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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

A Couple of the Most Remarkable Speeches Ever Made in a Canadian Parliament—That of William Hume Blake in Defence of the Rebellion Losses Bill in 1848; and of Thomas D'Arcy McGee's Maiden Effort in 1858—Irish Eloquence Always Effective.

Some memoranda in my possession direct my attention to an episode in Canadian history that is very interesting, but I desire to draw attention to it now, more especially because of an extemporaneous speech made by Hon. William Hume Blake, Solicitor-General West in the second Baldwin-Lafontaine administration, and father of the Hon. Edward Blake. The time was the session of 1848, and the subject the Rebellion Losses Bill. The Tories under the leadership of William Henry Draper, an able man, had just gone out of power, having been badly defeated at the elections held in the early part of that year, when in a House of 84 members the "Reformers," as the Liberals were then called, had a majority of 36. As in the previous Baldwin-Lafontaine administration, the Irish element was strong both in numbers and ability, and included besides Baldwin, Hincks, Sullivan, Killaly and Drummond. Baldwin represented one of the ridings of York; so did Blake; Hincks represented North Oxford, Sullivan was in the Upper House, Killaly represented London, and Drummond, an Irish Catholic, represented one of the divisions of Montreal, and as a member of the administration, filled the position of Attorney-General East.

In the first session of the Union Parliament held in Kingston, compensation was voted to the loyalists of Upper Canada, for losses sustained on account of the rebellion of 1837, whose property had been wantonly destroyed during the outbreak. A claim was then raised on behalf of persons similarly situated in Lower Canada. The Conservatives, under Draper, in the previous house, had agreed to pay a small amount of rebellion losses as a sequence of a report made by commissioners appointed to enquire into the subject.

Lord Elgin was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1847, and the Reformers being in power in 1848, the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration brought down a measure to indemnify all those who were sufferers without taking any part in the outbreak, and were to be compensated for actual losses. The Tory party then, with Sir Allan McNab of Hamilton at their head, raised the cry of "No compensation to rebels!" The Knight led the attack and his invective was unsparring and indiscriminate. He did not wonder that a premium was put upon rebellion, now that rebels were to be rewarded for their own uprising, for, he said, the Government itself was a rebel Government and the party by which it was maintained in power was a phalanx of rebels. His lieutenants were as unsparring and fierce in their attacks; but the Government boldly took their position. Sir Allan reiterated that the whole French-Canadian people were traitors and aliens. It was then that Mr. Blake sprang to his feet and said:

"He would remind them that there was such a thing as rebellion against the constitution as well as rebellion against the Crown. A man could be a traitor against his country's rights as well as a traitor to the power of the Crown. He instanced Philip of Spain and James II. where there was a struggle between

political freedom and royal tyranny. These royal tyrants found loyal men to do their bidding, not only in the army, but on the bench of justice. There was one such loyal servant, he who shone above all the rest, the exorable Judge Jeffreys, who sent among the many other victims before their Maker, the mild, amiable, and great Lord Russell. Another victim of these loyal servants was Algernon Sidney, whose offence was his loyalty to the people's rights and the constitution. He had no sympathy with the spurious loyalty of the honorable gentleman opposite, which, while it trampled on the people, was the slave of the Court; a loyalty which from the dawn of the history of the world down to the present day, had lashed humanity into rebellion. He would not go to ancient history, but he would tell the honorable gentleman opposite of one great exhibition of this loyalty; on one occasion the people of a distant Roman province contemplated the perpetration of the foulest crime that the pages of history records—a crime from which nature in compassion hid her face, and over which she strove to draw a veil; but the heathen Roman lawyer could not be induced by perjurer witnesses to place the great founder of our religion upon the cross. "I find no fault in Him," he said. But these provincials, after endeavoring by every other means to effect their purpose, had recourse to this spurious loyalty. "If thou lettest this man go thou art not Caesar's friend." Mark the loyalty; could they not see every feature of it; could they not trace it in this act; aye, and overcome by that mawkish, spurious loyalty, the heathen Roman governor gave his sanction to a deed whose foul and impure stain centuries of national humiliation and suffering have been unable to efface. This spurious, slavish loyalty was not British stuff; this spurious, bullying, loyalty never grew in his native land. British loyalty wrung on the field of Runnymede from the tyrant king the great charter of English liberty. Aye, the barons of England, with arms in their hands, demanded and won the great charter of their rights. British loyalty during a period of three centuries, wrung from tyrant kings thirty different recognitions of that great charter. Aye, and at the glorious era of the Revolution, when the loyal Jeffreys was ready, in his extreme loyalty to hand over England's freedom and rights into the hands of tyrants, the people of England established the constitution which has maintained England till this day, a great, free and powerful nation."

The Hon. Louis Drummond, who was an Irish Roman Catholic, was a good speaker, but I have now neither recollections nor knowledge of any great efforts of his while in parliament. I am inclined to think that his attention was largely given to Seigneurial Tenure abolition legislation. I will, if possible, find some remarkable utterance of his while, in parliament, for he certainly was a man of ability."

The speech, however, that made the greatest sensation at the time of its delivery, was that of Thos. D'Arcy McGee in his first utterance in the Canadian parliament, held in Toronto in the winter of 1857-8. He had been in no hurry to be heard. The debate was on the address, and the conduct of the Macdonald-Cartier Government in conducting the election of members for that parliament was open to criticism. There was a full house and full galleries. The Hon. William Cayley, the Finance Minister, it was said, had gone through the County of Huron, for which county he was the administration candidate, distributing bibles among the Orange lodges, with the expectation of securing the votes of Orangemen but was defeated. McGee took this up and lauded the honorable gentleman. A new and strange voice was heard. There was laughter; there were cheers. There was exultation; there was chagrin. The friends of the orator were delighted; his allies were in ecstasies. A mark had been made. "The honorable gentleman," he said, "had gone forth like a missionary of old, with staff in hand and sandle shod, to distribute the redeeming gospel among the heathens of Huron; but while they accepted the

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gospel they rejected the apostle." Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the administration, with due parliamentary courtesy, crossed the arena and complimented the new member on his maiden effort; all of the leaders did the same thing, but there was one man to whom it was a matter of peculiar gratification—a small, red-headed Scotchman, for whom in bygone days a reward had been offered for his apprehension as a rebel to the crown of Great Britain. He had raised the standard of rebellion in Canada the very same year that Queen Victoria had ascended the throne of Great Britain and suffered exile for it. It was William Lyon Mackenzie, who then also had a seat in the provincial parliament. He was a man of considerable humor and was somewhat demonstrative. He made three springs from his seat to where McGee stood receiving the congratulations of members, and with outstretched hand exclaimed: "Put it there, my brother rebel; I knew it was in you." Louis Joseph Papineau, the rebel leader in Lower Canada in 1837, was there also, but he was not so demonstrative as his Celtic colleague. An old newspaper man said to the writer of this many years afterwards, "I heard that speech and I could not help exclaiming: 'Oh, what a voice, what a voice. I never before heard anything like it.'"

The speech took about an hour in the delivery. William Macdougall, who was one of the best speakers in the House and who was worth listening to, spoke after McGee, but he received no attention. "Two speeches were made in the House last night," said the Daily Colonist newspaper next morning, "one by the new member for Montreal, T. D. McGee, which was extraordinary for the manner of its delivery, its wit, its sarcasm, and literary quality, and electrified all listeners, the other was by William Macdougall, which was without any of those qualities and was hardly noticed coming as it did after so brilliant an effort as that which preceded it."

Archbishop Ireland and the Negro

The following is from an address delivered by Archbishop Ireland before an audience of ten thousand people. "The Negro we have and must keep. Let it never be forgotten that the Negro did not come hither of his own accord. Our own forefathers constrained him to emigrate from his African haunts to be their servant, their slave. Let it not be forgotten that the long servitude to which they had subjected him prevented him from growing in civilization, and aimed rather at reducing him to the low stages of animal life than uplifting him to the higher regions of spiritual thought and activity. Whatever difficulties there are in the Negro problem, we must say in all humility that they are of our own making. This is sufficient reason why we should bring to the solution of the problem good will and patience. The progress made by the negroes since their emancipation forty years ago is the happiest of omens and indicates that worthy of our confidence and esteem. Let us be just to the Negro, according to him willingly the rights which the law guarantees to him, opening to him the avenues of industry and thrift, affording him all due facilities of education and self-uplifting; let the Negro, on his part, make allowance for the conditions of the

present, unavoidable legacies of the past, and trust in the future, meanwhile so upbuilding himself in self-control, in culture of mind and heart, in social independence that his fellow citizens must hold him in esteem—and the problem will have lost the asperities now seemingly in the way of a final solution. "Human society, under every form of government, is entering on a period of intense unrest in its search for solutions to those economic problems which are called forth by the material spread of education and the material industrial progress of modern times. The liberty of discussion which our institutions allow, and the fact that the populations of the world are parts of our own, warn us that the agitation of these problems will be especially acute in these United States."

A Grave Decision From Rome at Hand

We quote this announcement from the recent Rome correspondence of the London Tablet: "Some weeks ago your correspondent announced that an important decision affecting Biblical Criticism might be expected in the near future. He is now able to add that the matter is being very carefully studied by the proper authorities in Rome but the subject has grown so complex, so extended and so serious, that it is possible that the decision may not be given so soon as was at first anticipated. Nor will it be concerned solely with the Scriptures. There is, unfortunately, only too much evidence to show the existence of gross and fundamental errors affecting the very nature of faith, revelation, and dogma. Many Bishops have implored the Holy See to provide a remedy for the disease, pointing out that unless something is done, the consequences will be very serious. Some part of the harm is being wrought by the writings of laymen. Hence the Roman authorities have instituted an examination of books, magazine, and newspaper articles, letters, etc., which have been published in recent years, and which reflect the prevailing tendencies of thought. It is more than likely that the forthcoming decision will take the form of a new syllabus of errors, affecting the moral career and the Divinity of Our Lord, the foundation of the Church, the development and nature of dogma, the relations between faith and science. Among the works under examination are those of a number of authors well known in France, Italy and England."

McGee's speech next day was not only town talk, but country talk. It was different from anything before heard in the Canadian parliament. Mr. Somerville, "the whistler at the plow," said he had heard all the great speakers in the British House, but McGee's speech equalled the best he had ever heard from any of them.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Another Marriage Question
 The Provincial Secretary's Department has recently received several letters from issuers of marriage licenses who ask whether licenses should be issued for a man to marry his "brother's wife," for so the statute defining marriages which are prohibited on the grounds of consanguinity reads. The department's answer in every case is the same, and it is to the effect that under the statutes of Ontario a man cannot lawfully marry his brother's widow or his brother's divorced wife. Most of the inquiries ask the question apparently in behalf of parties who want to marry brothers' widows. It is said that several such marriages have lately taken place in the province.

Another Marriage Question

There are two European associations of scientists organized for the Solar Commission, established in 1903, devoting its researches to the purpose of studying the sun. One is effect of the sun on the weather and climatic changes of the earth. The other is the Solar Union, formed in 1904, which is endeavoring to ascertain more than is now known about the sun itself.

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE POPE

Letter from Alfonso to His Holiness—Loving and Paternal Reply—Princess Ena a Catholic from Understanding and Will.

(Special correspondence of the Catholic Times.)

When the young King of Spain resolved to ask for the hand of Princess Ena he wrote an autograph letter to the Holy Father informing him of his intention, and his Holiness sent an autograph reply. Both letters have just been published (the Holy Father's is an authorized translation) by "El Universo" of Madrid. King Alfonso wrote: "Holy Father,—The time having arrived at which from motives which cannot escape your Holiness's exalted wisdom, I must think of choosing a wife, my heart has felt an irresistible inclination towards a young Princess of royal lineage who, from her attractive natural gifts and the personal virtues by which she is adorned, will, I believe, be a faithful companion to me in life and in every way worthy to share with me the throne that my illustrious and eminent predecessors have occupied. The excellent lady to whom I refer is her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria Eugenia of Battenberg, daughter of Prince Henry and of her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, and granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria I. of England, Empress of India. Born outside the Catholic fold, she could not be instructed in the mysteries and the precepts of the true faith, but very soon her conversion will be a fact, and very soon our holy Mother the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church will count another daughter amongst her children. A faithful and loving daughter, because it is not her affection for me, much less violent compulsion or a reason of State, that causes her to abandon error; she is led chiefly by a sure instinct springing from the heart and decided strength of will to give effect to such a happy decision. For this important act preparation is being made by my promised bride, whose entrance into the bosom of the Church is formally and of necessity to precede the solemn and official suit for her hand. To bring the projected union to pass I can count upon the good-will of my august and beloved mother the Queen, Dona Maria Christina of Austria, whose vigilance and good example I owe the happiness of being in works, words and wishes as Catholic as a King of Catholic Spain should be; I can also count upon the explicit approval of the noble mother of my fiancée and I likewise can count upon the adhesion of my people who see in their future Queen a pledge of peace and prosperity for time to come. All that is wanting to us now is your Holiness's blessing, which is the blessing of God, a blessing for our good intentions; a blessing for me who solicit it with all the fervor of a Christian soul that looks to its salvation in all the vicissitudes of life. Deign, then, your Holiness, to grant it to me, confident that I shall receive it as a gift that comes from Heaven for the happiness of whoever shall always try, as I shall, to be worthy of it. I am, Holy Father, your humble and devoted son, ALFONSO. The Holy Father's reply was as follows: Beloved Son,—Your Majesty's confidential letter, which has been delivered to me to-day by your kind-hearted ambassador, written to inform me of your approaching marriage with Princess Eugenia of Battenberg, and so nobly reflecting the Catholic and filially devoted sentiments of your Majesty towards the Apostolic See, has afforded me special comfort and joy. Although of those sentiments, deeply rooted in your Majesty's heart, I have already had many and abundant proofs, I rejoice at this new testimony given in extraordinary circumstances. To see that your Majesty freely opens your soul to me as a son to a father is a still greater consolation, and I, who have always felt for your Majesty a great and entirely paternal affection, am pleased to be able to assure you that I am ever and on all occasions ready to help and favor you in all the vicissitudes of life.

