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VOL. XLIII., No. 13

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Mrs. Green's Forthcoming History of Ireland—To be published by the McMillan's Company of New York—St. Patrick's Day Celebrations Here and Elsewhere—Some Societies of the Past in Toronto—St. Patrick's Day Becoming Popular in the U.S. for Social Events Other Than Irish.

It has often been contended that there has not yet been written a full and correct history of Ireland, notwithstanding all the great minds that have from time to time undertaken the task. At last, we are told, so desirable a work is to be produced and that a woman has it in hand. She is Mrs. J. R. Green of London, the widow of the author of a "Short History of the English People." Mrs. Green was in America not long since in the interest of her undertaking and secured the promise of their cooperation from a number of prominent and wealthy Irish-Americans as well as of others who are in sympathy with the successful achievement of so desirable a work. They rejoice in the grand which brought about the establishment of a fund for translating old Gaelic manuscripts—and the work now occupying her life, the writing of an adequate history of Ireland and the Irish people.

The editor of a leading New York journal had a portion of the manuscript submitted to him nearly two years ago, and he testifies to the fact that she is doing for the Irish people, their struggles, their achievements, and their sufferings as great a service as her husband did for the English people in his "Short History."

The Macmillans of New York will publish the work. All Americans and Canadians are interested in the fact that Mrs. J. R. Green is Irish in race and in sympathies, and in the fact that her husband's "Short History of the English People," because of his death before its completion by him. Those who have read the book here referred to will have noticed that there runs through it a vein of appreciation for the work done by Irish missionaries in England and Western Europe in spreading Christianity and laws and letters and in extirpating barbarism when the Irish were free.

It is time that history and public education should do justice to the story of the Irish race. No nation has suffered such persecution as the Irish has resisted oppression as the Irish has resisted the oppression of England. In all the history of the world there is no series of crimes against patriotism comparable to the crimes against the independent, unconquerable spirit of the Irish. But Ireland is still Ireland and is putting forth at the present time fresh evidences of her unconquerable spirit and her capacity to restore her language, her literature and her prosperity. It is a splendid and most useful task that undertaken by Mrs. Green, the brilliant scholar and sincere patriot. Her profound studies of national feeling, her thorough understanding of the sentiments that have actuated the people of her native land, must give the greatest possible value to the work that claims all her devotion. Her husband's "Short History" is used in the public schools of America. Why may not her own work be also used in the public schools of Ireland, England, America and Canada?

My attendance at a St. Patrick's Day celebration here on Friday week was a great treat to me and recalls many similar celebrations in different parts of the world—in Ireland, England, New York, California, Chicago, and here in Canada in earlier days. I find that the parade feature of those celebrations is being gradually abandoned. I think this is wise. The only place I ever witnessed a parade to advantage was in San Francisco. There in March the weather is favorable and there is no danger of any-

thing being spoiled. I give every one who wants to can. It gives cause for real joy and no one takes offence. There are literary features given to the celebration there that are not witnessed elsewhere. When D'Arcy McGee was residing in New York he used the influence of his paper to have parades abandoned in the East, describing them as "draggle tail processions through equinoctial mud." For the last two years they have been abandoned in Chicago and the indoor entertainments increased. The dinner of the Irish Fellowship Club in that city have become a brilliant social feature and the best men in the city esteem it an honor to be invited to them.

Toronto has the reputation of being a strong Irish city from its earliest days and has hardly ever been without a celebration of some kind. There was a St. Patrick's Society in existence here before the writer ever saw it, and Protestants as well as Catholics were members of it. Those were the days of Robert Baldwin, Col. Baldwin, Francis Hincks, John Crawford, Dr. Connor, John O'Donohoe, Dr. McCaul, President of the university; ex-Mayor Bowes and many others prominent in every walk of life. But some how, the celebration I came here, which was 1850, there was no celebration, except the observance of the day in the churches, although the parliamentary people had come up here from Quebec, among whom were many prominent persons, such as Matthew Ryan, the O'Higgins Bros., William Kelly, S. B. McCoy, Mr. Devine of the Crown Lands Department, and many others. This condition was humiliating to the writer and he set to work to amend it in his own boyish way. He had but a short time before organized a Young Irishmen's Literary Society in Hamilton, and he thought a similar Society would be equally advantageous to the young Irishmen of Toronto, and he set to work to organize one. In this he was successful. Its place of meeting was the old Stanley street school-house, and its meetings were conducted with spirit. Alas, how few of those who used to participate in those meetings can I view in the flesh to-day! Only one that I know of, and that is Mr. Matthew O'Connor, the well-known painter and decorator, who now sustains the reputation of that youthful band, as a successful business man. I will not attempt to call the roll of those youthful companions of mine of more than fifty years ago, who were upholding the honor of their own or their fathers' native land. But among them were John Mulvey, John Lee, James and Richard Coleman. John Mulvey was afterwards a prominent merchant, John Lee became Father John, James Hagan, I believe, moved away, and Richard Coleman became a foreman printer in New York and Chicago. It was to these young men that the celebration of the following St. Patrick's Day in Chicago was committed. It was held in humble quarters—the old Stanley street school-house, but it was packed full of enthusiastic people. The programme consisted of speaking and singing. The singers have gone altogether out of my mind, but I remember some of the speakers. Michael Hayes, afterwards editor of the "Catholic Citizen," was one. He had just come from College at St. Louis to visit his family and we were glad to see him to speak and he was no disappointment. The Hayes family was an important one in Toronto in those days as general merchants and shipbuilders. All have gone, excepting one, who is a Jesuit priest in Chicago and administers the temperance pledge to his fellow countrymen. Another one on the programme, who pleased us with a surprise in the way of oratory, was Mr. P. F. Kavanaugh, whose occupation was that of axemaker. I believe Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Mulvey and the writer also made talks. At any rate their effort was deemed a success.

Some years later two other young men's societies sprung into existence. One was the Hibernian Benevolent Society of which Mr. Michael Murphy was president, and the Young Men's St. Patrick's Society, of which the late Senator O'Donohoe was president. The latter had a hall of its own in the St. Lawrence Hall block, over the present Dominion Bank, and flourished there for a number of years. This society was an ardent supporter of the political aspirations of the late great statesman, Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Prominent officers of this society were Mr. Eugene O'Keefe and your humble servant.

WILLIAM HALLEY.
 P.S.—So popular is St. Patrick's Day becoming in the United States that many social events are set for that night that have no connection with Ireland; for instance, I read in a Chicago suburban paper that the Nakama Club of Oak Park celebrated St. Patrick's Day with the telling of Irish stories, and singing of Irish songs, while the color schemes were appropriate for the day.

My soul, wait thou upon God, with the holy meditation which makes a man calm at the heart and strong for all the needs of the living. There is rest at the centre. Thou lovest nothing if thou lovest not God. Let the world go past with its dust and noise, with its fret and fume. My soul, wait thou upon God.

My God! what can I give You in return for all You have given to me? I give You all I have and am, now and always in time and eternity.

SPRING TERM

The Spring Term in the popular Elliott Business College, Toronto, opens on April 3rd. This school is thoroughly up to date and enjoys a splendid attendance. The Principal, Mr. W. J. Elliott, will be pleased to send a catalogue to all intending to secure a business shorthand education.

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HON. EDWARD BLAKE'S SPEECH

On St. Patrick's Day at a Great Gathering of Irishmen

At the great St. Patrick's Day dinner in the Hotel Cecil, London, at which over 600 guests sat down, and at which was Mr. John Redmond, Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., who was greeted with cheers and was one of the principal speakers, said: "We have heard something to-night for the duration of the labors, of merits of Parliament, but I think the programme this evening involves the appropriation of a period of time equal to that during which we are supposed to be enjoying ourselves at Westminster (laughter), because with the organizing ability of the race we have set ourselves to hold a reception, an orchestral performance, a banquet, a concert, and last but not least, rather the longest, in fact, a ball afterwards. In order that we may perform this series of engagements the strictest limitations are placed upon speakers and an intimation, cordially received by myself, is made that we are not to speak longer than ten minutes. My friend beside me (Mr. O'Connor) was aware of it, but carried away by his theme, occupied, not only his own time, but mine and others (laughter), with the result that my speech must be less than the ten minutes. My friend, speaking of the Irish Party, for whom with him I respond, said he could speak with a feeling of detachment which will perhaps allow me to say that I speak of them with a feeling of attachment (cheers). I am no impartial judge of the Irish Party. I came amongst them thirteen or fourteen years ago a stranger, I came amongst a Party of whom the great bulk were of another creed than mine, from a country 4,000 miles away, and I have found in them friends and brothers (cheers). I have found a degree of kindness undeserved and, therefore, I feel I am not an impartial witness to the Irish Party. There has been a growth and development in the progress of our cause. Great advances, everyone must recognize, as has been already said, have been made within the period of quarter of a century, within fifteen years, within five years, within a few weeks. Great advances are plain to the public, great advances also in the power and strength of that instrument to which, under God, is committed the destinies of the Parliamentary and constitutional conflict upon which the liberties of our country depend (cheers). When I came here the Irish Party was rent and torn by dissensions due to unhappy conditions then passed, feelings of bitterness and animosity, not unnatural under the circumstances, existed which broke the forces of the Party in the country and in its own councils, and a slow and gradual process necessarily slow and gradual, if it was to be enduring—of reconciliation had to take place. I have said no word, thank God (cheers) which would tend to lengthen or increase any bitterness of feeling that existed. I felt before I crossed the ocean to come here that the one thing needful was to obtain a closer union, and I rejoice to remember that some years ago, under the presidency of our guest to-night—the Bishop of Raphoe—a great public step was taken towards a union which gave us all hope and courage in the holding of the Race Convention in the City of Dublin (cheers). No word was there spoken, although all the elements of the National strength of Ireland were not represented, to render difficult, but many words were said to render easier, that slow task of reconciliation. It received an impetus that day. The work went on; it is now accomplished; and, as I have seen times of humiliation and dissension which I deplored, I now rejoice to say that since that reunion has taken place I have seen happy days not merely on the surface, not merely to the public, not merely in the outer manifestations of the Party, but in its inmost councils, in its frequent deliberations, in the meeting and mingling of its members, which shows that the bad times are gone, that the good times are come, that we are altogether one band of men, seeing one way, animated, as I believe we all were in former days, by one spirit—animated by that spirit which en-

ables us to agree as to the methods by which to realize our aims. We are ready freely to discuss in our own council what policy and tactics should be pursued, and ready, each man of us, when a decision has been attained in that democratic council, loyally to submit to and be bound by the voice of the greater number there assembled (cheers). Ireland occupies a unique position in the history of the assemblies of the world, and the Party which represents her in the British Parliament must necessarily occupy a unique position also. That Party is bound by one great principle, the attainment of the liberties of the country—liberties which are at present subjugated by the most oppressive system, to my mind, possible. Infinitely preferable would be the open tyranny to that subjugation which is made under the de- lusive forms of freedom. They say we are free and that we are represented in Parliament. We are represented in Parliament, and if, as I said in the House the other day, our views were received in the same way in which the views of Scottish members are received, there would be some government of reality in the action of Parliament, though but little satisfaction to the views—the just views—of the Irish people as a nation. But it is unhappily enough for a great many members of the British Parliament that the Irish Party, representing four-fifths of the Irish people, should want something that they should be refused it (hear, hear). What the people want is freedom, because it is wanted by the people, and that is the form of freedom under which we live. Under these conditions we know that our duty is to hold aloof from all parties, and to judge them by the one test. What are they going to do to meet the demand of Irish self-government? That is the test which we alone can supply and by that test our judgment must be exercised (cheers). Things have been said with reference to the future. I would not prophesy. I do not know. But I do believe that great opportunities are opening before us. I believe that in many minds once closed to conviction, at any rate, doubts of the correctness of old views against Ireland have entered. In other minds a belief has now arisen that change must be made, and I believe that before very long it will be found that progress, at any rate, will be made in the attainment of our great object. In the words of the poet who has versified some of the old legends of Ireland—

"The little black rose shall be red at last—
 What made it black but the March wind dry?
 And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast,
 It shall redden the hills when June is high."
 (Cheers.)

Highest Praise for Karn Piano

Ottawa, 24th April, 1902.
 The D. W. Karn Co., Limited,
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Dear Sirs.—We have been using your pianos in the Rideau Street Concert for some years and I have much pleasure in saying that they have proved all you claimed for them. We bought the first one on April 2nd, 1895, since which we have purchased four more. We have in our concert several makes of pianos, but none have withstood the severe usage so exceptionally well that we intend to gradually replace them with your piano.

The Karn pianos seem to me my idea of what a good piano should be, and anything which I may say in its praise cannot be too strong.

SR. THERESE, Lady Supt.

Pronounced Cured

Mrs. O'Brien, who, many will remember was severely burnt last fall, was discharged from St. Michael's Hospital on Saturday last, when she was pronounced cured.

Gather up all the small broken bits of white soap in the bathroom and kitchen, pound to make fine, melt together, and pour into a small mould or old teacup, that has been wet with cold water.

