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VOL. XIII., No. 20

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

"Zack" Montgomery of Oakland, Calif., the Champion of Catholic Schools—His Son, Archbishop of Los Angeles—His Nephew the Inventor of a Successful Flying Machine at Santa Clara College—San Jose, Close by, a Remarkable City—The Murphys of California Prominent People—Death of Father Mulcahy—His Brother of Orillia Once Visited Me in California—Some of Mr. Teefy's Reminiscences.

I have some news from California that pleases me because it is of good fortune to people that I know. One of my neighbors in Oakland, Calif., thirty years ago, was "Zack" Montgomery. He was a native American, a man of character and ideas, a lawyer by profession and a Catholic in religion. He was not only a Catholic, but a very rigid one. He was the champion in California of Catholic schools. In politics he was a Democrat, and afterwards, when Grover Cleveland was president, he held the position in Washington of Assistant Attorney-General. His daughters were educated in the Oakland Convent and a son was being educated in a Catholic Seminary for a priest. "Zack," as he was familiarly called, was a rugged, matter-of-fact sort of man, and stern in his views and principles. His son, who was then studying for the priesthood, is now Archbishop of Los Angeles and a prominent member of the American hierarchy. This item, however, has no reference to religion. It is more of a scientific character. A nephew of Mr. Montgomery, it seems, has solved the problem of aerial navigation. I am led to think he is one of the professors in Santa Clara College, which is located not far from the Stanford University, at the head of the Bay of San Francisco, and I surmise that it was in this college the problem of aerial navigation has been worked out.

The achievement alluded to, as it comes from the wings of the press, is this:

"Professor Montgomery, of Santa Clara Jesuit College, a nephew of the late 'Zack' Montgomery of Oakland, and a cousin of the Archbishop of Los Angeles, has invented an aeroplane or flying machine, of which he gave an exhibition to his relatives and friends, including the Archbishop and the professors of the college, lately, and it proved a complete success. It is described as 'a bird-like creation' and did everything its inventor said it would do. The manoeuvres were conducted at a height of 2,000 to 3,000 feet. Then the machine was steered toward the ground and alighted without a scratch. Like a great colored fly, it disported itself in the air, shooting in all directions, turning in a radius of 100 feet, and diving and darting upwards in response to the will of the aeronaut, and worked out a complete success." "Zack" Montgomery, I believe, lived to see his son an archbishop, but I doubt if he is now alive to witness this scientific triumph of his nephew.

Santa Clara, where the college is located, is three miles west of the City of San Jose (pronounced San Hosay). It is a beautiful locality at the head of the bay of San Francisco, and has in view the Stanford University to the west of it, and Mount Hamilton, the seat of the Lick Observatory to the north-east of it. San Jose is remarkable among the cities of California, for a number of matters of interest. It is located in a lovely valley; it was the first incorporated town of California and is older than San Francisco; in it was held the first American legislature in the state, which for some grotesque reason was christened "the legislature of a thousand and one" in it lived the first American Governor of California, who afterwards created a sensation by becoming a convert to the Catholic Church and publishing a large volume, giving his reasons therefor; it is also noted for being the home

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THE POPE AND THE IRISH PARTY

Reception to Mr. John Redmond, M.P.—Complete Sympathy with the National Movement.

Discussing recently with Mr. Matthew Teefy, some of my old-time Toronto reminiscences, he informed me that I was mistaken when I remarked in The Register that he did not remember when Bishop Macdonell, the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, lived here. He says he lived at the south-east corner of Dundas and Nelson streets (the latter now Jarvis), in 1834, and later, and that he was confirmed by him. He was there at the time of the trouble with Father O'Reilly. The latter held possession of St. Paul's church and Bishop Strachan, the Protestant Bishop, gave Bishop Macdonell the use of a building on the opposite side of Jarvis street, to which to celebrate mass, and Bishop Macdonell used it for a chapel for some time. It was alongside of what was known as the "Soup Kitchen," and some of the unruly Irish lads would sometimes call out "soup, soup," in derision.

I am pleased to learn that Father Teefy, Mr. Teefy's talented clerical son, who has been in Rome and other parts of Europe, for several months, is now home, to the delight of his family and many friends lay and clerical.

Mr. Teefy has a son in Chicago, who is prosperous as an attorney in that city; also another son, who is a banker in Stockton, California, and doing well. I was pleased to learn of the latter being intimate with a friend of mine in that city, a Mr. D. J. O'olan, formerly a state officer, and brother of Mother Purification; now in Hamilton, a well-known Loretto nun, formerly of Guelph.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

May Wedding

HINCHY—CHRISTOPHER.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Mary's church, Port Hope, Ont., on May 2nd, at 6 a.m., by Rev. Father Lynch, when Miss Mary Christopher, Lakeview Hotel, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles W. Hinchy, formerly night operator at the G.T.R. station, and son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hinchy of Farnham, Quebec.

The bride was unadorned and was attired in a neat navy blue ladies' cloth suit and hat to match.

A wedding dinner was served at the Lakeview Hotel, after which the young couple left on the 7.15 a.m. train for a tour through Western Ontario. They were made the recipients of a large and costly array of presents, including a handsome set of silver cutlery, from the groom's father and mother, a superb dinner and tea set from one of the bride's aunts, and a handsome cheque from the bride's other aunt, showing the high esteem in which they are held by all their friends. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond ring.

On their return Mr. Hinchy takes charge of the Lakeview Hotel.

When I read of the sudden death of Father Mulcahy the other day at the Lakeview Hotel, it did not at first occur to me that I had known him in his student days, as one of St. Michael's graduates. But I had also the pleasure of knowing his brother, Thomas, the Orillia merchant, who himself and his amiable wife paid me a visit at my California home about thirty years ago. Desiring to visit San Quentin, the seat of the California State prison, I remember accompanying them to that point of interest. The deputy warden was an Irish friend of mine from the same locality in the old land, named Towle. He gave us a very cordial reception, spread a fine luncheon for us, and made us feel at home. While I am sorry for the good priest's demise, I

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The Spring Term began on April 3rd, and students may now enter any day, and continue work to end of any course selected.

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REV. FR. BRETHERTON

Downeyville's Parish Priest, Transferred to Hastings—The Leave-Taking an Impressive One.

remaining with us many years yet, who managed the affairs of our parish so satisfactorily, who took such a deep and abiding interest in our welfare both spiritual and temporal and who achieved so much during the eleven years of your labors and trials amongst us.

Your untiring energy and administrative ability leaves our parish practically free from debt, notwithstanding the many desirable improvements you have so successfully accomplished. Our church has been completely renovated, remodelled and improved, the grounds around it beautified, the old sheds re-arranged and additional new ones erected. Everything that could add to the comfort and convenience of your parishioners has been effected. Nor has our spiritual interests been any less carefully attended to. The practices and ceremonies of our holy religion have been thoroughly explained and carried out, Catholic societies have been established and encouraged and despite adverse circumstances, misrepresentation, and perverse criticism, your indomitable courage and perseverance has inaugurated and laid the foundation of a separate school education for our children, thus securing to them that moral and religious training so dear to every practical Catholic heart.

On Friday evening, the 5th instant, a little concert was given by the separate school children. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore was present and kindly consented to preside. Before the opening numbers, the Rev. Father in a few well-chosen and eloquent words impressed upon his hearers the advisability and desirability of establishing separate schools where practicable. At the close of the entertainment two little tots, Miss Clara N. Mathews and Master Walter Scully, stepped forward, and on behalf of the separate school children, took advantage of the occasion to honor their loved pastor by presenting the following address:

Dear Father Bretherton:

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Dear Father Bretherton.—When we learned of your approaching departure from amongst us, we were all filled with regret, and take this opportunity of expressing our great sorrow at losing so dear a pastor, father and friend.

We wish you to feel that your efforts in our behalf are valued by us, and we shall never forget the deep interest you have always shown in us and in our studies. We shall miss your pleasant visits to our school-room, and assure you, you will not be forgotten in our prayers. We therefore, ask you to accept this travelling bag and pipe as a token of our love for you, our dear pastor.

And now, although we part, we claim a place in your memory. Dear Father, when wafting your morning and evening prayers like incense to the throne on high, then breathe one for us, your children of the

SEPARATE SCHOOL,
Downeyville.

May 5, 1905.

This touching tribute of affection on the part of the little ones so overcame the kind-hearted priest that for some moments he was unable to voice the feelings of gratitude and appreciation he so deeply felt. He thanked them very sincerely and assured them that their esteemed gifts would ever remind him of the happy days spent in their midst.

The following Monday evening a number of parishioners gathered together in the parish hall over the vestry, where on the dispatch of a warm invitation, they were soon joined by their reverend pastor. Mr. John C. O'Leary occupied the chair and in a few very appropriate and fitting words referred to the noble work done by Father Bretherton since he came to the parish. On his resuming his seat Mr. Peter Murtha accompanied by Mr. Henry Mathews, approached the platform and while Mr. Mathews read the following address on behalf of the congregation.

Mr. Murtha, at the proper moment, presented the good priest with a roll of crisp bank notes, as an earnest of the good will and esteem of his parishioners:

To the Rev. C. S. Bretherton, Parish Priest of Downeyville:

Dear Father.—Our inclinations, our feelings, our desires, on this last occasion on which we presume it will be our proud privilege to address you as our parish priest, fill us with thoughts of mingled disappointment and joy. We rejoice that his lordship, our devoted and beloved bishop, so appreciates the services you have rendered in the holy priesthood, and so esteems that integrity and zeal in your character so inseparably present in the servant of God that he is now honoring you with the pastorate of one of the most important parishes in this diocese. We are disappointed and regret to part with a priest whom we anticipated

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BARNABY RUDGE

—By
CHARLES
DICKENS

The locksmith shook his head—perhaps in some doubt of the creature's being really nothing but a bird—perhaps in pity for Barnaby, who by this time had him in his arms, and was rolling about, with him, on the ground. As he raised his eyes from the poor fellow he encountered those of his mother, who had entered the room, and was looking on in silence.

She was quite white in the face, even to her lips, but had wholly subdued her emotion, and wore her usual quiet look. Varden fancied as he glanced at her that she shrank from his eye! and that she busied herself about the wounded gentleman to avoid him the better.

It was time he went to bed, she said. He was to be removed to his own home on the morrow, and he had already exceeded his time for sitting up, by a full hour. Acting on this hint, the locksmith prepared to take his leave.

"By-the-by," said Edward, as he shook him by the hand, and looked from him to Mrs. Rudge and back again, "what noise was that below? I heard your voice in the midst of it, and should have inquired before, but our other conversation drove it from my memory. What was it?"

The locksmith looked towards her, and t'it his lip. She leaned against the chair, and bent her eyes upon the ground. Barnaby too—he was listening.

"Some mad or drunken fellow, sir," Varden at length made answer, looking steadily at the widow as he spoke. "He mistook the house, and tried to force an entrance."

She breathed more freely, but stood quite motionless. As the locksmith said "Good-night," and Barnaby caught up the candle to light him down the stairs, she took it from him, and charged him—with more haste and earnestness than so slight an occasion appeared to warrant—not to stir. The raven followed them to satisfy himself that all was right below, and when they reached the street-door, stood on the bottom stair drawing corks out of number.

With a trembling hand she unfastened the chain and bolts and turned the key. As she had her hand upon the latch, the locksmith said in a low voice,

"I have told a lie to-night, for your sake, Mary, and for the sake of by-gone times, and old acquaintances, when I would scorn to do so for my own. I hope I may have done no harm, or led to none. I can't help the suspicions you have forced upon me, and I am loath, I tell you plainly, to leave Mr. Edward here. Take care he comes to no hurt. I doubt the safety of this roof, and am glad he leaves it so soon. Now, let me go."