With extreme gratification, then, do I observe that your Majesty, being about to contract matrimony, has understood the gravity and importance of so vital an act, upon which your happiness will depend, and which will be closely associated with the welfare of the Spanish nation. As your Majesty has not chosen a Princess born and educated in the Catholic Faith, undoubtedly the conversion of your future consort to the Catholic religion assumes a high degree of importance which cannot be ignored and which your Majesty's letter shows that you rightly appreciate. Your Majesty intimates to me that the Princess Victoria Eugenia of Battenberg is about to embrace the true Faith, moved thereto not by exceptional circumstances but by a proper understanding and a firm will, assuring me that the conversion will be an accomplished fact before the request for marriage is officially made. All this inspires the hope that your Majesty's choice will be, bountifully blessed by God and that it will meet with the hearty approval of your Majesty's Catholic subjects whose dearest religious sentiments will be satisfied as well as the fervor of the Catholics of the world, entirely in accord with the special interests of the Catholic King. I am delighted to learn that the august Queen Mother is pleased with your Majesty's choice, this being a sign that the approaching marriage will be most acceptable to the maternal heart of the devoted lady who can justly congratulate herself on having given a truly Catholic Sovereign to Spain and who by her wisdom in governing and so many notable examples has performed a highly beneficial work for the nation and the Church, meriting thereby the genial admiration of Europe. Meanwhile I offer up fervent prayers for your Majesty's marriage, upon which I invoke the special favour and protection of the Lord, trusting that the day of your Majesty's marriage will be not only a day of happiness and joy for your faithful subjects, but the sure prelude to a long series of years of domestic and national prosperity. Finally, from the bottom of my heart I bless the good intentions of the young Princess, and I beseech the Lord that He grant her in abundance the lights and graces necessary to enable her to share worthily with your Majesty the ancient and glorious throne of St. Ferdinand. At the same time I renew to your Majesty the expression of my special benevolence, and send you affectionately my paternal benediction, with the wish that it may bring every kind of prosperity, and seasonably conduce to perseverance in the holy dispositions by which your Majesty is sincerely animated. From the Vatican on the 22nd February, 1906. PIUS X, POPE.

Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament
 We are informed by cable received from Rome that the title "Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament" has been officially approved by Pope Pius X. The Rev. Pere Eymard, founder of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, is the author of this new title. The saintly father meant to add a new jewel to the royal crown of Our Blessed Mother. He preached for a whole month of May on the bonds which unite the Blessed Virgin to the Holy Eucharist, and wrote down his doctrine on this subject in a book that was translated into English three years ago. The bulk of the volume is made of thirty-one meditations, one for each day of the month. An appendix of eight chapters gives the theological foundations for the devotion to Mary under this special title. They may be summarized in two main points: 1. The power of Mary over all the graces of redemption, including those that proceed from, or are centered in the Holy Eucharist. 2. Mary's life after the Ascension, which lasted twenty-four years according to the reckoning made by Suarez. Her attendance at Mass, her communions and her adorations set her as the most perfect model of the Eucharistic devotion.—Emmanuel.

The treasury department of the republic of Mexico announces that their exports for the past financial year amount to \$99,926,557, and their imports to \$67,153,845, showing an increase over the previous fiscal year of \$22,762,508.

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER XXI.

Old John did not walk near the Golden Key, for between the Golden Key and the Black Lion there lay a wilderness of streets—as everybody knows who is acquainted with the relative bearings of Clerkenwell and Whitechapel—and he was by no means famous for pedestrian exercises. But the Golden Key lies in our way, though it was out of his; so to the Golden Key this chapter goes.

The Golden Key itself, fair emblem of the locksmith's trade, had been pulled down by the rioters, and roughly trampled under foot. But, now it was hoisted up again in all the glory of a new coat of paint, and showed more bravely even than in days of yore. Indeed the whole house-front was spruce and trim, and so freshened up throughout, that if there yet remained at large any of the rioters who had been concerned in the attack upon it, the sight of the old, goodly, prosperous dwelling, so revived, must have been to them as gall and worm-wood.

The shutters of the shop were closed, however, and the window-blinds above were all pulled down, and in place of its usual cheerful appearance the house had a look of sadness and an air of mourning, which the neighbors, who in old days had often seen poor Barnaby go in and out, were at a loss to understand. The door stood partly open, but the locksmith's hammer was unheard; the cat sat moping on the ashly forge; all was deserted, dark, and silent.

On the threshold of this door, Mr. Haredale and Edward Chester met. The younger man gave place, and both passing in with a familiar air, which seemed to denote that they were tarrying there or were well-acquainted to go to and fro unquestioned, shut it behind them.

Entering the old back parlor, and ascending the flight of stairs, abrupt and steep, and quaintly fashioned as of old, they turned into the best-room—the pride of Mrs. Varden's heart, and erst the scene of Migg's household labors.

"Varden brought the mother here last evening, he told me?" said Mr. Haredale.

"She is above stairs now—in the room over here," Edward rejoined. "Her grief, they say, is past all telling. I needn't add—for that you know beforehand, sir—that the care, humanity, and sympathy of these good people have no bounds."

"I am sure of that. Heaven repay them for it, and for much more! Varden is out?"

"He returned with your messenger, who arrived almost at the moment of his coming home himself. He was out the whole night—but that of course you know. He was with you the greater part of it?"

"He was. Without him, I should have lacked my right hand. He is an older man than I, but nothing can conquer him."

"The cheeriest stoutest-hearted fellow in the world."

"He has a right to be. He has a right to be. A better creature never lived. He reaps what he has sown—no more."

"It is not all men," said Edward, after a moment's hesitation, "who have the happiness to do that."

"More than you imagine," returned Mr. Haredale. "We note the harvest more than the seed-time. You do so in me."

In truth his pale and haggard face, and gloomy bearing, had so far influenced the remark, that Edward was, for the moment, at a loss to answer him.

was not very difficult to read a thought so natural. But you are mistaken nevertheless. I have had my share of sorrows—more than the common lot, perhaps—but I have borne them ill. I have broken where I should have bent; and have mused and brooded when my spirit should have mixed with all God's great creation.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Haredale, "it the men who learn endurance, are they who call the whole world brother. I have turned from the world, and I pay the penalty."

Edward would have interposed, but he went on without giving him time.

"It is too late to evade it now. I sometimes think, that if I had to live my life once more, I might amend this fault—not so much, I discover when I search my mind, for the love of what is right, as for my own sake. But even when I make these better resolutions, I instinctively recoil from the idea of suffering again what I have undergone; and in this circumstance I find the unwelcome assurance that I should still be the same man, though I could cancel the past, and begin anew, with its experience to guide me."

"Nay, you make too sure of that," said Edward.

"You think so," Mr. Haredale answered, "and I am glad you do. I know myself better, and therefore distrust myself more. Let us leave this subject for another—not so far removed from it as it might seem."

"I have had my share in them," said Mr. Haredale, "though I held it, at the time, in detestation. Let no man turn aside, ever so slightly, from the broad path of honor, on the plausible pretence that he is justified by the goodness of his end. All good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and may be counted so at once, and left alone."

He looked from her to Edward, and said in a gentler tone: "In goods and fortune you are now nearly equal. I have been her faithful steward, and to that remnant of a richer property which my brother left her, I desire to add, in token of my love, a poor pittance, scarcely worth the mention, for which I have no longer any need. I am glad you go abroad. Let our ill-fated house remain the ruin it is. When you return, after a few thriving years, you will command a better and a more fortunate one. We are friends?"

Edward took his extended hand, and grasped it heartily. "You are neither slow nor cold in your response," said Mr. Haredale, doing the like by him, "and when I look upon you now, and know you, I feel that I would choose you for her husband. Her father had a generous nature, and you would have pleased him well. I give her to you in his name, and with his blessing. If the world and I part in this act, we part on happier terms than we have lived for many a day."

He placed her in his arms, and would have left the room, but that he was stopped in his passage to the door by a great noise at a distance, which made them start and pause.

It was a loud shouting, mingled with boisterous exclamations, that rent the very air. It drew nearer and nearer every moment, and approaching so rapidly, that, even while they listened it burst into a deafening confusion of sounds at the street corner.

"This must be stopped—quieted," said Mr. Haredale, hastily. "We should have foreseen this, and provided against it. I will go out to them at once."

But, before he could reach the door and before Edward could catch up his hat and follow him, they were again arrested by a loud shriek from above stairs, and the locksmith's wife, bursting in, and fairly running into Mr. Haredale's arms, cried out:

"She knows it all, dear sir! she knows it all! We broke it out to her by degrees, and she is quite prepared." Having made this communication, and furthermore thanked Heaven with great fervor and heartiness, the good lady, according to the custom of matrons on all occasions of excitement, fainted away directly.

moved from it as it might, at first sight, seem to be. Sir, you still love my niece, and she is still attached to you."

"I have that assurance from her own lips," said Edward, "and you know—I am sure you know—that I would not exchange it for any blessing life could yield me."

"You are frank, honorable, and disinterested," said Mr. Haredale; "you have forced the conviction that you are so, even on my once-jaundiced mind, and I believe you. Wait here till I come back."

He left the room as he spoke; but soon returned with his niece.

"On that first and only time," he said, looking from the one to the other, "when we three stood together under her father's roof, I told you to quit it, and charged you never to return."

"It is the only circumstance arising out of our love," observed Edward, "that I have forgotten."

"You own a name," said Mr. Haredale, "I had deep reason to remember. I was moved and goaded by recollections of personal wrong and injury, I know, but, even now I cannot charge myself with having, then, or ever, lost sight of a heartfelt desire for her true happiness, or with having acted—however much I was mistaken—with any other impulse than the one pure, single, earnest wish to be to her, as far as in my inferior nature lay, the father she had lost."

"Dear uncle," cried Emma, "I have known no parent but you. I have loved the memory of others, but I have loved you all my life. Never was father kinder to his child than you have been to me, without the interval of one hour, since I can first remember."

"You speak too fondly," he answered, "and yet I cannot wish you were less partial; for I have a pleasure in hearing those words, and shall have in calling them to mind when we are far asunder, which nothing else could give me. Bear with me for a moment longer, Edward, for she and I have been together many years; and although I believe that in resigning her to you I put the seal upon her future happiness, I find it needs an effort."

He pressed her tenderly to his bosom, and after a minute's pause, resumed: "I have done you wrong, sir, and I ask your forgiveness—in no common phrase, or show of sorrow; but with earnestness and sincerity. In the same spirit, I acknowledge to you both that the time has been when I connived at treachery and falsehood—which if I did not perpetrate myself, I still permitted—to rend you two asunder."

"You judge yourself too harshly," said Edward. "Let these things rest."

"They rise up in judgment against me when I look back, and not now for the first time," he answered. "I cannot part from you without your full forgiveness; for busy life and I have little left in common now, and I have regrets enough to carry into solitude to the stock."

"You bear a blessing from us both," said Emma. "Never mingle thoughts of me—of me who owe you so much love and duty—with anything but undying affection and gratitude for the past, and bright hopes for the future."

"The future," returned her uncle, with a melancholy smile, "is a bright word for you, and its image should be wreathed with cheerful hopes. Mine is of another kind, but it will be one of peace and free, I trust, from care or passion. When you quit England I shall leave it too. There are cloisters abroad, and now that the two great objects of my life are set at rest, I know no better home. You droop at that, forgetting I am growing old, and that my course is nearly run. Well, we will speak of it again—not once or twice, but many times, and you shall give me cheerful counsel, Emma."

"And you will take it?" asked his niece.

"I'll listen to it," he answered, with a kiss, "and it will have its weight, be certain. It is better and more fitting that the circumstances attendant on the past, which wrought your separation, and sowed between you suspicion and distrust, should not be entered on by me."

"Much, much better," whispered Emma.

"I avow my share in them," said Mr. Haredale, "though I held it, at the time, in detestation. Let no man turn aside, ever so slightly, from the broad path of honor, on the plausible pretence that he is justified by the goodness of his end. All good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad, and may be counted so at once, and left alone."

He looked from her to Edward, and said in a gentler tone: "In goods and fortune you are now nearly equal. I have been her faithful steward, and to that remnant of a richer property which my brother left her, I desire to add, in token of my love, a poor pittance, scarcely worth the mention, for which I have no longer any need. I am glad you go abroad. Let our ill-fated house remain the ruin it is. When you return, after a few thriving years, you will command a better and a more fortunate one. We are friends?"

Edward took his extended hand, and grasped it heartily. "You are neither slow nor cold in your response," said Mr. Haredale, doing the like by him, "and when I look upon you now, and know you, I feel that I would choose you for her husband. Her father had a generous nature, and you would have pleased him well. I give her to you in his name, and with his blessing. If the world and I part in this act, we part on happier terms than we have lived for many a day."

He placed her in his arms, and would have left the room, but that he was stopped in his passage to the door by a great noise at a distance, which made them start and pause.

It was a loud shouting, mingled with boisterous exclamations, that rent the very air. It drew nearer and nearer every moment, and approaching so rapidly, that, even while they listened it burst into a deafening confusion of sounds at the street corner.

"This must be stopped—quieted," said Mr. Haredale, hastily. "We should have foreseen this, and provided against it. I will go out to them at once."

But, before he could reach the door and before Edward could catch up his hat and follow him, they were again arrested by a loud shriek from above stairs, and the locksmith's wife, bursting in, and fairly running into Mr. Haredale's arms, cried out:

"She knows it all, dear sir! she knows it all! We broke it out to her by degrees, and she is quite prepared." Having made this communication, and furthermore thanked Heaven with great fervor and heartiness, the good lady, according to the custom of matrons on all occasions of excitement, fainted away directly.

They ran to the window, threw up the sash, and looked into the crowded street. Among a dense mob of persons, of whom not one was for an instant still, the locksmith's ruddy face and burly form could be descried, beating about as though he was struggling with a rough sea. Now, he was carried back a score of yards, now onward nearly to the door, now back again, now forced against the opposite houses, now against those adjoining his own; now carried up a flight of steps, and greeted by the outstretched hands of half a hundred men, while the whole tumultuous concourse stretched their throats, and cheered with all their might. Though he was really in a fair way to be torn to pieces in the general enthusiasm, the locksmith, nothing discomposed, echoed their shouts till he was hoarse as they, and in a glow of joy and right good-humor, waved his hat until the daylight shone between its brim and crown.

But in all the bandying from hand to hand, and strivings to and fro, and sweepings here and there, which—saying that he looked more jolly and more radiant after every struggle—troubled his peace of mind no more than if he had been a straw upon the water's surface, he never once released his firm grasp of an arm, drawn tight through his. He sometimes turned to clap this friend upon the back, or whisper in his ear a word of staunch encouragement, or cheer him with a smile, but his great care was to shield him from the pressure, and force a passage for him to the Golden Key. Passive and timid, scared, pale, and wondering, and gazing at the throng as if he were newly risen from the dead, and left himself a ghost among the living, Barnaby—not Barnaby in the spirit, but in flesh and blood, with pulses, sinews, nerves, and beating heart, and strong affections—clung to his stout old friend, and followed where he led.

And thus, in course of time, they reached the door, held ready for their entrance by no unwilling hands. Then slipping in, and shutting out the crowd by main force, Gabriel stood before Mr. Haredale and Edward Chester, and Barnaby, rushing up the stairs, fell upon his knees beside his mother's bed.

"Such is the blessed end, sir," cried the gantling locksmith, to Mr. Haredale, "of the best day's work we ever did. The rogues! it's been hard fighting to get away from 'em. I almost thought, once or twice, they've been too much for us with their kindness!"