PITH OF THE DEBATE

Contrasted Positions of the Parliamentary Leaders on the Autonomy Bill

In the excerpts hereunder from the past week's debate on the Autonomy Bills, The Register has endeavored to put on record the pith and purpose of the leaders on both sides of the House:

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

On March 23, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved the second reading of the Northwest Autonomy Bills, he said by the changes to be made in the educational clauses the new provinces would come into confederation with separate schools, and therefore guaranteed to them under the Constitution of the Dominion. By section 16 of the bill, as originally drafted, it was intended to secure to the minority the rights they now have. But it had been urged that that section was too broad and vague, and might lead to confusion. Some years ago the minority of the Territories complained that certain local legislations had infringed on the Federal law of 1875, establishing separate schools, and an appeal was made to the Federal Government of the day, led by the late Sir John Thompson, but he declined to interfere, holding that inasmuch as the law complained of was a consequence of a law passed two years before which had not been complained of, it would have to stand. And so a certain system had grown up and for thirteen years it had given general satisfaction. There was a danger that clause 16, as first drafted, might cause confusion between the law of 1875, and the modifications enacted by the Territories, and therefore certain school ordinances of the Territories had been incorporated into the bill so as to secure to the minority the rights and privileges as they exist to-day and nothing more. Chapter 20 of the Ordinance providing for separate schools, and 30 which regulated assessments for local schools, had been incorporated into the bill, but not No. 30 which regulated Government school grants or aids. The provinces were to be left free to dispose of their school funds as they saw fit, but with a single exception—namely, whatever might be the manner in which such funds were to be distributed all schools were to be treated alike.

In concluding the Prime Minister said that in presenting the Autonomy bills the Government were acting according to the clear principles of the Constitution. In 1867 there had been a compromise in order to produce a great result. Ours was a country of diversities but they should tend to produce unity. The Canadian people had done very well so far, but they had not yet reached the maximum of development. Much remained to be done, and he hoped they would be equal to the task before them. It would be well, if when called upon to apply the principles of the Constitution, they would do so in no carping manner, but in a broad, and generous spirit.

MR. R. L. BORDEN.

Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the opposition, in moving an amendment that the new provinces be given full control over education, said: "The conclusion of the whole matter seems plain. The very basis of Confederation contemplating the eventual inclusion of all British North America provided for separate schools in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec only. This provision was the result of compact and agreement. But no restrictions on provincial powers were contemplated in the North-West. None are mentioned in the Quebec resolutions. The terms of the Constitution, if applied in their integrity to the new provinces, do not become in my humble opinion, restrictive powers of the Provincial Legislatures. The people of the North-West are, I believe, opposed to any such restrictions. We have passed resolutions in this parliament in favor of some Bill for Ireland. Can we deprive half a million of people in the Territories of that home rule which is theirs under the terms of the Constitution."

Let no man suppose that I do not respect the attitude of Catholics with regard to this matter. No one can for a moment fail to realize the position so far as they are concerned. They say: "It is a matter of our faith that our children should be under instructors of their own faith, that they should receive religious instruction at school; and so strongly do we adhere to that principle that we would rather pay tax and also support our own schools than submit to any other system." I find no fault with that view. I only desire that such matters should be left to the people of the respective provinces and not be placed in the wide area of Dominion politics. Is there any rea-

son to mistrust the people of the North-West Territories. Are they disposed to be less generous than the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island? HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

Answering the insinuation made by Mr. Foster, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not now, as once, the avowed champion of provincial rights, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick referred Mr. Foster to the verdict of the people of Canada in 1896, in 1900, and on the 27th of October, 1904. The Prime Minister had not lost the respect of the man in this country whose respect he valued.

Speaking of the challenge made by the Opposition to the Government to appeal to the people on the Autonomy question, Mr. Fitzpatrick said the Opposition had despatched appeals to passion and to prejudice.

Dr. Sproule jumped up and demanded that the Minister of Justice withdraw the statement.

"Instead of making the statement," replied Mr. Fitzpatrick, "I will bring forward the proof." (Loud cheers.)

What was being done at the present time? The Conservative party was sending out two sets of petitions in regard to the Autonomy Bill. In the Province of Ontario petitions were circulated against the Bill, claiming it invaded the rights of Protestantism, while in Quebec province they were circulating petitions in favor of the Bill as protecting Catholics. What was that but the ignoble appeal to passion and prejudice?

Mr. Borden said that so far as he was concerned, and so far as he knew, such a statement was without foundation.

Proof unrefutable was, however, produced by the Minister of Justice. He showed petitions which had been circulated in the Province of Quebec by Eli Moreau, secretary of the Jacques Cartier Club, Montreal, a well known Conservative organization. These petitions were in favor of the Bill and prayed the government not to make any change in regard to the educational clause.

"I hold that the Conservative party are responsible for these petitions," said Mr. Fitzpatrick. It had been stated that the members and representatives of the Northwest had not been consulted as regards the Autonomy Bill. He desired to say they were consulted. When the question came up for consideration he had a conference with Mr. Haultain and Mr. Bulvea on Friday preceding the bringing down of the Bill. He asked them what about the education question. Mr. Haultain replied that section two of the education clause made the requisite provision. He (Mr. Fitzpatrick) said that in his judgment that was not sufficient. He wanted it so plain that any man who read it would understand it, and he desired to avoid a repetition of the Manitoba school question.

"It was intended," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "to give the Northwest what they have now. Not one inch farther, did the government think of going."

In 1875 the principle of separate schools, insofar as the Northwest was concerned, was decided upon. Under the provisions of that year a system of separate schools was established, and according to the ordinances, were allowed certain pecuniary assistance. Mr. Foster had referred to consulting the 500,000 people of the Northwest on this question.

"I ask him in all earnestness," said the Minister, "are we to ignore the opinion of over forty per cent. of the people of Canada?"

It was peace he desired, and the government desired, should reign, but there could be no peace except that founded upon justice and based upon equal rights and recognition of each other's privileges.

HON. MR. FIELDING.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, who followed Mr. Borden, asked who could say that they were coercing the people of the West? Even Mr. Haultain did not have the support of the West in the views he had expressed in the letter he had given to the press.

The system in the West was a national school system, as was shown by the Ordinances of the Territories. They had state created, state supported, and state managed schools.

Mr. Fielding described the seriousness of the situation. If the bill were defeated the Prime Minister would have to retire, but who would be able to form a Government? Would the leader of the Opposition undertake to form a Government on religious lines, and that would be the only Government possible on that side of the House. What a picture it would be to see Dr. Sproule and Mr. Monk; Mr. Bergeron and Col. Hughes sitting down to frame legislation for separate schools. When the vote is taken on this bill they would find a united Government and a united party behind the measure, but the leader of the Opposition will find that his own party is not united, for the honorable gentleman admitted that he had spoken only for himself.

If the measure were defeated, said Mr. Fielding, only a Protestant Government would be possible on the part of the Opposition.

"Shame," called out the Opposition.

Mr. Osler—"This is the first time this has been made a religious question."

Mr. Fielding repeated that in the minds of many this was becoming a religious question. They should endeavor to find a solution; to preserve peace and harmony among all classes of our population, and as a united people move on to the fulfillment of the bright future now before the Dominion of Canada.

CALLS CATHOLIC SCHOOLS SECTARIAN.

Dr. Sproule, Orange leader, who sits at the right of Mr. Borden, said he condemned sectarian schools as being inadequate to the needs of the people in this twentieth century. After

(Continued on page 5.)

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THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

(By J. S. Fletcher.)

Mr. Sanderson had breakfasted rather later than usual that morning; and it was quite ten o'clock when he lighted a twopenny cigar and strolled out to the front of the Brown Cow in order to make his first observation of sky and earth. As he viewed them—a good digestion waiting on a healthy appetite in his case—earth and sky were alike in good condition; there was a pleasant springlike feeling in the air, the promise of a fine day in the heavens, and a smell of newly-turned soil from the ten-acre across the green. On the green itself there were the woodman's donkey, a herd of geese, and Mr. Sanderson's own dozen or two of ducks, some of them sailing in high state upon the bit of pond in the centre. For anything that the landlord of the Brown Cow could see to the contrary, the world was wagging in pretty much the usual way; and he accordingly placed his hands under the tails of his coat, set his gaitered legs wide apart, and smoked his cigar in great peace and contentment.

The strident note of a railway-engine, shrieking at some little distance, was the first thing that roused Mr. Sanderson out of his meditations. He frowned, and consulted the dial of a large silver watch which he drew from his fob.

"That's the 10.5 from York," said he; "and eyther she's a minute late or 't'owd-friend is. I wonder if there's onny passengers this mornin'?"

The knowledge that whatever the train might have brought in the shape of passengers must necessarily pass his own door on its way to the village predisposed Mr. Sanderson to permit this question to answer itself. He waited with one eye on the corner of the lane which led to the railway-station, and the other on the woodman's donkey, until such times as something should have in sight. Occasionally the train drew up at Ashby Green without discharging passengers; and as several minutes passed away, and left the highroad innocent of life, Mr. Sanderson formed the opinion that there had once more been reasons for animadverting upon the folly of railway directors who ran six trains a day where two would be quite sufficient.

"There's nobody come bi that train, at onny rate!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, when several minutes had elapsed. "Chance who may ha' gone bi it!"

At that moment, however, the first stage of what appeared to be nothing less than a procession came out of the station-approach and advanced into the highroad. First of all came one of the two porters employed at the station; he carried a handbag on one side of him, and an armful of wraps, rugs, walking-sticks, and umbrellas on the other; and there was something in his manner which suggested to Mr. Sanderson the idea of possible festivity and rejoicing. Behind him came the other porter, wheeling the only hand-barrow which the station possessed; it was encumbered by portmanteaux of a character and pretensions that were evident at the distance of two hundred yards. Alongside it, resting a hand upon the topmost portmanteau, as if to establish a claim upon it or its owner, walked the ticket-clerk, a young gentleman of uncertain age, whose chief avocation was to stroll about the station with a pen in his ear. And behind the barrow, at a proper interval, came two persons, one of them easily recognizable as the stationmaster, the other a stranger.

The stationmaster was walking and talking with deference well all over him; the stranger walked and talked as the Lords of the Earth use to do, he swung a stick and glanced here and there, and Mr. Sanderson could hear his voice, loud, confident, self-assured.

"It must be a gentleman for 't' Hall," said Mr. Sanderson wonderingly. "Come on a sudden-like, and nobody to meet him. But what's the whole lot o' th' station folks turned out 't' that way for? They'd ha' sent down thro' 't' Hall for his luggage."

It appeared, however, that the Mecca of this pilgrimage was not the Hall, but the Brown Cow. The Head of the procession, looking mightily well pleased with himself, made for the rest of it came on with a resistless impulse. And the gentleman who swung his stick and talked in such a loud voice came from the back to the front and held out a gloved hand to Mr. Sanderson.

"Well, if that isn't John Sanderson himself, and not a bit changed!" he exclaimed, shaking the landlord's surrendered hand with great cordiality. "You don't look a year older, John—not a single year!"

"Ay, an' five more to that," responded Mr. Holliday, with great cheerfulness. "But come, we can't keep these lads standing there all day with them trunks. Is there accommodation for a gentleman in the Brown Cow, John?"

"Ay, for sure," answered Mr. Sanderson, suddenly remembering his professional duties. "Bring the luggage inside, mi lads. Come this way, sir—Mestur Holliday—come this way."

Mr. Holliday stepped inside the stone-paved hall, heaved a great sigh of satisfaction, took off his Panama hat, and mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief of very strong colors, and seemed to intimate that he was pleased to find himself once more beneath the roof of the Brown Cow. He superintended the removal of his impedimenta from the barrow to the hall, and was very lavish with a handful of silver, which he withdrew from the pocket of his trousers. The two porters and the young man with the pen in his ear worshipped him.

"Now, then, John," said Mr. Holliday, "give these lads whatever they like to drink and let 'em have a handful o' cigars to smoke. Which is the best parlour—this here? Come in, Mr. Lindsay, come in, sir, and John'll join us for a friendly glass as soon as he's attended to these men o' yours."

The stationmaster lingered in the bar to say a word to the man who staffed the bar, as to how long at the Brown Cow, lest something unusual should occur at the station. Then he followed Mr. Holliday into the best parlour, and found him gazing around him with the delighted air of one who sees the faces of old friends.

"It's one-and-thirty years since I was in this here room," said Mr. Holliday. "There's things on the walls 'at I can remember as well as if I'd seen 'em yesterday. That there sampler, now, in the black frame; it were worked by old Missus Sanderson, John's grandmother. It's been in the Sanderson family a sight o' years has this here glass."

"I'm sure I'm glad to see ye in the room, Jaames!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, who entered at that moment, and insisted on going through the handshaking process again. "Naay, ye're sich a fine nabob-looking sort 'at I doan't rightly know how to call yer, like. Mun it be 'sir,' or 'mestur,' or happen it's 'mi lord' bi this time?"