For a moment she hid her face in her hands and wept; but resisting the strong impulse which evidently moved her to reply, opened the door—no wider than was sufficient for the passage of his body—and motioned him away. As the locksmith stood upon the step, it was chained and locked behind him, and the raven, in furtherance of these precautions, barked like a lusty house-dog.

"In league with that ill-looking figure that might have fallen from a gibbet—he listening and hiding here—Barnaby first upon the spot last night—can she who has always borne so fair a name be guilty of such crimes in secret?" said the locksmith, musing. "Heaven forgive me if I am wrong, and send me just thoughts; but she is poor, the temptation may be great, and we daily hear of things as strange.—Ay, bark away, my friend. If there's any wickedness going on, that raven's in it, I'll be sworn."

CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper—a phrase which being interpreted signifies a temper tolerably certain to make everybody more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened, that when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that when other people were dull, Mrs. Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed the worthy housewife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, tempered and furious, loyal and neutral in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backwards and forwards on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour, performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skillfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

It has been observed in this good lady (who did not want for personal attractions, being plump and buxom to look at, though like her fair daughter, somewhat short in stature) that this uncertainty of disposition strengthened and increased with her temporal prosperity: and divers wise men and matrons on friendly terms with the locksmith and his family, even went so far as to assert that a tumble-down some half-dozen rounds in the world's ladder—such as the breaking of the bank in which her husband kept his money, or some little fall of that kind—would be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence.

Whether they were right or wrong in this conjecture, certain it is that minds, like bodies, will often fall into a pimpled ill-conditioned state from mere excess of comfort, and like them, are often successfully cured by remedies in themselves very nauseous and unpalatable.

Mrs. Varden's chief aider and abettor, and at the same time her principal victim and object of wrath, was her single domestic servant, one Miss Miggs; or as she was called, in conformity with those prejudices of society which top and top from poor handmaids all such genteel exercises—Miggs. This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to patterns in private life, slender and shrivelled, of a rather uncomfortable form, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage.

As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice, to be tickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her mother), she was accustomed to wish, in great emphasis that the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store, nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair, round number—say ten thousand—of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past all expression.

It was the voice of Miggs that greeted the locksmith, when he knocked at his own house, with a shrill cry of "Who's there?"

"Me, girl, me," returned Gabriel. "What, already, sir!" said Miggs, opening the door with a look of surprise. "We was just gettin' on our nightcaps to sit up—me and mistress. Oh, she has been so bad!"

Miggs said this with an air of uncommon candor and unconcern, but the parlor door was standing open, and as Gabriel very well knew for whose ears it was designed, he regarded her with anything but an approving look as he passed in.

"Master's come home, mim!" cried Miggs, running before him into the parlor. "You was wrong, mim, and I was right. I thought he wouldn't keep us up so late two nights running, mim. Master's always considerate so far. I'm so glad, mim, on your account. I'm a little—"here Miggs simpered—"a little sleepy myself. I'll own it now, mim, though I said I wasn't when you asked me. It ain't of no consequence, mim, of course."

"You had better," said the locksmith, who most devoutly wished that Barnaby's raven was at Miggs' ankles. "You had better get to bed at once then."

"Thanking you kindly, sir," returned Miggs, "I couldn't take my rest in peace, nor fix my thoughts upon my prayers, otherways than that I knew mistress was comfortable for bed this night; by rights she should have been there, hours ago."

"You're talkative, mistress," said Varden, pulling off his great-coat, and looking at her askew.

"Taking the hint, sir," cried Miggs, with a flushed face, "and thanking you for it most kindly, I will make bold to say, that if I give offence by having consideration for my mistress, I do not ask your pardon, but am content to get myself into trouble and to be suffering."

Here Mrs. Varden, who, with her countenance shrouded in a large nightcap, had been all this time intent upon the Protestant Manual, looked round, and acknowledged Miggs's championship by commanding her to hold her tongue.

Every little bone in Miggs' throat and neck developed itself with a spitefulness quite alarming, as she replied, "Yes, mim, I will."

"How do you find yourself now, my dear?" said the locksmith, taking a chair near his wife (who had resumed her book), and rubbing his knees hard as he made the inquiry.

"You're very anxious to know, ain't you?" returned Mrs. Varden, with her eyes upon the print. "You that have not seen near me all day, and wouldn't have been if I was dying!"

"My dear Martha"—said Gabriel. Mrs. Varden turned over to the next page; then went back again to be quite sure of the last words, and then went on reading with an appearance of the deepest interest and study.

"My dear Martha," said the locksmith, "how can you say such things when you know you don't mean them? If you were dying? Why, if there was anything serious the matter with you, Martha, shouldn't I be in constant attendance upon you?"

"Yes!" cried Mrs. Varden, bursting into tears, "yes, you would. I don't doubt it." Varden. Certainly you would. That's as much as to tell me that you would be hovering round me like a vulture, waiting till the breath was out of my body, that you might go and marry somebody else."

Miggs groaned in sympathy—a little short groan, checked in its birth, and changed into a cough. It seemed to say, "I can't help it. It's wrung from me by the dreadful brutality of that monster master."

"But you'll break my heart one of these days," added Mrs. Varden, with more resignation, "and then we shall both be happy. My only desire is to see Dolly comfortably settled, and when she is, you may set the me as soon as you like."

"Ah!" cried Miggs—and coughed again.

Poor Gabriel twisted his wig about in silence for a long time, and then said mildly, "Has Dolly gone to bed?"

"Your master speaks to you," said Mrs. Varden, looking sternly over her shoulder at Miss Miggs in waiting.

"No, my dear, I spoke to you," suggested the locksmith.

"Did you hear me, Miggs?" cried the obdurate lady, stamping her foot upon the ground. "You are beginning to despise me now, are you? But this is example!"

At this rebuke, Miggs, whose tears were always ready for large or small parties on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms, fell a-crying violently; holding both hands tight upon her heart meanwhile, as if nothing less would prevent it splitting into small fragments. Mrs. Varden, who likewise possessed that faculty in high perfection, wept too, against Miggs; and with such effect that Miggs gave in after a time and, except for an occasional sob, which seemed to threaten some remote intention of breaking out again, left her mistress in possession of the field. Her superiority being thoroughly asserted, that lady soon desisted likewise and fell into a quiet melancholy.

The relief was so great, and the fatiguing occurrences of last night so completely overpowered the locksmith that he nodded in his chair, and would doubtless have slept there

all night, but for the voice of Mrs. Varden, which, after a pause of some five minutes, awoke him with a start.

"If I am ever," said Mrs. Varden, "not scolding, but in a sort of monotonous remonstrance—"in spirits, if I am ever cheerful, if I am ever more than usually disposed to be talkative and comfortable, this is the way I am treated."

"Such spirits as you was in, too, mim, but half an hour ago!" cried Miggs. "I never see such company!"

"Because," said Mrs. Varden, "because I never interfere or interrupt, because I never question where anybody comes or goes; because my whole mind and soul is bent on saving where I can save, and laboring in this house;—therefore, they try me as they do."

"Martha," urged the locksmith, endeavoring to look as wakeful as possible, "what is it you complain of? I really came home with every wish and desire to be happy. I did, indeed."

"What do I complain of?" retorted his wife. "Is it a chilling thing to have one's husband sulking and falling asleep directly he comes, home? to have him freezing all one's warmth-heartedness, and throwing cold water over the fireside? Is it natural, when you know he went out upon a matter in which I am as much interested as anybody can be, that I should wish to know all that has happened, or that he should tell me without my begging and praying him to do it? Is that natural, or is it not?"

"I am very sorry, Martha," said the good-natured locksmith. "I was really afraid you were not disposed to talk pleasantly; I'll tell you everything, I shall only be too glad to do so."

"What news to-night?" he asked, when he had looked into his very soul.

"Nothing particular," replied the owner, stretching himself—and he was so long already that it was quite alarming to see him do it—"how come you to be so late?"

"No matter," was all the captain deigned to say in answer. "Is the room prepared?"

"It is," replied his follower.

"The comrade—is he here?"

"Yes. And sprinkling of the others—you hear always?"

"Playing skittles!" said the captain, moodily. "Light-hearted revellers!"

There was no doubt respecting the particular amusement in which these heedless spirits were indulging, for even in the close and stifling atmosphere of the vault, the noise sounded like distant thunder. It certainly appeared, at first sight, a singular spot to choose, for that or any other purpose of relaxation, if the other cellars answered to the one in which this brief colloquy took place; for the floors were of sodden earth, the walls and roof of damp bare brick tapestried with the tracks of snails and slugs; the air was sickening, tainted and offensive. It seemed from one strong flavor which was uppermost among the various odors of the place, that it had been in the very depths of compassionate despondency, passed instantly into the liveliest state conceivable, and tossing her head as she glanced towards the locksmith, bore off her mistress and the light together.

"Now, who would think," thought Varden, shrugging his shoulders and drawing his chair nearer to the fire, "that that woman could ever be pleasant and agreeable?" And yet she can be. Well, well, all of us have our faults. I'll not be hard upon hers. We have been man and wife too long for that."

He dozed again—not the less pleasantly, perhaps, for his hearty temper. While his eyes were closed, the door leading to the upper stairs was partially opened; and a head appeared, which, at sight of him, drew hastily back again.

"I wish," murmured Gabriel, waking at the noise, and looking round the room, "I wish somebody would marry Miggs. But that's impossible! I wonder whether there's any madman alive, who would marry Miggs!"

This was such a vast speculation that he fell into a doze again, and slept until the fire was quite burnt out. At last he roused himself; and having double-locked the street door according to custom, and put the key in his pocket, went off to bed.

He had not left the room in darkness many minutes, when the head again appeared, and Sim Tappertit entered, bearing in his hands a little lamp.

"What the devil business has he to stop up so late?" muttered Sim, passing into the workshop, and setting it down upon the forge. "Here's half the night gone already. There's only one good that has ever come to me, out of this cursed old rusty mechanical trade, and that's this piece of ironmongery, upon my soul!"

As he spoke, he drew from the right hand, or rather right leg pocket of his smalls, a clumsy large-sized key, which he inserted cautiously in the lock his master had secured, and softly opened the door. That done, he replaced his piece of secret workmanship in his pocket; and leaving the lamp burning, and closing the door carefully and without noise, stole out into the street—as little suspected by the locksmith in his sound sleep, as by Barnaby himself in his phantom-haunted dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.

Clear of the locksmith's house, Sim Tappertit laid aside his cautious manners and assuming in its stead of a ruffing, swaggering, roving blade, who would rather kill a man than otherwise, and eat him too if needful, made the best of his way along the darkened streets.

Half pausing for an instant now and then to smite his pocket and assure himself of the safety of his master key, he hurried on to Barbican, and turning into one of the narrowest of the narrow streets which diverged from that centre, slackened his pace and wiped his heated brow, as if the termination of his walk were near at hand.

It was not a very choice spot for midnight expeditions, being in truth one of more than questionable character, and of an appearance by no means inviting. From the main street he had entered, itself little better than an alley, a low-brown doorway led into a blind court, or yard, profoundly dark, unpaved, and reeking with stagnant odors. Into this ill-favored pit, the locksmith's vagrant 'prentice groped his way, and stopping at a house from whose faded and rotten front the rude effigy of a bottle swung to and fro like some gibbeted malefactor, struck thrice upon an iron grating with his foot. After listening in vain for some response to his signal, Mr. Tappertit became impatient, and struck the grating thrice again.

"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Stagg, stopping short on his way back, and affecting to screen his face with the bottle. "I feel 'em though I can't see 'em. Come 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."