They had striven, all the previous day, to rescue Barnaby from his impending fate. Failing in their attempts, in the first quarter to which they addressed themselves, they renewed them in another. Failing there, likewise, they began afresh at midnight and made their way not only to the judge and jury who had tried him, but to men of influence at court, to the young Prince of Wales, and even to the antechamber of the king himself. Successful at last, in awakening an interest in his favor, and an inclination to inquire more dispassionately into his case, they had an interview with the minister, in his bed, so late as eight o'clock that morning. The result of a searching inquiry (in which they, who had known the poor fellow from his childhood, did other good service besides bringing it about) was, that between eleven and twelve o'clock a free pardon to Barnaby Rudge was made out and signed, and intrusted to a horse-

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soldier for instant conveyance to the place of execution. This courier reached the spot just as the cart appeared in sight, and Barnaby being carried back to jail, Mr. Haredale, assured that all was safe, had gone straight from Bloomsbury Square to the Golden Key, leaving Gabriel the grateful task of bringing him home in triumph.

"I needn't say," observed the locksmith, when he had shaken hands with all the males in the house, and hugged all the females, five and forty times, at least, "that, except among ourselves, I didn't want to make a triumph of it. But, directly we got into the street we were known, and this hubbub began. Of the two," he added, as he wiped his crimson face, "and after experience of both, I think I'd rather be taken out of my house by a crowd of enemies, than escorted home by a mob of friends!"

It was plain enough, however, that this was mere talk on Gabriel's part, and that the whole proceeding afforded him the keenest delight; for the people continuing to make a great noise without, and to cheer as if their voices were in the freshest order, and good for a fortnight, he sent upstairs for Grip (who had come home at his master's back, and had acknowledged the favors of the multitude by drawing blood from every finger that came within his reach), and with the bird upon his arm, presented himself at the first-floor window, and waved his hat again until it dangled by a shred, between his fingers and thumb. This demonstration having been received with appropriate shouts, and silence being in some degree restored, he thanked them for their sympathy, and taking the liberty to inform them that there was a sick person in the house, proposed that they should give three cheers for King George, three more for Old England, and three more for nothing particular, as a closing ceremony. The crowd assenting, substituted Gabriel Varden for the nothing particular, and giving him one over, for good measure, dispersed in high good-humor.

What congratulations were exchanged among the inmates at the Golden Key, when they were left alone, what an overflowing of joy and happiness there was among them; how incapable it was of expression in Barnaby's own person, and how he went wildly from one to another, until he became so far tranquilized as to stretch on the ground beside his mother's couch, and fall into a deep sleep, are matters that need not be told. And it is well they happened to be of this class, for they would be very hard to tell, were their narration ever so indispensable.

Before leaving this bright picture, it may be well to glance at a dark and very different one which was presented to only a few eyes, that same night.

The scene was a churchyard; the time, midnight; the persons, Edward Chester, a clergyman, a grave-digger, and the four bearers of a homely coffin. They stood about a grave which had been newly dug, and one of the bearers held up a dim lantern—the only light there—which shed its feeble ray upon the book of prayer. He placed it for a moment on the coffin, when he and his companions were about to lower it down. There was no inscription on the lid.

The mould fell solemnly upon the last house of this nameless man; and the rattling dust left a dismal echo even in the accustomed ears of those who had borne to its resting-place. The grave was filled in to the top, and trodden down. They all left the spot together.

"You never saw him living?" asked the clergyman, of Edward.

"Often, years ago, not knowing him for my brother."

"Never since?"

"Never. Yesterday, he steadily refused to see me. It was urged upon him, many times, at my desire."

"Still he refused? That was hardened and unnatural."

"Do you think so?"

"I infer that you do not?"

"You are right. We hear the world wonder, every day, at monsters of ingratitude. Did it ever occur to you who had borne it to its resting-place, that it often looks for monsters of affection, as though they were things of course?"

They reached the gate by this time, and bidding each other good-night, departed on their separate ways.

CHAPTER XXII.

That afternoon, when he had slept off his fatigue, had shaved, and washed, and dressed, and freshened himself from top to toe; when he had dined, comforted himself with a pipe, an extra Toby, a nap in the great arm chair, and a quiet chat with Mrs. Garden on everything that had happened, as happening, or about to happen, within the sphere of their domestic concern; the locksmith sat himself down at the table in the little back parlor, the rosiest, cosiest, merriest, heartiest, best-contented old buck in Great Britain or out of it.

There he sat, with his beaming eye on Mrs. V., and his shining face suffused with gladness, and his capacious waistcoat smiling in every wrinkle, and his jovial humor peeping from under the table in the very plumpness of his legs, a sight to turn the vinegar of misanthropy into purest milk of human kindness. There he sat, watching his wife as she decorated the room with flowers for the greater honor of Dolly and Joseph Willet, who had gone out walking, and for whom the tea-kettle had been singing gayly on the hob full twenty minutes, chirping as never kettle chirped before, for whom the best service of real undoubted china, patterned with divers round-faced mandarins holding up broad umbrellas, was now displayed in all its glory, to tempt whose appetites a clear, transparent, juicy ham, garnished with cool green lettuce-leaves, and fragrant cucumber, reposed upon a shady table, covered with a snow-

white cloth; for whose delight, preserves and jams, crisp cakes and other pastry, short to eat, with cunning twists, and cottage loaves, and rolls of bread both white and brown, were all set forth in rich profusion; in whose youth Mrs. Varden herself had grown quite young, and stood there in a gown of red and white, symmetrical in figure, buxom in bodice, ruddy in cheek and lip, faultless in ankle, laughing in face and mood, in all respects delicious to behold—there sat the locksmith among all and every one of these delights, the sun that shone upon them all, the centre of the system, the source of light, heat, life and frank enjoyment in the bright household world.

And when had Dolly ever been the Dolly of that afternoon? To see how she came in arm-in-arm with Joe, and how she made an effort not to blush or seem at all confused; and how she made believe she didn't care to sit on his side of the table, and how she coaxed the locksmith in a whisper not to joke, and how her color came and went in a little restless flutter of happiness, which made her do everything wrong, and yet so charmingly wrong that it was better than right!

—why, the locksmith could have looked on at this (as he mentioned to Mrs. Varden when they retired for the night) for four and twenty hours at a stretch, and never wished it done.

The recollections, too, with which they made merry over that long-protracted tea! The glee with which the locksmith asked Joe if he remembered that stormy night at the Maypole when he first asked after Dolly—the laugh they all had, about that night when she was going out to the party in the sedan-chair—the unmerciful manner in which they rallied Mrs. Varden about outting those flowers outside that very window—the difficulty Mrs. Varden found in joining the laugh against herself, at first, and the extraordinary perception she had of the joke when she overcame it—the confidential statements of Joe concerning the precise day and hour when he was first conscious of being fond of Dolly, and Dolly's blushing admissions, half volunteered and half extorted, as to the time from which she dated the discovery that she "didn't mind" Joe—here was an exhaustless fund of mirth and conversation!

Then, there was a great deal to be said regarding Mrs. Varden's doubts and motherly alarms, and shrewd suspicions; and it appeared that from Mrs. Varden's penetration and extreme sagacity nothing had ever been hidden. She had known it all along. She had seen it from the first. She had always predicted it. She had been aware of it before the principals. She had said within herself (for she remembered the exact words) "that young Willet is certainly looking after our Dolly, and I must look after him." Accordingly, she had looked after him, and had observed many little circumstances (all of which she named) so exceedingly minute that nobody else could make anything out of them even now, and had, it seemed from first to last, displayed the most unbounded tact and most consummate generalship.

(To be Continued.)

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailment which they were used to allay.

While people from the United States are largely flocking to the Canadian West, people from Canada continue to flock to the United States. This appears to be the only reciprocity now in sight.

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.....The HOME CIRCLE

SHAPING THE SOUL.

There was never a disappointment borne in the right spirit that did not leave the sufferer stronger and better for it; but if one frets and stew and worries; and fumes over every little thing that does not turn out just as it should—from the standpoint of the injured party, of course—wrinkled and woe-begone looks, fretfulness and general disagreeableness with ever-increasing weakness, will be the result.

After all, a great deal depends on seeing things as they are—on a lively sense of the relations of cause and effect and a full appreciation of the value of discipline to the human soul. To those who have never been taught either directly or indirectly, to find anything save special ill-will or bad luck in the evils that befall them, to whom no beacon light of greater strength and nobler life shines just beyond the wreck of hopes, sad, indeed, must disappointments often be; and such are truly to be pitied. Oh! that all could feel the grand principles of growth—feel and know that whatever woes, whatever fallen idols and broken images are piled up around them, they can still climb up and out into the glorious light of a higher life, can still see before them grander hopes, more beautiful images, than those they have lost. They may make their ideal as high as they will; still they can rise beyond it, even in this life, by earnest, untiring endeavor and the help of Him Who never forsakes.

In our earlier years, circumstances have much to do in making us what we are; later we must conquer circumstances. If a nature has at its core the true moral stamina, even though it sink for a while, it is pretty sure to cast off the dragging weights and rise to its proper level.

And so, at last, we learn to bless the shock that weakens us, to analyze its effect and trace its influence toward the good we covet. This does not refer to the great trials that shake life to its center and make to overthrow character, but also to the little annoyances and ills, that come very often, and are, perhaps, even more trying. Once firmly determined, however, that all obstacles shall be surmounted, that all trials shall be made servants, and not allowed to be masters, and the task is easier. Keep this grand purpose ever in view; the shaping of the soul to its noblest form, and then use everything for a chisel.

But the Virtue that conquers passion And the sorrow that hides in a smile— It is these that are worth the homage of earth, For we find them but once in a while. —Catholic Columbian.

THE FAULTS OF PARENTS.

Children have a right to live the life of children. In their home they ought to have, if possible, at least one room where they can have the utmost freedom consistent with health and safety. In that room there should be nothing that requires special care. There they should keep their playthings.

And there they ought to be taught to leave everything when they are done playing. It is a great mistake not to make them learn habits of order—a place for everything and everything in its place when not in use.

They soon discover the advantage of knowing where to find their belongings, instead of leaving their toys anywhere, just as they may happen to drop them.

In the playroom, children should have corners or particular spots especially their own, and there they can begin to learn the difference between what is theirs and what is not.

The greatest obstacle to children's training seems to be the indolence of their parents or their weak fondness for them that make them so shortsighted regarding the real happiness of their little ones.

There is one thing that should be unstinted in dealing with children, and that is praise for all the good they do and warm appreciation of their efforts to do right. And no one should ever say to any child, "You are bad." This is the way to cultivate just what you do not want to see in them.

Let them know that you expect the best and are surprised when they fail to fulfill your expectations. They will be much more likely to try to live up to the ideal that they know you hold for them.

Above all, let there be nothing artificial in the children's lives. Chas. Wagner has put it so well that we give closing this article I give his own words: "Falsehood is the vice of a slave, the refuge of the cowardly and the weak. He who is free is strong and unflinching in speech.

"We should encourage in our children the hardihood to speak frankly. What do we ordinarily do? We trample on natural disposition, level it down to the uniformity which, for the crowd, is synonymous with good form.

"To think with one's own mind, feel with one's own heart, express one's own personality—how unconventional, how rustic! Oh, the atrocity of an education that consists in the perpetual muzzling of the only thing that gives any of us his reason for being!"

"Of how many foul murders do we become guilty! Some are struck down with bludgeons, others gently smothered with pillows! Everything conspires against independence of character.

"When we are little, people wish us to be dolls; when we grow up they approve of us on condition that we are like all the rest of the world; when you have seen one of them you have seen them all.

THE RECOMPENSE.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possessed, Desiring this man's art and this man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on Thee, and then my state,

Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate, For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings. —Shakespeare.

Many people seem to think that ambition is a quality born with us; that it is not susceptible to improvement; that it is something thrust upon us which will take care of itself. But it is a passion that responds very quickly to cultivation, and it requires constant care and education, just as the faculty for music or art does, or it will atrophy.

If we do not try to realize our ambition it will not keep sharp and defined. Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence or indifference? If we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them our inclination will grow duller and weaker.

"What I most need," as Emerson says, "is somebody to make me do what I can." To do what I can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what I can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me or the worst, whether I utilize 10, 15, 25 or 90 per cent. of my ability.

Everywhere we see people who have reached middle life or later without being aroused. They have developed only a small percentage of their success possibilities. They are still in a dreamy state. The best thing in them lies so deep that it has never been awakened. When we meet these people we feel conscious that they have a great deal of latent power that has never been exercised. Great possibilities of usefulness and of achievement are, all unconsciously, going to waste within them.

If you interview the great army of failures you will find multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging or vicious surroundings. Most of the people we find in prisons and poorhouses are pitiable examples of the influence of an environment which appealed to the worst instead of to the best in them.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

THE BEST TYPE OF YOUNG MEN

"The best type of young men is the one who is punctual at Mass and who is frequently seen at the altar. It is a most edifying sight to see young men at the altar receiving our Divine Lord. Such young men are numbered by thousands in our cities. They are sober, industrious, honest; the pride and staff of aged parents; true and loyal friends. Are they everything that is desirable? What is there to complain of? In what are they lacking? There is amongst them a lack of apostolic zeal. To most young men religion is something too sacred to be spoken of. They seldom make religion a subject of conversation, and often when it is broached turn the conversation to something else. They would not act so about any other topic, yet we are told that in this country the field is ripe for the harvest. Our Catholic young men can reach their American fellow-citizens, which the priests cannot do. The priests do not come into contact with non-Catholics as do those in the everyday world. If the work of converting America is to be done it must be done by the apostolate of the laity, and the young men have been fitted for it by their religious training, to which so much care has been given. They are much better educated than their parents. They are in many instances as well qualified to instruct those ignorant of Catholic doctrine as are the priests, and so their opportunities are much greater. If much work is to be done among those outside the Church it must be done by the young men. The best sermon and the greatest thought you are preaching in your daily lives. You are showing what it is to have the word of God abiding in you, not merely on your lips, but being the life of all your actions. By your life you overcome the world and are living a practically blameless life in the sight of God. The Church can stand you forth before the world and be proud of you no matter what scandal your brethren may cause. The world may point the finger of scorn at us when those fall away, as did one in the college of the apostles, but of the majority the Church has reason to be proud. They preach a sermon in their daily life and the Church thanks them. They should, however, try to imbue with supernatural faith those with whom they come in contact. See how the members of other denominations try to bring recruits into their societies and effect all the good they can according to their lights.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

(By Ben Hurst, in April Donahoe's.) Meantime, King Alfonso is supervising some alterations to the Prado in honor of his new mistress and Princess Beatrice is busy in Paris selecting the trousseau of the future Queen of Spain. This will scarcely be as elaborate as that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, King Alfonso's sister, —married last January to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria—which gave employment to four hundred women during three months. Put the workers in Paris, London and Dublin, will, nevertheless, have reason to rejoice, for big orders have already been given.

King Alfonso will take a trip to the Canaries next month and hopes to arrange another rencontre with his fiancée—this time in Brittany,—before he receives the visit of King Edward. The wedding has been fixed for June, and it is rumored that the honeymoon will be spent among the Connemara hills in Ireland. The Duke of Manchester has offered the use of his splendid castle to the royal pair, and what more ideal scenery can be imagined as a proper setting for this royal romance!