"Nowt but plain Jaames," said Mr. Holliday, wagging his old friend's hand. "Jaames Holliday's good enough for me, John. Not what I could put summat in the way of a title before it if it seemed good to me, you understand. But that's neyther here nor there, just now. Bring in a decanter o' the best whiskey you have got, John, and some soda-water, and we'll just take a friendly glass together, you and me and Mr. Lindsay. Dang me, but I'm glad to see th' old place again. It looks just 't' same as it allus did," cried the returned traveller, rubbing his hands.

"'T' last thirty years mun ha' been a staa'still time i' Ashby Green, I think, John."

"Naay, thur' been a few o' changes," observed Mr. Sanderson, as he produced the desired refreshment from a private cupboard. "There's one or two dead, and there's two or three been wed, and we've had a christenin' or two since ye went away, Jaames. But wheer ha' ye been, like, all this time? I niver heard word on yer sin ye shook 't' dust o'fen your feet at 't' old place."

thousand, gentlemen, 'ud not break me—not by no means.

"Nay!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, with wide-spread mouth and eyes. "Dang me, buttons, but I's glad to hear o' that!"

"An' me!" said the stationmaster. "My best respects again, Mestur Holliday! 'T's a sight o' money, is that?"

"Money," remarked Mr. Holliday sentimentally, "has its responsibilities and its drawbacks as well as its advantages. I might be a knight or a baronite, if I so wished. I'm very well aware that it's been talked of in high quarters. But I don't know! I'm all for a bit o' peace and quietness—at present, anyway. 'A breath of the old air,' I says to myself, 'and a sight of the old place, and a crack with old friends; I says, 'I'd do me more good just now than Aches-le-Bang or the Ryeveer, or anywhere 'at I've been used to going of late years.' And so I packed a trap or two together, not forgetting a fishing-rod, and come North. And I'll take your best rooms, John, at your own price, for as long as my affairs 'll permit. And now we'll have another glass—help yourselves, gentlemen—do—and I'll hear the news of the old place."

In spite of a prolonged absence, Mr. Holliday had not forgotten the names of his former associates in the village, and he made strict and particular inquiry as to the fortunes of each. Some were dead; some had married. One or two had left the district. This man had been unfortunate, and "broken"; that had prospered, and retired on a competency. The history of Ashby Green, during the previous thirty years, was as the history of all similar places—a certain amount of slow change, a certain amount of unchangeableness.

"When you take out weddin's, and buryn's, and chris'nin's, and 't' like," said the stationmaster, in whom three glasses of whiskey-and-soda, and the comfortable knowledge that there was nothing to do at the station until afternoon, had induced an inclination to talk, "there's not much to chronicle i' th' history of a rewaral communewity, as you might term it. Marryin' and givin' i' marriage, dyin' and bein' committed to th' tomb, presentin' children at the baptismal font—that's about all 'at there is to set down i' th' rewaral chronicles, if we except g'in' up farms and rare occasions like them there. It reminds me o' 't' Scriptur' sayin' 'at—"

"How ha' ye come on about 't' marryin' state, Jaames?" inquired Mr. Sanderson. "Is there a Missis Holliday, or noay?"

No," replied Mr. Holliday, shaking his head. "I never married, John. I've been a deal too busy wi' the active affairs o' life to think o' such things. No, gentlemen, I'm still a bachelor."

"I think ye mun ha' kep' single for one o' your owd flames' sake," said Mr. Sanderson, with a sly laugh. "Ye wot a bit of a rover among 't' lasses i' 't' owd days?"

Mr. Holliday laughed—the allusion to his partiality for the fair sex pleased him. "I always had a weakness for feminine beauty, John," he said. "If I'd been a less busy man I might ha' been a Luthario. Dear, dear! I can remember some very pleasant adventures i' my young days. Where's Bella Simpson got to, I wonder?"

"Mercy upon us, Lucy Peckitt!" exclaimed Miss Jemima sharply. "What on earth's ailing you?"

Miss Lucy gasped, wriggled, and finally giggled.

"Oh, Jemima!" she said at last. "Oh, Jemima! Though of course, one never can tell what will happen next, and they al'ays say 'at it's 't' unexpected that does happen; but deary me to-day, to think 'at it should happen after all these years! Well, I never!"

"What are you talking about?" snapped Miss Jemima. "You'd never guess, sister, if I was to let you try till next week," said Miss Lucy. "So I'll tell you. Jaames Holliday's come back."

Miss Jemima dropped her knitting and her needles into her lap. Her face, sharp, gaunt, and resentful of a world which in her opinion was no better than it should be, assumed a fierce aspect—she looked like a hawk who sees its quarry within striking distance.

"Jaames Holliday!" she exclaimed. "Nonsense! It's over thirty years since he left these parts."

"I don't care," answered Miss Lucy. "He's back again, Jemima, and they say he's a millionaire. He's a great contractor—makes railways and suchlike—and he's been all over the world, and had titles offered him, and I don't know what else. Quilt the gentleman, he is. He's taken all the best rooms at the Brown Cow and they say he had champagne wine to his dinner last night."

"Lumph!" said Miss Jemima. She resumed her needles and began to knit at a quicker rate than usual. "Let's hope it's half of it true," she continued, after a ruminative pause.

"Oh, I don't think there's any doubt of it," said Miss Lucy. "I wonder if he's ever been married?" remarked Miss Jemima. "No-o, he hasn't," answered Miss Lucy, with a faint heightening of color. "No; he told John Sanderson that he was still a bachelor."

"I wonder how many women he's made a fool of since he made one of you?" said Miss Jemima. "You'd ha' married Edward Summers if it hadn't been for Jim Holliday. Soft enough you were, too, to wait with all them years for a chap 'at never came back, and never wrote a line!"

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and a list of feast days for the month of March 1905, including Quinquagesima Sunday, First Sunday of Lent, and Second Sunday of Lent.

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

Sanctions Filiae Fidei

By the receipt of a personal letter of approbation from Pius X. commending her for the work which she has done in organizing the "Daughters of the Faith," Miss Eliza O'Brien Lummis, of No. 35 East Thirteenth street, has received such encouragement that she will now continue the work of organization and extension which was for a time abandoned after several members—women prominent in New York's fashionable set—had resigned because they thought the society's views on social evils too radical.

THE POPE'S LETTER

"To our beloved daughter in Christ, Eliza O'Brien Lummis, Moderator of the S. Filiae Fidei:

URGES GREATER ARDOR

"Among these duties we mention particularly that of protecting Christian marriage against the disgraceful stain of divorce, of providing for the education within the domestic walls, as well as in the schools, of checking those pests of human society, namely, the shameless license of spectacular representations and immoral books, of idly and wanton conversations and gatherings, and the shameful extravagance of dress. Therefore, beloved daughter in Christ, the work you have inaugurated, not without divine inspiration and guidance, and which you have prosecuted with the approbation of the head of your diocese, that work we wish you to continue henceforth with greater ardor, while relying on the support of our authority.

"At the same time we trust that many more stirred up by your example and that of your associates may be led to join your organization, and that your noble association may, under your leadership, be diffused in other dioceses also and that it may induce even Catholic men to bind themselves by a similar compact and to tend to a similar purpose. In the meantime, as an arduous and assurance of divine blessing and a token of our paternal benevolence, we very lovingly impart to you, beloved daughter in Christ, and to your whole society and to all those who in any way forward the same, our Apostolic Benediction.

RESIGNATIONS THREATENED SOCIETY

While in the manual of the society, which was formed a year ago, it is specifically stated that the object of the organization is the strengthening of the bond of union between Catholic women, it is added that it will not advertise social sins by denunciation, but will quietly make them unpopular, and that the Catholic divorcee who remarries will be socially ignored and also divorcees of other denominations whose lives are open scandals.

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Holy Father, on which occasion she presented to him a manual of the society which by letter he has approved. Letters of approbation have also been received by her from Archbishop Farley, Mgr. Falconio and Cardinal Gibbons. With the commendation of the head of the Church, for which she has been waiting, Miss Lummis will now begin active work in carrying out the principles of the society and of extending it throughout the country.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parnee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

Japanese War Toweling

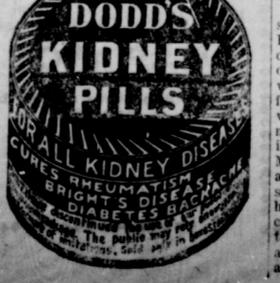
As might have been expected, military and naval subjects occupy a large place among the year's designs for toweling. The towel designs celebrating naval victories have been practically successful; they are mostly in white, on a blue ground; or in black, on a white ground.

Besides towels decorated with artistic sketches of this sort, there have been placed upon the market many kinds of towels bearing comic way pictures, caricatures or cartoons which are amusing without being malignant. It will be remembered that at the time of the first attack made upon the Port Arthur squadron, several of the Russian officers were in the Dalny theatre, never dreaming that the Japanese would dare to strike the first blow. This incident had been made the subject of a towel design. At one end of the towel is a comic study of the faces of the Russians, delightfully watching the gyrations of a ballet dancer. At the other end of the towel is a study of the faces of the same commanders when they find, on returning to the port, only the masts of their battleships above water. Another towel shows a procession of fish in front of a surgeon's office—waiting their turns to be relieved of sundry bayonets, swords, revolvers, and repeating rifles which have stuck in their throats. A third towel picture represents a Russian diver examining, with a prodigious magnifying-glass, the holes made by torpedoes in the hull of a sunken cruiser. Comic verses or legends, in cursive text, are printed beside these pictures—Lafcaid Hearn, in The Atlantic.

If we have faith, let us believe that there is a death, a judgment, an eternity; and let us endeavor, during the days that yet remain to us, to live only for God. All things upon earth have to leave us, or we have to leave them.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

When drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free of charge a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, saving them many of our 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to abandon crutch and cane. JOHN A. SMITH, 419 Chicago Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



HOME CIRCLE

A BOY'S FRIEND. A boy must necessarily have some acquaintances and friends outside of the home circle...

If he forms such a friendship it should be encouraged, and not made a subject of ridicule as is too often the case...

No life is enriched by more than one friend to whom one may think aloud. It is unwise to trust to more...

PLEASANT SPEAKING. Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Foreigners, however they may compliment American women, frequently comment that their voices are harsh. It is no doubt a well-merited criticism...

It takes more time to make one's self understood when speaking in a low voice than in a shrill one, but it is more restful to both speaker and listener.

Placing the voice is, of course, very important for a singer, and it is said a voice misplaced will not last, however fine it may naturally be.

Club life has made demands upon women for abilities in the way of reading papers aloud and participating in discussions...

BEAUTY OF VOICE. With all the legitimate pride in the charm of the American girl, it is still necessary to admit that there is one beauty she conspicuously lacks...

case she would have it if she would only work for it; and if she could be made to realize that in the production of what, in a general way, is called 'charm,' the speaking voice ranks with beauty and grace...

If after talking or reading aloud the voice becomes husky and the throat seems continually to need clearing, it is sufficient proof that it has been misused.

ALL OVER THE HOUSE. A strong, hot vinegar will remove paint and mortar from glass. Rub grease on the seams of new tinware, keep in a warm place for a day...

Use a few drops of carbolic acid on the damp cloth with which you wipe off the mouthpiece of the telephone. The reason is obvious in this 'germ age'.

Space in a crowded closet can be saved by using the patent hangers made for men's trousers, the little metal strip holding a dress skirt smoothly across the front breadth.

FOR SPRING DEBILITY

YOU SHOULD RESTORE RICHNESS OF THE BLOOD BY USING

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Habit is one of the strongest forces of nature. It is like a rut into which it is easy to run, but which too often leads to misfortune and calamity.

In the spring the blood is thin, the system run down and the body weak and enervated. What you need is a tonic and restorative, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

By its use the action of the heart becomes strong and regular, the stomach is supplied with the nervous energy which is necessary to healthful digestion...

With all the legitimate pride in the charm of the American girl, it is still necessary to admit that there is one beauty she conspicuously lacks, the beauty of a resonant and musical voice.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

MOTHER'S LITTLE MAN. Eyes of blue and hair of gold, Cheeks all brown with summer tan, Lips that much of laughter hold, This is mother's little man.

Shining curls like chestnuts brown, Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid, Sweetest face in all the town, This is mother's little maid.

Dainty room with snow-white beds Where like flowers with petals curled, Rest in peace two dreaming heads, This is mother's little world!

MIGHT GET KICKED. Just down by the stream where the bracken grows she placed her easel and sat by it, sketching from nature.

Are you a good speller? You may easily find out by glancing over this. The spelling of every word is correct, but it does not correspond to meaning, only to sound.

BE A GOOD BOY! GOOD BYE. How oft in my dreams I go back to the day When I stood at our old wooden gate And started to school in full battle array.

TOO LATE. An angel passed over the earth one morning, and met a little child in a sunny field. "Little one," said he, "do you love the Master?"

THE SILK DRESS. "See, grandpa," said little Hetty, "this is the first silk dress I ever had in my life. I'm just as proud as anything."

EMERSON ON THE SEA. On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune.

A cluster of galaxy leaves makes a pretty decoration for the dining-table. They can be bought at a florist's, and will keep their fresh, brilliant reds, greens and yellows all winter, if kept in fresh water.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A valuable medicine for Nervous Diseases and a sure remedy for all ailments connected with the nervous system.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900. DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit.

