "characteristic," she thought to herself, being in happy ignorance that the odor she sniffed was a combination of pipe smoke, cheap cigarettes, and delicacies that the office boy was at that moment cooking on a tiny gas stove in a corner of the office.

She had accomplished a very dear purpose, and that was why the world looked so bright to her. This was Saturday, and Monday she was going

to the office to get a trial assignment—and then would follow five other days of trial assignments in which she would astonish the placid city editor and her knowing friends, and then, but there was a long vista of dreams linked together by "thens."

Everything seemed in tune with her happiness, and the sunshine looked unusually glorious, though it fell on dirty, dust-powdered pavements and business houses. Somewhere among her tumbling thoughts and feelings there was a desire to open her purse and share its contents with all the little newsboys and gamins. The wish rose uppermost now and then, and she had to restrain it with difficulty.

Early Monday morning she was at the office. She wore a plain short skirt and shirt-waist, with a rather severe walking hat. She wasn't going into this work to look pretty, she was intensely in earnest. The city editor decided, as he noted this earnestness, that he should leave town Saturday and get his assistant to tell the new reporter that "he was very sorry, but," etc. He believed he shouldn't care to face her disappointment, but way down in his heart he admired her "grit."

"Your assignment this morning, Miss Hammond," he said, "will be to interview Senator Battle, the millionaire politician from Massachusetts, who will pass through here today at ten o'clock on his private car. He will wait over some time to make connection with the train going to New Orleans. You are to see him and talk with him. As you have seen in the papers, he is in the South to further investigate matters in reference to a bill it is rumored he will introduce at the coming session of Congress. It isn't probable that he will discuss this question with a reporter, but anything you can get from him on any line will make a good 'story.' If you like, Miss Hammond, as you are new at the work, I will send one of the men with you to show you how to tackle your assignment."

"Thank you," she answered, "but I prefer to go alone."

The editor wheeled about in his chair in time to hide a smile of amusement at the undaunted assurance of this recruit. He couldn't help admitting to himself that he had acted scoundrelly. Senator Battle was notoriously opposed to reporters and never under any conditions gave interviews. "But," the editor thought in extenuation of his action, "it is as well to break the spirit of this young aspirer first as last"; for he knew it had to come. A woman as local reporter on this paper was an impossibility. He had expected to be bombarded with questions about how to get an interview, but he had mistaken his reporter for once. She had not asked one.

It was not that Elizabeth Hammond felt overconfident when given her assignment, for she had never been so frightened in her life. She hadn't the dimmest idea how to go about it, but get it she would, she determined, and that unaided. She hated that city editor for looking as if he pitied her, and she liked him, too, for giving her a chance—grudgingly given though it was. She was almost suffocated by the swift pressing of feelings against her heart, but they trooped away at last and left a calm that meant determination. She would do it. She would make a success of this first story and then—and then—(enter vista of dreams).

When she reached the Union Depot the train that the senator's private car was attached to had just pulled in. She stopped an old colored porter with the question:

"Can you tell me where I can find Senator Battle?"

"I guess you ain't likely to see de boss, Miss," he said, grinning broadly, "but I can show you where to find his secretary. You jest follow me."

He led the way to the rear car and mounted the steps of the front end and was just about to enter when he said to her, "Huh he is, ma'am, right now. Huh's a young lady, sir, wantin' to see de boss," and the old dandy backed off the platform.

After coming from the bright sunlight into the passageway, she could just distinguish the form of a man standing there, but after a second, before she could speak to him, she heard her name almost gasped out in a voice strangely familiar.

For an endless second they simply stared at each other, both unable to speak, then the man broke the silence.

"Beth," he whispered, and would have leaned forward to take both her hands, but she drew back a little and extended one to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Campbell?"

"I am glad to see you again, and how have you been since—or—we saw—each other last?" Her voice was like a lash to him.

"Beth! Beth!" he said, and there was the old hurt look in his eyes that she had last seen there, but it died away, and he asked in a dispassionate, business-like tone, "Can I do anything for you here, Miss Hammond?"

And then it all came back to her—the interview, and her heart sank. If her courage had been at low ebb before this unexpected meeting, there was scarcely a drop left now.

"Oh—I—forgot," she stammered, "I must see Senator Battle at once—but first tell me," (her curiosity getting the better of her) "what are you doing here? I thought you were living in New York?"