Next to finding the north pole itself the greatest arctic discovery yet to be made is that of a vast unknown polar continent or archipelago, which from soundings, driftwood, thickness of ice, currents, etc., is thought to exist in the Beaufort Sea to the north of the North American continent. Here is an immense, unexplored area which may contain land and people of great interest, of which nothing is now known. Captain Mikkelson, a Danish explorer and Arctic traveler, is making preparations to seek this land. He will sail in an American ship under American colors.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A general survey of the cost of railway extensions now in progress in Mexico, show approximate expenditures of \$60,000,000. There will be abundant employment for thousands of men for several years.

Very often they think it is from female trouble. There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from headache, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

MOTHER AND SON.

On the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. It was the "4 o'clock express," and an elderly woman, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train with that peculiar square rigged, canvas covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He, too, was evidently a foreigner, whose dress and appearance indicated that he was thoroughly acclimated and was now a prosperous adopted American citizen.

With a peculiar motion the little woman shrank from taking a seat in the coach among the finely dressed people. Although I did not understand the conversation I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class." The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the centre of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their luggage carefully stowed away overhead and underneath. Her hands were brown and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was snatched down in front and was twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind; her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her large nose sharp, and she had no upper teeth—and yet, I pledge you, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was seated, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son only as a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach, and then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes glistened with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat, and how close they were together as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about! When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I could only impress upon sons the priceless heritage they have in their mother. There never can be but one mother, and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.—National Magazine.

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friends, was able to graduate at Williams College.

The lives of many of the Presidents prove that no boy is so poor but that he may hope to attain the highest honors which the American people can give.—Philadelphia Press.

TWO SURPRISES.

A workman pined his clumsy spade As the sun was going down; The German King, with a cavalcade, On his way to Berlin Town.

Reigned up his steed at the old man's side. "My toiling friend," said he, "Why not cease work at eventide When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said; "And I am always free; Though I work from the time I leave my bed Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?" "Eight groschen," the man replied, "And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"

"Like a King," he said with pride. "Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend, And two for a debt I owe; Two groschen to lend, and two to spend

"For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King, said the toiler, "Yea, To my mother with age oppressed, Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day, And now bath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend thy daily store?" "To my boys—for their schooling; To my see When I am too feeble to toil any more They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said. "My sisters are old and lame; I give them two groschen for raiment and bread, All in the Father's name."

Tea's welled up to the good King's eyes. "Thou knowest me not," said he; "As thou hast given me one surprise, Here is another for thee."

"I am thy King; give me thy hand"— And he heaped it high with gold— "When more thou needest, I now command That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward The man who can proudly say That eight souls doth he keep and guard On eight poor groschen a day." —R. W. McAlpine, in St. Nicholas.

When the Portland fishing schooner Moses B. Linscott, Capt. L. J. Miller, arrived in port recently she brought a badly bruised-up sailor and a monster man-eating shark which he had killed after a desperate fifteen-minute battle off Tanter bank, says the Boston Journal.

This is one of the few cases of a man-eating shark having ever been taken in these waters. The big fish weighed 675 pounds and measured seven feet four inches.

The hero of the conflict, E. H. Miller, a brother of the captain, was pulling trawls in a small dory about 500 yards from the schooner, when he pulled the trawl to the surface, wondering at its weight, and saw the big shark lying in it. The fish was quiet until he saw the dory; in an instant he made a rush for it.

"When I saw that terrible wide-open mouth and four great rows of teeth my nerve left me," said Miller. "But I picked up a big oar to defend myself with."

"The shark's leaps carried him away out of the water, and when he struck the dory I had all I could do to keep from being thrown out into the water."

"The second jump came near seeing the end of me, for the big fish made such a leap that he threw himself right across the boat and carried her gunwale under water, at the same time hitting me a terrific blow with his tail that dazed me."

"On the third jump, by a lucky blow with my oar over the back of his neck I stunned him. Another boat came to my rescue just then, and together we finished him."

An observant calculator says the most dangerous age for young people is from ten to twenty years.

WHEN PAPA IS AWAY. Darling papa, here is I Writing you a letter; And I hope 'at you will try To write me on 'at's better; For I don't know what to say, Les' I say I love you, An' when you are far away I gets awful blue. Here I put a great big kiss On this black ink blot, So I know you cannot miss Finding the right spot; Now I hug you very tight; I'm so sleepy—so good-night.

A METAGRAM. A metagram is a puzzle in which various letters are changed. I am an animal; change my first and I fly, my second and I am another animal, my third and I am an inhabitant of South Africa, my fourth and I am a small ship.

Answer—Boar, soar, bear, Boer, boat.

GRANDMA'S POSY-BOWL. On grandma's birthday, Maud and Bess and Pearl and Ned and Clare, They paid their dimes and nickels in, and bought a jardiniere; But grandma says that jardiniere is quite too long a name, And so she calls it "posy-bowl," which means the very same. —St. Nicholas.

T. P. O'Connor is no longer connected with the publication called M. A. P. (Mainly About People). He publishes also T.P.'s Weekly, which he will continue as usual.

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUFFERING

An Ontario Farmer Finds a Cure at Last in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The direct Cause of his Trouble was a Strain in the Back which affected his kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him.

Ardoch, Ont., April 16.—(Special.)—Mr. Ami Jeanneret, of this place, gives a very interesting account of his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "I hurt my back and strained my kidneys and for 18 years I suffered on and off intense agony. I was subject to attacks of Rheumatism and Lumbago. My joints were stiff, my muscles cramped. I lost my appetite, my flesh began to fall away, my nerves were shaken, I could not rest or sleep at night and I was sinking into a deplorable condition when I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes and I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was. I am certain I owe my cure wholly to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Five Presentations Made to Father Englert

Father Englert will have every reason to remember Brantford, for five times during the past week has he been honored by the Catholic citizens of the city. For the past year he has been assistant with Father Lennon, and during that time he had made himself beloved by all, young and old, and the news of his removal came like a shock to his many friends. On Sunday afternoon the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Basil's church gave him a reception, during which they testified their regard by the presentation of a gold watch and also a sum of gold. Father Englert made an appropriate reply. On Sunday evening the Sanctuary boys waited upon him after Vespers and gave him a silver fruit basket as a token of their esteem. On Tuesday afternoon the children of St. Basil's Christian Doctrine Class, who attend the Collegiate, assembled in St. Joseph's school to do honor to their retiring superintendent. The children had a very neat programme prepared, during the course of which three young pupils came forward to read an affecting address, and to make a presentation of a set of silver spoons, knives and forks. Those making the presentation were Clara Cahill, Mary Brohman and Josephine Mullaney. On Wednesday afternoon the school children of St. Basil's assembled to do him honor. An excellent programme was rendered and a beautiful address was read by Gertrude Schuler, Eddie Maloney and Lannon Hargadon, to which Father Englert very feelingly responded. The pupils then presented him with a set of breviaries, and a silver tray. Quite a number of men assembled in the Young men's Catholic Club room to bid Father Englert farewell. Father Lennon came down from Guelph hospital for this reception, and in his speech he made a very feeling reference to Father Englert. He had, he said, been a good earnest worker, and it was with deep regret that he received the news of his removal. Father Cummings, who acted as chairman, then called on the gentlemen of the club, and Wm. Gilligan and Thos. Lackey came forward and read the address, after which they made a presentation to Father Englert of one hundred dollars in gold. Speeches were made by Father Englert, Father Ferguson, Walter Kelly and W. J. Donohue. Father Englert in his reply, stated that he had ever spent a happier time than he had in Brantford, and it was with regret that he left the city. He had found good friends in Fathers Lennon and Cummings, and for the people of Brantford he would have only the kindest of memories. His one consolation was that he was going but a short distance away, and that he would be able to see them occasionally.

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Heartbreaking Expression. 5 NEUDORF, N. W. T. CAN. about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of despondency. After some time she expressed a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since. Testified to by Rev. L. Streich, JOS. OTT, DELHI, ONT.

My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work. Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. PASTOR Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

Koenig Med. Co

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TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1906.

A NOVEL IDEA.

In his latest book Dr. Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, makes the astounding statement that "Christianity has been shifting her basis from the Latin to the Greek conception of God." The author is not speaking for the Catholic Church, nor does he claim it. But even so, it is strange that any religious doctrine or system should change. It is also remarkable that there is any difference between the Latin and the Greek view of God. And passing strange it is that the exponents of these views are St. Augustine for the Latins and Clement of Alexandria for the Greeks. Our opinion is that Ian Maclaren has done better as a storyteller than he will ever do as a student of patristic theology. Before going farther we must note a remark which Dr. Watson makes concerning the treatment dealt out to Clement of Alexandria by Pope Benedict XIV. The following is his statement: "Beneath the masterful hand of St. Augustine the profound and spiritual thought of the Greek was for the time crushed, and at last the Roman Church, or at least Pope Benedict XIV., removed Clement's name from the calendar of saints." There is a tangle. It all comes of a writer not having definite ideas or an exact standard. To say the least, it is very peculiar if St. Augustine's writings had such a crushing effect upon the Greek, that his name was not removed from the calendar for twelve hundred years afterwards. Council after council met without a hint upon the subject. Then in the eighteenth century came Benedict XIV., a learned and saintly Pope, who by his previous offices was well fitted to systematize the canonization of chosen candidates for the calendar, and to revise carefully those already scattered through it. The fact is Clement's name was never on the Roman Calendar. All that Benedict XIV. did was to prove to the King of Portugal that there was not sufficient reason "for ever inserting his name in the Roman Martyrology." So says Butler, who fixes his feast on Dec. 4th, and places him amongst the saints with this explanation that: "The authority of certain private calendars and the custom of sacred biographers suffices for giving his life in this place." Clement was a convert to Christianity from paganism, and became the first leading master in that great school of Alexandria which numbered amongst its disciples Origen, and which became the strong defence of Christianity against the sceptical forms of Greek philosophy. If not a saint upon the calendar he was a very saintlike man, a learned teacher, and profound ascetic author. But all this is very different from a theory which maintains that the Greek's view of God is different from the view held by St. Augustine. Most of the Fathers wrote upon particular points, called forth by the heresies which they combated. Clement of Alexandria contended with the gnostics, and wrote showing that the true gnostic, the one who knew virtue, goodness and truth was the Christian. St. Augustine on the other hand contended against the Manicheans, the Pelagians and the Donatists. He turned his keen shafts of reasoning eloquence against the first of these, who maintained a twofold supreme principle, one of good, the other of evil. Then for years his theological arguments were directed against the Pelagians who were confounding the supernatural and the natural. St. Augustine thus dealt with certain special points of theology. It does not follow that he had a different view from Clement of Alexandria upon the immanence of God. Nor does he teach the transcendence of God to the exclusion of His immanence. The latter consideration of God was just as clear to the Father of the West as the transcendence of God to the Eastern Father. God is undoubtedly immanent, more intimate to us than we are to ourselves, yet absolutely dis-

ting from us. He is also transcendent, the only One transcendent, infinitely above any creature actual or possible. No matter how immanent God may be to us, His infinite transcendence keeps us in lowly fear. "Come, let us adore, let us fall down before God who made us." Then there is the supernatural immanence of God which must not be confused with the natural presence which is the plenitude of God's immensity. We fear that Dr. Watson does not keep sufficiently distinct these two—the natural immanence and the supernatural indwelling of God in the soul by grace. Evidently there is some confusion. How else can he claim for this age that "We are under the dispensation of the Holy Ghost?" As if St. Augustine were not? But that the Alexandrian Father in the second century was specially led by the Holy Spirit? Then for any Christian to "regard the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as little else than a speculative dogma of theology or a pretty conceit of the mystics," is simply to de-Christianize society. It is to deny the abiding presence of that Paraclete who was promised to teach all truth and who convinces the world of sin and of justice. How misleading is unsystematic theology! How confusing is a mistaken comparison of two such writers as St. Augustine and the saintly Clement of Alexandria! What a surety, support and consolation to be within the fold watched by the unfailing faith of Peter, led by the Holy Spirit in the second century in the fifth century and every other century. Ian Maclaren may write a touching story; but he is wofully astray on questions concerning God's attributes. He is guilty of the most serious errors about the action of the Holy Ghost upon the soul. Nor does a single argument he advances make for a change of basis in theology. Within the Church such a position could have no permanent endurance. In the sects they are continually shifting, but it was reserved for Dr. Watson to claim two Fathers of the Church as proving his proposition.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

We see that quite an important change is proposed by the Minister of Education in his new bill. He intends to have a general superintendent who will be neither minister nor deputy. Whether this is an improvement or not we are not so sure. To us it looks like going back to ancient history, when an autocrat ruled in St. James' Square and made future Catholic generations feel the weight of his power and the biased narrowness of his views. We cannot think of a Superintendent of Education and a council without indignation at the possible revival of rules and orders whose only purpose seemed to be that they might shackle the separate schools. Considering that the University Commission recommends the removal of its management from direct ministerial control, and that Dr. Pyne is prepared to hand over the supervision of all primary and secondary education to some new appointee, we fail to see where is his own position. With an expert for general care and a deputy for detail, the Minister is playing fast and loose with salary and responsible government. Perhaps he will hold fast to the former and slacken on the latter. Work there cannot be for the three—Minister, Superintendent and Deputy. If not a minister without portfolio he is acting wisely when he gives it to so many to carry. The policy is a severe blow to responsible government. According to all British precedent, and Canadian too, a Minister is directly responsible to the people. If a man is named for a ministry his first act is to seek election. If he cannot support his colleagues he resigns, and some one else is chosen whose duty it is to proceed in the same way. Indirect responsibility is a characteristic of the United States. It is a question we should be sorry to see take root in the courtyards of our constitution. But the new educational act is making for that end, or it is simply paying an expert to teach an inexperienced Minister how to manage his department. What is the difference between a superintendent responsible to the Minister and one responsible to Ministry? The superintendent cannot change with the Government. That is trifling with the constitution. With that since there are plenty to look after it, we are not so much concerned. The point we maintain is that it is reverting to a bureaucracy whose leader lost no chance of baulking the demands of our people; and afterwards showed his want of sympathy with the system which he so begrudgingly granted. If this was a question about licenses or electric power it would have been attended to before this late hour. But because it is a question in which the interests of Catholic schools are concerned then the hypnotizing influence of inexplicable apathy keeps silent both our leaders and our people. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

THAT PROFESSION OF FAITH.

Some few weeks ago we challenged an abjuration which, it was claimed by the Star and the News, had been made by the Princess Ena on the occasion of her reception into the Church. We were right. A friend wrote to the Bishop who had received the royal convert. In his answer His Lordship says: "The Princess made no such abjuration; she simply made the profession of faith contained in the Creed of Pius IV." It remains for these journals to correct their misleading, calumniating and bigoted remarks that papers printing such things do not want truth. "Their only aim is to throw mud at the Catholic Church."

Archbishop Gauthier Welcomed Home

On the arrival of His Grace Archbishop Gauthier at Kingston after an absence of some months, the loved and revered prelate was given a sincere and brilliant welcome, the entire city of Kingston taking part in the reception and the many Catholic Societies forming a guard of honor for the occasion. The following address of welcome was read by Dr. Edward Ryan, chairman of the Reception Committee:

May it Please Your Grace:
Your loyal and faithful people in Kingston extend to you a cordial welcome on your return from your official visit to our Most Holy Father Pope Pius X., the Vicar of Christ and the visible head of the Church.