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1903. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning.

Toronto, April 16th, 1903. DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905.

CATHOLIC EXAMPLE AND DUTY.

It has been a strain upon many Catholics in this province and in Quebec, to keep their temper during the past few weeks of treacherous and extravagant tactics in the press and among a section of the Protestant ministers of religion, with regard to the whole subject of Catholic education. With one worthy exception, viz., the Star, the daily papers of Toronto opened their columns to every bigot who had an insult to hurl at Catholics. Some papers went mad. Some ministers went wild and raved on public platforms. One and the other, they deserved to be treated with contempt and in this view of the matter the quiet attitude maintained by Catholics must be commended. But there is another reason also why Catholics have done well to abstain from controversy and counter charges. The newspapers have not represented public opinion. The newspapers of Toronto are still a quarter of a century behind the intelligence of the community. The citizens of Toronto elect Catholics to the parliament of Canada, to the Assembly of the province and to the council of the corporation. The citizens of Toronto do not stipulate, as some newspapers and dark cellar organizations have stipulated, that Catholics who give their time to the people must put their faith and principles in pawn during the period. Toronto did not rush to the meeting held in Massey Hall to resist the school clauses of the Autonomy Bills. That meeting was a fiasco. The common sense and intelligence of the majority of the people not only of Toronto but of Ontario has not been disturbed by the babel of press and pulpit, and it will only require time to have it borne in upon the editors and preachers themselves that they are an ugly exhibition.

They clamor for provincial rights. The original school clauses of the Autonomy Bills were founded on provincial rights—if by that term is meant the rights of the people of the new provinces. They had the right to demand that the Dominion Government live up to its own guarantees; and despite all the incoherent descriptions of the so-called compromise contained in the new clauses, there is no compromise of the principle that the Act of 1875 stood for. The Catholic schools as erected under the Act of 1875 stand and will continue; and it is within the acknowledged right of the provincial government to keep these schools, and all schools receiving or sharing in the public funds, up to the highest standard of efficiency. Every province has that power; and the original school clauses in the Alberta and Saskatchewan bills no more sought to deny it than do the substitute clauses that will pass the House.

Catholics have grown accustomed to hear the schools maintained by their school rates spoken of with patronizing pity. They have had an extra dose of cold disdain this time and an application of hot hostility to boot. We hope they will profit by it, that they will become stronger and more earnest upholders of the schools in which their children receive instruction and firm champions of efficient teaching in these schools.

MR. BORDEN'S POSITION.

The first test of his capacity for leadership came to Mr. R. L. Borden last week. Mr. Borden did not stand the test. He failed in the eyes of his own party and of the Canadian people. His Quebec co-leader, Mr. Monk, broke with him in terms so plain and significant that there can be no mistaking the meaning conveyed. Mr. Borden had no valid excuse for his opposition to the school clauses of the Autonomy Bills. It was the shallowest subterfuge for him to say that he was not opposing Catholic schools in principle or practice. He was opposing in fact the very existence of Catholic schools. In the Northwest Territories Catholics are

criticize. Mr. Borden had no criticism to offer. Mr. Sifton had admitted that the Catholic schools are in the fullest sense of the word public schools by right of their compliance with all the Ordinances of the Territorial Government. They use the prescribed text books; they set the same examinations as the schools of the majority; they employ only teachers who hold the required certificates of qualification; they restrict the teaching of religion to the time allowed in the other schools.

In face of all these facts Mr. Borden stood up in the House and declared that in his judgment the question of the existence of those schools should be left in the hands of any future majority within the province. And he dodged behind the shelter of the bogus provincial rights cause when he spoke. The knavish cry of provincial rights has been raised by the extreme Orange and anti-Catholic element in Ontario and Manitoba who had to find some screen to hide their malignity and prejudice from a discerning public. Mr. Borden knew this. He sits in the House beside Dr. Sproule, the apostle of the bigots. As a lawyer and a parliamentarian he is able to estimate Dr. Sproule's limitations. It was not Dr. Sproule who frightened Mr. Borden. It was the yellow journals of Toronto. While Mr. Borden represented an eastern constituency he went from place to place in Quebec pledging his determination to vindicate the vitality of the constitution for the protection of minorities. To-day he represents an Ontario constituency and he tells the Catholics of the Territories that they are at the mercy of the majority for all time and he opposes legislation in the direction of securing them in those rights that minorities enjoy in the older provinces—with the single exception of Manitoba. The weakness of Mr. Borden's character has been uncovered.

SEE THE CONQUERING MOGUL COMES.

The yellow man has asserted himself and his day has dawned. Russia is decisively beaten on land as well as on sea, and Europe, not Russia, will have to make peace terms. There is an admirable mixture of the Hebrew and the Mogul in the triumphant bow of the conquering Jap. He has reason to think that the task in which Russia failed is beyond the power of Europe to accomplish. But he makes no boast. He is rather on the alert to take practical advantage of his opportunity. Therefore, while Europe is eager for peace the victor looks for a loan. Japan will get this loan as well as a war indemnity. Neither is necessary, because the Japs have money at home. But the ready money and the money borrowed will be put into a great navy though peace were proclaimed to-morrow. The conquering Mogul is making sure of his deliverance from western domination.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We sometimes hear of the aggressive campaign being carried on in Rome by Protestantism. From the official statistics of the city the Protestant population barely counts one per cent.

The war against religion has broken out afresh in France. Count de Mun says the parochial clergy will now be suppressed. The Vatican waits with patience in solicitude for France. The Church is certain of her destiny, but the welfare, if not the life, of France is at stake.

The Ulster Unionists are not satisfied with the resignation of Mr. Windham. They intend to sound the new Chief Secretary as to the present condition of his relations with the Under Secretary. If the answers are not what they desire, then they will return to their former attitude of hostility to the Government on Irish questions.

In splendid contrast to the shuffling, irresolute and uninformed position of The Globe upon the Autonomy Bills is the other Liberal daily paper of Toronto, The Star. The editorial opinions of The Star have been consistent, sound and courageous from the first. The evening paper represents Liberal opinion in Toronto. Its confidence in the Liberal Government is not shaken by the bolting of one member of the Cabinet or the threatening of another. And what a sorry figure The Globe makes, leading Mr. Sifton out of the Cabinet with banners waving, but with eyes averted from the door-latch for fear both may be locked out.

Death of Ambrose Hinds

On Saturday last in Ottawa the death occurred of Mr. Ambrose Hinds, a brilliant young member of The Citizen staff. Owing to the late hour at which we received the account of his death and funeral we are compelled to leave the matter over until next week when it will appear.

Nothing is more important for the well-being and influence of our nation, to say nothing of the happiness of our homes, than that the young should be nurtured and trained in the faith of their fathers.

ST PATRICK'S DAY IN DOURO

Douro, March 17.—In St. Joseph's Church this morning a very large congregation attended mass, which was said by the parish priest, Rev. Father Keilty, who afterwards read and commented upon the address reported below, which emphasizes the fact that the Irish always loved, and was particularly appropriate to St. Patrick's Day:

In the course of a very eloquent address on the "Historical Aspect of Irish Universities," delivered in Dublin on Friday of last week, under the auspices of the Catholic Graduates and Undergraduates' Association, Dr. Sigerson, F.R.U.I., said: "For four luminous centuries Ireland controlled the intellectual destiny of Europe. This is no mere native vaunt, but the deliberate and grateful testimony of scholars of several lands. None gave more liberal evidence than Saxons, and Aldhelm refers to the words of students daily borne off to Ireland, which, rich and flourishing in scholars, was adorned like the poles of the world by innumerable brilliant stars. Others called it 'New Rome' the 'School of the West.' Venerable Bede observed that it was customary for the English, from the highest to the lowest, to resort to Ireland for study and devotion, and testifies that she received all comers with a liberal welcome and hospitably entertained them, giving them books to read, instructions in arts and sciences, food and shelter, and all gratuitously. The State system of Hospices for travellers had clearly been marvellously enlarged for the benefit of foreigners—for students from not one, but many countries, so that streets in the University cities bore the names of their respective nations. How noble was that hospitality which, in a time of fierce wars, defied the limits of race prejudice to welcome all lovers of learning. Of what other country—or of Rome or of Athens itself—could such munificence in the cause of learning have been recorded? Of what country, in the world, rich with the accumulated civilization of a thousand added years, can it be spoken now? The Irish Universities, in those happier centuries, were great, populous, and many. The University of Armagh is stated to have had 7,000 students in the year 513, that of Cashel 5,000 students, and 600 conventual monks. Besides there were the famed Universities of Clonmacnois, Glendaloch, Lismore, Ross, Bangor, and others. Indeed, the island was a full give of learning, where the golden honeycomb of knowledge was offered to every guest. But this nation has ever been as adventurous in peace as in war. Now, from this University Island swarmed one generation after generation, a multitude of scholars to all accessible regions of Europe and beyond, to reignite the dark, dead places with a pure flame, where too often the wrecked torch had fared, to found, not only churches and monasteries, but to create or assist in establishing, the universities of Paris, Luxeuil, Arbon (now St. Gall), Bobbio, Pavia, Ludiisere, Malmesbury, and through Erigena, even Oxford. Does this claim seem extravagant? Remember, then, that 'noster sedulius' (our own Sedulius) as he called him, was master of a school in Athens, and in Rome, in the sixth century, and that every four years from the invention of printing until recently there has been a recitation of his great Christian Epic. Remember that St. Columbanus, in the sixth, revived the lost art of classic letters; that St. Gall in the seventh founded a school which became so celebrated that the surrounding region assumed his name, that in the eighth St. Virgil at Strasburg taught the sphericity of the earth, that Dungal was consulted by Charlemagne on difficult questions of astronomy, whilst Clement, because of his superior learning displaced Alcuin as master of the school of the palace where Charlemagne, his family, and his paladins set as pupils. Remember again that in the ninth century Dicuil was foremost in his science, and that Johannes Scotus Erigena, the friend of King Charles the Bald, was the most celebrated scholar of his time; with him, according to Lewes, that great era of scholasticism began which dominated the middle ages, until it closed in the thirteenth century with Duns Scotus—the Doctor Subtilissimus—who was received in Cologne with the pomp of a monarch, whose lectures in Oxford attracted, it is said, 30,000 students, and whom Paris set over her schools of Divinity. The traditions of our country," concluded Dr. Sigerson, "have guided us towards our goal through sacrifices to success, from repulse to recognition. It is not in nature to cease to advance, or to arrest now, when so much has been gained, that passion for learning which vibrates in every fibre of our people—which has been its honor when prosperous, and its enabling glory of this true liberal land—this indomitable nation."—Celtic.

A Home Rule Resolution

Ottawa, March 18.—At the St. Patrick's service at St. Patrick's Church, Father Connolly, in his sermon, made a reference to the separate school question. The Catholic Church, he said, would always stand for the principle that secular and religious teaching should go side by side in the schools. "There is one Church that will have its separate schools, law or no law, tax or no tax, subsidy or no subsidy. The Church's very existence depends on Christian training."

Upon return to the hall the following resolution, moved by E. B. Devlin, M.P., and seconded by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, was unanimously adopted:

"Be it resolved that we, the Irishmen of Ottawa, assembled in parade on this St. Patrick's day, adhere firmly to the principles of home rule for Ireland and reaffirm our confidence in the Irish parliamentary party, under the leadership of John Redmond, M.P., and be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mr. Redmond."

A concert, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society, was held in the Russell Theatre, which was crowded by doors with sons of Erin and their friends.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The following appears in The Daily Witness, Montreal:

Sir,—In your editorial of March 4 you state:

"We print in this paper an able and excellent argument signed 'Canadian,' on behalf of the right of separate schools. It is the argument used by the defenders of liberty of conscience the world over, and is in theory unanswerable. It is indeed the argument which would think would have some day to prevail, as the consciences of men become more exacting, with the result that there will be no state schools, as already there is no state church. Grant that a man has a conscience about the kind of teaching that should be given at school, and, according to the received dictum of Protestantism, no government has a right to take his money for teaching that is not according to his conscience. Still less has it a right to subject his children to such teaching. It is curious what contradictory people mortals are. This is illustrated by the school question wherever public schools exist. The United States set up absolute religious liberty as the corner stone of its constitution, and yet there is no country which so determinedly imposes its public school system on all. In England at present the most stalwart defenders of the Church and State are the most determined upholders of voluntary schools, while it is the Nonconformists who can recount many martyrdoms for freedom in religion who are now willing to accept martyrdom again on behalf of a system as common as opposed to sectional schools. Here in Canada the only remnant of State Churchism that we have is where the Roman Catholic Church imposes itself by law on its own adherents. Those churches which have State Churchism among their tenets are the ones which advocate of freedom in school teaching, while the adherents of those bodies which hold to voluntarism are always found supporting common schools. No religious body has pronounced itself against all remnants of State Churchism more tenaciously than the Baptists, and they have been the first to make a body formal protest against the separate school principle in the new provinces. The constancy of this phenomenon demands some explanation of the philosophical mind which is the category in which we would place that of our correspondent 'Canadian.'"