"I was until a few months ago, when my health played traitor. I went to Massachusetts to recuperate, visiting at the country home of my father's old friend, Senator Battle, for whom I am now acting as temporary secretary. I am afraid you cannot see him, as he has given orders not to admit any one. Do you know him?" he asked abruptly. Why Elizabeth Hammond should wish to speak to the senator unless he were a friend of hers puzzled him.

"No, I don't know him, but you see—I am doing newspaper work,

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and I want to get an interview with him for the afternoon paper."

"Newspaper work? An interview?" he asked in a bewildered way. "But Senator Battle never gives an interview. A reporter is not even permitted on the car."

"Oh, but I must see him, George—Mr. Campbell, it is my first 'story,' and if I fail to get it, all my hopes—Oh, don't you see it will be dreadful! Tell him that, won't you? You can use your influence. It means so much to me. Tell him that—er—we are—that I am an old friend of yours, won't you?"

She had stepped nearer to him in her earnestness and stood pressing her hands together against her chest—a favorite gesture when she was excited—and in her eyes there was a pleading that was hard to withstand.

He looked a moment as if he should have liked to take her slight form into his arms, but he only said, "I will see what I can do for you," and he disappeared into the next apartment.

Then she could have bitten her tongue out for having been impetuous enough to plead with George Campbell on the score of being an old friend. She thought of him when she had last seen him, in Bremen, more than two years before, and of the quarrel that had separated them after an engagement of three months. She never had been able to recall exactly what she had said to him in that moment of anger, but she knew it must have been something unpardonable, for he had not even attempted an explanation, merely turned on his heel and walked away. What passed after that coursed quickly through her thoughts as it had a thousand times since its happening—the hasty departure with her chaperone on the next train, after depositing a package containing the ring, a few notes, and his presents at the hotel for him, giving not the slightest clue to her destination; then the long period of silence that had elapsed when she heard not a word from him. She had always felt sure that if he had continued to love her as he once did, he would have followed her to the ends of the earth to offer an explanation. She had seldom taken into consideration the indomitable pride of this man. She had the utmost contempt for herself because she had never been able to put him wholly out of her thoughts, and now, just as she was entering this new work with all the earnestness and determination of her nature, bent on forgetting herself and him, to think that he should cross her pathway! It looked as if fate were taunting her. But she would succeed in this new work, she determined, in spite of ten George Campbells.

Her thoughts were interrupted just then by his appearance.

"Senator Battle will see you, Miss Hammond," he said.

Calm and unmoved outwardly, Elizabeth felt a numbness within that threatened her. She was ushered into a drawing-room, comfortably furnished and as commodious as the limited space allowed.

"Senator Battle, this is my friend Miss Hammond," she vaguely heard Mr. Campbell say. The numbness within gave way to a wild beating that somehow affected her throat so that her voice sounded unnatural.

She found herself shaking hands with a man about sixty years old. His hair, or the fringe that remained, was white. His face, which gave one an impression of strength, was redeemed from sternness by a smile that Elizabeth now thought the kindest she had ever seen. The eyes were a keen blue that seemed to look through her and smile at that strange fluttering thing within that wouldn't be still.

"I suppose Mr. Campbell told you, Miss Hammond, that I never give interviews; it is a risky business. You can cast bread on the waters and it may or it may not come back cake; but in throwing an interview into the sea of publicity, it is apt to return in any strange and unrecognizable form, and the trouble is, it never ceases returning, but every tide brings in it. I avoid reporters as I should smallpox, but the truth of the matter is, I have seldom been approached by a woman, and I have found in my long political career

that it is the safest way, always, to let any of your sex have her way, or the consequences are apt to be dire."

He had evidently noticed the girl's embarrassment and was talking casually until she should recover her professional breath, so to speak. He led her on to talk on political matters in the South, really interviewing himself for her. And when he showed her out a half hour later, he had given his views on the question he was in the South to investigate, and a hint of what his bill would involve. She had the "stuff" for a "great story," and she felt vaguely the first delicious thrill of it.