Happy beyond measure, though you were in the faithful discharge of your onerous duties and saddened to be separated from your people even for a short time, Your Grace felt it to be your bounden duty to repair to Rome, the centre of Catholicity, to lay at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff the homage of our loyalty to and of our love for the Vicar of Christ and to solicit at his hand special blessings and privileges for your Archdiocese.

Historical reminiscences cluster around this ancient See of Kingston. On its venerable shield are inscribed the names of men renowned for piety and learning, and who in trying times rendered valiant and faithful services alike to Church and State. And among those illustrious prelates, your name, your influence and your life stand pre-eminent in all that pertains to the advancement of Catholic doctrine and to the moral and social well-being of your people.

Born of the soil of Canada and with an abiding faith in the destiny of this young country, your life has been one of broad toleration, wide sympathy and generous interpretation of the rights of all classes in the community, so that sectarian strife and racial differences have under your benign rule entirely disappeared.

Your administration has been one of peace and love—indeed in this respect you have been a high example for all. The educational and moral advancement of the children committed to your care has always claimed your devoted attention. The arduous task of a personal visitation to all the Catholic schools of the diocese was cheerfully undertaken by your Grace, that you might make yourself intimately acquainted with the educational condition therein. How great in the interest of your people must that knowledge be to you especially in this period of educational activity and expansion.

In the cause of the afflicted, Your Grace's generous heart has evinced a wide sympathy and tender care. Hence the hospitals for the sick, the homes for the aged and the orphans have felt the inspiring touch of your benevolent hand, so that it may be truly affirmed that nothing which modern science requires in the interests of the sick and for the comfort of the homeless is wanting in the institutions under your care.

In the promotion of the interests of Holy Church Your Grace's labors have been blessed with singular success, as is fully manifested in the formation of so many new parishes, the erection of so many new churches, presbyteries and schools, and also by the gradual decrease of the debt by which so many of the parishes of the Diocese were encumbered.

From the throne of our most Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, we welcome Your Grace back to Kingston and to Canada.

In conclusion let us assure Your Grace that our earnest prayers shall always be that your years with us may be long and happy and that God's blessing and guidance may be ever with you, crowning with glory your distinguished episcopate.

Signed on behalf of the Congregation.

EDWARD RYAN, Chairman.

The Catholic Register joins with the people of Kingston in welcome to their Archbishop and trusts he may be with them many years to govern in future as he has always done in the past, wisely and well.

Were Dismissed

Twenty-five employees of the locomotive works, Kingston, who took part in the reception to Archbishop Gauthier on his return from Rome, were dismissed, not having arranged with the foreman for leave of absence. The managers say they were troubled with men staying off and had issued an order that in case of absence except through unavoidable cause, men were liable to lose their situation. It is reported that fellow-employees threatened to leave unless the men were taken back.

ANOTHER SO-CALLED HISTORY

Under the above heading the following letter appears in the New York Freeman's Journal. As it furnishes a good example of the manner in which history—so-called—is often placed before the public, not in the United States alone, but elsewhere, we publish it as furnishing one more instance of the truth that eternal vigilance in such matters is ever a necessity:

A new history of the United States has recently been edited in four volumes by James Wilford Gardiner, Ph. D., LL.D., and published by John D. Morris & Co., Philadelphia. In a prefatory note it is stated that the purpose of the authors was to "write for the general reader not for the historical specialist, a simple narrative of the rise and growth of the United States from the discovery to the present time" and that "no pretense is made that this work is based on investigation of primary sources." If, as the authors go on to say, "it rests mainly on the standard and authoritative treatises of others who have made extended studies in special fields," why did they not seek more carefully to ascertain what Catholic standard works have to say on the several points which have to do with the several points which we shall take leave to censure.

We Catholics, and for that matter any impartial critical reader of history, though he be no specialist in the branch, cannot approve of the work, much less encourage it. Why not?

Because there is such scant recognition shown of what Catholics have done in the development of this country and all in all, Catholic matters are touched upon very slightly and with a most unsympathetic spirit.

The Rev. John Eliot is lauded as "the most famous of all the workmen among the redmen" and "the apostle to the Indians," whereas the glorious martyrs and French missionaries, such as Jolles, Brebeuf, Lallemand, etc., are not even mentioned. Charles and John Wesley and George Whitefield must of course receive their due meed of praise, whilst of the great missionary and explorer Marquette who has had a statue erected in his honor in the Capitol at Washington, we are merely told that he was sent out by the Jesuits of France. Merely that, and nothing more is said of him in the text. In justice, however, we must add that a map of explorations is given with names of Marquette, La Salle and Hennepin appearing underneath.

The glorious work of the French missionaries is merely hinted at a long in the ridiculous, aspersive remark, repeated three times in the first volume in stereotype form, viz.: "Along with every fur trader went a black robed priest and while the one bartered with the dusky savage for his skins the other talked to him of salvation and grace." This is all the authors seem to have gleaned from the 76 volumes of the Jesuit Relations published a few years ago by Burrows Bros., Cleveland, O.

The fact of the matter is that "while the whole Atlantic seaboard was growing into a great nation of Englishmen not one Indian village was converted, not one Indian tribe saved from extermination, whilst the country to the rear from the Bay of Hudson to the mouth of the Mississippi was traversed and evangelized in all its tribes by a little French colony on the shores of the St. Lawrence." Vide Guggenberger History of the Christian Era, Vol. 11, p. 311.

Why, then, do the authors in their 108-page Index under "Christianity" merely refer us to "French attempts to convert Indians, Vol. 1, p. 91" and to the conversion of New England Indians Vol. 1, p. 172? Apparently because they are either ignorant or prejudiced.

Again on page 42, Vol. 1, after speaking of the failure of the French colonizers appears the shrewd remark "the successful colonization of America was left for another race who sent over families without priests or missionaries." Did the priests retard the colonization of Canada? Were there no missionaries in the colonies of England? In another part of the work we are told that the Protestant ministers were the most influential body of men in the colonies.

On page 35, Vol. 1, we are told that to all who joined in the crusades "the Pope held out the promise of forgiveness for past and indulgence for future sins."

We venture to say that the authors had a very hazy notion indeed of what they were saying when they wrote that sentence. And we are certain that a Protestant reader will take all the wrong meaning out of the sentence he possibly can. Why express a matter of this kind in such equivocal terms? Have we Catholics not explained it a thousand times that indulgence is granted only for the punishment due to sin after sin has been forgiven?

We need go no farther in trying to prove our assertion that Catholic matters are dealt with very unsympathetically in this new History of the United States. Let those who doubt our word examine the first volume for themselves, where they will find evidence of what we have said.

Volumes two, three and four are not so censurable, because of the strong emphasis put upon the political side of the United States History. By the way, for the benefit of the uncritical general reader we would call the attention of the publishers to what seems to be a typographical error on page 64. The famous map, discovered a few years ago, probably the oldest map of America in existence, is that of Waldseemüller, not Wadseemüller.

In conclusion we would advise the authors of this work to procure some of the very good Catholic standard works of history and allow themselves to be guided somewhat by them whenever they treat of matters concerning the Catholic Church or the work of their children; e.g. John Gil-

mary Shea, Life and Times of the Most Rev. J. Carroll—a history of the Catholic Church within the Limits of the United States—The Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States.

Another very reliable general history of the Christian Era is that of the Rev. A. Guggenberger. This author has also mainly based his work on standard authors, but he has done so with infinitely more painstaking care and with tenfold the critical judgement that Messrs. Garner and Lodge seem to possess. If they had worked twenty years upon their four volumes as Rev. A. Guggenberger has done upon his three volumes, they might have probably produced a work which would satisfy the demands of so exact a science as history has come to be.

Our final verdict is this: If Messrs. Garner and Lodge care so little to please, much less to do justice to the demands of Catholic readers, how can they expect us to buy their book?

REV. WM. J. WEIS, S.J.,
Professor of History, St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio.

Popular Railway Appointment

Friends of Mr. John J. McConniff will be pleased to learn of his appointment to the position at Montreal of passenger and ticket agent of the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island Railways (Government systems). Mr. McConniff, who is well known to the travelling public and commercial community of the Dominion, has had practical experience and possesses intimate knowledge of the ticket branch of the railway business, having been for many years the representative of the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific, and other lines at the Union Office, Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

Mr. McConniff has invariably manifested a keen interest in the development of International tourist travel, and with that object in view, and being actuated by patriotic motives, issued during his ignominy at the Windsor, several editions of "Illustrated Gem Souvenir Books of the principal cities of Canada." These publications which circulated widely were favorably received and commented on by many noted personages, as well as by the press at home and abroad. These have tended, in a marked degree, to advertise the numerous pleasure resorts and scenic beauties of the Dominion and attracted considerable tourist travel to this side of the line. Mr. McConniff, whose appointments is regarded with much favor in railroad circles in Canada and the United States, is the recipient of many congratulations on his return to railway business.

MISSIONARIES TO NON-CATHOLICS.

Propos of the Conference of Missionaries to non-Catholics that will be held at the Apostolic Mission house June 11-14, 1906, Bishop Maes of Covington writes:

I have not the least doubt that another Conference of Missionaries to non-Catholics will be productive of great good.

1. In the first place the missionaries themselves will be encouraged by the interest shown in their work and the appreciation of it by the country at large. Whilst they work, not for the sake of such recognition, but for the love of God and of souls, they are human and they will feel encouragement in the fact that their hands are strengthened by the cheering words of Bishops and priests.

2. The recognition of this work by all the Bishops of the United States is a great step forward. I am sure that there is not a Bishop who does not look upon the missionary work with fervor and who does not consider the priests willing to devote themselves to it as the most perfect followers of the Master who told us to go and teach all nations.

3. With regard to the papers to be read and discussed at the Conference, I think that essays on the general topics of the necessity of the work, its importance, the good it is to accomplish are of little practical utility at this period of the missionary movement. Everybody recognizes its importance and necessity. It certainly is not necessary to call the attention of the men engaged in the work to these facts in order to spur on their zeal. If it is still necessary to refer to them to awaken the Catholics of the country to the importance of the missionary work, let it be by citation of concrete facts, statistics of abandonment and conversions, lack and necessity of financial means.

4. I deem it most important to have practical and educational papers at the Conference, which will help the Missionary priests and enlighten him on how to do things; v.g. the attitude of the various sections of the country towards the movement; the mental attitude of the various sects towards the Church; the specific manner of presenting Catholic truth to the various denominations. Such topics will be useful to the Missionaries themselves, lead them to compare notes, ways and means. The printed report of these proceedings will be eagerly read by the Diocesan clergy, who ought to help in this work and many of whom desire to do work of this kind among their Protestant neighbors and fellow citizens.

5. Then there are the many difficulties, drawbacks, criticisms, hardships which the Missionary has to contend with. An exchange of experiences will be very useful. There stands out a distinct success, or a notable failure; the priest has analyzed the causes of either, he has profited by the experience. His brother priests will be edified, instructed or warned by a recital of it.

Upon reflection it may still be necessary to awaken many of the Diocesan clergy to the necessity of the Missionary feature of the Catholic Apostolate. It is a rather sad reflection upon their appreciation of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and I am hoping that there are not many

such priests. However the best way to purge the clergy of such a spirit is to begin in the seminary. Enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the directors and professors in the great educational work of the young priests. They will form a leaven of enthusiasm to the more conservative zeal of the older clergy, and the one tempered or upheld by the other will soon talk numerous victories.

I am heart and soul in this movement and I look forward to the next Conference with hope of very salutary results.

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WEEKLY SUMMARY

It is proposed at Ottawa to Oslertize the Senate by abolishing the life limit for Senators.

The richest man on earth, richer than Rockefeller, is said to be Alfred Beit of South Africa and London.

Where vice is unknown, where the people are happy, friendly and contented, is said to be Northern Siberia.

There is a demand in the Dominion Parliament for \$5.00 packs of playing cards—to be used on the Government railway trains.

Dublin and all Ireland are interested in the plans for an Irish National Exhibition which is to be held in that city next year.

A bill before the American Congress requires sea-going vessels to carry a certain quantity of oil to be used for calming the waters in storms.

Augustine St. Gaudens, the great American sculptor, has recently been very ill at his home at Windsor, Vermont. A \$10,000 commission for a bronze statue of Major-General Alexander Macomb, awaits his attention.

In the hardest fought debate ever witnessed at Old King's, the intercollegiate series was finished by the clean, well earned victory of St. Francis Xavier over King's college, in the town hall at Windsor, N.S.

A feature of the meeting of the National Council of Women at Toledo, April 1st, was an address by Rev. Father T. C. O'Reilly of Cleveland.

Archbishop Ireland is much annoyed about the reports circulating in the United States concerning his visit to Rome.

There is a curious condition among some of the Quebec politicians. It is said that Lomar Gouin, who is the Premier of the province, is a coming man politically.

There is a tradition among the Aztec Indians in Mexico that Montezuma is to appear among them again, and at the city of Taos is kept burning in the estate or underground temple, an eternal fire, and there the priests climb daily to the housetops and gaze towards the rising sun, hoping to see the returning Montezuma sailing towards them on his eagle.

Charles Cunningham, a native of Galway, Ireland, went to Oregon thirty years ago and got a job as sheep herder. In a year or two he went into partnership with a friend in the sheepraising business, but soon bought him out.

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from a million. He was the first to bring imported sheep into Umatilla county, Oregon.

A gruesome story comes lately from Wisconsin. It is of a man named Wenzel E. Kabat, who killed a man named Michael McCarty, a farmer living near Karukauna, cut up the body of the victim and burning the bones in a great bonfire, which he kept aglow for twenty-four hours after the murder, is supposed to have taken place.

Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis lately made a fierce arraignment of the American craze for the theatre. "It is," he said, "a sign of decadence such as that which afflicted old Rome when her citizens sold their birthrights, their liberties and their glories for the 'bread and games' which their tyrants gave them."

Writing of Margaret Anglin, the theatrical editor of the Chicago Chronicle says: "The introduction of Margaret Anglin as solitary star was a remarkable one and one that has served in a way to make local theatrical history. The enthusiasm evoked by the actress in the powerful scene of a play that does not abound with opportunities for the display of ability, was as exceptional as it was deserved."

Another notice of Miss Anglin in the same paper has this to say: "The success achieved by Miss Margaret Anglin and her players in 'Zira' has certainly justified the high hopes of her manager, and those who for many years had unbounded confidence in this young woman's abilities."

Other newspaper notices of Miss Anglin say:

"Best emotional actress in America."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Most brilliant emotional actress in our own language."—Chicago Daily News.

"Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, was present at the annual banquet of the New York Society of Pilgrims, on March 31st. This annual gathering is for the purpose of promoting good feeling between the United States and the Empire and giving 'taffy' to each other, as Anglo-Saxon sisters. The Governor of Canada expressed his love for the United States and praised President Roosevelt."