If the argument in favor of separate schools is unanswerable in theory it cannot be false in practice because facts and truths are the same. A theory cannot be true if its application is false. When we say that a theory is true or that a practice is true in theory and false in practice, we are contradicting ourselves. It is not the realization of the theory in practice that is false, but it is a bad application of it. If humanity were perfect and could apply true theory perfectly we would see that there is no contradiction between the truth of a theory and its true application. I think that the 'phenomenon' pointed out by you is easy to explain. There is a misunderstanding as to what is union of church and state. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is that God has divided the government of humanity into two powers—the religious and the civil. The first power relates to divine matters, the second to human matters. Each is sovereign, each is contained in perfectly determined and traced limits in conformity with its natural and its special end in each of their spheres. Those powers exercise their actions completely independent one from the other, but as those authorities very often exercise themselves on the same subjects it is necessary that there should be between the two powers relations well ordered. For instance, all that is sacred in human things, all that relates to the salvation of the soul and to the worship of God, these all come under the authority of the Church and all that is embraced in the civil and political order comes under the authority of the state. If we bear in mind that principle we would see that if in the United States absolute religious liberty is set up as the corner stone of its constitution there is really no religious liberty. First, the spirit of the constitution of the United States is not to give complete liberty to the Church in its own sphere, but is to give prominence first and last in every matter to the state. The result is that on the question of schools the state completely disregards the liberty of conscience of the parents and takes possession of the child and educates him as if he were the property of the state.

As to the religious liberty that exists in the United States, it is only apparent. It permits the individual to have all the inward beliefs that he wants, but it does not permit the religious bodies to exercise their good influence in a social way. The system of union of church and state that exists in England is far nearer religious liberty than the system that exists in the United States because in England if the system is not perfect there is a large guarantee for liberty of conscience, that is real liberty of conscience. The United States, for instance, in the question of schools, has directed its efforts in protecting liberty of conscience of the parents.

But the ideal union of church and state would be the protection by the United States of the Church acting in its own sphere. You state that there in Canada the only remnant of state churchism that we have is where the Roman Catholic Church imposes itself by law on its own adherents. The expression used by yourself shows that in having the protection of the law the Catholic Church does not interfere with the liberty of conscience of any one because the law applies only to the adherents of the Church. If we used the word 'adherents' we presuppose freedom. If what you call the adherents of 'state churchism' what I call the believers in friendly understanding between church and state, are advocates of freedom in school teaching it is because they are the real supporters of true liberty of conscience. One of the first doctrines of the Church is that nobody can be forced to adhere to the Catholic Church against his will, and if you apply this principle truly you will understand why those who are in favor of good understanding between church and state, are against compelling the children to go to common schools.

With you, I believe that the Government has no more call to furnish people's children with education than with food and clothes or with religion or some other necessary thing. But the Government has authority to make good laws, see that the people will be able to give their children education, food and clothes, and even religion. In other words, the state is absolutely bound to protect the people of the country in the efforts that they make to develop not only the production of food and clothes, but also education and religion, and if the Government is going to do more than legislate so that the education would be adequate, if the Government is going to give money to a certain class of schools which, as you say, is teaching what is not according to the conscience of a great part of the people, it is the duty of the Government to furnish money to all the schools.

It would be absolutely unjust and unfair to take my money to support the schools in which I did not believe. The money that the state pays is the money of the people, and if the people of the country choose to pay taxes for schools in an indirect way by having it passed by the channel of the state, it does not mean that it is no more the money of the people nor that it is no more destined to education.

Those who are in favor of common schools, let them have part of that money according to their population. Those who are in favor of religious schools, let them also have a part of that money according to their population. A, who is in favor of common schools, will receive back his money, and B, who is in favor of religious schools, will also have back his own money.

The state has no other authority on this question than to protect the development of education according to the consciences of all the people of this country, and if the people choose to use the state as a machine to collect from the people money for education and to distribute that money for the education of the children it cannot be done indiscriminately. It cannot be done completely in an educational way which can be covered on non-sectional lines, because there is no such thing according to the Catholic Church. Naturally, Catholics are their own judge in this matter.

You further state that as a rule those countries which are governed by the separate school idea have a poor system of education and those who repudiate all religious teaching have a strong and vigorous system. I think that this argument is rather sophistical. If we would compare the system of schools that exists in the United States with the system of schools that exist in Canada, we would see that our system is certainly superior, if we take into consideration the fact that we have not given as much money for education as the United States. We are not as rich a people, and consequently we did not give for education as much as we could have done if we had been richer.

It is all very well to compare in an offhand way the systems of schools existing in different countries, but we must take also into consideration the efforts that are made towards developing a system of schools. Certainly if more money is spent on a system of common schools they will appear more vigorous; but the fact that more money is given for a system of schools is not the fault of the system; it is the fault of the people or it may be only the fault of the conditions in which the people are.

I do not want to go into a study of the social and political effect of the different systems of schools, but I will point out to you, Mr. Editor, the reports of the different superintendents of the schools of the United States who are alarmed at the rapid pace with which the system of schools existing in the United States is destroying all religious ideas and all morality. I might point out further to you that half of the population of the United States do not belong to any religious organization which would mean that half of the population is a population of free-thinkers. With this in view I would say that I would prefer for the benefit of the public of this country even what is called 'inferior' system of the Province of Quebec, which has at least produced a broad-minded and moral population.

As to the inferiority of the system of schools of the Province of Quebec we must remember that when the common school system has existed in Canada since the last part of the eighteenth century the system of schools in Quebec has been only organized in 1846-47, and that consequently the other system has a longer existence. Certainly this should be taken into account when we are making comparisons, and even then there has been more progress in the last thirty years in the province of Quebec in this system of education than in any other province of Canada. When the people of Quebec will have decided that they are in a position to give more money for education, we may be sure that the separate school system will be, if not more flourishing, as flourishing as any other system that exists in the world.

We must remember that the people of the province of Quebec are not placed in the same position as the people of the other provinces. They were left in 1763 by the richer and more educated classes of their population. Only 60,000 farmers were left. They were generally poor, and what wealth they have now in the Dominion of Canada and in the United States they have acquired by their own efforts. They did not have any millions coming from the Old Country. They did not have institutions endowed with millions by millionaires. They are a poor people who have worked conscientiously, and I think successfully, if you compare their present status in the Dominion of Canada with the status of those who had all the capital of the Old Country at their disposal. For seventy-five years they were prevented from sending their children to school because the schools that then existed under the law, were against their consciences. And as I have said before, it was only in 1846 that they acquired the liberty of education sufficiently to begin to organize a system of schools, and at that time the inhabitants were prejudiced against schools from the fact that during seventy-five years they had forced on them a system of schools to which they could not subscribe. The clergy had to impress upon the population the necessity of education, and in certain parts of the Province of Quebec it

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took years for the clergy to destroy the prejudices that had been created by the enforcement of common schools on them. Those prejudices are now things of the past and the people of the Province of Quebec believe in education and for the last ten years the attendance in the public schools of the Province of Quebec has been better than the attendance in any other schools in Canada. You state that it is a bad position to demand that the methods which prevail in the Province of Quebec should prevail elsewhere. We are not advocating that the methods which prevail in the Province of Quebec should prevail elsewhere, even if we think that the methods of the Province of Quebec, being given the conditions which prevail there, are good, but what we say is that if in theory the system of separate schools is the only system that will permit true liberty of conscience to prevail, it should be the system adopted in this country. All constitutions are the charter of liberty. They should provide that the legislature will not have the right to interfere with the liberty of the subject. It is not a question of provincial rights, because a province has no more right to have the power to interfere with the liberty of the subject in a matter like this than would have the Imperial Parliament.

CANADIAN, Ottawa, March 16, 1905.

The Pope Held Secret Consistory

Rome, March 27.—The Pope held a secret consistory to-day merely creating any cardinals, merely preconizing bishops. Monsignor Zoticio Racciot was confirmed as Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, Quebec, and the Right Rev. Thomas F. Hickey was confirmed as Coadjutor Bishop of Rochester, N.Y.

All the Cardinals met in the hall of the consistory of the Vatican, where they received the Pontiff who entertained unostentatiously, dressed in white, surrounded by the Papal court and flanked by the noble guard and Swiss guard.

When the Pope was seated on the throne all the prelates advanced to pay him homage, after which only the Cardinals remained. The Pontiff then delivered an allocution and immediately afterwards proceeded to the preconization of bishops.

THE ALLOCATION.

The allocation in moderate terms deplored the persecution from which the Church suffered in some countries and complained of recent events in France where, beside the diplomatic rupture between the republic and the Papacy the statesmen are preparing for the separation of Church and State for which the Pontiff asserted again, the Vatican was not responsible as had been alleged. The rupture was to be deplored.

The Pope also referred to the persecution of the Church in some of the South American Republics, especially in Nicaragua and Ecuador, citing the laws passed by the last named republic against the Church, providing for the confiscation of the property of the religious orders, interfering with the liberty of the religious associations and putting obstacles in the way of the appointment of new bishops.

To offset this the Pontiff mentioned the fact that the arbitration between Chile and Peru had been entrusted to the Papal representative, which had caused the Holy See much satisfaction.

Funeral of the Late Father Lonergan

Montreal, March 27.—The funeral of the late Rev. Father James Lonergan took place this morning from his late residence, 97 Cherrier street, to the Place Viger Station, where a special train, consisting of seven cars, was in waiting to take the funeral party to St. Therese.

The chief mourners were Rev. Father Casey and Rev. Father Lonergan, nephews of the deceased. Messrs. William and Michael Lonergan, brothers, and Messrs. John, George and Henry Lonergan, nephews, and Dr. Roure.

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Ottawa Correspondence

The school clause of the Autonomy Bill now before Parliament has waked a lengthy discussion with a feeling which, so far, is happily free from bitterness. Some able speeches have been delivered on both sides. In moving the second reading of the Bill the Premier led off in a tone indicating physical weakness, a fact of which I write with much regret, and he was followed by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Borden, whose speech, although directed against the educational demands of the Catholic minority, was characterized from all sides as a great parliamentary effort, marked with apparent conciliatory spirit. He spoke of the constitutionality or rather the unconstitutionality, of the movement in favor of separate school education for the Catholic minority in the contemplated provinces of the North-west, but his speech was not in the style of the political demagogue, or the religious fanatic. Mr. Borden has on previous occasions proved himself a fair-minded and tolerant man. When the Canadian Parliament felt it its duty to memorialize that of Great Britain, praying that certain expressions in the sovereign's declaration which, because they stigmatized the religion of seven millions of British subjects as damnable and idolatrous, should be eliminated, Mr. Borden's speech was an able defense of Catholic rights. True, the howling mob who sits behind him are seldom troubled with any insults thrown at Catholics and they found no difficulty in voting against their leader. Again when resolutions favoring Home Rule for Ireland were before parliament the Tory leader and his followers clashed again.

Mr. Borden closed his speech on the debate by moving an amendment. Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, replied, and surprise reigned along the galleries and in many parts of the chamber when it became known that the "Blue Nose" statesman favored the school clauses of the Autonomy Bill. Fielding has been prancing about like a little enraged bull during the past few weeks, because the original clause in the Autonomy Bill guaranteed the safety and the permanency of separate schools in the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, but he seems to be an enthusiast in favor of the new clause which I cannot help regarding as a compromise. There are some people from whom we should not receive presents under any circumstances and it will be with fear and trembling I will accept the measure relating to Catholic Education, championed by such men as Wm. Stevens Fieldings, Clifford Sifton and Tom Greenway, a gentleman of reputation in a onehorse village of the South Riding of Huron. Should the Bill now before the House become law that portion of it relating to education will be as readily and as gladly accepted by this trio of virtuous statesmen as was the finishing touch administered by Catholic statesmen to the Manitoba School Question, received by the late D'Alton McCarthy and the late Clarke Wallace.

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side doors, one after another, and hurried to the smoking-room, the thousands of all ages, sexes and conditions who were welded together in the galleries as close as herrings in a barrel, or sardines in a tin box, could not get away and for two mortal hours they were obliged to stand and bear the excruciating physical and mental torture occasioned by the dreary verbiage of the member for East Grey. That speech will be long remembered not because it was eloquent, but because of the punishment inflicted on those who heard it, and there are quite a few who, between clenched teeth, fire off curses at the wind which drove such a man to the Canadian House of Commons.

Mr. Patterson, the Minister of Customs, called by the irreverent "The Brantford Roarer," was the next speaker, and he, of course, will support the Bill. "Billy Patterson" surely cannot be "struck" with outrage at that which fails to outstage the sensitive palate of Tom Greenway or that of the "Napoleon of Canadian Politics," that great statesman and model citizen, Mr. Clifford Sifton. Mr. Patterson, of course, swallows the Autonomy Bill hohus bolus.