Senator Battle had admitted her solely on the plea of his secretary, to whom he was devoted and in whose judgment he had the greatest confidence, and then he became interested in the girl herself and on the impulse had given her this priceless information. He was always impulsive, and that was the secret of his never seeing reporters. He was afraid of them, for he was apt to say too much. And now that he had given this interview he was a little disturbed, and as a precautionary measure he asked Miss Hammond if she would outline her story and submit it to his secretary before returning to the newspaper office. So Elizabeth found herself seated at a desk in the apartment adjoining that in which she had interviewed the senator. The secretary sat opposite by the window, supposedly reading the morning paper. She nervously fingered her pencil, at sea how to begin this, her first story. She wrote four different paragraphs as a starter and scratched them all out. She thought gloomily that if each "story" meant all this pounding and thumping and surging in the region of her heart that she would soon die an early death of heart disease. That paper opposite worried her; it didn't rattle a bit, but remained stiff and defiant. She felt convinced that he wasn't reading at all. She knew she couldn't stand it any longer, so after clearing her throat once or twice ominously, she said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Campbell, but would you mind going out until I have written this? The fact of the matter is that I never could write in the room where anybody else is. You see," she said, grasping at excuses, "the rattling of your paper makes me a little nervous."

"I am sorry to have disturbed you—if you had just told me sooner I should have left you to yourself. I shall be out here on the platform, and you can call me when you are ready for me to glance over your article." He concealed a smile with difficulty, wondering what sort of a newspaper woman she would make, having to write in the same office with a dozen other reporters, if the presence of one person disturbed her so.

Once into her subject, her pencil flew fast enough, and everything else was forgotten in the pleasure of writing. After twenty minutes, she called Mr. Campbell and handed him the largely written sheets of paper. Nothing could be more humiliating to her than to have to submit to him her first story, which she felt to be crude and unfinished, written as it had been under such difficulties. He took the article without a word and leaning against the wall began reading it. Elizabeth walked to an opposite window of the car and looked out. A few minutes passed, and then the man looked up from the sheets in his hand.

"Beth," he said, in a dreary sort of tone, "Are you never going to let me explain about that misunderstanding at Bremen?"

She didn't answer nor even turn her head, because she didn't dare do so at this moment. She had been through a severe strain for an hour, and she felt her nerves giving way.

"Why didn't you answer my letter or cable?" he continued after a pause.

"What letter and cable?" she asked, turning toward him quickly.

"I wrote to you immediately after you left, explaining the foolish circumstances that stirred your anger, and receiving no reply, I cabled to ask if I might follow you and explain in person. I addressed them both in care of your aunt in London, thinking you might have gone there, but never a word from you."

"I received neither. From the day we parted, I have never had any communication from you. A friend who met you in New York more than a year ago happened to mention that you were living there."

"And you never learned that the other girl was—?"

"Is the interview satisfactory, George?" They both started to find Senator Battle standing at the door.

"Not yet," replied George, "I beg your pardon, I mean I haven't quite finished reading it," he hastened to add.

"I think we can trust it to Miss Hammond. We have only ten minutes more before we leave, and I have some telegrams that I shall have to get you to attend to at once. You will pardon unceremoniousness, I am sure?" he said, nodding pleasantly to his interviewer, who hastily took leave.

"The other girl was—the other girl was—" The sentence darted back and forth through her mind as she made her way to the office, and was not forgotten until she mounted the steps leading to the news-rooms, and she thought of the pleasure she should have in turning over her "story" to the city editor, who had sent her on what he must have considered a barren errand. She hugged her "copy" to her in joyful anticipation of his astonishment. With perfect calmness and assumed indifference she handed it to him in response to his question, "Could you see the senator?" And then she watched him as he read it, his face at first expressive of astonishment, gradually expanding into a broad grin. "This is great!" he exclaimed. "How on earth did you work it?" he asked, looking at Elizabeth almost with awe. "I don't know,"

she answered, smiling. "It wasn't hard." He read on, and then with the exclamation, "Oh, this is a hot story!" he rushed off with it down the hall and into the managing editor's room.

A boy of eighteen, a raw but aspiring reporter who had been waiting with his "copy" to consult the city editor, was leaning on the railing about that official's desk gazing at Elizabeth with undisguised envy and admiration. The typewriters in the room had suddenly stopped clicking, and she felt rather than saw the steady gazes of several pairs of eyes.

She went to the desk that had been assigned her and dropped into the chair, proud but wofully tired, and with half a sentence still uppermost in her thought: "The other girl was—." She wished the men wouldn't stare so. The office had somehow lost its attractiveness since morning, the smell of it no longer appealed to her tired senses, and she would have liked to put her head down on the desk as she had done long ago when she wanted to cry at school. But just then the city editor rushed in, followed by the managing editor, who was profuse in his congratulations. There was a confusing discussion about a "six point" or a "seven point" head, and then about "sub-heads," until Elizabeth became conscious of her own head, which was aching sadly. Learning that her work for the day was over she left the office.