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Great Work for Irish Industries

Dublin, April 9.—One of the most interesting morsels of Irish history is the growth of the Irish Industries Association which is now giving its annual exhibition in London. Many pages might be filled with the story of the struggles, failures and eventual successes of this institution which had such a small beginning, a little over 20 years ago, when it was founded by Lady Aberdeen, who then held the same position at Dublin Castle which she occupies to-day.

mansion, such as Lansdowne House or Grosvenor House, for apart from the actual money obtained at such sales the fact of being able to introduce Irish work in such places means promptly an immense advertisement.

One of the first big hits made by the society was when the present Princess of Wales, then Princess May of Teck, ordered so much of her trousseau from the Irish Industries Association. It was her royal highness who also made Irish crochet so fashionable, for it is her favorite trimming and she wears it on every other gown and while her children are young they invariably wear frocks and pinafores which have been made under the auspices of the association.

The organization of the association is perfect. This is due to the personal influence and the genuine hard work of the 25 ladies who on their own properties preside individually over the schools where the work is designed and carried out.

It is generally admitted that the productions from these schools are unique of their kind and usually extremely original. The admirable work done also in the Irish convents must not be forgotten. Under the tuition of the nuns the most wonderful embroideries and cobwebby laces fit for the adornment of a robe for a fairy princess, are executed.

The Relation of the Pope to Italy

In the Munsey Magazine for January there was an article by Rev. John Talbot Smith on the present position of the Pope as related to the Kingdom of Italy.

The younger generation of Catholics do not adequately appreciate that position and the difficulties which beset the Holy Father in governing the Church throughout Christendom, while he himself is not free to leave the precincts of the Vatican.

As far as one can judge from a desultory reading of history this voluntary imprisonment was brought about by the desire of the Italian people for a union of the different states composing their country.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, being the ruler of the most considerable state in Italy, and having as his minister Count Cavour, who is credited with being one of the wildest diplomats that country has produced, was selected as the figure-head of the movement.

When the spoliation of the Papal states had proceeded to such lengths that very little was left under the authority of the Pope, besides the city of Rome. Napoleon III. occupied that city with French soldiers and for a time prevented further encroachments.

That veteran patriot will pardon me if I bring to his notice that here in Ottawa the Irishmen of the capital have a substantial and beautiful building, situated on Laurier avenue, erected and dedicated to the furtherance of the national idea.

Well and truthfully can it be said of him: "By honor bound in woe or weal, What'er she bids he dares to do. Try him with bribes they won't prevail, Prove him in fire you'll find him true." That he may advance and prosper as he deserves for this and other innumerable acts in furthering the cause of faith and fatherland in our midst, is the unalterable and fervent desire of AN IRISHMAN. Ottawa, April, 1906.

of the Pope's dominions. In this, as in many another reforming, revolutionizing movement, the sober, conservative element, which was by far the most numerous, were carried farther than they intended by the noisy active radicals, and Victor Emmanuel would probably have been glad to leave the Pope in possession of Rome. He was excommunicated, but still considered himself a member of the Catholic Church and when on a subsequent visit to England he received an address which congratulated him on his great victory for Protestantism, he quietly informed those who presented the address that he still believed in Catholic doctrine and was an adherent of that Church.

When the Italian Government was formed the Vatican was made neutral territory and a yearly allowance was voted to the Pope. This was not accepted by the Pope and he still protested against being despoiled of his temporal power. The result has been that a peculiar condition of things has existed for thirty-five years. He receives representatives from the powers and when a Protestant monarch visits the Pope he drives from the embassy of his country in Rome—as that by a diplomatic fiction is supposed to be foreign territory—direct to the Vatican. A Catholic monarch could not visit Rome because if he visited the King at the Quirinal he would not be received by the Pope at the Vatican, and vice versa.

The author of the article in Munsey's ventures the following prediction. He says: "Briefly and frankly, I think Pius X. will make an end of the Vatican imprisonment within the next five years." He bases his prediction on several circumstances. It was known that the present Pope, when Patriarch of Venice, was on terms with the Italian royal family and must have a slightly modified view of the necessity for temporal power; he is the son of a peasant and has no diplomatic training, as it is understood at the Vatican; and he selected, against all precedent, a very young Archbishop as his Secretary of State.

Though the daring prophecy of Father Smith that there will be a compromise arranged between the Pope and the Italian King in five years, may not be fulfilled, yet the fact that the Pope has allowed Catholics to take part in elections to the Italian parliament is an advance toward that end, and American opinion will have an ever-increasing influence on the temporal affairs of the Church and they are not so much concerned as to the amount of territory the Pope has to rule over, as they are to see to it that he is free to govern, without let or hindrance, the Universal Church.

W. O' C. Compliments for Old-Timer Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—The weekly contributions to your widely circulated paper by "Old-Timer" affords me as it must to thousands of others of your clerical, the utmost pleasure, exciting the keenest attention and interest from week to week.

His reminiscences relating to the early history of our race in Ontario are valuable from an historical as well as a national point of view; they should be widely read and extensively circulated by the descendants of those whose careers are so clearly and truthfully depicted from week to week—evidencing the struggles and triumphs of the Gael in this Province.

I was, I confess, delightfully entertained by his contribution of the 29th March, reviewing the celebration of our national festival, giving a pithy account of the proceedings in almost every city of any note in the continent. I was somewhat disappointed that the celebration here in the capital of our Dominion should be omitted from that interesting sketch.

There is yet a matter of greater moment that he also overlooks, in the statement that Montreal is the only city on the continent to build a St. Patrick's Hall. That veteran patriot will pardon me if I bring to his notice that here in Ottawa the Irishmen of the capital have a substantial and beautiful building, situated on Laurier avenue, erected and dedicated to the furtherance of the national idea.

To be sure this was not accomplished without a strenuous effort, futile attempts having been previously made from time to time by worthy and sincere gentlemen, it remained for our young and distinguished Irish Canadian, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, to take up the proposition, who by his zeal and self sacrifice put the project into shape and carried it to a successful completion. It now stands an eloquent monument to the integrity and patriotism of this deservedly popular young Irishman who possesses the confidence, respect and loyalty of his countrymen in this portion of the province.

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THE ELDEST

There were six of them, the eldest aged eleven years. They were gentle-folks, of ancient lineage, but deadly poor; patched and outgrown clothes bearing full testimony to this sad circumstance, if other proof were needed than the fact that they lived in a tall, narrow house in a poor neighborhood, dirty of doorstep, dull of knocker and letter-box.

It is true that sometimes, after dark, the Eldest would surreptitiously "rub up" the greenish-colored metal, too often looked as if it had for days been immersed in the worst of London fogs, when once again the idea of brass was suggested to the beholder, whose eye, ungratefully but involuntarily, would be encouraged to rove over the whole house front in careless expectancy of something moderately attractive. But the brass was not too often subjected to this feverishly administered massage, for the Eldest was shrewdly aware that perfection of cleanliness in this one small matter, which was all she could contrive, would but render her smeary window-cleaning and that bugbear, the doorstep, the more noticeable by contrast.

It was only when, coming home tired in the evening from his long day in the city, or setting forth somewhat wearily in the morning to resume his endless toil, her father's chance glance rested on the neglected appointments of his front door—and the words "that looks disgraceful" fell upon the shrinking ears of his sensitive little daughter—leather and paste were brought into requisition once more.

Martha, the one maidservant, to give her due, "did" the steps every morning in broad daylight, unblushing and in curl papers; and had the family consisted only of the Eldest, her father and the fond but unpractical little mother, who seldom went out, Martha's daily attack would have kept the steps quite presentable. But between the Eldest and her baby sister were four unruly boys, which cause of "red eye" and embarrassment offers full explanation of many things.

Mrs. Desborough, who had married at seventeen, was not but at an age when more affluent young women enjoy youthful pleasures, and are still designated "girls." She was born "in the lap of luxury," and on the day that she took Philip Desborough "for richer, for poorer," no one among the wedding guests had dreamed how very much "for poorer," so far as money was concerned, it was to prove. Within two years of their marriage, Philip Desborough, through no fault of his own, had lost all the worldly goods with which he had endowed his wife. But when poverty came in at the door, love did not so much as glance at the window. Nothing could dispossess their hearts of the love they bore one to the other, nor rob them of the deep happiness they found in their children. Good health, too, had always attended them, so that the wife retained much of the cheerfulness natural to her age and disposition, while the husband, though too often careworn and depressed, being indeed burdened with anxiety, was yet in the main courageous and hopeful.

It was upon the eldest that poverty sat heaviest—it was her strenuous little nature that it most overtaxed. To her mother a small house meant so necessarily a want of cleanliness, an ill-furnished larder, a slatternly maidservant. She openly acknowledged her utter inability to cope with these somewhat squalid conditions, her forte being the ordering of order ready-made, so to say. But the eldest, albeit the child had known no life other than one of struggle and privation, felt an ever-present sense of shame and dissatisfaction that her father, with the refined features and noble bearing of his race, should fare no better than the obscure clerk and his family opposite.

It was torture to this very much disguised princess to witness occasional meetings between this same clerk and her father, and see the two continue their walk down the street together, even while her nice perception told her that the one looked like a prince, despite his shabbiness, and the other, though perhaps the better dressed of the two, still a clerk.

Then there were the two vulgar, showy daughters of a retired butcher, named Jones—girls of some twelve and fourteen years respectively, who lived in the big house at the corner, and who said "nursemaid," in a very loud whisper, when they met the Eldest pushing her baby sister in the perambulator, and giggled on Sundays when the Eldest had on her best hat. There was one family dwelling in the long gaunt street with whom the Eldest felt deep sympathy, a family not unlike her own, she thought, in number and circumstances, with nice-looking but seldom seen parents, the little tribe of children being generally marshalled by a somewhat weary-looking girl of about her own age.

The two children would steal a quick glance at one another in passing, the Eldest bringing all her power of observation—no small amount—to bear in the one brief look. Soon timid smiles were exchanged; they came a day when they spoke.

The first time, the Eldest, with a great effort and a fast beating heart, merely remarked that it was very cold, to which the other agreed, with a little shy shiver, and strove to pull the sleeves of her outgrown jacket over her red little wrists.

Upon the second occasion the Eldest inquired whether the baby in the perambulator was a girl or a boy, mentioning at the same time that hers was a girl.

At the third encounter she ascertained that between this chance acquaintance and herself there was involved reason for the mutual liking.

"Are you the eldest?" she had asked.

"Yes," the other had replied, "are you?" and the Eldest nodded.

"What a miserable looking girl that is who passes here so often," Mrs. Desborough once observed to her daughter. It was of the child's new acquaintance that she spoke.

"I don't think she is unhappy, but she is an Eldest," the other made answer, simply.

"What do you mean, dear?" the mother asked, somewhat absent-mindedly, mildly puzzled.

"She is the eldest of the family," her daughter amended, and the opening of the door and the beckoning of a grimy finger, belonging to Martha, the maid, saved her from the possible embarrassment of further explanation.

It was a full hard life, being the Eldest; but it had its privileges and compensations. It was a great joy to be capable of helping father and mother, thus saving the serious expense of a second servant, as undoubtedly she did. Then it repaid the Eldest for many an unsuspected little sacrifice and for much really hard work when her sweet young mother kissed her more warmly than was her wont and said she was a great help. And then her father, her dearly loved father, would sometimes call her a "little brick"—the heart of the Eldest would glow for days after that.

But when the children were intractable or disobedient, and when her mother would reproach her before them for not, as the Eldest, having more authority over them, it was very hard. And when the baker's and butcher's bills were heavy, and her mother's pretty eyes were red after laborious poring over them, the Eldest's little heart would ache with compassion, and she would have given much to be as carelessly happy as the younger ones, who never noticed mother's eyes, and who did not worry about old or untidy times of grief and humiliation when some untoward circumstances caused the Eldest to reflect upon her own little life and the rights and wrongs of it. Not that she claimed any rights, even to herself, and she certainly would never have entertained so disloyal a thought as that she was wronged in any way.

But there were periods when she could not help wistfully wishing that the others might take it in turn to be the eldest, so that she could occasionally go to school to learn something; that she might not live in perpetual fear of her ignorance being discovered, as it once was, by a terrible but well-meaning old gentleman, who called upon her mother, and who, after admiring the children, began to play a horrible sort of game—the hearing of a spelling class—in which the Eldest, as the eldest, was given the most difficult words and was put to shame before the younger ones. That night the child had cried herself to sleep; and since then many a leisure moment had been devoted to learning spelling from any odd book or newspaper she could find.

And it was a newspaper that ended it all, ended this un congenial, unnatural life, unfitting for all concerned, from the aristocratic young father down to the beautiful baby girl.

One dark morning, in the depth of winter, at about seven o'clock, the Eldest entered the kitchen to find Martha somewhat distracted, and very eager to avail herself of the child's proffered aid.

"I've overslept myself," the handmaid hurriedly announced, "and if you'd see to the dining-room fire and lay the cloth, you'd help me fine, and breakfast won't be so late after all. Do, there's a love."

The Eldest considered a moment. "If the wood is dry I daresay I can manage it, while the water for the children is heating in here," she said. "But I must go back to them as soon as it is hot. You see, first I have to wash the three separately, and then I have to give Cyril and Clause my opinion on the way they have washed."

"Give the baby to your ma to dress else you'll never get done," said the sympathetic Martha, bustling about with an enormous smut upon her nose.

"I would not think of it," the Eldest returned, warmly. "Mother was tired out last night. I shall take her breakfast up."

The child then proceeded to collect paper, wood and coal, and making her way briskly to the dining-room, set about her task. The wood was damp, and her stiffened fingers seemed to have lost their deftness. In despair she seized the morning's newspaper, and kneeling down held the large sheet across the fireplace in the vain endeavor to create a draught.

While thus employed, she fell to studying the advertisements while she breathed upon the numb digits of her disengaged hand. Then suddenly her attention was arrested, her little crouching form became tense, rigid; her very breathing seemed suspended! Presently she shook herself, rubbed

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her eyes, and looked round the poor room in a dazed fashion. She was about to search, with incredulous eyes and trembling fingers, for the paragraph, from which, in the first moment of amazement they had strayed, when a tongue of flame licked her hands and she was fain to crush the sheets of paper and stuff them under the grate.

Mechanically she prepared the breakfast table with the neatness natural to her, and then, returning to the kitchen, provided herself with hot water and made her way to the nursery. All through the washing and dressing of the children the Eldest was in a state of bewildered excitement. But one thought at least was definite—she must somehow obtain another newspaper. It was Saturday she remembered, and her father, beyond a casual glance at matters of public interest, often left the more thorough perusal of the day's intelligence to the long hours of Sunday. He might not even ask for the paper this morning.

It was as she hoped. The absence of the paper was not noted by Mr. Desborough, whose thoughts were distracted by interests much nearer home than any its printed sheets could contain. He left the house immediately after the morning meal, and presently the Eldest, on the pretext of going marketing, set forth in feverish haste for the nearest news agent's.

She bought the paper and began her breathless search in a quiet by-street. She would have liked to avail herself of the counter in the shop, for the large sheets were difficult to manage in the wind, but there were other customers, and here, at least, she was alone.

And—yes, her eyes had not deceived her! There it was again!