Mr. F. D. Monk, the member for Jacques Cartier, was the next on the Tory side, and all at once those occupying seats in the chamber and in the galleries settled themselves down, ready to hear something worth listening to. Mr. Monk is an able man, who speaks but seldom, and when he does he always receives an attentive hearing. Oratory has had a fearful decline in the Canadian Parliament, and a few more such men as the member for Jacques Cartier is sadly needed. With saddened feelings I recall the days of poor Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who represented Montreal Centre. He stood peerless in the House of Commons and were he yet alive he would be peerless still. Bernard Devlin, who represented the same constituency, was one of those men who towered above most of his fellows. Curran and Quinn were able to face the very best of them in debate, whilst Edward Blake and Timothy Warren Anglin could hold their own in any intellectual scuffle. Yes! We are terribly in need of a few more such men as F. D. Monk, the member for Jacques Cartier, who supported the educational clauses in the Autonomy Bill, and would support the original clauses had they not been emasculated, as they never should have been.

Mr. Clifford Sifton, the ex-Minister of the Interior, who resigned his seat in the Cabinet because he could not swallow the original clause, was the speaker who replied to Mr. Monk.

Further reference to the debate now before parliament will be made in the next issue.

St. Patrick's Day Entertainment in Paris

The entertainment given in the Opera House on St. Patrick's evening under the auspices of the Church of the Sacred Heart was a success financially and otherwise. For the performers the large audience was inspiring, and from start to finish the selections were enjoyable and the programme good throughout.

The violin numbers given by the artist, Mrs. Adeuey, were from memory which added a pleasing spontaneity and naturalness to her playing. She is without doubt a most finished musician and her repertoire covers all the standard compositions to be found in violin literature. Her violin duet with Mr. Taylor was of a high order of merit and was received with well merited applause.

The Imperial Quartette, Messrs Baraclough, Stock, Hill & Bosworth, rendered with marked success "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Sweet and Low" for which they were generously cheered and kindly responded with "Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms" and "The Fairies" were rendered by Miss Eva Ealand with the refinement, finish, and faultless intonation she so richly possesses. The chorus by the choir and solos by Messrs. McCabe and Reaney were well received, and the Fancy Drill by the school children under the direction of Miss Ealand was enjoyed and applauded by everyone in the vast audience.

The lecture "Old Galway" by Mr. Geo. Lynch-Staunton, K.C., of Hamilton, was interesting and eloquent.

Very Rev. Canon Brown proposed in his own elegant style a vote of thanks to the lecturer which was seconded by Mr. T. O'Brien.

A few remarks from Rev. Father Crinion and the singing of God Save the King brought a good St. Patrick's Day programme to a close.

Miss McKenna, Miss Williams and Mr. Adney acted as accompanists during the evening.

Mr. J. H. Fisher, M.P.P., ably performed the duties of chairman.—Paris Review.

Use a silver knife to peel apples, and the hands will not be blackened as when a steel knife is used. The acid of the fruit (acetic acid) acts on the iron in the latter case, but does not affect the silver.

Let us confess that the teachers of simplicity often have loved exaggeration. But it is equally true that all the great workers have lived in the temperance zone, far from tropical luxury and far from arctic poverty.

The peculiar and distinguishing trait of Christianity, "is that it is inseparable from its Divine Founder." Between Christianity and Christ there is no distinction—no even mental. Every philosopher can be distinguished from his philosophy, every scientist can be distinguished from his science, and every poet can be distinguished from his poetry, but between Christ and His religion no distinction is possible. So that to accept Christianity is to accept Christ.

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PITH OF THE DEBATE
 (Continued from page 1.)

generations of trial France was abolishing them, and the state was taking sole charge of education.

Mr. Lemieux, Solicitor-General—"What does the honorable gentleman think of the denominational school system in Great Britain?"

Dr. Sproule—"There are some features of that system that I do not like." Continuing, he said he had no desire to deprive any Roman Catholic fellow citizen of his rights. He admired the piety of the Roman Catholics and their attachment to their church. But who had asked for the educational clauses that had given rise to the controversy? Not the people of the Territories, but the clergy of Quebec.

Mr. Talbot—"Also the Jacques Cartier Club of Montreal."

Dr. Sproule concluded with an appeal for "the little red school-house" for schools established, maintained, and controlled by the state. The people of the new provinces should be left free to establish such a system and not be shackled for ever, as was proposed by the education clauses, which should be dropped from the bill before the House.

MONK SUPPORTS THE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. F. T. Monk, the Quebec Conservative leader, who announced his intention of voting with the Government on the Bills, said all that they were trying to prevent was the national separation of the schools, the right to be exempt from double taxation which Catholics were subjected all over the United States, and the right to the half hour's instruction at the end of the day. The control of education in the schools remained absolutely in the power of the Government. Religious orders going up there to teach would be obliged to qualify under the law. What the Catholics were being given was little enough. They would still have to depend on the generosity and broad-mindedness of the people of the Territories to be secure in their privileges. The principle of religious instruction in the schools was carefully cherished in England, but in this country there seemed to be a servile desire to imitate the United States in this respect. The Roman Catholics of the United States contributed over \$50,000,000 a year to keep up their own schools. Mr. Monk also quoted the utterances of a number of prominent Americans, in order to show that in the opinion of men of sound judgment the public school system was not a success. Mr. Monk closed by entering his protest against the intimation that those who were championing the minority were dominated by the clergy. The clergy of Quebec did not exercise an influence in politics. There was not a voter in Canada more prompt to resent such a thing than those of Quebec. "If," said Mr. Monk, "the parish priests of my riding were to unite to secure my election, I would lose my deposit." Political control by the clergy, he declared, was a signpost of the mind.

SIPTON CALLS IT COMPROMISE.

Hon. Clifford Sifton: We are face to face with an absolutely irreconcilable state of affairs. The Minister of Finance put it very well the other evening. He said: "What are you going to do? What are you going to decide? The King's Government must be carried on, the business of the country must be carried on; and there is only one or two ways in which this question must be decided. The Protestant people of Canada say to the Roman Catholic people: 'You cannot convince us, we cannot convince you, but there are more of us than there are of you and we are going to vote you down.' I put aside a proposition of that kind. (Applause.) There is no man in this Government who would contemplate attempting to carry out a proposition of that kind if he had the power. Least of all, would my honorable friend who leads the Opposition desire to see a proposition of that kind carried out, no matter what his views on the merits of the question might be? Then, what are you going to do? What is the position of affairs going to be? You cannot make an issue on these questions, either for the members of this House or the inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada, and even if you did, as my honorable friend, the Minister of Finance, very well said: 'If those who thought in this House as he did combined with me, and if the result of their efforts were to drive the right honorable gentleman from office on this question,' all that my honorable friend, the Minister of Finance, said the other night, and much more, would be true. (Hear, hear.) No great political misfortune could happen to hon. gentlemen opposite, that they could be called upon to take office under those circumstances. Suppose it happened. Every man knows that we might fight about this question year in and year out for years. The political and financial progress of the country might be paralyzed, the business of the country would be blocked by the condition of affairs, and after it was all

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Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of Mary McNeerney, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, widow, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 38 of Chap. 129, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of Mary McNeerney, deceased, who died on or about the 23rd day of January, 1905, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Thomas McNeerney, the Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, on or before the 1st day of May, 1905, their Christian and sur-names and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and statement 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 1st day of May, 1905, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only for the claims of which he shall then have notice and the said Administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him or his said Solicitors.

DATED this 18th day of March, 1905.

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

done we should be simply where we started, and the people would have to come together on this question and compromise their difference.

"What I desire to say, Mr. Speaker, in conclusion is that I have very strong views on this question. I have not concealed those views from the members of the House. There is a certain distance that I am prepared to go in the way of compromise, I have so expressed myself to the Prime Minister, and to the extent which is embodied in the proposition before this House I am willing to go. I am willing to go that far because I believe that the essential principles of a first class, thorough national school system are not impaired, and the taint of what I call ecclesiasticism in schools, and which, in my judgment, always results in inefficiency, will not be found in the school system of the North-West under this legislation, unless the people of the North-West choose to have it, in which case it is their business and not ours. (Applause.) I may say, Mr. Speaker, that I have found a very great deal of difficulty in deciding upon my course on this question.

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TYBURN'S WAITING

The train was rounding the curve between the tunnel and Basic. As it passed the dirt hole which sloped an eighth of a mile up the mountain side, several passengers rose leisurely and began to remove their baggage from the racks.

As the train swung round toward the station the door opened suddenly and a man came in from the smoker. His baggage lay on the end seat, and he had picked up and thrown a sweater across his arm before he noticed the woman and child whom the opening door had forced back.

"Not in more'n ten years. It was a busy place then, buildin' goin' up everywhere, an' streets full of carriages, an' folks that was buyin' an' sellin' land. I lived jest in the edge of the mountains before it started—when there wa'n't but two houses an' a depot. My folks are still there, I suppose."

There was a slight break in the voice, and for the first time he looked at her, and with surprise.

"Then maybe you know some of my folks?" eagerly. "Mose an' Sarah Hinky, in the edge of the mountain jest up the railroad? Ma ain't more'n forty-five, an' pa 'bout the same. They can't be dead."

"Mose Hinky," repeated the man anxiously; "seems to me I have—oh, yes, they moved from here seven or eight years ago, I believe—felt bad about their daughter, I heard."

"The sunbonnet sank a little. They couldn't have read if I did, the quavering voice said, brokenly. "An' I never learned how to write either. Our folks never set much by books. But I—how'd to find 'em jest the same livin' in the same house. An'—an' Mary Creedy, is she here? She used to be my girl friend."

"Yes, she married the foreman of my factory, and her brother Tyburn drives for me. I expect he will be at the station waiting. Here we are now."

As he spoke the train came to a stop, and he placed a restraining hand upon the woman's arm to keep her from lurching forward. Then he helped her to the platform.

Tyburn was at the foot of the steps. "Give me your bag, Mr. Healy," he said. "The carriage is jest the other end of the depot. We'll—then he caught sight of the face inside the sunbonnet—Kitty—Katharine Bale!"

"Over the mountains—to see my folks," she answered; "an'—an' this gentleman says they're gone."

"Yes, a long time ago," harshly. "Then, 'Is he with you?'"

"No, he died 'most a year ago. I started home jest as soon as I could earn money 'nough to pay for the buryin' an' get her."

Tyburn's eyes went over her swiftness, then he caught one of her hands savagely in his and held it up so she could examine the swollen, discolored knuckles and horny fingers.

"Darn him!" he said, fervently, under his breath. "Did he make you do this?" Then, without waiting for an answer, and as though conscious of the people around. "Here, come round to the end of the depot, Kitty. I want to talk a little."

He turned and strode to where he had left the carriage, forgetful of his employer's presence. The woman followed slowly. Mr. Healy hesitated a moment, then went briskly to the corner.

"Tyburn," he said, "I have a number of telegrams to send off, and may be detained a half hour or more. In the meantime you would better take this lady to her destination. She does not look very strong. Then come back for me."

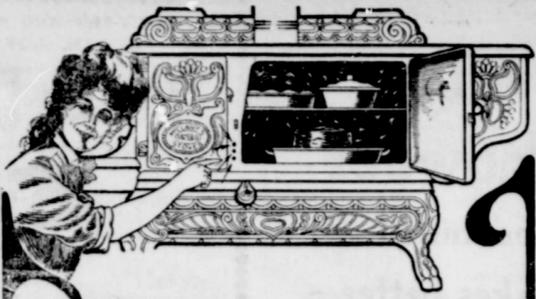
Tyburn scarcely appeared to hear him. "Kitty," he said, and now the anger in his voice was mingled with a yearning tenderness that brought a sudden mistiness to the woman's eyes. "You must tell me a few things. Why didn't you write—or get somebody to do it for you? It almost killed your pa and ma."

"I—I did try to, Tyburn, but he wouldn't let me, an' he—" She stopped suddenly, her lips closing quickly, as though to catch and hold back the escaping words.

"Beat you!" bitterly. "Go on." But the woman shook her head. "I didn't mean to tell that, Tyburn," she said, gently. "I was thinking of ma an' pa. He was my husband. After a while—when he got hurt. An' he's dead now. We won't speak about him."

"Yes," savagely, "we will speak about him jest this once, then forget him for always. You were a plump girl when you went away from here, an' the handsomest in all the county—'round—now!" Then abruptly, "A man who works hard outdoors all the time don't get hands rougher than yours. 'Twas field work!"

"She remained silent. "Twas field work," he repeated, kindly. "An' the hardest kind."



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An—an that devil kept you at it, an' beat you, an' took every cent you made for whiskey and other things. He was beginning, of that kind of man when here, only he wore good clothes an' girls couldn't see it. An' he wouldn't let you write home, an' beat you for tryin' to!" he looked at her inquiringly, his face lowering and baleful.

But the woman still remained silent, only now her head had sunk lower and the sunbonnet was drawn over her face. Tyburn's hand reached forward grimly to lift it before he noticed that she was crying. Then all his anger and bitterness dropped away like the mask it was, leaving his strong features working curiously.

"Kitty, Kitty girl," he said, huskily. "I was trying to be worse than him. We won't never speak of it any more. We'll jest talk of when we were children an' played on the mountain side together. Now get in the carriage."

"I ain't nowhere to go, Tyburn," she answered simply. "Ma an' pa have gone. I must look for work first, an' if I can't find it here I'll have to try other places. Only I can't ever go back again, not over the mountains," and she shuddered.