"See," said Mr. Tappertit haughtily, "that it's something strong, and comes quick; so long as you take care of that, you may bring it from the devil's cellar, if you like."

"Boldly said, noble captain!" rejoined the blind man. "Spoken like the 'Prentices' Glory. Ha! ha! From the devil's cellar! A brave joke! The captain joketh. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what, my fine feller," said Mr. Tappertit, eyeing the host over as he walked to a closet and took out a bottle and glass as carelessly as if he had been in full possession of his sight, "if you make that row, you'll find that the captain's very far from joking, and so I tell you."

"He's got his eyes on me!" cried Stagg, stopping short on his way back, and affecting to screen his face with the bottle. "I feel 'em though I can't see 'em. Come 'em off, noble captain. Remove 'em, for they pierce like gimlets."

Mr. Tappertit smiled grimly at his comrade, and twisting out one more look—a kind of ocular screw—under the influence of which the blind man seemed to undergo great anguish and torture, bade him, in a softened tone, approach, and hold his peace.

"I obey, captain," cried Stagg, drawing close to him and filling out a bumper without spilling a drop, by reason that he held his little finger at the brim of the glass and stopped at the instant the liquor touched it. "drink, noble governor. Death to all masters, life to all 'prentices, and love to all fair maidens. Drink, brave general, and warn your gallant heart!"

A further delay ensued, but it was

not of long duration. The ground seemed to open at his feet, and a ragged head appeared.

"Is that the captain?" said a voice as ragged as the head.

"Yes," replied Mr. Tappertit, haughtily, descending as he spoke, "who should be?"

"It's so late, we gave you up," returned the voice, as its owner stopped to shut and fasten the grating.

"You're late, sir."

"Lead on," said Mr. Tappertit, with a gloomy majesty, "and make remarks when I require you. Forward!"

This latter word of command was perhaps somewhat theatrical and unnecessary, inasmuch as the descent was by a very narrow, steep, and slippery flight of steps, and any rashness or departure from the beaten track must have ended in a yawning water-but. But Mr. Tappertit being, like some other great commanders, favorable to strong effects, and personal display, cried "Forward!" again, in the hoarsest voice he could assume; and led the way, with folded arms and knitted brows to the cellar down below, where there was a small copper fixed in one corner, a chair or two, a form and a table, a glimmering fire, and a truckle-bed, covered with a ragged patchwork rug.

"Welcome, noble captain!" cried a lanky figure, rising as from a nap.

The captain nodded. Then, throwing off his outer coat, he stood composed in all his dignity, and eyed his follower over.

"What news to-night?" he asked, when he had looked into

The

HOME CIRCLE

LAMB KLOPPS.

These are made from the rough end of a leg of lamb. Scrape all meat from the bone, and see that all gristle and tough fat is rejected; put twice through the food chopper, or chop very fine. Add half a cupful of bread-crums to almost a pint of meat, a level teaspoonful of salt, salt-spoonful of pepper and a small pinch of curry powder; then add an egg slightly beaten, and mould into balls the size of hickory nuts. Put into a pie plate and bake in a hot oven until a nice brown, and serve with tomato sauce, or, if there is tomato soup left from dinner the day before sufficient to cover them, cook the lamb in it for five minutes, and when served pour the soup over them.

KEEP YOUR GRIP.

Some men get along beautifully, for half a life-time, perhaps, while everything goes smoothly. While they are accumulating property and gaining friends and reputation, their characters seem to be strong and well-balanced; but the moment there is friction anywhere, the moment trouble comes, a failure in business, a panic, or a great crisis in which they lose their all—they are overwhelmed. They despair, lose heart, courage, faith, hope, and power to try again—everything. Their very manhood is swallowed up by a mere material loss.

This is a failure, indeed, and there is small hope for any one who falls to such a depth of despair. There is none for an ignorant man, who cannot write his name, even if he has stamina and backbone. There is hope for a cripple who has courage; there is hope for a boy who has nerve and grit, even though he is so hemmed in that he has apparently no chance in the world; but there is no hope for a man who cannot or will not stand up after he falls, but loses heart when opposition strikes him, and lays down his arms after defeat.

Let everything else go, if you must, but never lose your grip on yourself. Do not let your manhood go. This is your priceless pearl, dearer to you than your breath. Cling to it with all your might.

HOME.

Sunset glow on the rock and pine,
And beauteous rays that run
To lead me back to that home of mine
And the roaming days are done.

Breath of clover is blowing by
And the laurels flame afied
A white walled cottage against the sky,
And the wounds of the years are healed.

Along the lane, where the river flows
Old faces that smile I see;
And the wind that over the valley goes
Is singing to welcome me.

Kisses warm are awaiting me.
There where the starlight wonders shine;
There, where the homelight free
Through the green and the clustering vines.

Ah! What a joy, at the journey's end!
That love should be patient still;
That the weary, winding road should tend
To the peace of the old home-hill.

BE FUNNY.

If your temper isn't sunny
And your disposition punny,
If you can't be very funny,
Be as funny as you can.

Do not cry a wet day wetter,
Do not be a gloom-begetter;
Try to make this old world better—
Be as funny as you can.

If your heart or tooth is aching,
If you're not much pleasure taking,
and you can't enjoy fun-making,
Be as funny as you can.

For the world neglects its sages,
But for fun it gives good wages;
Get a pinch upon the ages,
Be as funny as you can.

MAKE A GOOD START.

Much of the unhappiness that results from some marriages is due to the fact that both parties to the contract fail to remember that the other is a human being and therefore not perfect.

Each one of the couple has his or her own peculiarities and probably realizes the fact while unable to recognize that the same holds good of the other. The wife, for instance, has her own little ways and ideas, and thinks that her husband must have the same. She is surprised and annoyed when she finds that this is not the case and then the trouble begins. The remark holds good for the husband also.

One always likes to think that the period of courtship has revealed all one's little ways to the intended partner, but the plain truth is that we do not show ourselves exactly as we are. Generally speaking, we are on our good behaviour; we allow something of our inner nature to appear, because we get out of temper and have fits, but there is a good deal of that inner character which does not come to the surface. This is not because we strive to conceal it, but because the circumstances which bring it to light only arise when we settle down to spend our lives together.

Then follows a dangerous period—the period of "rubbing off the corners." The excrescences of our different natures have to be rubbed off. We must tone down our own peculiarities and prepare to be tolerant of those of our partner. It is a game of give-and-take. You cannot expect two natures to blend immediately and without effort on either side.

Whenever two people have to work together, whether it be with two bars in a boat or two men pulling at a load, a certain amount of practice is necessary before they work to the best advantage. So in married life, at the commencement you will need to learn to run together.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

I am sitting alone in the cottage—
Alone in the fading light;
I am thinking and sighing for loved ones,
And dreaming of you to-night.

Far back in the low green meadow,
To the school-house on the hill,
To the rippling sound of the splashing brook
As it flows toward the mill.

My thoughts, ah, how they wander
To those loved days of yore,
When you and I together
Went laughing to the shore.

O, as the past comes o'er me
And my heart grows weary, pained,
Do you wonder my thoughts go backward
To those days unrestrained?

When I see the little children,
Now playing as once we played,
Their joyous voices ringing
In gladness unafraid.

O, when I hear their laughter
It seems to bring the past,
And I sit and dream of you dead:
And wish my dream would last.

—Elizabeth M. Manley.

DISGRACEFUL DEFICIENCIES.

It is a disgrace.
To half do things.
Not to develop your possibilities.
To be lazy, indolent, indifferent.
To do poor, shabby, botched work.
To give a bad example to young people.

To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.
To hide a talent because you have only one.

To live a half life when a whole life is possible.

To be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.

To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.

To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.

To go through life a pigmy when nature intended you for a giant.

To kick over the ladder upon which we have climbed to our position.

To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.

To ignore the forces which are improving your own country.

To not be able to carry on intelligently conversation upon current topics.

To shirk responsibility in politics, or to be indifferent to the public welfare.

To know nothing of the things we see, handle and enjoy every day of our lives.

To be ignorant of the general history of the world and of the various countries.

To not know something of the greatest leaders, reformers, artists and musicians of the world.

To not have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world and the inter-relations of nations.

To not know enough about the laws of health, about physiology and hygiene to live healthfully and sanely.

To vote blindly for party, right or wrong, instead of for principle, because you have been doing so for years.

To be grossly ignorant in these days of free schools, cheap newspapers, periodicals and circulating libraries.

To be so controlled by any appetite or passion that one's usefulness and standing in the community are impaired.

To be totally ignorant of natural history, to know nothing of the science which underlies the beauties and marvels of nature.

To not have an intelligent idea of the country in which we live, not to know its history, its industries and the conditions of its people.

To not know anything of the movements for human betterment and not to help them along to the extent of our ability in time or money.

To live in the midst of schools, libraries and improvement clubs and not to avail oneself of their advantages.

For the world neglects its sages, But for fun it gives good wages; Get a pinch upon the ages, Be as funny as you can.

IMPERFECTIONS IN THE BLOOD.

TELL OF TORPID, SLUGGISH LIVER ACTION AND INDICATE THE NEED OF

Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

There is no getting round the fact that the liver is responsible for the impurity of the blood in the spring.

Awaken the liver to action by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pill and you at once remove the cause of the ills and discomforts of this time of year.

Coated tongue.

Bitter taste in the mouth.

Shortness of breath.

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Dull, sick headache.

Irregularity of the Bowels.

Weak dizzy feelings.

Irritable temper, discouragement and despondency.

These are some of the most common indications that the liver is failing to filter the poison waste matter from the blood.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Piver Pills cleanse the system thoroughly and well, by causing a free action of the bowels.

By their direct and certain action on the liver they purify the blood and bring about a good flow of bile into the intestines—the only means by which constipation can be actually cured.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are an indispensable family medicine of proven worth. One pill a dose, 25c a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SCHOOL-BELL.

Monday.

There's the bell! I must scurry,
Bring my lunch—mamma, hurry!
Where's my book—I left it there
On the table, or the chair.
Find my cap—oh! will you, Ned?
On the bookcase or the bed.
Oh! I want my bat and ball—
Maybe they are in the hall.
Oh, dear me! Such times I hate
All because I got up late!

Tuesday.

There's the school-bell. Off I go!
Lots of time I had to hoe,
Split the kindling, bring in wood;
Mary called me "awful good."
Put me up a jolly lunch
Fit for any king to munch.
Good-by, mamma—now for fun!
Herr comes Billy, on the run.
Stacks of time, nobody surly,
All because I got up early.
—Julia D. Peck in Dew Drops.

A QUESTION OF "HEIGHTH."

"What's that?" cried Uncle Henry.

Now, as Uncle Henry had never been known to lisp or mispronounce his words, Tommy was much surprised by his curious exclamation. Tommy had remarked of the giant at the circus that "his height was nearly eight feet."

"If you say height," continued the uncle, "why not say that his height was nearly eight feet? Yet, that's what you ought to say to be consistent. It's evident that you goth 'height' mixed up with 'length,' didn't you?"

"I suppose so," said the bewildered Tommy.

"Well don't di ith any more. In public society it would—" But Tommy had fled.—St. Nicholas.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his feelings. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any will one day find himself possessing all.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. That is what makes a popular boy.

HUMOR IN SCHOOLS.

Politicians change their coats, but the youthful historian who writes, "The Indians in Canada walk long distances through the woods to the Hudson's Bay forts to change their hides," goes them one better.

Sometimes it is the mother who contributes to the gaiety of nations. "Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Tommy for his absence and don't whip him when he ain't there."