"If Philip d'Arcy Desborough will communicate with Messrs. Marsham & Reeves, solicitors, 315 Chancery Lane, W.C., he will learn something to his advantage."

The Eldest folded her paper and drew a deep breath. Her mind began busily to speculate. Perhaps that hard old Aunt Lavinia had died in a softened mood and left all her money to Philip d'Arcy Desborough, his wife and such children as they possessed. The eldest considered that such must be the wording of the will, as Aunt Lavinia knew too little of the nephew toward whom she had thus suddenly become tender and solicitous to be aware of the exact number of his family, or, indeed, whether he had any family at all.

The child quickly decided upon the course to pursue. Her father must not be allowed to incur the risk of bitter disappointment; he was not very strong, he took things very much to heart, his daughter argued. She would go to Chancery Lane; she would learn the truth, and if—it was all a mistake, all unfounded, she could tell him so, quietly and soothingly. If, on the other hand—her little heart beat wildly, her breath came short. She glanced about her. Which way ought she to set forth? Chancery Lane might be very far; London was so vast, so wide. She inquired of a passing tradesman. At first he stared as if in much amazement—the Eldest thought it a bad sign—then he said if she was really wanting to get there she could not do better than take the dark green 'bus at the corner of — street.

Thanking him in her courteous little way, the child walked rapidly to the street mentioned and decided that she could not go astray if she followed the direction of the dark green omnibuses—she would not be so extravagant as to ride in one! Already she had spent a penny of the marketing money on a second newspaper, and if this exciting advertisement proved to mean nothing, the disappointment would be enhanced for all of them if money had been expended upon this her vain pursuit of wealth.

Evidently Chancery Lane was a busy place and thickly populated; for it rarely chanced, when her eye could no longer follow one omnibus, that she had to wait long for another such rumbling, top-heavy looking guide. On she sped, excitement lending wings to her feet. She took no heed of the gathering clouds nor of the rain that presently fell in heavy smoke-discolored drops. But it must have been nigh upon two hours later when a bedraggled little figure, spent and weary, wet through, presented itself in the outer office of No. 315 Chancery Lane.

"I should like to see Messrs. Marsham & Reeves, Solicitors," she announced, addressing a young man who came forward to receive her.

She made a somewhat pathetic little picture as she stood there, clutching the sopping newspaper in her hand, her beautiful little face pale with emotion and fatigue—her shabby but picturesque clothes, obviously all too thin and worn for protection against the cold and wet—the long curls of dark chestnut hair heavy with rain. The clerk stared, as naturally he might.

"What is your business?" he asked at length, politely enough.

"It is rather private," the Eldest returned, with easy confidence. "I should prefer to see the solicitors." She added, with quiet dignity, "if they are alone."

"I don't think you can see them,"

began the puzzled young man, glancing toward the half-open door of an inner room.

The child's face grew paler. "Oh, I must see them, I must!" she cried, the clear, cultured little voice unconsciously raised on her distress. "I must see them. It is so important, a! I have come so far."

"Show her in," said a voice from the inner chamber.

The young man strode to the door. "It's only a poor child, sir," he remarked, deferentially, with, however, a lack of assurance in his undertone. "Show her in," the voice repeated.

The young man signed to the child, who entered quickly, and the door was closed behind her. She found herself in a large, handsomely furnished apartment, with more of the private library than office about it. She bowed slightly to its only occupant, a middle-aged man with iron gray hair and shrewd, kind eyes; then advanced quickly with outstretched hand.

"It is very good of you to see me," she began; "are you Mr. Marsham or Mr. Reeves?"

"My name is James Marsham," he returned, politely, taking the proffered hand and striving to conceal any amusement or surprise that he might feel. "May I ask why you wanted to see me?"

"I have come to communicate with you about Philip d'Arcy Desborough. I want to learn about the something to his advantage," the Eldest explained, keeping strictly to the text of the advertisement, as being likely to prove most ready to the comprehension of a solicitor. "See," she added, placing before him the soaked newspaper, and pointing with shaking finger to the words.

Mr. Marsham's amazement and interest in his small client grew momentarily deeper.

"Then who are you, my—little lady?" he asked, regarding the child more observantly, noting the small, shapely hands, the refined beauty of the delicate features, and—the very, very shabby clothes.

"I am his eldest daughter," she made answer, with modest pride. "I am Pauline d'Arcy Desborough."

There was a pause. "Your father is to be congratulated," Mr. Marsham returned, "if, indeed, he proves to be the right man of that name—it is a very handsome fortune. But may I ask why he allowed a little girl like you—what is the matter, my dear?" He broke off abruptly and sprang to his feet.

The Eldest had suddenly seated herself and turned very white. For a few moments the room grew dark, so dark that even the kind face that was bent over her faded away as she gazed at it. Then she dimly heard the clink of glass against glass, and was vaguely aware that the kindly solicitor was holding wine to her lips.

"Drink it, my dear," he was saying, "the excitement has been too much for you, and—bless me, what is this? The child is soaked through!"

As she roused herself to take the wine Mr. Marsham slipped the cloak from her shoulders and gently removed her hat. These he placed before the fire to dry and proceeding to furnish with numerous cushions the easiest chair that the room afforded, bade the child rest herself. Then sounding a little bell that stood upon his writing table, he told the clerk who answered the summons to send for some sandwiches. The food was quickly brought, and the Eldest fell to with avidity.

"I was rather tired and hungry,"

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faints and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

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'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

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JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

she explained presently. "The walk was a long one, five or six miles, I should think, and I don't believe I had any breakfast."

"Why not?" Mr. Marsham asked, somewhat bluntly.

"I don't think I wanted any," she rejoined, simply. "I was thinking too much of the something to my advantage, you know. Besides, Claude's egg was musty, and I have him mine," she added, with sudden recollection. "He and Cyril go to school; they must have a good meal."

Mr. Marsham regarded the daughter of Philip d'Arcy Desborough as she sat very much at ease among the cushions in his armchair, steadfastly returning his gaze with large, grave eyes. The color was stealing back to her face—she was wistfully pretty, he thought. His own little daughter, had she lived, would have been about her age.

"Tell me," he said, gently, after a pause, "why did not your father write, or call himself, concerning this business?"

"He does not know about it," the Eldest explained, eagerly. "I—I thought I would find out the truth so as to save him from being terribly disappointed if—it somehow came to nothing."

And she related at length how it chanced that she saw the advertisement of the newspaper; and how she had followed the dark green omnibuses till she had at last arrived at the office of Messrs. Marsham & Reeves, Solicitors.

"And do you know," she ended with a little sigh of comfort and satisfaction, "you are not a bit what I thought a solicitor would be. I don't know Mr. Reeves, of course, but you are not a bit like one. I have always had a dread of solicitors—as a class," she amended, quickly, fearing to have hurt Mr. Marsham's feelings. The solicitor in question looked much amused despite his concern for the brave little girl.

"But your brothers," he pursued. "Could not one of them have saved you this—"

"Oh, I am the Eldest," she interposed, hastening to vindicate the absent. "Besides, I don't go to school!"

she added, with another and sadder little sigh. "But about the fortune," she continued, "it must have been either Aunt Lavinia or Uncle Hubert, I could judge better which of them it was who left it to father if you could tell me the amount of it—by the year, you know."

Mr. Marsham succeeded fairly well in keeping his countenance.

"Let me ask one question before answering you," he said. "Where do, or did, these relations live?"

"Shropshire," the Eldest made answer without an instant's hesitation. "There are two great country seats belonging to the d'Arcy Desboroughs in Shropshire—seats are extra big houses, as I daresay you know—and Aunt Lavinia lives in one and Uncle Hubert in the other, and they hate each other. Do you know which has died?" she asked, anxiously.

"Aunt Lavinia," said Mr. Marsham.

The Eldest was about to speak, when the clock upon the mantelpiece struck twelve. She sprang up in dismay.

"I must go," she said, beginning to wrap the still damp cloak about her. "It takes two hours—the walk—and I have not done the marketing yet! Oh, dear, what will mother think!"

Mr. Marsham rose also. "You must not put on that damp cloak," he said, decidedly. "One of my clerks shall take you home in a cab—and this will serve to keep you warm."

He took from a certain niche in the wall a man's overcoat.

"It is a spare one," he added, in answer to her remonstrance.

"Do you mean you have another?" she asked, suspiciously. "Or do the two hanging there belong to Mr. Reeves?"

"One is his, but I keep two here," explained Mr. Marsham, turning away and pulling at his moustache. Then he rang the bell. "Call a cab," he said to the young man who attended.

"I am sorry not to have seen Mr. Reeves," the Eldest remarked, politely, fastening on her hat. "I suppose he is interviewing some one else. Did you say a clerk was to go with me?" she asked, wistfully. "I should so much, much rather you came yourself."

(Concluded on page 7.)

self!" and she slipped a persuasive little hand into his.

Mr. Marsham glanced at the table, with its pile of interrupted correspondence, then at the child's upturned face.

"Very well," he said. "Since you wish it, I will accompany you."

The gab was announced and the eldest, enveloped in the great coat, trailed through the outer office, followed by the solicitor bearing the little damp cloak upon his arm, to the profound astonishment of the clerk.

It seemed a long way, even by cab, and the eldest sat still, lost in silent enjoyment. Presently they entered the neighborhood of the shops, and she was reminded of her neglected marketing.

"Will you tell the man to stop a moment at the next greengrocer's?" she begged of her companion; "the rest of the things can wait, but I must just go there."

She struggled out of her coat, and made her way into the shop; presently to emerge with an enormous cabbage in her arms. "It will go nicely on the seat between us," she announced, cheerfully, in answer to the disconcerted expression of the solicitor, "and if it bothers you I can take it on my lap."

A few minutes later there arrived at No. 75 street, to the no small amazement of Martha, the maid, a cab, from which the eldest sedately alighted, wearing cloakwise a garment the shoulders of which reached nearly to her elbows, bearing a cabbage, and accompanied by a strange gentleman.

"Only half a crown, sir? the driver murmured. "Give him another," pleaded the eldest, compassionately, with a queenly gesture of the hand, "I have one in my money-box upstairs, if you don't mind all pennies and half-pennies."

Which most lordly generosity went to show that the eldest was beginning to realize the new life that was opening before her, and was prepared to live it worthily.—Enid Leigh Thornton in Temple Bar.

Something More Than a Purgative. To purge is the only effect of many Pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

When Prince Albert was married to Queen Victoria Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, wanted to insert the word "Protestant" in the address to the Throne, after Prince Albert's name. Lord Brougham said that was unnecessary as to the law. "There is," said he, "no prohibition as to the marriage of the sovereign with a Roman Catholic; there is merely a penalty, and that penalty is the forfeiture of the crown." But Prince Albert was not a Roman Catholic, as some supposed, because he was a foreign prince.

Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

Anti-Catholic lecturers, who lie and traduce outrageously, are still endeavoring to earn "quarters." William Clarke of Rock Island, Ill., editor of an anti-Catholic paper, and who claims to be an ex-priest, was mobbed at Washington, Ill., where he was lecturing a short time ago. A fight ensued between his assailants and defenders in which windows were broken. The lecturer was not injured.

The Crick in the Back.—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," sings the poet. But what about the touch of rheumatism and lumbago which is so common now? There is no poetry in that touch, for it renders life miserable. Yet how delighted is the sense of relief when an application of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil drives pain away. There is nothing equals it.

The two most important measures now before the United States Senate are the statehood measures for Arizona and New Mexico. The Republican proposition is to admit them as one state, while the Democratic desire is to admit them as two states. The rate bill for regularizing railroad fares is the other. Another bill relates to a tariff for the Philippines.

Strictly private and confidential is all correspondence in reference to our most marvellous treatment for cancer and tumors. Our remedy is pleasant to use and even the members of your own family need not know you are using it. Many severe cases of Cancer have been permanently cured. Let us send you the names of some of these persons so that you can investigate this truly wonderful treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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

Irish Workers
Irish workers in America, says the Catholic Universe, are often spoken of as if awkwardness, laziness and incompetence were characteristics of the race. The success of the Irish in whatever branch of industry they engage sufficiently disproves this charge for all reasonable and fair-minded persons and there is an abundance of other testimony to Irish skill and cleverness from those who know it best.

A Youngstown correspondent sends us a copy of a trade journal containing an interesting article on "Irish Cottage Industry," by Consul Gun-saulus, the United States representative in the city of Cork. Mr. Gun-saulus says that the sale of Irish lace, Beleck, and other fancy articles of Irish manufacture is increasing so notably that the manufacturers should protect themselves from dishonest imitators by a registered Irish trademark. This is especially desirable in the lace work.

"French peasants in the Vosges and the Jura have tried to compete with Irish workers," he adds, "but it is said they have failed to produce work that can vie with that of Irish hands. There is a deftness and delicacy of touch in Celtic fingers that cannot be found elsewhere."

"In regard to the superior efficiency of Irish girls in domestic service, the same correspondent quotes from an article in 'Vogue' which gives the opinion of a New York society leader on this subject. She is speaking of different kinds of servants:

"If I had a small household, I should try to find an Irish woman cook. I know that the comic weeklies have great sport with poor Bridget and her policeman beau, and her stupidity, but the better class of Irish women have a genius for cooking. They learn very quickly and they are moral by their natural propensities, and above all their Church. If you are a small household and can secure the services of Irish girls who have been well brought up—and many of them have convent educations,—although at times you may have to exercise much patience you will be finally rewarded. The trouble with young Irish girls in the capacity of maids, Constance tells me, is that they learn too quickly, and that after a while they leave your service to enter their own establishments. Many of the very best dressmakers in this country are Irish women, and a number of them have begun as maids to prominent women in society. Two of the more famous of other days in New York had just such careers, and they were very proud of it. They are always good needle-women, having learned that part of their business in the convent where they were educated. Americans are impossible as servants, and after all there are really no Americans except the aborigines."

The Bagpipe
The bagpipe of Scotland is the only instrument of which it may be said that it is distinctly national. The violin, the flute, the horn and other instruments are common to many nations, but the bagpipe is peculiar to Scotland, and, although it does not now occupy the position it once did, it is found in no other country. In the days when the notorious Rob Roy committed his depredations, when the Vich Ian Vohrs lived securely in their highland fastness and kept up their dignified social position—in the stirring times of which Sir Walter Scott has told us—the bagpipe player was one of the important personages in the chieftain's retinue, and these may be considered as the palmy days of the instrument. Within the region more strictly known as the highlands its shrill note was the first sound that fell on the ears of infancy. It charmed the rude Caledonians in times of joy and comforted them in scenes of mourning. It animated their heroes in battle and welcomed them back from their conflicts, and wherever their chiefs went it accompanied them, even to the grave. The effect of this wild instrument on the highland soldiers is marvelous. Above the rattle of musketry and the turmoil and roar of the battlefield the inspiring notes of the pibroch have spoken encouragement to the highlanders and led them bravely forward. At the battle of Quebec, when the troops were retreating in disorder and the conflict had a most discouraging aspect, the general complaint was

When Mother is Away
(By Rubie T. Weyburn.)
The house is such a dreary place when mother is away;
There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play.
The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer—
They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea set looks so lonesome waiting there;
There's no fun playing party and eating only air!
It isn't like the lovely things you most believe you see
Upon the plates and saucers, when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style,
You know it's just pretending, and you're Betty all the while;
You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall:
"Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture-books are never half so fine,
The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine;
An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day—
The house is such a lonesome place when mother is away.