"I shall take you straight to sister Mary's," Tyburn said, looking away in order to keep his voice steady. "She married a well-to-do man an' has a nice home. I board with her. The first thing to do is to get you stronger. You tremble like an old woman when you walk. Afterward you can talk about work if you want to. Get in."

One evening four months later, Tyburn and Kitty were walking up the plank sidewalk from the post-office. These four months Kitty had gained much of the beauty and form which had been promised by her girlhood. Her cheeks were beginning to fill out and color was coming into them, and there was a new light and a stronger purpose in her eyes. The weak quaver had gone from her voice also, and instead of the sloping shoulders and hesitating gait she now walked erect with quick, confident movements. And yet she had not altogether rested during these four months, for she had insisted on taking the burden of housework from her friend's shoulders. It was just being home, she said.

As they walked along she was telling her companion of new plans. That day she had secured employment in the blanket factory, and would commence work the next morning. Tyburn listened quietly until she finished, then broke out:

"You know there ain't no need for it, Kitty. You know I've been waiting for you to get strong so I could say the same thing I did before—before you met him. It didn't seem right to persuade you when you first came, you was so weak an' tired. But now you're strong again an' know your own mind. An', Kitty, his voice trembling in spite of his efforts at self-control, "I've been waitin' a good many years. I've never felt to marry nobody else."

Her head rose impetuously, to stop him. "But you must think to marry somebody else, Tyburn," she said, earnestly. "You're too good a man to be wasted that way. An' you must stop thinkin' of me for it can never be, after—after what's done gone by. I'm goin' to work hard an' try to make up for things, but I can't marry. I ain't much, but I couldn't be so mean as to harm a man like that. Now, Tyburn, please," touching his arm as she saw the grim amusement on his face, "don't make me go on feelin' I've ruined your life. There's Nellie Couper. She likes you, an'—"

Tyburn laughed aloud. "No use talkin' that way, Kitty," he interrupted. "I want you, an' if I can't have you now I'm willin' to wait—a while. When it gets too hard I shall grab you up an' run so fast an' far you won't be able to get breath to say no."

"I'm sorry, Tyburn. There were years in Kitty's eyes, but her voice was firm. "I shant ever marry any man to hamper him. I've gone against what I knew was right once, but I won't any more, not if I die. It won't be no use for you to wait an' ask me ag'in, ever."

There was much sickness in Basic that fall, malignant typhoid, and one by one the poorer portions of the town were put under quarantine. Then one evening Tyburn helped what he thought to be a drunken man to his home, and the next day the man came down with the fever and within a week was dead. Tyburn did not hear of it until the funeral, but within an hour after that he was on his way to the woods, for what he said was to be a few days' hunting. But it was to watch himself.

One morning early, before the people had begun to appear on the streets, he staggered to the sidewalk outside his sister's yard fence.

"Mary, oh, Mary!" he called. Then, when she appeared at the door:

"Don't come any nearer. You know that empty cabin up by the big rock, where we walk sometimes?"

"Yes. Well, I want you to send some food an' water there soon's you can. I've got the fever. Wait," rising his voice a little bitterly as she withdrew hurriedly into the house, "there ain't a mite of danger this far, not for you nor the children. I won't go near the cabin till you get the things in, so it'll be safe. I'll stay off in the woods a couple of hours. But please hurry, for I'm beginning to lose sense of things."

"Tyburn!" It was a quiet but peremptory voice from an upper but. Tyburn raised his eyes and tried to fix his mind on what he saw there. "Hello, Kitty," he said, dreamily, "that you? Better go in an' shut the window. Mebbe the wind's blowin' that way."

"Tyburn," the voice said slowly and distinctly, "can—you—go—straight—to—the-cabin—by—yourself?"

"Course," indignantly, "straight as an arrow. But I'll wait two hours."

"No," perceptibly, "you must go at once, straight. I will see 'bout the food an' everything necessary, an' will have a doctor there 'most as soon as you are. An' I'll have a nurse. I'd make you come in here, but there's your sister an' her children, an' there's children in both the next houses. So mebbe 't wouldn't be best. Now go, straight, straight to the cabin."

Tyburn raised his hand to his forehead undecidedly. But the voice had been clear and incisive, and just now it was easier for him to obey than think. So he nodded vaguely, and started up the sidewalk. Kitty watched him anxiously for some minutes. But in spite of his wavering steps he was heading toward the cabin. He would reach it all right. Then she hurried downstairs. Mary met her at the foot.

"What do you mean, Kitty," she began, wildly, "you're not going up there to him, an' then come back to me an' the children? 'Most everybody dies of typhoid this year."

"That's all right, Mary," answered Kitty, soothingly. "I'm not comin' back. You wouldn't have Tyburn to be without a nurse, would you? Only you'll have to take care of my boy."

"But everybody dies 'most, an' you'll take it," demonstrated Mary, hysterically.

"I'm not afraid. My—my husband had typhoid once, an' I nursed him through the fever an' didn't take it. I don't believe I will now, an' I do not believe Tyburn will die. But I must hurry an' get things ready."

Tyburn did not die. But it was more than three months before he was able to leave his bed and totter across the cabin floor to a seat in the doorway. There he sat a long time, gasping for breath and gazing moodily at the distant mountain tops. Kitty came to him there after she had arranged his bed and tidied the room.

"Don't it look good, Tyburn?" she said. He did not answer at once, but presently turned to her with a dreary smile.

"I—I don't know as it does, Kitty," he replied. "You heard the doctor tell me it would likely be six months before I could do any work, an' that my eyes an' hearin' wouldn't ever be quite so good again. That's just the same as if I was gettin' to be an old man." He was silent for some minutes, then added: "An' that ain't all, Kitty. I'll take every cent I've got to pay the doctor an' for medicine. You see, before you came I never saved anything. I did not feel any need. What I got, I spent to help Mary an' the children. I've only been puttin' in the four months you was here, before I was sick. What is it?" for she was now standing by his side, her hand upon his shoulder, smiling down into his face.

"Will you marry me, Tyburn?" he gazed at her stupidly for a moment, then his lips began to quiver.

"Don't, Kitty," was all he said. "But I mean it, Tyburn," earnestly. "I said I would never marry a man to hamper him. But I'm strong an' well now, an' you're weak, an' the doctor says I can get all the work I want, nursin'."

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THE MAN IN THE MASK

The long, gaunt figure of a man, clad in the rough garb of a miner, was stretched at full length amid a clump of chaparral in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains of New Mexico. He lay upon his back, with arms outspread, silent and apparently lifeless, but through ragged slits in the crown of a hat pulled over his face he intently scanned a narrow trail that wound sinuously down the mountain side past his hiding place.

In the broad maw of a gulch, which swallowed the trail several hundred yards below, another man, bent of back and hoar of lock, was feebly working a claim.

The thud! thud! of his pick against the baked earth, waited at intervals to the ear of the hidden watcher, was the only sound that disturbed the torrid silence of the mid-summer afternoon.

The man in the chaparral blithered him his irksome toil in the blistering heat, for he, too, had drugged away the best years of his life for a hope. "Poor old Harlow!" he soliloquized, compassionately. "How foolish he is to waste his energies in 'Fool's Pocket,' where months and months of arduous labor brought to me naught but disappointment. Ah! had I always been as honest as old man Harlow, it might have been different. But luck was always against me, and it was an uphill battle against heavy odds from the very beginning."

He finally threw aside the smothering face covering and sat up. The shadows that flung themselves across the trail would have to lengthen perceptibly before he could put into execution a certain sinister project which he had in view; so, assuming a more comfortable position, he resigned himself to a consideration of the causes which had led to the present crisis in his affairs.

In some of his ancestors there must have been an element of moral decrepitude which communicated itself to him, but he was not analytical, and sought back no farther than the woman in the case for a representative cause of the reckless, dissipated spendthrift, in the hope of reforming him; but although he had loved her as much as he was capable of loving anybody, her influence had proven an inadequate antidote to the hereditary taint and the fascinations of the mines.

After a twelvemonth of pretended rectitude he had openly resumed the ruinous pace, which finally led to obliquity and dishonor.

Weighted down with gambling debts and harassed by importunate creditors, he had, in a moment of desperation, misappropriated funds, belonging to his employers. Flight to avoid the disgrace of arrest and imprisonment followed, and the world he had known lost sight of him completely.

That had been seven years before, and since then he had heard nothing from her; but graven on his memory was the remorse-compelling vision of a tearful little woman clasping her dishonored first-born to her breast, which had remained unfaded throughout the entire heart-breaking period of his exile. For many days the picture of these two innocents suffering in ignominy and disgrace because of his transgressions had haunted him insistently, and of late he had been possessed of a mad desire to clasp them in his arms once more. But his heart sank within him when he thought of the terrible guilt that yawned between them—a chasm which had all along eluded his pick with such maddening persistency.

He laid down west firm in the determination to be honest and retrieve the errors of the wayward past. He had labored faithfully at everything which promised legitimate emoluments, but an unkind fate seemed pitted against him at every turn.

In the mines he had eked out but a bare subsistence, while, on every hand, men luckier than himself, left the diggings with their fortunes made. The sight maddened him when he thought of the wife and little one waiting for him back in the States. He began to brood resentfully over his own impotence and the churlishness of fate, and there gradually grew out of his discontent a temptation so insidious that it would have subjugated the better impulses of men of far stronger moral fibre than his.

Every day messengers, laden with gold from the northern mines, passed temptingly before the door of his rickety shack, suggesting the idea of gaining at the point of a six-shooter that which years of toil and privation had failed to secure.

For days he had waged a valiant battle against the civil impulse, but in the end innate traits of character dominated every conscientious scruple and to-day he had slunk into the chaparral alongside the trail, bent upon the commission of a deed that would place him forever beyond the pale of the stern Western law—a hunted man with a price upon his head.

Having conquered the honesty of purpose which had animated him for so long, he felt a thrill of wild exultation in the anticipation of his contemplated crime, as he feverishly awaited the coming of his intended victim. The shadow of the chaparral lengthened, the man measured it with his eye, then focused his sight upon the trail ahead.

Far in the distance a dust cloud hung in the air, growing gradually, as the moments passed, and finally evolving a solitary horseman leading a well-laden pack-mule.

The self-appointed bandit slipped a smothering mask over his face, pulled a long-barreled six-shooter from a holster at his hip, lay flat upon his stomach and waited. Moments passed and he never stirred.

Insects crawled undisturbed over the coat of burning on his clothing, and the grime rays of the sun seemed powerless to arouse in him even a semblance of animation. The dust cloud sifted itself over him, and he saw clearly the face and figure of the lone rider.

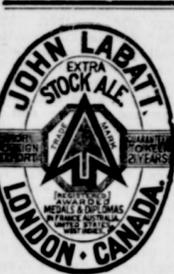
An exclamation of chagrin escaped his lips, for the rider was but a shabbily-clad prospector, migrating to more promising diggings, and the pack-mule's burden was naught but an incomplete mining kit.

Overcome by disappointment, the man fell back and buried his face in his hands. Ten minutes later a delectious shout floated up from the gulch where the old miner was still at work.

The man in the chaparral listlessly raised his head and glanced down

J. E. SEAGRAM

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TORONTO ONTARIO

TOMLIN'S BREAD

HAS NO COMPETITOR

It stands in class A, and while other claimants may keep hustling for a position in this class, it goes without saying that nothing will be left undone by the proprietor of "THE TORONTO BAKERY" to maintain his position as leader in the Toronto bread market.

soft effulgence, but it shone with no more glory than did his weather-beaten face as, with a prayer of thanksgiving welling up in his throat, he gazed with dimming eyes at the track the bullet had made in the mountain side, wherein gleamed and scintillated myriads of little specks of virgin gold that opened to him the gates of earthly paradise.—David A. Platt in Ten Story Book.

Envy is a most fatal evil; when it reigns in a soul, it troubles, blinds, and excites it to every excess. It is from self-love that envy springs, and it is the love of the common welfare that combats and destroys it. We must have faith in our own mission in the world; we are called to do. We must have in humanity, faith in the possibilities of an imperfect race, which has been in the process of training all these centuries and which is still very imperfect, but capable of growth and development. We must also have faith in the existence, wisdom, power, and love of God.

HE WAS LAID UP FOR OVER A YEAR

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Kidney Troubles

Now He's Perfectly Healthy and Able to Work—Gives all the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Wapella, Assa., N.W.T., March 27.—(Special).—Cured of Kidney Disease that had laid him up for over a year, Mr. George Bartleman, a well known man here, is loud in his praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills, for to them and nothing else he claims he owes his cure.

"Yes, I had Kidney Trouble," Mr. Bartleman says. "I had pains in my back and in other parts of my body and though the doctor did what he could for me, I grew worse till I was unable to work."

"Then I started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I took them all winter and summer while I was unable to work. I took in all twelve boxes, and now I am perfectly healthy. My pains are all gone and I am able to work. I heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from Kidney Diseases."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all impurities, all seeds of disease, out of the blood. That's why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure such a wide range of diseases including Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and Urinary Disorders.