Again it is the locally loyal janitor who, referring to a rival city, scornfully demands: "And I'd like you to tell me, Miss Cameron, what felicities for examinations they have in Vancouver!" When the basements were flooded from defective pipes, this same explained that, "What you want is two large ducks in each basement—you won't be right till you get ducks." "Ducks?" I questioned.

"Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Tommy for his absence and don't whip him when he ain't there."

He dropped the water-wheel and ran to the porch where mother was calling.

"Hermie," said mother, in a worried tone, "look off there toward the railroad track. Do you see that smoke?"

Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be worried.

"It's only a little grass burning along the track. That's all right," he urged, eager to get back to the water-wheel.

"Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong," begged mother. "And Hermie, don't you get hurt," she added, in fresh terror.

"All right, mother. I'll see to it," he answered, and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he walked, for really it was foolish to make such a fuss over a common thing. Then as the flames came in sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning. And in five minutes the train would be due!

"What shall I do?" panted poor Hermie, as he hurried up the steep railroad grade. "I must wave a red flag."

But he had nothing to flag the train with, and it was too far to run home. He stood a moment helplessly. Then the boy who could make water-wheels had ingenuity enough to think of a way out of worse difficulties. He pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance. The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill. The trainmen came clambering down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the coach was Herman's father.

"Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quick when mamma called!" thought Herman, with a shudder, as, happy in the possession of enough money to buy a steam engine that would really run, he went back to his water-wheel.

WHAT CAN A BOY DO?

This is what a boy can do, because boys have done it.

He can write a great poem. Alexander Pope wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude," when he was only twelve years old.

He can write a great book. Macaulay wrote his first volume, "Primitiae," which took the literary world by storm, before he was in his teens.

He can become famous. Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Boz," so well, that before he was twenty-two, his name was known to all the world.

He can "make his mark" so well that it will open his career. Palmerston, England's great statesman, was admired in school for his brilliant work, and wrote letters home in English, French and Italian that are models of composition to-day.

He can enter a great university before he is thirteen. William Pitt the Younger, the famous receipt book author, is on every box.

Teacher—Willie, what should be the first thing to do if a boy should be sun-struck?

Willie—Let him stay home from school.

"Some men never can take a joke," remarked Poetius.

"Yes," assented Scribbler, "and those men most always get to be editors."



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THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1905.

THE POPE AND THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

A sensational despatch sent from Rome to Chicago for the Record-Herald, or perhaps made to order in the latter municipality, alleges that a storm of protests has reached the Vatican as the result of the Pope's remarks to Mr. John Redmond, M.P. The English bishops are said to be the foremost complainants, and it is implied that they have called up the reserves, inasmuch as the Pope is reported to have assured the British Government officials that he had no intention of advocating openly the independence of Ireland.

It is not said in so many words that his Holiness received an ultimatum from Downing Street, but that "official disapproval" found some vehicle of expression, and that the Pope was told that what he had said would cause some embarrassment to His Majesty's Government. Furthermore, English Catholic residents rushed to the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State for full details of the matter—in other words we suppose for the plans and specifications of the Pope to free Ireland.

All this rubbish may be swallowed by people who only read the Associated Press account of Mr. Redmond's interview with the Pope. We publish the authentic reception in this issue of The Register. His Holiness said, and he is not likely to explain his words, that he recognized the Irish Parliamentary Party "as the defender of the Catholic religion, because that is the national religion, and it is the national party. He blessed the lawful and peaceful methods of the Irish Parliamentary Party to win political rights for the Irish people; and no one will venture to deny that this liberty and these rights have still to be won when members of parliament like Mr. C. R. Devlin, are prevented by the forces of the Crown from addressing their constituents. But the Pope had more in mind the battle which the Irish Parliamentary Party is fighting for Catholic education both in Ireland and Great Britain, because his exact words are that Mr. Redmond "may win that liberty which makes for the welfare of the Catholic Church and of the whole country."

The Pope's blessing need not startle the English residents of Rome and cause them to rush to the office of the Cardinal Secretary of State. Mr. Redmond is fighting the battle of English Catholics not less than Irish Catholics and the English Catholic members of parliament have to confess this fact by voting with him.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

Mr. R. L. Borden's latest move in connection with the Northwest provincial government bills was to secure on Monday from the Minister of Justice a statement of the exact meaning of the school clauses that passed the second reading, showing any differences from the guarantees contained in the Act of 1875. Mr. Borden considered this a clever political stroke in view of an impending election in the city of London, where Hon. Mr. Hyman, when appointed Minister of Public Works in the room of the late Hon. James Sutherland, will have to present himself for endorsement by his constituents. Mr. Borden calculated that a declaration by the Minister of Justice to the effect that Catholics are satisfied with the amended school clauses, holding them as valuable as the original provisions, must compromise the government with the Protestant electors of London.

As usual Mr. Borden has not looked beyond his nose in this business. He takes it for granted that London is seething with anti-Catholic feeling and that the political possibilities of the autonomy discussion are by no means exhausted. But Mr. Fitzpatrick's statement, while it goes straight to the point, gives no provocation to sectarian bigotry such as Mr. Borden hopes for. In the first place the Minister of Justice puts his finger on the protest made by Mr.

ment National, Montreal, and in the press, viz., that Catholics in school districts where they are in a majority can only establish public schools. Mr. Fitzpatrick says the right of separation is common to Protestants and Catholics alike. In other words the rights protected are the rights of religious minorities. The situation in Ontario is the same. Protestants, when in the minority separate and organize separate schools. In detail the schools in the new provinces will differ from the Ontario system on the following lines, as laid down by the Minister of Justice in this statement of Monday last:

"Under the ordinances no rights or privileges exist with respect to separate schools as contrasted with public schools, except the initial right of effecting the separation, which right carries with it resulting advantages hereinafter set out in detail. Under the regulations there is one difference only: authorized text books, standards I. to IV., approved August, 1903; the Dominion (Catholic) readers, first (part I., part II.) and, second—these are optional for Roman Catholic separate schools."

"The rights and privileges which result from the right of effecting the separation and which the proposed substituted clause 16 preserves to the minority, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, in a public school district, appear to be these: (1) right of separation — by the ordinance — common to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike; (2) half-hour religious instruction — by ordinance — to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike; common to public and separate schools; (3) first and second Catholic readers—by regulation; (4) right to elect trustees who choose teachers — by ordinance — common to all schools."

Here we have for Catholic and Protestant alike the right of separation, the right to elect trustees who choose teachers, the right of religious instruction, an option as to the readers for use in the elementary classes and the right to government grants. Is not this the claim of all Catholic educationists in Britain, the United States and throughout Canada, that no rights or privileges under the law shall be sought for one of the great religious divisions that is not free to the other.

The electors of London can experience no difficulty in understanding the situation.

DEATH OF MRS. SCOTT.

The Register joins in the widespread and sincere sympathy expressed for Hon. Senator Scott upon the death of his wife. The venerable couple for many years held an eminent position in the Catholic life of Canada, and not even her failing health prevented Mrs. Scott from attending to the duties and responsibilities that fall to the lot of the Catholic lady whose daily life in an especial manner invites respectful observation when performed in the spirit of faith and charity.

THE POPE AND AMERICAN SECURITIES.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who was lately received by the Pope, is supposed to have spoken upon the advantage of investing the revenues of the Holy See in American securities. The Missionary, organ of the Paulists, New York, favors the impression that a better investment of these revenues than with the Rothschilds can be made. "It would be a very great advantage to the Church in America if the capital of the Holy See were invested in American securities."

HIGHER CRITICISM RAISES THE DUST.

The winds of higher criticism have lately been causing some confusion among the leaders of Anglican thought. The articles of Mr. Mallock in the Nineteenth Century and After may have helped to force the issue, which the Archbishop of Canterbury in a circular to his brethren now somewhat delicately suggests when he says: "To whatever cause or combination of causes we may attribute it, the fact appears to be certain that expression has this year been given in an unusual degree to a desire for increased spiritual earnestness in the 'Christian life.'

The circular has fallen upon thorny ground in Canada and several rents appear to have resulted from the way in which the principal of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, picked the paper up. Quite a considerable local eddy has also been created by Mr. Goldwin Smith taking hold of the subject in the middle and pronouncing the opinion that criticism, which spells doubt, of the very fundamentals of religious belief, is in the minds of the Anglican clergy. But this is only what Mr. Mallock proves to be the case. Rev. Dr. Langtry has taken advantage of the opportunity thus presented, however, to call Mr. Smith an infidel and challenge him to a controversy (with cudgels) on the selected battle-field.

But Mr. Goldwin Smith declines the invitation on the ground that the Doctor's controversial methods are uncongenial to the very atmosphere of higher criticism.

Far be it from us to make light of this public sparring which no one can doubt has too much influence in training the ranks of the irreligious. We doubt that any good could come of a tilt between Mr. Goldwin Smith as the embodiment of mature philosophy, and Dr. Langtry as the champion of Anglican theology.

After all it is a fact that these discussions are made in Germany for the English people. Prof. Haeckel, of Berlin, is the materialistic or infidel luminary they have their eye on and their ear open for. It is appropriate that the professor as an outspoken enemy of religion should be most savage in his attacks upon the Papacy; but Catholics take this as a tribute to the strength of the Church as a bulwark against materialism and infidelity.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND ENGLISH LAW.

The Catholic atmosphere under the recent English Education Act appears to be influenced by varying currents. The act itself produced profound dissatisfaction among all classes of the people. It made the nonconformists and secularists furious and it confronted the Catholics with the irreducible minimum as it seemed at the time of religious rights. The Catholic ratepayers have experienced, as they expected, their great difficulty in dealing with the local authorities or county councils, and in one notable instance of very recent date, they have been so ground between the upper and the nether millstones that they have consented to a compromise which is a practical denial of the Catholic principle in education. This has come to be known as the "Bradford Compromise" and it is of sufficient gravity to earn the general disapproval of the Catholic Education Council of Great Britain.

Under the English Education Act the management of secular education in the schools is in the hands of the representatives of the Councils. The managers and trustees of the voluntary schools have merely the right to nominate the majority of the school committee which nominates the teachers and maintains the school. In Bradford the Catholics proposed to establish a secondary school as a training centre for teachers and a higher school for the Catholics of the city. But the schools committee of the Bradford Council refused its recognition, unless the Catholic managers agreed to give the committee a majority on the committee of managers, to withdraw religious instruction from the programme, to abolish the religious qualification of the teachers and to agree that religious teaching should not be given in the ordinary school hours. The Catholics accepted these conditions under the single safeguard that the agreement could be terminated upon six months notice.

The Catholic Education Committee of England, which includes the hierarchy and is presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, at first condemned the Bradford agreement as being directly opposed to Catholic principles and as compromising the Catholic position; but when the Bradford delegation came before the committee it pointed out that the scheme had been accepted as the only working compromise, dogma, sacerdotalism and sacramentalism. We all know that ritualism was the first name given to the theories of the other reformers, but in the moral sense, most beautiful testimonies are given as to the high character of Dr. Arnold. Wm. George Ward said that he always felt thankful for the good influence Dr. Arnold had held over him. He says he was "ordained a deacon of the Arnold persuasion, ordained a priest of the Newman." There seems to be no doubt of the ethical teaching of Dr. Arnold, and equally no doubt of its incompleteness.