The paper that afternoon had her story flaunted on the first page with her name signed to it in bold type. The first sight of it gave her that feeling of satisfaction that follows the successful accomplishment of a hard task, but by the time she had responded a half dozen times to telephone calls from friends, answering multitudinous questions, and receiving congratulations, she was heartily sick of her "story," and hated the thought of her name spread broadcast over the country in black, starting type. Nothing mattered much to her, but the finishing of the sentence that, resist as she would, kept pounding through her head, "The other girl was—." Who was she? and what was she to him? were the pivotal thoughts about which her mind whirled.

That night when she had gone to

### FITS EPILEPSY

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

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her room, a telegram was brought to her. She opened it hastily, her heart beating an unaccountable tattoo, and she read:

"—Was my own first cousin. Can't you accept the explanation and also

GEORGE CAMPBELL?"

Newspaper circles knew Elizabeth Hammond no more. In spite of vigorous protests from the managing and city editors, her first "story" was her last. The cause soon leaked out, but if the circumstances had become known, they might have been turned into a good "romance story" by the avidious Sunday editor.

### APPRECIATION OF THE JAPANESE.

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, mucilage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

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A PRISONER OF THE CZAR

(By Frank W. Munson.)

Unless there be some particular relation which affords us a point of contact with the romantic, we are prone to consider it more or less unreal. We feel that it is ideal, rather than possible; clever rather than interesting. Conditions in Russia are, and have been, such that her territory is the scene of some of the most thrilling adventures recorded by contemporaneous fiction. None, however, are more thrilling than those which last year fell to the lot of Father Casimir Jarkowiak. The fact that Father Jarkowiak is now stationed in Chicago, and that he is well known to many of us, will, undoubtedly, furnish us a point of contact which will give his truly romantic adventures a clear tone of interest and of reality.

Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, Father Casimir was appointed to the American Mission by the General of his Order. Before leaving Italy, however, he obtained permission to revisit his old home in Poland. Now the Russian authorities in Poland are very bitter against Catholic priests, more especially those educated in the Italian universities. In 1904, moreover, they were more hostile than ever, because of the revolutionary spirit which the Japanese war had aroused in the hearts of the down-trodden sons of Kosciusko. In spite of all this, Father Casimir crossed the frontier disguised as a baker, and spent some days with his parents and sister. Success emboldened him, and he grew less cautious. Some one introduced him to Father Brodka, the parish priest. In a fatal moment, he confided his sacred character to his new friend, surely the last man one would ever suspect of treachery. Father Casimir was well entertained, and accepted an invitation to call on the morrow. After spending another pleasant hour at the rectory, the father bade adieu. Imagine his surprise and terror to find the house surrounded by soldiers! Before he could recover, a captain of Cossacks advanced, placed a rough hand upon his soldier and cried: "In the name of the Czar of all Russias, I arrest you for high treason!"

The poor man was conducted to the guard house. There he learned that his supposed friend had betrayed him, in hope of receiving certain favors from the Government. He realized that his position was very precarious. On the following day he was transferred to the guard house to a large fortress, some ten miles from the Austrian border. There he remained several months, without trial, confined in a noisome dungeon. Day after day, as he gazed out at the blue heavens, now brilliant with the noon-day sun, now studded with myriads of glittering stars, as he heard the hum of the busy world around him, he thought of his old companions, how happy they were, how free, and here he was—languishing in prison. There was but one consolation, and that was that his friends were leaving nothing undone to secure his release. The good Catholics of Cracow, his uncle, who was a government official, and the General of his Order, worked for him ceaselessly.

On the other hand, the military officials and the non-Catholic element in general, demanded his execution. In the end, their wishes prevailed with a bigoted government, for one day toward the end of August, the prisoner was dragged forth from his cell to the quarters of the commandant. There he was confronted by a tall, bespangled officer, who first eyed him sternly, then read to him the order of his execution. The following week he was to be taken to another prison near St. Petersburg and hanged.