The revolver gropped from his grasp, struck a bramble and exploded.

The bullet ploughed up the dirt of the trail at the miner's feet.

The startled man flew like a deer up the trail, an abrupt curve hid him from view and only the settling dust remained to show that he had been there at all.

Ten minutes later a man knelt beside the trail. The warm glow of the waning sunset bathed him in a

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

(Continued from page 2.) lien and solid silver, for which the Peckitt family had been celebrated for several generations, were greatly in evidence.

AFTERWARDS

Dr. Daw took a fancy to me; I did not know why, when he was a rich old bachelor and I but a boy of twenty, without kith or kin.

Voiceless Ireland

M. Firmin Roz, a French writer, who has been travelling in Ireland, finds it a land not of gaiety and hope, but of silence and melancholy.

Shall Be a Pleasure or a Torment?

Two propositions confront the parent of a child; shall he be a pleasure to you and bring joy and happiness into your lives and into your homes, or shall he be a discord to mar all of the harmony which might otherwise fill your lives?

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT. CAPITAL \$2,000,000

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SPRING TERM FROM APRIL 3RD.

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In and Around Toronto

AT ST. MARY'S.

Hundreds pouring forth, and hundreds of others waiting in solid masses to gain entrance, was what one encountered at St. Mary's on Sunday morning, where the Forty Hours opened at the High Mass. This is undoubtedly the largest parish in the city, even now after losing many of its members to the new parishes adjacent, and the large congregations are in themselves a feature. At the High Mass every seat was occupied and many stood in the aisles. In preparation for the devotion about to be inaugurated many beautiful cut flowers and stately palms were added to the usual adornments of the altar and sanctuary. The feast of the Annunciation was celebrated at this mass, and in honor of the event the altar of the Blessed Virgin was beautifully decorated. Very Rev. J. J. McCann, P.P., V.G., was the celebrant; he was assisted by Rev. Fathers Williams and O'Donnell, and Rev. Father Kelly was also in the sanctuary. After the Gospel a short explanation of the meaning and origin of the Forty Hours was given by Rev. Father Williams, who also read the epistle and gospel of the day, and after the mass a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. A contingent from the men of the Literary and Athletic Association of the parish formed a guard of honor and lined up on each side of the centre aisle of the church. Through their open ranks came the other processions, first the leading acolyte, followed by a little maiden bearing an armful of lilies, typical of the purity of the day and of the occasion, then came the banner of the Holy Angels and row after row of the members in white veils and dresses and the red ribbon of the sodality. Next came the boys of the League of the Sacred Heart and those of the Sanctuary, preceded by the processional Cross and in cassocks of many colors and all carrying lighted tapers. Immediately before the canopy under which the celebrant accompanied by the assistant priests, carried the Blessed Sacrament, came a number of white cassocked and white surpliced figures, these were flower boys for the occasion, who bestrewn the path with blossoms. The procession would itself round and round the church, encircling the kneeling congregation, while the bell from the tower pealed solemnly and the tones of the Pange Lingua came from organ and choir in full devotional melody. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed and afterwards the Litany of the Saints was chanted from the choir by Mr. Frank Fulton and assistants, the closing prayers being said at the altar. A Cantic Mass by Cruber was sung under the direction of Mr. Donville. It was celebrated finely in every particular. The attacks in the fugue parts were strict and spirited and the tone and quality were very delightful. Several times this choir has been noticed in this column, so that little remains to be said, except to suggest to those interested to hear this body of singers on some special occasion, and learn what can be done in the way of training boys. The sweetness of the treble and the rich quality of the alto will be found to be a matter for surprise. The adults, too, are good, but this is not unusual. The evening services witnessed a much larger gathering than even the morning, then there were no aisles, the entire stretch of the nave of the church being covered with a living mass, many standing throughout the entire course of Vespers, and the Benediction. A very beautiful sermon was preached by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, from the words "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." The devotion lasted until Wednesday morning, three masses being said each day and a special sermon from visiting priests being delivered on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The opening of the House came off with special éclat on Wednesday, the 22nd inst. To the boom of cannon and strains of the National Anthem, with prancing horses and military salute from the martial figures drawn up in front of the big house in Queen's Park, the Lieutenant-Governor with an imposing entourage entered and declared the existence of the eleventh term of the Provincial Legislature of Ontario and the first under Conservative ascendancy since that of thirty-two years ago. The beautiful chamber was filled with a gathering of "fair women and brave men," the thousand or so who were fortunate enough to gain admittance of six times that number of ticket-holders. As for the other five thousand, they remained blocked in the corridors until it became quite evident that none further could gain entrance and then they turned disappointedly away. To Mr. Chase, who had charge of the reception rooms, and whose duty it was to see that as many as possible were ushered into the chamber, much thanks are due for his courtesy under stress of calls from numberless excited visitors. The "opening" is a very simple ceremony and as a picture, except for the gay attire of women, it is perhaps not worth all the crushing and effort attached to witnessing it. Many ladies gowned in most costly apparel, were forced to stand during the entire function. On the entrance of the gubernatorial party the entire house rose. Mr. Whitney, the new Premier, accompanied the Lieutenant-Governor, and a score or so of officers in different uniforms followed. The election of the speaker was the first business proceeded with. Here an innovation took place in the shape of a historical sketch delivered by the Premier on the duties of the Speaker, illustrated by several episodes in the career of by-gone speakers and the

of the British House of Commons. Mr. Harcourt, for the Opposition, followed, both gentlemen doing themselves and their party credit. Mr. St. John, the nominee for the position, accepted his nomination in a brief speech. His voice is clear and penetrating and the gentlemen who preceded him vouched for the judgment, knowledge and tact with which he will fill his new office. After retiring to don his robes of office Mr. St. John re-appeared before the assembly and it was conceded that the bare fact with its strong and prominent features looked well under the three cornered hat, and that the black gown appeared to excellent advantage on the stalwart figure of the new Speaker of the House. The reading of the speech from the throne followed, after which the Lieutenant-Governor and his suite withdrew and the House adjourned to meet for business on the following day.

ROUND OF THE FORTY HOURS.

The Forty Hours open at St. Francis' Church and at St. Joseph's, Leslieville, on Friday of this week, and at St. Basil's on Sunday morning.

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

At the High Mass on Sunday the Feast of the Annunciation was celebrated in all the churches. At the Cathedral the Archbishop presided, when the Mass was sung by Rev. Father Whelan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Rohleder and Ryan, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Murray. This beautiful Feast brings to mind the announcement of the beginning of the great work of our Redemption and recalls a mystery so wonderful and sublime that pen or tongue less than that of the inspired dare scarcely touch upon it. In the ritual of the Mass of the day our faith in the Incarnation of our Divine Lord is very forcibly expressed by the kneeling of the priest and people at the singing of the Et Incarnatus est. The Annunciation brings before us the picture of Mary, the second Eve, the ever seen, kneeling in her little home at Nazareth, then the coming of the Angel and the wonderful salutation, "Hail! full of grace!" then the interview ending in the words for which the worlds above and below waited and listened. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, he it done unto me according to Thy word." Hearing this and understanding, even though but in a very imperfect way, we gather the snowdrops and making them in acknowledged and thankful giving to her the instrument of our salvation; we place it with prayer and praise at Mary's feet.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR KYLIE.

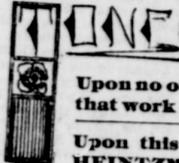
A treat of unusual excellence was given the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association and their friends, when on Monday evening they gathered to the number of about fifty at the home of Mrs. Moore, 195 Bloor street east, and listened to a lecture by Professor Kylie of Toronto University. The lecturer was introduced by the President, Miss O'Donoghue, after which he at once entered upon his work, his subject being two English Catholic poets, Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson. The speaker was fortunate in being the possessor of something new, for it is pretty safe to say that outside the few who may have come across incidental references to those of whom he had come to treat, the matter of the lecture was altogether fresh and unbroken ground to the audience. Mrs. Meynell, said Mr. Kylie, commands a high literary standing in her own country, and her home is the refuge and resort of the men and women of letters of the day. Mr. Meynell is a journalist of note, and their home is truly a Bohemian one. Of the family, parents and children, Mr. Kylie drew a very gracious picture, emphasizing the Catholic atmosphere which surrounds them and the lovely charity which is so striving a characteristic of the lady of the household. The portrait drawn of Mrs. Meynell was that of a tall thin person dressed always in black, a somewhat sombre figure of great dignity; a face pale and intellectual with the most wonderful dark brown eyes that the lecturer had ever seen. The writings of Mrs. Meynell are not voluminous, being only two small volumes of verse, and a half dozen or so small books of prose. This, however, is in keeping with the theory that reticence even in writing is the great secret towards the attainment of all that is best and beautiful. Delicacy, taste and reserve, were noted as conspicuous marks of the work of this lady. "Reticence and reticence combined with keen insight," said Mr. Kylie, are the mark of genius and this mark is possessed in a high degree by Mrs. Meynell, though she never attains to high flights and the masculine creative power is altogether lacking. Selections of much beauty and often great philosophic analysis were read from the prose and poetry of the author, under discussion and the information that she may shortly pay a visit to Canada was welcome information to the audience. Francis Thompson is one of those found amongst the cosmopolitan gatherings at the Meynell home. His writings are portrayed by the selections read, possess great religious fervor, strength, passion, exaltation of language and the pathos that comes from the sad experiences of life. A great deal of information was imparted by Mr. Kylie and the vote of thanks tendered him on behalf of those present by Mrs. O'Neill, seconded by Mrs. Moore, was no mere matter of form. The lecturer may be fully assured that the association owe him a debt of gratitude for something quite tangible and altogether in keeping with the work of a Catholic literary society. The young lecturer spoke for an hour and a half. With full knowledge of his subject, with a easy flow of words and much pedagogic fact he taught his audience many things, but so skillfully was this done that it was only afterwards that the fact was realized, at the time there was only the consciousness of a great pleasure; later it was discovered that all had acquired no small increase of intellectual gain. A short programme of recitations by Miss Margaret Dunn and Miss Mary Power, and musical selections by Miss M. O'Donoghue, were given after the lecture.

ST. FRANCIS LITERARY SOCIETY

St. Francis parish can now boast of one of the strongest young men's societies in the City. Although only a few months organized, it has, owing



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D'Youville Reading Circle

D'Youville Circle held its fortnightly meeting on the evening of Tuesday, 21st inst., with very full attendance. The order of exercises was a digression from the usual programme, the evening being devoted to a special study of five contemporary Irish writers.

Notes of appreciation were presented by the chairman, and by Rev. Father Sherry, the Misses M. O'Grady, G. Moran, and Mrs. K. B. Coultis on the following women who are enriching the world's literature as well as that of Ireland. Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert), M. Connor Eccles, M.A., Jane Barlow, Lady Gregory and Katherine Hyman Hinkson. Some of the members read selections from some of the latest writings of these clever women: Miss Agnes Baskerville, two poems, "A Song" and "The Shamrock," by Rosa Mulholland; Mrs. Redmond Quinn, a few passages from "Mountain Theology" and "The lament for Ireland," by Lady Gregory; Miss Margaret Leyden, a clever reading of a portion of "The Chronicle of Toomevara," which illustrated to perfection the Irish characteristics, and written by M. Connor Eccles, M.A.; Miss J. MacCormac read three short but exquisite poems of Katherine Tynan's: "De Profundis," "Fresh and Green," "An Island Fisherman," and Miss A. McCullough read from Jane Barlow's "A Windfall." All these readings proved exceedingly interesting, the readers being very clever in delivering the Irish dialect.

The programme consisted of selected Irish melodies by Miss G. Kehoe, pianist; Miss M. Weir sang a quaint folk song, Miss Robitaille accompanied, Miss V. Poulin sang a sweet old melody, Shule Agra. This programme was intended to constitute a sequel to the recent lecture on the Irish Renaissance. A timely gift from Rev. Dr. McGinnis of Brooklyn, to the Reading Circle was acknowledged gratefully. It is Saint Patrick in History, by Rev. Father Sheehan of the Washington University.

Before the meeting closed a synopsis of the book "On the Heights," by Aurbach, was made in connection with and as a preparation for the lecture on that subject to be given by Mr. John Francis Waters, M.A., on Monday, the 27th inst. The next meeting will be held on the 4th of April.

A good Catholic home is desired within the next two months for a nice, healthy, attractive looking baby girl, at present four months old. This child can be transferred to foster parents in such a manner that there will be no future interference on the part of parents.

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Ordination in Hamilton

A Hamilton despatch says Rev. Father Savage, formerly of Brantford, was ordained as a priest by Bishop Dowling at St. Joseph's Chapel. A large number of his relatives and friends from Brantford witnessed the ceremony. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Father Cushing, president of St. Michael's College, Toronto; and Rev. Father Holden. Rev. Father Savage officiated at vespers at St. Mary's Cathedral and will officiate at his first mass at St. Basil's Church, Brantford. He will then return to Hamilton, and will be attached to the cathedral staff for the present.

There is but one thing greater on earth than genius-and that is honesty; united they work miracles.

The Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the 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. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

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

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

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

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

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.-In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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