Mark Pattison's "Memoirs" were mentioned as particularly interesting in connection with the Arnolds. The other two of the name Thomas and Mathew stand as proofs of the great divergence of views held at Oxford and carried out to this day. The essay on "Criticism" and on "Anarchy and Culture" by Mathew Arnold were drawn from. The other character alluded to was Father Lochart, who entered the Catholic Church in 1843 to the great and painful surprise of his guide, Newman. Newman's letter to Keeble, in connection with this "scandal" was read, and it was this conversion or "perversion" that led John Henry Newman to give up St. Mary's. He blamed himself for Lochart's swift race to Rome. In 1845 he had followed J. W. Rowden, whom Newman called his dearest friend, died in 1844. As had been Hurrol Fromm's, his death was a painful shock.

The second part of the evening was given to the reading of the 6th book of the Oriental poem, "Light of Asia," which book tells of Gota-mata's search for truth. As usual, Rev. Dr. Aiken's notes were used for reference. Miss J. MacCormac was reader. The next meeting will be held on May 16th.

After all it is a fact that these discussions are made in Germany for the English people. Prof. Haeckel, of Berlin, is the materialistic or infidel luminary they have their eye on and their ear open for. It is appropriate that the professor as an outspoken enemy of religion should be most savage in his attacks upon the Papacy; but Catholics take this as a tribute to the strength of the Church as a bulwark against materialism and infidelity.

D'Youville Reading Circle

D'Youville Circle met in large numbers at a regular meeting Tuesday evening last. Notes of appreciation were made on the clever lecture given on the previous afternoon by Mr. John Thompson, the subject being "Dr. Samuel Johnson." It was shown in the lecture what Dr. Johnson's claims are—to be put in all the books of heroes—though his exploits are not of the epic order—his brave struggle against some of the harshest odds of life, compelling for all time most sympathetic admiration.

Events of world interest were summed up, attention being inevitably centred on those terrible fleets in the far-Eastern waters, and on the general unrest. The review notes were devoted to two valuable books given to the library by the Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., of Ottawa University; Lady Gregory's latest additions to Gaelic Literature, "God's and Fighting Men," and "Cuchulain." Some exquisite fragments were read, illustrative of the difference between the Celtic and the Gothic conceptions of mystery; the former gentler, because inspired by large open spaces and "windy light," the latter seeing all things "under gathering darkness."

The Rev. Lucian Johnston, of Baltimore, sent some very interesting notes on the late Joseph Jefferson, who for many years made Baltimore his home. Father Johnston says he first saw him as "Rip" when he was a boy of ten, and it "seems like last night." Who, that has ever seen the great "Low Comedian" in his mysterious sleep amid the Cat-skills, or as Bob Acres, in "The Rivals," or making central figure in "The Cricket on the Hearth," can ever forget him? His valetudinarian profession was read and some pleasant anecdotes, showing his kindly heart, clear mind and simple character were related from these notes.

The Oxford sketches continue to be very interesting, because it is safe to say that not one of the conspicuous agitators fails to be particularly interesting. The Arnolds were chosen for study this time. First of all, Dr. Arnold, who held first mastership at Rugby School, the scene of "Tom Brown's School Days," was spoken of. This is the Dr. Arnold who started the movement which was destined to work so differently from what he had desired. His pamphlet published in 1832, called "Church Reform," proposed the sinking of difference and the including of dissenters within the pale. He seemed to believe the supreme remedy for all the evils of the time rested on clever relations between church and state. He believed that the absolute identity between Church and state combined the highest principles with absolute power, in contra-distinction to the other body of Oxford agitators, Dr. Pusey, Newman, Ward, et al. Dr. Arnold sincerely and strongly opposed formalism, dogma, sacerdotalism and sacramentalism. We all know that ritualism was the first name given to the theories of the other reformers, but in the moral sense, most beautiful testimonies are given as to the high character of Dr. Arnold.

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The next meeting will be held on May 16th.

ANNA DALTON.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

On Sunday, May 7th, at ten thirty a.m., the Forty Hours exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Mary's Church, was begun by the celebration of high mass. A very large congregation was present. Rev. Father Finegan was celebrant of the Mass. Very Rev. Dean Egan being in the sanctuary. The choir sang impressively. At the conclusion of the mass there was a procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The Host, carried by Rev. Father Finegan, being enthroned under a canopy of white silk, preceded by Very Rev. Dean Egan, altar boys carrying lighted candles, little flower girls robed in white wearing wreaths, each carrying a basket of fragrant flowers, which they strewed in the pathway of the approaching Host. At the conclusion of the mass Benediction was given. After Vespers Father Finegan delivered an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. Many adorers were present at every hour during the exposition and great numbers received the sacraments. Monday evening Rev. Father Wilson of Adjala delivered a most impressive sermon Tuesday evening by Rev. Dr. Tracy of Dixie was listened to with rapt attention. Very Rev. Dean Egan and Father Finegan were assisted in the exercises by Rev. Fathers Barcello, Midland, Dohard, Uptergrove, Hayes, Flos, Kidd, Penangnusene, Sweeney, Orange, Jecott and Wilson, Adjala. This terminated one of the most successful Forty Hours Devotion in the history of Saint Mary's church.

DEPARTING PARISH PRIEST
HONORED

Rev. Father McGuire of Hastings Made the Recipient of Addresses and Purse

Hastings, May 11.—Rev. Father McGuire, the esteemed Parish Priest of Hastings, who has officiated with such marked success in St. Mary's Church during the past seven years, and who has been transferred to Downeyville, was presented with a number of complimentary farewell addresses on Sunday, each being accompanied by well-filled purses in recognition of his faithful and energetic services.

After the 10 o'clock mass the first of the addresses was presented on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church and was read by Mr. A. U. Bailey, manager of the Union Bank. The address was as follows:

To Rev. Father P. J. McGuire, Parish Priest of Hastings, in the Diocese of Peterborough:

Reverend Father—Your congregation,

of St. Mary's, Hastings, cannot permit you to depart from our midst without giving expression to our feelings of regret at the severance of ties that have so intimately bound us to you as our pastor, for the last seven years, and our appreciation of the services so ably and so energetically rendered by you, in matters both spiritual and temporal.

The improvements begun by the lamented Father Connolly, and so successfully completed by you, will stand as a monument to your zeal and devotion to the welfare of the parish, and a memento to generations to come. We will only instance a few.

When you came, our dead had to be taken to neighboring cemeteries, where they had to rest, to some extent neglected. To your foresight we owe the beautiful cemetery that is a source of pride to every member of the congregation! Its order and completeness would do credit to much more pretentious places than our little Parish. Then the very numerous and excellent sheds that shelter the teams of the farmers, the outbuildings, and the additions to the presbytery, the fences, the heating of the church, and the acquiring of the valuable school lot all speak volumes for your energy and thoroughness.

The Rev. Lucian Johnston, of Baltimore, sent some very interesting notes on the late Joseph Jefferson, who for many years made Baltimore his home. Father Johnston says he first saw him as "Rip" when he was a boy of ten, and it "seems like last night." Who, that has ever seen the great "Low Comedian" in his mysterious sleep amid the Cat-skills, or as Bob Acres, in "The Rivals," or making central figure in "The Cricket on the Hearth," can ever forget him? His valetudinarian profession was read and some pleasant anecdotes, showing his kindly heart, clear mind and simple character were related from these notes.

The celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass twice on every Sunday to enable every member of your congregation to perform the duty demanded by the Church, in worshipping God, the hours spent in the confessional, the procuring of the assistance of the Missionary Fathers, to strengthen the faith in the ardent and to draw the luke-warm and the indifferent, to a better sense of duty, but, in particular, your zealous care for the sick, and the poor, will be held in fond remembrance by us all.

And so, Rev. Father, on the eve of your departure, we take the opportunity to express our keen regret, our great sense of loss, our appreciation of your services in the past, and our earnest wish for your well-being in the future. May you be blessed with length of days and all the choicest gifts, a beneficent Providence can bestow, is the earnest wish of your people.

Please accept the accompanying purse on behalf of the congregation as some indication of the esteem of the members.

Signed on behalf of the congregation:

Felix Conroy, A. U. Bailey, J. J. English, Michael Walsh, M. F. Lynch, Jas. F. Doherty, Thos. Howard, Jas. O'Reilly, Jas. H. McGrail, Jas. Logan, Bernard Jones, Rich. Walsh.

Mr. J. J. English, dry goods merchant, presented the purse for the congregation which, it is understood, contains the handsome sum of over \$400.

ADDRESS FROM FORESTERS.

The members of St. Mary's Court, C.O.F., of which Rev. Father McGuire is an

THE TWILIGHT OF THE HALF-GODS

(By K. M. ROOF.)

"There ain't scarcely any artists here this summer. I guess it'll be kind of lonely for you." Mrs. Wilkins paused to sprinkle flour over the bread board with a practiced hand.

"I am glad of that," said Jane, "I don't care much about seeing people just now. I am tired."

Mrs. Wilkins glanced across the kitchen table at her guest, dough in hand. "You look kind of peaked. I guess you're pretty well 'tuckered out and need a rest."

"Yes, I am tired," Jane repeated dully.

Mrs. Wilkins laid her lump of dough on the bread board and began deftly rolling it out to the proper thickness. Jane sat with her chin in her palms idly watching her. Jane was fond of Mrs. Wilkins and her kitchen. Just now in her mood of restless weariness the clean, sunshiny spot gave her a consoling sense of rest that she found nowhere else. The sweetness of the summer world outside she somehow shrank from.

"There's one over to George Clark's," Mrs. Wilkins went on, accenting her words with the downward pressure of the cookie cutter. "You know they keep artists sometimes. Only he isn't an artist, exactly, but something like it."

Jane looked up. "An architect," said Mrs. Wilkins accurately. She pronounced the first syllable to rhyme with starch. "His name is Holbrook. That is where your friend stayed, you remember—over to George Clark's. They have nice large chambers, but her pies ain't much to boast of. Think your friend will visit us again this summer?"

"Mr. Eldridge, you mean? No, I don't believe he will come this summer."

A little wind, rose-tinted, blew in the kitchen window, ruffling Jane's brown hair. Into her eyes, as she sat looking off across the sand dunes, came a hurt, tired look. Then, brushing aside some thought as if it were a tangible thing, she rose with a little sigh.

"I suppose you'll paint as hard as ever."

"I suppose so. I am going down by the shore now for a little while."

"In just about half an hour those cookies will be done," Mrs. Wilkins called after her warningly. "You know you always like them best hot."

Jane smiled a dismal ghost of a smile as she passed out of the kitchen into the hot summer sunshine. "I don't believe I care for any today. I am not hungry."

Mrs. Wilkins' keen eyes followed the girl's light figure with troubled disapproval. "She ain't like herself. She used to be always so happy and light, always a carryin' on. I guess she ain't real well."

Jane walked down the dusty road to the sand dunes conscious of the scents and sounds of summer with a vague sense of pain. The blue bay, the white clouds, the burning yellow stretch of the sand, the wild roses by the way—all the intimate sweetheats of summer brought her only that sense of oppression and heartache that such things bring when the love of which they have been a part has become a wounding memory.

She threw herself down in the shadow of the sand dune. She had a book and a letter in her hand but she did not open either. She lay with hands clasped behind her head watching the white sails fit across the bay, her thoughts travelling along the same weary round. Heart and brain ached with the pain of them, yet she could not seem to escape. She would throw that consciousness off with her will only to have it roll over again, enveloping, benumbing. Her thoughts slipped back over her life for the last seven years. She was twenty-seven years old now. First, the hard fight for her art training, the hateful, wearing two years in her aunt's home—that life of pin-pricks and petty torment—then the breaking away from it all and the winters at various boarding-houses. At first that life, in its freedom, had seemed welcome contrast to the formal, cheerless luxury of her aunt's home, but soon she had come to feel the depression of that enforced association and the sense of deprivation at the loss of social life that boarding-house existence entails. So she had put all of herself into her work and had achieved a certain reputation as an illustrator. She was able to graduate from the boarding-house to the studio building. Younger and less successful students envied her; but with her success had come a moment of clear vision and self-knowledge. And she knew that it was not successful achievement in art, nor the charm of congenial social relations, nor even the wine of success itself that was the real thing in a woman's life, but just the old happiness that had been her mother's and her grandmother's. And at the moment that she was ready for love, love had come into her life.