As soon as this order became known the father's friends made hasty plans for his escape. The servant boy who brought him his scanty meals kept him informed. He told him that first he must pass three guard lines, then slip through the camps of the regiments which lay around the fortress, and make for the Austrian line. The boy agreed to help him. On the appointed night the servant brought three bottles of vodka and a considerable sum of money. When the watch came along, Father Casimir asked him to try some of the liquor. The sentry conscientiously refused, but, after some conversation, allowed himself to be persuaded. Ere long he succumbed to hard work and much vodka. Father Jarkowiak now hurried to the second sentinel, who, more or less sympathetic, was easily tempted by the proffered copecs. The third and last sentinel was an ardent partisan of the father's, so he was passed without danger. (This man later deserted, and, after many adventures, arrived in Chicago, where he now lives.)

Clear of the sentries, Father Casimir met his ally, the servant, who disguised him as a woman. They carefully threaded their way through the tents, and started for the border. Alas! before they had gone far, several shots announced that the escape had been discovered. The fugitives broke into a run. Seeing that it would be safer to separate, the servant told Father Casimir to keep to the right, and every step would carry him farther into Austria. The boy kept to the road, was captured and shot.

Father Jarkowiak ran and ran, frail as he was from the ill-treatment and confinement of his prison life, he was soon exhausted. Foot-sore, out of breath, almost fainting, he at length spied a farm house. The owner raised a window and demanded what he wanted.

"How far is this from the Russian border?"

"It's just ten feet back of the house."

"Are you an Austrian?"

"Yes."

"A Catholic?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I am a Catholic priest, condemned to death by the Russians. For the

love of God, help me escape!" "You cannot stay here, because the Cossacks come daily looking for deserters, and they will capture you. But I will take you away." The good man hitched his team and drove the now saved priest well into Austrian territory. On the way Fr. Casimir recounted his experiences, and the peasant told him that he had run for some miles parallel to the border instead of at right angles to it. That was why, after he had gone so far he had accomplished so little.

Fr. Jarkowiak was left with one of those true priests who are the glory of Catholicism. The good man nursed him through the long sickness which resulted from his terrible experiences and finally gave him means to return to his friends. To-day if you speak to him of what he underwent while he was a prisoner of the Czar he shudders, then says, "May God bless Father Stronafoni!"

Quaint Questions

Do you know asks the Washington Star, that the bayonet was so called because it was first made at Bayonne in France?

That coffee received its name for the reason that it first came to Europe from Kaffa?

That candy was first exported from Candia?

That tobacco was so called from the Island of Tobago, the home of Daniel Defoe's imaginary hero, Robinson Crusoe?

That gin was invented at Geneva and early became an important factor in the commerce of that city?

That the tarantula was a notorious pest in the vicinity of Taranto?

That cambrie was made at Cambridge?

That maslin was made at Mous-selme?

That calico was made at Calicut?

That dimity was made at Damietta?

That milliners first plied their trade at Milan?

That the magnetic property of iron was noticed in the neighborhood of Magnesia?

Ask your friends and see how many of them know these facts.

A Joke on Himself

A certain clergyman tells the following good story against himself, relating to an experience he had when crossing the Atlantic recently. He had been unable to get a state-room for himself, but on assurances by the purser that he would have for a room mate some companionable gentleman, he accepted what he could get. "Now, after a short while," says the narrator, "I began to find myself thinking of some valuable that I had about me, and went with them finally to the purser to entrust them to his keeping. 'I would explain to you,' I said to the purser, 'that I am very pleased with my room mate. That is—I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that my coming to you with these valuables—is—er—amany reflection upon him—you know. His appearance is in every way.' And here," the narrator says, "the purser interrupted me with a somewhat broad smile. 'Yes, sir, it is all right—he has come to me with some valuables also, and he says the very same thing about you.'

Deputation to Minister of Education

A deputation consisting of Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Father Hand and Mr. D. A. Carey, waited on the Minister of Education on Tuesday morning regarding the interest of Catholic education in our city schools. The deputation was introduced by Hon. J. J. For, and the suggestions made will be considered.