—Good Housekeeping.

Who is the Friend
Who is the faithful friend, my dear,
All marked with time, his face?
Although he hath no wrinkles, still
He hath no youthful grace;
His hands are busy all day long,
Nor doth he rest at night;
He hath no eyes to see, for lo!
He hath no need of sight.
His wagging tongue is never still,
Yet do not think, I pray,
He spends the hours in gossiping,
Or fritters time away.
Although he is not glum, he yet
Was never seen to smile;
Nor is he vain, though in the glass
His face is all the while.
The barber never cuts his hair,
Nor doth he shave his beard,
For as he hath no hair, 'tis plain,
He never needs it sheared.
He often strikes, though not in wrath;
His ringing voice you hear;
Although he knows not what to say,
You understand, my dear.
For when your head begins to nod,
You hate to hear him tell
Mamma 'tis time you were in bed,
That friend you know so well!
But when you wake up in the night,
And all is still around,
Oh, then you're glad to hear him speak
With such a cheery sound.
And when you're tired with your school,
What joy to hear him say:
"Come, teacher, let the children go,
For it is time to play!"

We take your word for it and refund money

IF GIN PILLS FAIL TO CURE
Even after you buy GIN PILLS, your money is yours until you say that GIN PILLS have done you good. Every box of this famous Kidney Cure is sold with a positive guarantee that the pills will give welcome relief from Backache, Swollen Hands and Feet, Burning Urine, constant desire to urinate, and all other kidney and bladder troubles. If you pay 50c for a box of GIN PILLS, and do not honestly believe that they have done you good, and are curing you of kidney or bladder trouble, return the empty box to your druggist and he will refund your money. And because we know that you want to be cured your simple word shall decide.

WALKERTON, ONT., Feb. 25th, 1905.
Adolph Mich, one of my customers, says of GIN PILLS—"I have used all the different kinds of kidney pills and tried several doctors, but none of them did me any good. I got a sample box of GIN PILLS, and since have used two boxes and am completely cured."
Peter McCarthy says—"they are the best kidney pill I ever used, and I would recommend anyone to buy them."
C. W. CRYDERMAN, Druggist.
Buy GIN PILLS on our positive and unconditional guarantee of money back if they fail. Send us your name and address, mentioning in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of these famous pills that cure. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.
THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism
Cout, Lumbago, Sciatica, when drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 30 years standing. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy which you can test without spending a cent. Address: John A. Smith, Dept. 25, 306-308 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

about the demoralization in Frazer's corps. "Sir," said an officer, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play. Nothing inspires the highlanders so much. Even now they would be of some use."
"Let them blow, then," said the general.

So the pipers started a well known air, and the highlanders rallied and bravely returned to the charge. Some say that the bagpipe came down from the Romans; others, that it came through the northern nations of Scotland. At any rate, it seems to have always been one of the musical instruments of the Celtic race.

The pipe mentioned in ancient history was simply what is known as the shepherd's reed. After a time a bag was added and subsequently the drones or burdens. There are four forms of the modern bagpipe—the great highland bagpipe, which is blown by the player, the lowland bagpipe, which is provided with a bellows for supplying the wind; the Northumberland bagpipe, which is smaller and sweeter in tone than the former two, and the Irish bagpipe, which is a much more complicated instrument. —St. James' Gazette.

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With such a cheery sound.
And when you're tired with your school,
What joy to hear him say:
"Come, teacher, let the children go,
For it is time to play!"

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COSGRAVE'S
None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage
COSGRAVE'S
From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength
COSGRAVE'S
A Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken
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Board and Tuition, per year \$ 160
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In the ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to Modern Languages, Fine Arts, Plain and Fancy Needlework. Pupils on completing their MEDICAL COURSE passing a successful examination, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University.
The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates.
In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.
Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address
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ESTABLISHED 1878

School of Practical Science
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The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto
Departments of Instruction:
1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.
Laboratories:
1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metallurgical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.
Calendar with full information may be had on application.
A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations
A NY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or who has over 16 years of age, and who owns or has a right to a quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry may be made personally at the local office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.
HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.
Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.
A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$7.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$50 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to capital.
A free miner, having discovered mineral in place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.
The fee for recording a claim is \$5.
At least \$10 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may upon having a survey made, and complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.
The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally are 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.
A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.
The leases shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

FIRE INSURANCE
New York Underwriters' Agency
Established 1864
Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87
JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent,
16 Wellington Street East,
Toronto.
WM. A. LEE & SON,
Toronto Agents,
Phone M. 592 and 593 14 Victoria St. Toronto.
Residence Phone—Park 667.

FARM LABORERS
Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau
Write for application form to
THOS. SOUTHWORTH
Director of Colonization
TORONTO
SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 267
RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER
has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first class work. Solicit a trial
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Phone Main 922
ART and STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS
Factory and Showrooms:
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W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

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FIRE and MARINE
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.
CAPITAL \$2,000,000
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ESTABLISHED 1808
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JOHN KAY, Asst.
WM. A. LEE & SON
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Residence Phone—Park 667.

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JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, Ont., Offices—Boltun, Ont.
Phone Main 1581 Res. Phone Main 5023
W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue, LL.B., W. T. J. O'Connor.

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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.
Professors in Admiralty, Rooms 6 and 68 Canada Life Building, 54 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2625.
L. V. McBrady, K.C. J. R. O'Connor
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Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents.
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F. R. Latchford K.C. J. Lenn McDougall
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C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN
ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC.
Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located. Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone Main 135.

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

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

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

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

McCABE & CO
UNDERTAKERS
222 Queen E. and 640 Queen W.
Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1406

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

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

MEMORIALS
GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS
Most Artistic Design in the City
PRICES REASONABLE WORK THE VERY BEST
McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited
Phone N. 1249 1119, Yonge St. TORONTO
Established A.D. 1856.
ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED
86 Wellington St. West
Toronto, Canada
Memorial Stained Glass Windows
References:
St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.
The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows.
St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.

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

In and

Around Toronto

EASTER.

Easter, the feast of the celebration of the great Resurrection, was marked in Toronto by every church vying with every other church in devotion of its congregation, in numbers of its communicants, in beauty and brilliancy of its altars, and in solemnity and appropriateness of its music.

THE TENEBRAE WAS SUNG.

In nearly all the churches of the city the Office of Tenebrae was sung on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Holy Week.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The Solemnity of Holy Week, and particularly that of the last three days, is very much added to by the sepulchre placed in one of the side altars at St. Patrick's church.

AT ST. PETER'S.

Work has been begun on the new church for St. Peter's parish. Details and description of the building will be given in a later issue.

LITERARY CLUB ASSEMBLY.

The Second Assembly of the Literary Club was held in Assembly Hall, Temple Building, on Monday evening.

MISSION AT ST. FRANCIS.

The Mission to be given by the Re-mptorist Fathers to the people of St. Francis' Parish, will begin on Sunday next and will continue for two weeks.

ALBANI WILL SING IN "REDEMPTION."

The production of the beautiful oratorio "Redemption," which will be given in Massey Hall on Monday evening, should be a matter of interest for all lovers of music, and especially to Catholics.

HOLY FAMILY PARISH.

At the Church of the Holy Family the Forty Hours will open on Friday morning and will have their solemn closing at the High Mass on Sunday.

DOCTOR AMYOT WILL LECTURE.

Doctor Amyot, so well known throughout the Province as a lecturer on scientific subjects, will lecture before the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association on Monday, April 30th.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PIC-NIC.

The annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence, which will be held as usual on Victoria Day, already promises to be an unequalled success.

ture is this time inaugurated, regarding tickets for children, which will be sold for the modest sum of ten cents.

MR. COOLAHAN WILL CALL.

Mr. Coolahan is calling on our subscribers and will likely call upon you to-day. Forewarned is forearmed.

DEATH OF CHAS. GLYNN.

Amongst recent deaths is that of Charles Glynn, which sad event occurred at the home of his grandfather, 113 Gladstone avenue.

DEATH OF EDWARD PLACID MCGARRY.

The death of Mr. E. P. McGarry took place on the 12th inst at the Duke's Hotel, the residence of Mr. Michael McGarry, a brother.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD COMMUNITY.

The religious Adorers of the Most Precious Blood in Toronto, are now mourning the loss of one of their number, Sister Mary St. Peter, who died on Easter Sunday, April 15th.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY AT ST. BASIL'S.

On the afternoon of Sunday, April 8th, Rev. Father Dumouchel, C.S.B., addressed the members of the Holy Name Society of St. Basil's parish.

The Leatare Medallist 1906—Dr. Francis J. Quinlan

There always hangs about the giving of the Leatare Medal a mystery similar to that shrouding the election of a pope. Not that the two events are even remotely alike in nature, dignity or importance.



Are you a success as a bread-maker? Is your cake and pastry complimented by your friends? If not, whose fault is it—yours or the miller's.

Look up the good bread and pastry makers of your acquaintance and get their flour experience. You will find that most of them are using

Royal Household Flour gladly paying a little more per barrel for it and getting for that extra cost a purer, better flour.

Ogilvie's Royal Household—repeat the name to your grocer. Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 120 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

Dr. Francis J. Quinlan was born in New York city, Dec. 21, 1853. "His early school days," we quote from the Catholic News, "were spent with the Christian Brothers, first at the parochial school of St. Francis Xavier's Church, than at the old Manhattan Academy in West Thirty-Second St., where he remained some years.

All this time Dr. Quinlan was busy at the duties of his state, doing all in his power to cancel the miseries of the world—physical suffering by his professional skill, moral evil by his illuminating and strengthening example of his own clean, self-sacrificing life.

In the first place, the winner of this honor must be a man of signal personal worth, of unusual force of character, a powerful influence for good in the community in which he lives.

NO MAN NEED SUFFER RUPTURE

It is an undeniable fact that rupture can be cured without operation. Our pneumatic appliance cures without loss of time, the most stubborn cases.

NEWMAN MEMORIAL CHURCH

Tribute to the Great Cardinal—His Work in Ireland.

A late appeal was made by the Very Rev. John Norris, Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, in the University Church, St. Stephen's green, for funds in aiding the church which is in course of erection in Birmingham, as a memorial to Cardinal Newman.

The Rev. Preacher selected as his text: "Brethren, you gladly suffer the foolish, whereas yourselves are wise" (2 Cor., xi., 19). He said he was fortunate in being able to put himself at the outset under the protection of the words which seemed singularly apt in the situation in which he found himself.

of the Catholic body, and put weapons into their hands, courage and determination into their hearts, and when the day comes—and it is surely not far off—when the University Question is settled to the satisfaction of the conscience of a Catholic people and the University opens its doors to the youth that will flock thereto, it will then be seen how great was Newman's work here fifty years ago; then will the success of what he used to call his "campaign in Ireland" be apparent to all; then will he be justified for the confidence he ever had in the ultimate success of his work, because it was begun at the word of the Vicar of Christ, for we who take part with the Apostle Peter "are on the winning side."

To carry on Newman's work, to make it more solid and permanent, to give it a fitting centre round which that work may grow and flourish, from which it may receive its life and strength, in which his spirit may be preserved and treasured, which may show to those that will come after us that we in our day knew to recognize and appreciate true greatness, and wished to transmit its influence as far as we could to them—for this I am here to appeal to your generosity and to ask you to take a share in what we are doing.

There was a generous response on behalf of the congregation to the appeal. An influential Dublin Committee was formed. Further subscriptions are to be sent to Mr. Wilfrid Fitzgerald, 13 Raglan road, who is acting as hon. treasurer.

Newman's work was that of a pioneer and as such it has produced good fruit; it has cleared the ground, it has prepared the way, it has framed men's minds on the subject, it has laid down principles, it has lessened prejudice and opposition; it has softened hostile hearts and converted hostile minds; it has opened the mouth

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

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Because it contains the most complete list of Vegetables and Flowers, together with many striking novelties. Simmers' Field, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have for over fifty years been staple with the best farmers, market gardeners and critical private planters.

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

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SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

A Great School!

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Students from British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba on the west to New Brunswick on the east are in attendance this year. Distance is no hindrance to those who wish to get the best.

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

243 Fruit Plants for \$2.75

More fruit, fresh and canned, than you can eat, and lots to sell. 6 GRAPES.—One each, Campbell's Early, Concord, Worden, Moore's Early, Niagara, and Lindsay. 12 CURRANTS.—3 each, Red Cross, L. Market, Cherry, and Champion. 75 RASPBERRY.—25 each, London, fancy Red; Columbian, canner; Cumberland, mammoth blackcap. 150 STRAWBERRY.—50 each, S. Dunlop, king of canners; P. of Michigan, the record for size, quality, crop; President, now fancy late. Newest, choicest and most hardy kinds, at 1/2 price.

KENNEDY

SHORTHAND SCHOOL

At a public demonstration in Toronto on April 9th, Miss Rose L. Fritz, Champion Typist of the World, wrote 2952 words in 30 minutes. Miss Fritz is one of our pupils. Next week is an excellent time to enrol in the Kennedy School.

9 Adelaide Street East TORONTO

bers of the order and their friends, assembled in St. John's Cathedral to participate in the opening services and listened to the eloquent sermon delivered by the Chaplain of Gilmour Council, Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, D.D.

The services consisted of the Rosary, Solemn Vespers, sermon and Benediction. A notable feature was the congregational singing; the entire congregation of men joined in the hymns, and the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo."

The retreat this year was conducted by Dr. O'Reilly and Rev. Raymond Mylott, former Chaplain of Gilmour Council. The exercises during the week were: Mass each morning in the Cathedral Chapel at 7.15 o'clock, and Rosary, sermon and benediction in the Cathedral at 7.30 every evening except Saturday, which was devoted to the hearing of confessions.

The retreat closed on Sunday morning at 7.30, with Solemn High Mass and the reception of Holy Communion by all who had made the retreat. The students of St. Mary's Seminary and the Cathedral altar boys assisted. The closing sermon was delivered by Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, D.D.

Mgr. Kennedy, Rector of the American College at Rome, in private audience with the Holy Father, obtained a special papal blessing for this retreat, which was given to all making the retreat at the close of the Mass on Sunday morning. These annual retreats, begun three years ago through the efforts of Dr. O'Reilly and Father Mylott, have proved wonderfully successful, and are now an established annual affair. The fervor and enthusiasm shown by the participants are impressive and worthy of the brightest era of Catholicism. The attention of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose paternal eye surveys the world-wide Church, has been attracted to these gatherings, and he has shown his approval by graciously bestowing his blessing upon them.

Demonstration of Faith

The third annual Lenten retreat for men, given under the auspices of Gilmour and Cleveland Councils of the Knights of Columbus, Cleveland, began on last Sunday evening at 7.30, when nearly 1,000 Catholic men, mem-