She sighed deeply as if to lift the weight of remembrance from her heart. Yes—Luke had been the perfect lover. It was difficult to see how she could have escaped loving him. Vivid, poetic, intense, under her surface lightness the girl, who had always been a little lonely, had found in his picturesque love something that seemed to meet all the requirements of her nature. A love-making of flowers and music and poetry—Luke was a writer of stories and verse—of long days in the country together—it was the lovemaking of romance, a dream of youth come true.

Yet Luke was not effeminate, nor possessed of affectations of manner or appearance. Jane's sense of humor would have counterbalanced her emotions had that been the case. But he had lacked the essentials of truth and strength. He had been weighed in the balance and found wanting. After long heart-wearing struggles she had had to face that fact, and she had broken with him at what cost to herself the man never guessed.

He had made it as hard for her as possible, continually

two letters a day. Now, although she had not, leaving no address, a letter from him, twice forwarded, had found her, reaching her almost upon her arrival. She picked it up now, heavily, and opened it.

"You shall not escape me wherever you are. The scent of the flowers will tell you of my longing for you, the wind will whisper it as it lifts your hair, the sun will burn you with the fire of it, and at night the still stars will speak to you the eternity of my love. I love you always, always, beloved. You hold my heart between your hands."

And for one weak moment she wanted the warmth and nearness of his love, wanted it with that terrible outreaching of the heart for the known, a loneliness even harder to combat than the starved desire of the love that has never possessed.

But the next moment she tore the letter into fragments and threw it where the incoming tide would carry it away. As she did so a sudden wind caught the envelope and blew it out of reach just as a man turned the corner of the cliff. He stooped to pick up the fluttering paper, and, catching sight of Jane at the same moment, came toward her with bared head.

"Pardon—is this anything you wish to keep?" His eyes must have fallen upon the name on the envelope as he handed it to her, for they went quickly to her face. "This is Miss Stevens, is it not? You probably don't remember me, but—"

She interrupted him with a smile and outstretched hand. "I remember you perfectly. We met at the Holbrook's studio tea. You are Mr. Holbrook."

"How charming of you to remember!"

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you so much. May I?" He seated himself on the sand beside her, laid down his hat and leaned back against the sand dune, selecting the exact spot with precision. "You seem at home here," she commented.

He glanced up to meet a pair of friendly blue eyes and a responsive smile brightening his own. "Oh, yes, I come here every day to read and think and—not think." He translated her expression swiftly. "And you have been here before, too."

"Yes, I, too, used to come here to read and think and—not think."

"Why haven't we met before?"

"I have just arrived. But I have been here nearly every summer."

"So have I. Isn't it odd we have never met before? We must have come alternate years or months."

"And now it seems we will have to come alternate hours." Their eyes met again. She saw that his were very pleasant eyes. He saw that hers were blue and had some mysterious quality that made one absent-minded.

"Since we each have equal claims," she reminded him.

"It seems as if there might be some other way of settling it."

She shook her head. "If we are each in search of solitude—"

"We could make it a solitude a deus."

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thing genuine. May I walk on with you?"

"I am going to Mrs. Wilkins."

"And I am going to 'Mis' George Clark's just beyond."

The walk home seemed very short. Jane could not remember distinctly afterwards what they had talked of, but she knew that she had been interested.

At the gate he detained her. "We have not yet settled the real estate claims."

She smiled, hesitating.

"We will have to have an adjourned meeting to-morrow."

"But to-morrow I am going—"

"Where? You know you can't possibly have an engagement here."

She laughed. "I have an engagement with myself in the Pine Woods to read."

"I foresee that a good deal of litigation is going to be necessary."

"That is just when I was going."

He paused. "And I have laid out a regular University extension course of reading for myself."

She hesitated and was lost.

"We will go together," he said executive-like, "and have a reading, and a meeting after the reading."

Jane came into the kitchen with hair roughened by the wind, her cheeks a little flushed.

Mrs. Wilkins with her apron wrapped about her waist was just removing a pan of brown cookies from the oven.

"I have changed my mind," said Jane briskly, "I do want a cookie after all."

Warren Holbrook walked slowly along the dusty road, thinking of the girl he had just parted from. She had come a cropper, poor little girl. What an appealing sort of face she had. As he had remembered her that afternoon at the studio tea she had seemed light, brilliant, self-reliant. Something had gone very wrong with her. Someone must have hurt her terribly. What brutes some men were anyway. As a rule women were far too good for the men they cared about. Then memory went through him like a knife. He half whispered a woman's name. If only he could have continued to believe in her even if he had had to lose her. He could have borne anything else—if only she had been good—He wondered if it hurt a woman as much to have her ideal trampled to death in the dust. Then his thoughts came back to Jane Stevens.

"Perhaps it is only a lover's quarrel."

Somehow this thought was distasteful.

"I declare if you don't look better already," observed Mrs. Wilkins with a gratified glance at Jane who stood in the kitchen doorway, a charming figure in white duck against a background of sunlit green vines. "Wasn't that young man I seen out at the gate with you the architect from over to George Clark's?"

"Yes, Mr. Holbrook. I found that I knew him. We had met once in New York."

"Well, now, ain't that fortunate! Now you've got somebody to entertain you."

"Yes, somebody to play with," laughed Jane as she went off.

Jimmie Wilkins met her at the gate with a letter. She glanced at the letter, saw Luke's writing, and a shadow fell across her face. "Put it in my room, will you, Jimmie, please? I don't want it now."

"Did you ever see such huge paws and such a knobs head and such a heavenly smile?" He is a dog cherub. I must have him to keep."

"You shall. But have you seen the Great Dane and the Boston terriers?"

"And ought you to stay out here? Won't you catch cold in that er—light garment?"

"No, indeed, I am going to sit out here and watch the storm. Isn't it beautiful? It's going to clear in a moment."

He pulled forward a chair to her, and presently Mrs. Jackson joined them, and sitting down in a wooden rocker, rocking energetically the while, she talked long and intimately of the tastes, eccentricities and characters of the various members of her household; the dog that had rather a fancy for cats; the dog that caught the fish for himself in the cove every morning; the reserved dog that wouldn't make friends with the others; the dog that cracked peanuts for himself and blew away the red shell coverings before he ate them.

And while Mrs. Jackson rocked and talked, Holbrook sat absently watching Jane. Jane was a picturesque girl—"paintable," her fellow artists called her, a girl having moments of unusual beauty. Some of these moments Holbrook might have missed or forgotten; but he knew that never at any moment since he had known her did Jane look dearer or more lovely to him than that rainy afternoon, clad in Mrs. Jackson's shapeless dressing sacque and scant skirt, holding a fatuous amiable puppy in her arms.

After a few moments' conversation, Mrs. Jackson served tea upon veranda in pink and gold cups that had come with the packages of tea. And after the tea-drinking ceremony was over the sun had come out and their clothes were dry enough to put on. So after impressive farewells to Mrs. Jackson and all the dogs and a solemn promise from Jane to the puppy that some day she would come back for him, they started to walk home across the fields.

As they approached the house, they saw Mrs. Wilkins, an anxious Sister Anne in the doorway, looking up and down the road. Holbrook detained Jane a moment under pretext of calling her attention to the sunset. The lilac bushes screened them from sight.

"I shall always love this day. I think I shall love it best of all the days—when I am gone."

"When you are gone—" Jane looked up with startled eyes. "But you are not going—"

"My vacation is over next week."

She was silent, surprised by a tumult of strange feelings.

"I have so much to thank you for,"

he went on in a low voice. "You don't know . . . When I came here I was desperately unhappy. I had just found out the truth about a woman I had loved for five years—the first woman I had ever loved, strange as it may seem. I never had a chance to know women very well. I had to work pretty hard—my mother and sister had no one but me to look after them. I suppose I was easy prey. Anyway, she had just been playing with me. She was a little bit worse than just heartless, and I suppose I had foolish, impossible sorts of notions about women. I was all sorts of a fool about her. She was very beautiful. I don't suppose there was very much of what we call soul in it. I thought there was but you have taught me the difference. You have saved my ideals for me; and—I must thank you all my life."

He bent and kissed her hand. When he raised his head he was

THE DUMB MAN AND THE FLAG

(By Charles A. Bonfils.)

Even "Beany" Swan did not dare make faces at the dumb man when he came into town.

With the other children, "Beany" watched him from a distance as he went his rounds selling wood, and followed him to the grocery store when his wagon was empty, dragged by a horrid and unholy fascination.

The same dreadful power held "Beany" at the grocery window to watch the dumb man as he told with his swift fingers his few wants to Mr. McCann, the grocer. It was only when the transaction was over and the dumb man started out with his parcels that "Beany" joined the breathless, admiring group across the street. When the creaking wagon was disappearing around the first clump of trees up the gulch, "Beany's" natural boldness returned. He leaped down in the middle of the road, kicking up his bare heels in rude defiance and heartfelt relief, and called loudly:

"Dummy, old red-headed dummy, has to sell wood, woody wood."

Even this discreet challenge won for him many plaudits from his band of followers and admirers, who joined faintly in the hallooing after all possible danger had passed.

Whenever the dumb man came into town the word was circulated with surprising rapidity among the children. He was more to be feared than gypsies, "Beany" said. An Indian was more merciful than the dumb man. He was addicted to strange practices and had strange powers, such as being able to see the wind and talk by signs with any animal in the wood. Also he could hear when the moon was right and then he turned into wolf.

All these and many other strange things he could do, "Beany" knew he could. And thus it was that "Beany's" defiant actions behind the dumb man's back won him honor and respect.

But "Beany" did not tell of his own awful dreams when always the dumb man, having heard each rabid word, came and stood by his bed and talked in dreadful signs, until "Beany" had to go and live in the woods with him and chop and split wood for him forever.

To the grown-up part of Placer the dumb man was only Old Jennings, the wood hauler, a little, stooped, wiry man who had come there before the Utes quitted the Vasquez Valley for all time. That was about all Placer knew of the dumb man or cared. He came to town when some one needed wood, the grocer sending his word, and Placer let him alone. There was little, enough in the world out beyond the giant hills that barred the village from the outside, or back in the mountains, that did interest Placer.

The world had forgotten it and Placer turned its back on the world. It sat down behind its hills and let the great outside look out for itself.

Placer had reached that point in the downward grade of a mining camp when absolute annihilation faced it. The town no longer held mass meetings when the sensational and venal outside press said that the town was dead as a gold-producing camp. It had even ceased to brag of its glories or predict a great future or send out stories of vastly rich strikes.

Placer was dying of the dry rot. The gold that had once flowed rich and heavy through its arteries and veins had thinned to a trickle. Its very approach from the outside was a melancholy reflection of its great dead past.

The stage road that connected it with Thompson's, a snug, self-centred and fairly prosperous village at the mouth of the canon, led down, down, down through miles of tottering, staggering sluice boxes and flumes.

It was down these that the life-blood of Placer had flowed at one time.

Just at the head of the creek, where the canon fell, as if exhausted into a green valley, and the Roaring Fork came in, the hardy miners of the first generation had built Placer.