World Famous Bells

History has accredited to Russia one of the world's most famous bells, famous for size and beauty of casting. The great bell of Moscow was cast in 1653, cracked before being removed from the mould and consequently was never rung. One may judge of the enormous size of this bell from the dimensions. It is twenty-two feet in diameter at the base, nineteen feet high and the estimated weight 41,000 pounds. While there have been no such tremendous bells cast in this country, those cast at Baltimore by the McShane Bell Foundry Company are famous for their musical qualities. A very beautiful chime of eleven bells has been recently installed by the McShane Company for the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind., and are indicative of the wonderful products which this firm puts out. Every country in Europe contains a McShane bell, and there is no State in the Union where they have not been heard. It may well be taken as a literal truth that the products of this company are heard from one end of the earth to the other. Since 1856 they have shipped more than 32,000 bells.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual. To cheer another in sorrow makes the comforter kin to the angels. Beware of worrying about little things; it is the malady of happy people.—Mme. Necker. It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds lodgment in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Molash, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sit or stand. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, Mc-Giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's."

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Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

Coal—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

Quartz—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and of \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.

A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is \$5.

At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the basis of PLACER mining claims generally, are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The leases shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental \$100 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

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

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## REV. FATHER COSTELLO RE-MEMBERED.

At St. Basil's on Sunday Rev. Father Kelly, C.S.B., spoke most feelingly of Rev. Father Costello, whose recent death has caused so much regret in Toronto, his native city, and particularly in St. Basil's parish, where he was so well known and where he is now lovingly remembered. In referring to the many notable qualities of the young priest, Father Kelly made particular reference to his musical gift and of his cheerful readiness to use his voice in the service and for the praise of God. On Monday morning a solemn Mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of Father Costello was sung by Rev. Father Carr, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Mr. McGrath as deacon and Rev. Mr. Sullivan as sub-deacon, all personal friends of the deceased priest. The staff and pupils of the College were all in attendance, and a large number of the parishioners also attended. The ceremonies were deeply impressive.

## TOWER COMPLETED.

The tower of St. Paul's Church is now completed, adding very much to the beauty of the exterior. It is now awaiting the chime of bells, which it is expected will shortly be donated by different members of the parish.

## CHARITY SERMON.

On Monday evening last special music and a sermon were given at St. Paul's church in aid of St. Vincent de Paul Society. Rev. Father Doherty officiated at Vespers and Benediction, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R. The subject of the sermon was Charity, with incidental reference to the work of the conferences in Toronto. A large congregation was present and the collection in response to the appeal of the speaker was a generous one.

## THE CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION.

The regular Ladies' Evening of the Canadian Catholic Union was held on Monday evening, the members and their friends assembling to the number of something over one hundred. Mr. J. M. Ferguson was in the chair, and Mr. E. S. Williamson gave an interesting address on "Pickwick Papers" illustrating Dickens' immortal sketches by a number of appropriate lantern slides. A vote of thanks to the entertainer was moved by Mr. Wm. Prendergast, assisted by Mr. W. H. McGuire. The meeting was held in the Palm room at McConkey's.

## MASSES NOT FLORAL TRIBUTES.

The Knights of Columbus in Toronto have decided that in future Masses will be said for the repose of the soul of deceased members, and that floral tributes will be discontinued.

## A COMPLAINT.

Complaint has reached this column that on Sunday last at the door of one of our city churches circulars advertising a minstrel show were distributed. The "show" is said to have had no connection whatever with any of our societies, and the distribution from every point of view was considered in bad taste.

## A SOCIAL EVENING.

A delightful programme is arranged for the entertainment to be given on Friday evening, the 23rd inst., in Douglas Hall, corner Bloor and Bathurst streets. The affair is under the auspices of the local court of C.O.F.

## OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

With boom of cannon, tramping of horses, display of military uniforms, and much crowding and crushing of the rank and file of society, the second session of the eleventh Parliament of the Province was opened. At 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon the 15th inst., the Legislative Chamber was a brilliant scene of color, the varied hues in the dresses of the ladies on the floor of the House making a fine showing under the generous clusters of electric lights, and the varied ranks of the galleries in more sombre general outlines making a not unpleasing contrast. The Premier, looking as though fully conscious of his responsibility in representing the great Province of Ontario, entered in procession with the wife and daughters of the Lieutenant-Governor, and shortly after the house rose en masse when the Lieutenant-Governor himself accompanied by his military guard of honor, entered. The real business of the gathering, namely the reading of the Speech from the Throne and the declaration that the House was now open, occupied altogether perhaps not more than twenty minutes, and a good deal of the enthusiastic atmosphere of the previous Opening seemed lacking. Then the air was filled with

the glory of victory lately won, the ceremony of electing a Speaker was enacted, and speeches from either side were in order. This time all this was wanting. Nevertheless as a piece of pageantry the ceremony was quite effective. The little ex-Premier sat quietly and unobtrusively amongst the benches of the opposition. Mr. St. John, the Speaker, a striking figure in cap and gown, invited all to remain seated and look their prettiest while a flash light picture of the assemblage was taken. After this was complied with the House adjourned.