Along the creek had been many villages, Spanish Bar, Gravel Bar, Nugget, Wilson's Creek, Chicago Creek, Missouri Flat—all these fell that Placer might thrive. Only the turn-up creek bed, high gravel dunes, deep pits and deserted cabins with here and there a "goopher-hole" in the side of the steep hills, showed where the Titans had once lived and hoped. All these villages had died for Placer, as Rome was built on many lesser cities, for the hills above Placer opened their veins when the creek sands ceased to give up their golden grain, and gold flowed in abundance, nay, even as a flood. Four-story brick business blocks rose on cabin sites in a year—Placer terraced its hillsides for the villas of multi-millionaires; as much champagne flowed by night as the now dirty and insignificant Vasquez flowed in a day, and Placer went wicked wild. The collapse came with depth, litigation and armed wars preceding. Veins grew low grade that were valued by the pound, and then "pinched out." Placer was "pocketed," the experts said. The crest of the tide passed over Placer, down the steep, rocky, dusty stage road that led to the outside. It left only sad dredges in the town. Champagne ceased to flow, and the Vasquez came into its own again, it cleared up, flowed broadly and merrily again, and the town reeded.

Through it all, somehow, the dumb man had lived without becoming richer or poorer. He hauled wood. No excitement, even when poor men as he became millionaires over night, seemed to reach him. He passed through Placer's orgie of prosperity unscathed. There even came a time when Placer ceased to furnish trade enough to keep the dumb man busy, and he found it necessary to find more custom elsewhere. He began to haul wood to other small distant towns, and was seen less frequently, though he still kept his little cabin on the hill.

Placer had fallen so low that its one time enemies did not make note even of this decrease in its business. They let it alone, to live as best it could its short, cool summers and long, dreary winters.

When the Spanish War excitement broke out Placer manifested some interest. Nothing less could have stirred it.

For weeks the thunders of the press of the outside world had been faintly echoed by the weekly paper of Thompson's. When the news came that war had actually been declared all the male portion of Placer gathered at the grocery store, which was also the post office, and listened listlessly while the grocer read the account of it.

A company of volunteers had been formed at Thompson's weeks before, and every night the streets of that city echoed to the martial tread of the state could gather, the account stated, and there were applications from young men to make up half a dozen more companies. Thompson's alone, the account continued, could and would furnish a regiment if Washington needed it.

Placer felt the sting, but gave no sign. Its young men had drifted away long ago when the last big mine closed. It could number scarcely fifty in all. And could hardly show a flag even to prove its patriotism.

A week or so later the dumb man came to town. He received the news from the grocery man without comment, but hurried away to his cabin.

A few days later Placer awoke to wonder.

On the highest point of the great hill in front of the town, on a bluff overlooking the stream and looking down the canon, was a great flag, rolling and snapping in the cool, brisk breeze. Not less wonderful than the flag was the great mast from which it waved, straight and clean, a hundred feet in the air, gleaming softly white. The men went up to see it at closer range, but "Beany" Swan and Jimmie McCann met them half way coming back.

"Gee! It's the biggest flag you ever saw," said "Beany," "and the pole is just a spruce tree, all the limbs cut off, and the flag goes up and down on a rope an' tackle."

It was true. The flag had a vast spread, and when the breeze let it glide through its white fingers a moment and rest against the mast, it hung fully twenty feet from the top.

It had been heavy work, the making of that flag-staff. Whoever had done it had worked with a skill that called forth the admiration of the men of Placer. Not a flock of birds had been left upon the smooth surface. The limbs had been snubbed off cleanly and the lower ones gleamed from the sure, bare blows of the axe. It must have taken days of hard work. The men couldn't understand how it had been accomplished without their knowledge, until McCann spoke.

Then they saw. The tree,

the straightest young giant on the bluff, had been trimmed first from the top down and brimmed at the same time. A number of trees protected it from sight of the town. Then all the trees around it had been felled, sawed through, and hauled away, leaving a little open park facing down the canon. The trees on the edge had been lopped down. These now hung over the side, a great green mattress. The view was clear and the world might see Placer's patriotism from afar. Behind rose the grove of rich spruce. Placer accented its gift with humble hearts and hands.

"Beany" could hear the magpies calling in the dense woods near Baldy, and the plaintive whistle of the camp-robin near the old man's cabin.

"Beany" was glad of the chance to sit down and rest awhile before the old man should come.

The air was strangely heavy and oppressive, and "Beany" felt, too, that the greatest day of his life was at hand. All the preceding afternoon he had been out on the hills gathering wild flowers—he had a tub full of them at home, columbine from the aspen thickets, violets and shooting-stars from the river flats; anemones, funny, fustian-jacketed little fellows, found hidden on the bare, rocky hillsides; Indian pinks from the pine-clad hills and trailing clematis vines. He was also to aid his friend, Mr. Jennings, in carrying the flag, for in honor of the day they were to take down the flag and fasten it to a great staff. He was going to carry

part of the flag and relieve Mr. Jennings of part of the weight. He had thought it all out. He would drap

part of it over his shoulder as a military cloak, carrying his flowers in his left hand. They were going to form for the procession in front of the church. All the men and women in town would be there. "Beany" swelled with pride when he thought how proud his mother and sisters would be.

The principal of the school was going to deliver an address, and the preacher, a travelling minister, would make another. Then, after a prayer, all would go to the river and there strew the flowers upon the river for the heroes. A long, long way from any battle-ground or any of the graves of the country's sacred dead, but mayhap the flowers would find the last resting place of some heroes, maybe an old scout or Indian fighter whose death or life no historian would ever draw. At least that is what the schoolmaster had told them.

"Beany" started to find the dumb man at his side. Together they sent "Old Glory" up to greet the sun, and then lowered it in honor of the

principal of the school.

Every morning thereafter the dumb man lifted the flag to its place to greet the rising sun, and as the wind lifted it, caressing it as gently as his own fingers, and shook out its folds, the old man saw in it that which made his heart beat fast and tears fill his eyes. Fold after fold it flowed out upon the wind. The deep red stripes were as files of men marching away.

Thus had he seen them go by years and years before, as a boy. His father was among them then, marching away. He had gone miles down to the big road to see them pass his father riding at the head of the column of big, stalwart men. And something like a hand clutched at his throat. He saw the sticks beating upon the drums and the men with the rifles at their fins. He could bear no sound of it all, but the meaning had taken hold upon him. He had gone for days after the army went away and none but his mother had understood. She knew, and her heart yearned for him.

And then the morning he had first seen that flag. He had been sent away to his aunt's for a week to forget his hurt. His grandfather had raised a great pole against the side of the house. The flag lay in a heap near by, a glorious heap of red and blue and white. He himself had raised the flag just as it did now. And his mother had told him that the flag every day he should raise the flag, every day until his father should come riding back. That was the way he should serve the army; though he could never go to the front himself, she would write to Daddy and tell him, and he would be very proud.

The day the news came, he had known it from afar. He had gone away that morning to stay all day. He stopped on the hilltop above the pasture to look for the flag. Something was wrong. It was reeling motionless at half-mast. He knew, and bowing his head, wept upon the pony's neck while the gentle creature turned and rubbed its nose against his foot.

The flag was draped over his father's coffin and he had never had the heart to raise it again. It lay in the trunk with the torn and frayed uniform, the rusty sabre standing sentinel against the attic wall.

And then when sheer grief, I come a chill awfully spectre, and sat at the hearthstone to claim his mother, she had had the uniform, the sword and flag brought down into her room. She kissed them one by one, her pale hand too weak to lift even a fold of the flag she had joyed in sewing.

He had put the flag away after it in a chest with the uniform and sword. He had never had the heart to look at them again until the flag had gone forth.

And now he loved to think that day it told the world, all that in the way of the loyal heart, in the way of the wayward heart, in the way of the mountain town that had no men to give him.

Placer had fallen so low that its one time enemies did not make note even of this decrease in its business. They let it alone, to live as best it could its short, cool summers and long, dreary winters.

When the Spanish War excitement broke out Placer manifested some interest. Nothing less could have stirred it.

to a letter a month later "Beany" Swan was given the right to raise and lower the flag. He had somehow overcome his fear of the dumb man. His mother had praised him before the boy, calling him "Mr." Jennings. "Beany" learned that the terrible creature he dreaded was a poor, old, lonely man with a heart of more worth than all the gold that ever the hills had yielded Placer. "Beany" would not have had his mother know his heinous behavior toward the old man for anything. He resolved to lick the first boy who called him "dummy" again.

The next morning he had gone early to the flag-staff and waited for him to come with the flag. He had nodded to "Beany" kindly and had let him help raise the flag. Thereafter "Beany" was always on hand to raise and lower the flag, for patriotism and desire to fight his country's enemies was the consuming desire that moved all his acts by day and troubled him at night.

It lacked only a few days of Decoration Day when the old man returned. The troops had gone. He had seen them, as in the days before, march away. Thin lines of brown they were, lines of slender, square-shouldered boys they seemed to him, swaggering young blades, but the youthfulness of their faces touched his heart. Wave upon wave they flowed down the street, the bands gleaming in the sunlight. The women waved their handkerchiefs and cried unto them a moment later. Then came the artillery, the lean, squat, deadly guns drawn by the nervous, sinewy horses, their harness loose upon them, their men riding them loosely, and others riding upon the ammunition boxes, their hands folded as men one time rode to their death on the gallows.

Such was the parade, and the old man's heart leapt to think how his own father led that column of stalwart men, and cried with the women who saw the other, bitter side of war.

He brought home with him something to gladden the heart of any boy at that time, but more particularly that of "Beany" Swan at this time, to wit: a suit of soldier brown—a khaki uniform, leggings and all complete.

"Beany's" heart stood still when the old man's heart leapt to think how his own father led that column of stalwart men, and the swollen stream took them away in a moment, while the dumb man let his fall one at a time, and seemed lost in deep thought. Then the child went to gather more. He knew where there were a bank of them up the river a few hundred yards, violet and shooting-stars, his favorites.

The others had scattered along the road that skirted the creek, leaving the dumb man standing alone on the bridge, when suddenly there broke upon the stillness of the placid May day a sound that made those who listened tremble. It was a deep roar, steadily and swiftly increasing in volume and strength—a cloud-burst flood. They fled up the banks of the stream out of danger. There was heard the sound of a child's voice screaming alarm, and around the bend appeared "Beany," waving his arms, and running at the top of his speed.

Scarcely a dozen steps behind him the flood came, like a great monster, pushing a jumble of logs, great stones and debris in front.

The dumb man heard no word at all, nor did he notice the sudden precipitate flight of the others. "Beany" saw him and screamed at the top of his voice, forgetting that a seal had been put upon his ears.

The flood was but a step behind the child when he reached the bridge, but even then he might have saved himself if he had turned to the road. Instead he sprang upon the bridge and seized the dumb man by the arm, and grabbing the flag with the other.

The horror-stricken people on the bank saw the logs catch the bridge and lift it back and forth, going the slender thing like a maddened bull.

It raised, held a moment on the crest of the flood, which went foaming and racing up to the top of the banks in an instant. They saw the dumb man put his arm about the child and the flag cover them both. Then the bridge wires snapped with a whine, the two stood a moment in the roaring flood, and then disappeared.

But this day the blood of their fathers, cooled by the lapse of many years and totally new scenes sprang up again with all the waving of flags, of many moving troops, and would be denied no longer.

The day broke calm and clear, the earth seemed holding its breath while the great sun came out of his battlements and strongholds among the eastern peaks. There was no sound save the steady roaring of the Vasquez, swollen by recent heavy rains and the melting snows, for summer, as it does in the higher mountains, falls with a sudden eagle-like swoop.