## THE CENTRAL HALL.

It is reported that the C.M.B.A. are taking the initiative in the matter of a central hall for the Catholic societies of the city. Committees have been appointed to look into the matter and to devise ways and means. With so responsible a society in the field much may be expected.

## PERSONAL

Mrs. Mary Foley of 389 Sorauren avenue, is very ill since the death of her daughter, Mrs. Daly, whose long illness of three years' duration and subsequent death were a great sorrow to the surviving members of her family. Mrs. Mulhall, formerly of 9 Florence street, now of 14 Havelock, is a sister.

## Death of Seigneur Globensky at St. Eustache

Seigneur Globensky, one of the new survivors of the seigneurial tenure system in the Province of Quebec, died on Saturday, the 10th inst., in his manor house at St. Eustache, aged 76 years. He was a son of Lt.-Col. Maximilian Globensky, who fought at the side of De Salaberry in the memorable battle of Chateauguay, and whose portrait adorns today the walls of the Chateau de Rampey with that of his illustrious chief. The son studied law, but abandoned that in order to take up agriculture. Deciding to enter politics he defeated in the elections of 1875 in the County of Two Mountains, Hon. Wilfred Prevost, but resigned his seat a few weeks later. He was offered in 1888 the position of Senator, which he declined. He was Advocate of Saint Peter, having received a special appointment from his Holiness Pius IX.

## An Indian Priest

An interesting addition to the colony of missionary priests at the Apostolic Mission House, on the grounds of the Catholic University of America, arrived recently in the person of Rev. Albert Negabanquet, an Indian priest, said to be the only full-blooded Indian raised to the priesthood in this country. He entered the priesthood with the avowed purpose of engaging in missionary work among his people, and in order to perfect himself in this line of ecclesiastical endeavor has been enrolled among the student priests at the Apostolic Mission House.

Father Negabanquet (the English for which is "Scattered Clouds") is a full-blooded member of the famous Pottawatomie Indians, and comes of a fine family. He is said to have a brilliant mind, and took an advanced position among his classmates while preparing for the priesthood. Throughout he was accorded every educational advantage, and that he improved the opportunities the youthful age at which he was ordained to the priesthood gives eloquent testimony. He is highly regarded by his people.

Father Negabanquet was born on the Pottawatomie Reservation, near St. Mary's, Kan., about twenty-eight years ago, but in his youth the tribe removed to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma Territory. His family, being civilized and ambitious, took considerable pains with his education, the principal part of which was secured on the tribal reservation in Oklahoma at the Sacred Heart Abbey, under the charge of the Benedictines. For his theology he studied in Rome, at the College of the Propaganda, and on his return to this country began his labors among the Indians.

## To Save Our Young Men

To the Editor Catholic Register: Dear Sir,—One of the most difficult but nevertheless important questions that confronts those who are responsible for the spiritual welfare of our young men of to-day, is: "What should be done to prevent so many of them from going to ruin?" Many answers have been given to this all-important question and many means have been resorted to, to stay the rapid increase of the number of our young men who are going to destruction. And how is it that in the majority of cases they all prove fruitless? Is it that the advice