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Inland Around Toronto

MR. EDWARD STOCK.
The Toronto Globe of Saturday gives an excellent photo copy together with a short sketch of the life of Mr. Edward Stock of Mimico, who has just celebrated his 90th birthday. The Globe tells us that Mr. Stock was born on April 25th, 1815, at Chorley, Lancashire, England, and with his two brothers came to Muddy Brook in 1829, being at that time 33 years of age. The father had preceded his sons in the previous year, and they all settled on the banks of the Mimico. Mr. Stock is a life long Liberal and a reader of The Globe since its beginning; he is also a Justice of the Peace and a director of the Home Loan and Savings Company from the weekly meeting of which he is rarely absent. As Mr. Stock is known throughout the city, the following which, in connection with a sketch of the Catholicity of Toronto, I wrote for the Montreal Witness about three years ago, may be of interest:

"This sketch of St. Michael's is accompanied by a photo of Mr. Edward Stock. Not that Mr. Stock is a member of the parish, or even a resident of the city, but because he has seen its growth for the past seventy years, and has witnessed in turn the birth and development of its parishes. Mr. Stock is and was during all this time a resident of Mimico, one of its suburbs. He was confirmed by Bishop Macdonell, the first Bishop of Upper Canada, in old St. Paul's church. As Mr. Stock has lived in none of our parishes and has been for seventy years an attendant at one or another in turn, we introduced him to our readers with the Cathedral parish. He is one of an old English family. Coming to Canada when a boy he settled with his father within a quarter of a mile from his present home. He is 87 years of age, but apparently time has forgotten to touch him in his passing, for he is as alert in his physical and mental powers as men twenty years his junior. Twelve miles through the "bush" for in those days there were but two houses between Mimico and the Toronto Asylum, was the distance travelled by Edward Stock as a boy in order to get to a church. At that time there was no cleared road and when one was made an ox-team wagon was the only conveyance to be had, and as Mr. Stock says "one would rather walk" than avail himself of the heavy lumbering affair. All things in those days were very uncertain, so on the day on which he received the Sacrament of Confirmation no notice had been given of the date until he reached the church; here he was told he was to be confirmed. 'Old Captain Elmsley and I were confirmed together,' relates Mr. Stock, 'and I don't remember whether there were any others or not.' St. Paul's old church was the scene of the marriage of this gentleman, and here too, everyone of his family was baptized, most of them on the day they were born. Is not this wonderful? A child to be carried a distance of twelve miles and back on the day of its birth to receive baptism. But the staunch Catholicity which prompted this has been the moving power of the entire life of this early pioneer; Mr. Stock's Catholicity is part of himself; it moves with him without display, but solidly and with decorum; integrity and the 'golden rule' are the standards by which he has always lived, and to-day he is in the eyes of his neighbors and citizens, a man worthy of the highest esteem and love."

Mr. Stock was present at the excavation of the Cathedral, at which he worked hard and afterwards took part of the 'Feast of the Ox.' Among the remembrances of this gentleman is being present at the ordination of a priest, when the holy rite was conferred in a store. For some reason the Cathedral at that time was closed and apparently there was no other place available. A new church, that of St. Leo, is now building at Mimico, where Mr. Stock in his beautiful home eagerly awaits its opening. 'Seventy years have I waited for this,' said Mr. Stock. 'That he may live long to enjoy it is the sincere wish of his numerous friends.'

This church has been opened now nearly two years and in it the venerable pioneer has witnessed the marriages of three members of his family and from it the funeral of another, a dear little girl who died within that time. In it, too, he has had the privilege of assisting at the Forty Hours which closed there but a few days ago, a privilege which could not even have entered into the imaginations of the settler of the early days of Mimico. The Catholic Register joins the many in wishing for Mr. Stock continued health and still many years of usefulness and happiness.

RETREAT AT ST. JOSEPH'S.
A retreat was just closed at St. Joseph's Asylum. It was conducted by Rev. Father Doyle, CSSR, of St. Patrick's, and was attended by the two hundred or more pupils of the institution. The retreat began on Thursday morning and had its solemn closing with Mass and Benediction on Monday morning. The exercises were much appreciated by the large number

of students who took part and for whose profit it was held.

RECEPTION AT ST. PAUL'S.

A reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin will take place at St. Paul's church on the last Sunday of May. A procession will be held on the same evening and an exceptionally large number will be received into the association.

The Encyclical of His Holiness on the teaching of Christian Doctrine was read in some of the city churches on Sunday last.

SERMON ON MATRIMONY.

On Sunday evening after Vespers Rev. Father Urbin, CSSR, of St. Patrick's delivered an interesting and practical sermon in matrimony. The Rev. speaker urged upon the young men of his congregation the advice to marry, emphasizing his advice by illustrations of the happiness arising from early marriage entered into with the proper dispositions. One of the secrets of retaining happiness in the home was given, as the faculty of each looking at the faults of the other through the fingers, rather than with an unimpaired vision. Many of the congregation were very much impressed with the wisdom of Father Urbin's remarks.

OBSERVANCE OF FEASTS.

The Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was observed throughout the diocese on Sunday last. On Monday the Feast of Saint John Baptist De La Salle was a special day of devotion particularly for the pupils of the schools under the care of the Brothers. High Mass was sung in many of the churches of the city at which the Brothers, the children of the parish and the parents assisted.

AT ST. CECILIA'S.

At St. Cecilia's church, Toronto Junction, the Forty Hours began on Sunday morning after the High Mass and ended on Tuesday. Rev. Father Gallagher, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father Doherty, officiated at the opening and in the evening Rev. Father Welch, C.S.B., gave an explanation of the origin and meaning of the devotion then in progress, after which he preached a most earnest sermon, taking for his text the vi. Chap. of St. John, the 51st to the 56th vs. Father Welch prefaced his discourse by some eulogistic references to the encyclical of his Holiness on the teaching of Christian Doctrine, commenting that it was in keeping with all the acts of Pius X., since his coming to the Papal Throne, and that the taking of the name Pius must surely have been inspired by heaven as it typified so well his endeavor to bring the world back to the pious condition of the primitive Christians. On Monday and Tuesday sermons were preached by Rev. Father Rohleder and Rev. Father Murray respectively. The little church was crowded throughout the exercises, the singing was very pleasing and the sanctuary and altar were attractive with many lights and beautiful flowers.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PICNIC.
The following ladies have charge of the different parish tables at the coming picnic in aid of the House of Providence: St. Michael's, Mrs. Ferguson; St. Mary's, Mrs. Curran; St. Patrick's, Miss Phelan, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Lowe; St. Helen's, Mrs. Henderson; St. Francis, Mrs. Carey; Holy Family, Miss Turner; St. Joseph's, Mrs. Nolan; Our Lady of Lourdes, Miss Wickett; St. Basil's, Mrs. O'Neill and Mrs. Grant; St. Peter's, Miss Heck.

LECTURE AT ST. FRANCIS.

On Tuesday Mr. J. T. Loftus lectured before the young men of St. Francis' Literary Association. The subject 'Literature' was well suited to the ends and aims of the association and was much enjoyed by those present. The programme was added to by a spirited recitation by Mr. R. Power and a vocal solo pleasingly rendered by Mr. W. Kirke.

FIRST COMMUNION AT ST. MARY'S.

The First Communion of the children of St. Mary's Parish took place at the children's mass on Sunday last. The class consisted of about sixty boys and girls whose demeanour showed that they had been well prepared for the solemn event. Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., celebrated mass and addressed the children on this, the great day of their lives. The church was fairly crowded to the utmost, many interested outsiders being present in addition to the usual congregation.

RETREAT AT ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

A retreat given by Rev. Father Van Antwerp of Detroit has just closed at St. Michael's College; it opened on Sunday and ended this (Thursday) morning.

Cheapest of all Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the value it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

BINDER TWINE.

UNTIL further notice Binder Twine will be sold at the Kingston Penitentiary to farmers, in such quantities as may be desired, for cash, at the following prices: "Pure Manila" (600 feet to the lb.) 12c; "Mixed Manila" (550 feet to the lb.) 10c; "Pure New Zealand" (450 feet to the lb.) 9c; 1c per pound less on ton lots.

All f.o.b. Kingston.

Address all communications, with remittances, to J. M. Platt, Warden Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont.

Persons inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor.

J. M. PLATT,
Warden.

Kingston, May 10, 1905.

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Wardens.

Kingston, May 10, 1905.

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Royal Baking Powder is more convenient for use than cream of tartar and soda and makes finer-flavored food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Barney Maglone

"Barney Maglone," the renowned poet and wit, a selection of whose poems are now appearing from week to week in the Anglo-Celt, of Cavan, Ireland, was born at Dunfanaghy, Co. Donegal, about the year 1820, his father being a coastguard at that place. His real name was Robert A. Wilson and he was partly educated at Raymonderdoney School, but his mother, an English woman, considerably aided him in his studies—her desire being to see him a Presbyterian clergyman. He appears to have taught himself a good deal too, as he was credited in after years with an astonishing knowledge of languages. He is supposed to have known Irish thoroughly. For some cause or other he left home in early youth and for a time acted as teacher at Ballycass, Co. Antrim. He soon after went to America, where he began to write for the Press. He was back in Enniskillen in 1847, and there became connected with the local Press. In about 1849 he received an offer of the post of sub-editor on the "National" newspaper, which he accepted. He, however, left the "National" early in the fifties, and was evidently in difficulties, for Mr. Trimble of Enniskillen met him in Dublin in a parlous state and took him back with him. He eventually obtained the editorship of the "Fermanagh Mail," and of the "Advertiser," and in the former commenced his famous "Barney Maglone" articles. Previously he had written over the signature of "Erin Oge," "Young Ireland," and "Jonathan Oldman." He was soon a notable character in Enniskillen and his social habits no less than his rapidly increasing renown as a writer procured him hosts of friends. Here doubtless the liking for liquor, which was ultimately his ruin, began to establish its ascendancy over him. There is no reason to suppose that "Barney" was hopeless in this respect, though he drank very heavily at times. In 1865 he accepted a post on the "Morning News" of Belfast. In 1871 he published in London an "Almanack for All Ireland, an whoever else wants it," and in this are to be found some of his best verses.

In 1894 a collection of his best poems was published in Belfast, edited by F. J. Biggar, M.R.I.A., and John S. Crone, with an introductory memoir by D. J. O'Donoghue. The little volume was entitled, "The Reliques of Barney Maglone," and is now out of print. In this volume are found the poems of Maglone which are now being printed, and to Mr. O'Donoghue's memoir we are indebted for the few particulars of the poet's life, given above. They will help to keep his memory green among his countrymen.

To Join the Carthusians

It is announced that the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon John S. Vaughan (youngest brother of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster), who is at present in Rome, has decided upon entering the Carthusian cloister. He joins the Order in the Certosa of Lucca, where the General lives. Needless to say, the Carthusians' institute is the strictest of all the Orders. Each monk observes perpetual silence, except for one hour in the week, abstains always from flesh meat, and, with the exception of the choir in the church, remains secluded in his cell. The Monsignor, with his brother, Mr. Frank Vaughan, has just had a private audience of the Pope.

HOLY WEEK IN LONDON.

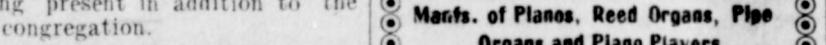
One of the interesting features of the Holy Week celebrations in London was the ceremony of washing of feet witnessed by a large congregation at the new Westminster Cathedral. His Grace, Archbishop Bourne, performed the solemn ceremony. Twelve of the altar boys attached to the Cathedral took their places on a green covered bench, and while the "Beati Immaculata" was being rung the Archbishop washed and wiped their feet. The observance of this ancient rite has been confined in modern times almost exclusively to the great Cathedrals of Catholic countries on the Continent.

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