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



## OBITUARY

## TIMOTHY COFFEY.

Timothy Coffey, sr., passed away peacefully at his residence on Harvey street, Orillia, on Feb. 10th, after an illness of several months. The late Timothy Coffey was born in the parish of Glen Carr, County Kerry, Ireland, about 80 years ago. He immigrated to America in 1851, and after a tempestuous voyage of six weeks in a sailing vessel, he landed at Quebec, and from there made his way to the Township of Whitby, where he spent one-half of his Canadian life, removing to Orillia in 1879. In 1853 he married Miss Julia O'Connor, daughter of Denis O'Connor, Darlington County, Ont. Their wedded life was blessed by a family of six boys and six girls, nine of whom survive him. Mrs. Hall of Toronto, John of Indiana, Timothy and Denis of South Orillia, Mrs. Cunamon of Lindsay, Mrs. Quinn and Patrick of Toronto, Mrs. Roland of Barrie, and Miss Mary at home with his widow. Like the majority of Irishmen who migrated from their native land in those days, he was not blessed with much of this world's goods, but by earnest perseverance and good husbandry, he left his family in circumstances easy to battle with life. Deceased was strictly honest in all his dealings with the public, though possessed of no great literary attainments, but nevertheless he was competent to compete with the exigencies of the times. Socially he stood high in the estimation of all with whom he came in contact. Deceased was a devout Catholic, a firm adherent and ardent admirer of his faith. The esteem in which he was held by his neighbors was quite in evidence from the large number of sorrowing friends who followed his remains to the cemetery on Tuesday morning, Feb. 13th. Among those who attended the funeral from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. P. Coffey from Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Cunamon from Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Roland, Mr. John Coffey and Miss Hannah Coffey from Barrie. His remains were borne to the hearse, into the church, and consigned to the grave, by his three sons, Timothy, Denis and Patrick, and his nephews, Mr. John Coffey, Barrie; Michael and Daniel Coffey, Medonte. Gentle reader breathe a prayer for the soul of the faithful departed Timothy Coffey. R.I.P.

## AN OBSERVER.

Montreal, Feb. 15th.  
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and dressmaking establishment, both of which had a large share of patronage from customers far and near. Mrs. Cotter having retired some years ago, her grocery store is now, and has been during the past few years, carried on by a grandson named Harry Johnston, who is doing a successful trade.

On the 16th of last September Mrs. Brimacombe became ill and continued so until death called her away. Her funeral took place on Thursday morning, 15th inst., to Saint Gregory's church, Oshawa, when a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul by Rev. Father O'Mally, who, together with the good Sisters of Charity, attended at her bedside during her illness. After Mass the Reverend Father delivered a brief but eloquent sermon, and concluded with a short peroration eulogizing the many good qualities of the deceased lady, after which the procession proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, north of Oshawa. It was the largest cortege in that vicinity for some time past. In the death of Mrs. Brimacombe Oshawa has lost a good citizen, a loyal subject, a true and faithful Christian, who was a constant attendant at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass on Sundays and occasionally on week days. She was a kind friend to the poor and a great philanthropist where needed. She was also generous towards her church, as well as other institutions, whether local or at a remote distance. Her hospitality to friends and acquaintances can never be forgotten by many. While Father O'Mally was referring to her good qualities many a handkerchief was saturated with tears. Through her economical industry she has left behind her a competence worth being proud of. Requiesce in pace.

M. J. MCSWENEY.

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1906.

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## Irish History in the Schools

In view of the recent motion to introduce Irish history into our schools the following from a circular issued by the state officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New York is of interest:

We are greatly encouraged by the reports we are receiving from localities where there are parochial schools as to the progress made in the study of "Irish History." The hearty co-operation which we are receiving from the clergy, and the earnest efforts of the teachers and others in charge cannot but be conducive to the advancement of this important subject. In connection with this matter it occurs to your officers that this subject can and should be recognized by the officials of the State department of education and granted a certain number of counts toward a certificate. Is there any reason why Irish history should receive less consideration than English History, or Roman History or Grecian History? All these are electives in the various high schools of the State and receive a certain number of counts toward the State certificate. If this were done, the pupil taking up the subject of Irish History would add to his gain a material increase in the number of counts toward the certificate he is striving for. Pupils should be encouraged to become familiar with the history of the land of their forefathers, and as an incentive, prizes should be offered for those becoming most proficient in the study. We would recommend that suitable prizes be furnished by the County Boards.

126 Calls from Business Firms for Stenographers, bookkeepers, invoice clerks, etc., have lately been received by the famous

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We filled nine of the positions and had no one else ready to send. If you want to get a position after graduation, come to the school that can help you. A large number of ex-students of other business colleges are now in attendance. College is open the entire year. Commence now. Circulars free.

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## NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Maryn (nee Callahan) late of 480 Queen street west, in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, milliner, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 38 of Chapter 120, R.S.O. 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Mary Maryn, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1906, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Joseph Patrick O'Callahan, the Administrator of the property of the said deceased on or before the 9th day of March, 1906, their Christian and surnames, and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and of their accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly verified by Statutory Declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 9th day of March, 1906, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the persons of whose claims he shall then have notice, and the said Administrator shall not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him prior to the said distribution.

DATED at Toronto this Seventh day of February, 1906.

HEARN & SLATTERY,  
47 Canada Life Building, Toronto,  
Solicitors for said Administrator.

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