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PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

"Zack" Montgomery of Oakland, Cal., 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, Cal., 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 Hoxay). 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 drinks," in it lived the first American Governor of California, who afterwards converted to the Catholic Church and publishing a large volume, giving his reasons therefor; it is also noted for being the home

of a number of prominent converts, several of whom I have had the pleasure of knowing, and included most of the first families, mostly southerners. They had been Presbyterians. I once met their minister and asked him how it was that so many of his people had changed their faith. His answer was that the southern people loved authority and that the Catholic Church put forward claims in this regard that no other possessed. He, too, abandoned Presbyterianism and set up a church of his own. I believe the controversial work of the governor had a good deal to do with the conversions referred to. The governor's name was Peter H. Burnett, and the title of his work, which is to be found in many Catholic libraries, is "An American Lawyer's Reasons for Becoming a Member of the Catholic Church." The Presbyterian minister's name was Rev. Mr. Hamilton, and I knew him in Oakland, where he was afterwards prominent among the ministers of that city.

San Jose was remarkable too, for being the home of many pioneer settlers of Irish nationality, the Reids, Murphys, and others that made it their early California home before the American conquest. There are many Murphys in California, and I have known five of them to be in the legislature at one time. Indeed I have known some of the newspapers to speak of that legislature as "the Murphy legislature." That was in Sacramento in 1877. But not one of those Murphys was born in Ireland. One was born in Quebec, one in Maine, one in Missouri, one in Virginia, and one in California. One was a banker, two were lawyers, one was a doctor, and one had "cattle on a thousand hills." A brother of those San Jose Murphys owned more than five million acres of land at the time of his death, situated in Mexico, Nevada and California, and his name was "Barney." The father of those San Jose Murphys was named Martin, and hailed from the County of Wexford, in Ireland. He came to America in the early forties by way of Quebec, and found his way to California in 1846, by way of Missouri and the plains. He had another son who was at the time of the gold discovery the richest man in California. His name was John. He gathered gold with the aid of the Indians, bought gold at a reduced price, kept store and received pay for his goods in the precious metal. He became very rich as riches were counted in those days, but he was too generous to retain his wealth, and afterwards became a poor man.

Another man that resided in San Jose who became to some extent a benefactor, was James Lick, founder of the Lick Observatory. During his business career as miller and merchant he was noted for his financial closeness, but before his death he contributed to many benefactions and his name is now associated with some notable public enterprises. And not far from San Jose is situated Palo Alto, the seat of the Stanford University, which is the leading educational institution of the Pacific Coast, and on which millions of money have been spent.

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 POPE AND THE IRISH PARTY

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

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who spent the Easter Recess of Parliament in Italy, for the benefit of his health, which had suffered from the strain of his political duties, by special arrangement was received in private audience at the Vatican by His Holiness Pius X. Mr. Redmond was accompanied by Mrs. Redmond and Miss Delaney. The members of Mr. Redmond's party were introduced to His Holiness by the Marquis MacSwiney, who, it will be remembered, accompanied His Eminence Cardinal Vanutelli on his recent visit to Ireland. The Marquis MacSwiney is the Pope's Private Chamberlain. This was Mr. Redmond's first interview with Pius X.

The audience between the Pope and the Chairman of the Irish Party was one of considerable duration, and was marked by the greatest cordiality on the part of His Holiness. In the course of the conversation his Holiness manifested the keenest interest in the state of Ireland. He inquired from Mr. Redmond regarding the religious, the political, and the industrial conditions existing in the country, and was particularly solicitous concerning the development of the various movements towards the improvement of these conditions. His Holiness spoke in the kindest terms of the work of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He expressed his complete sympathy with the objects and the labors of the Party. "I recognize the Irish Parliamentary Party," he said, "as the defender of the Catholic religion, because that is the National religion, and it is the National Party. The struggles of the Party by lawful and peaceful means to win political liberty for Ireland, and to obtain the full civic rights for the Irish people, denied to them at present, had, continued his Holiness, his deep sympathy, and his blessing.

Following up this whole-hearted commendation, his Holiness imparted the Pontifical benediction to all the members of the Irish Party and their families, and to Mr. Redmond, his wife, and children.

Before parting, the Pope made a special gift to Mr. Redmond. It consisted of a striking portrait of His Holiness, to which was attached the following inscription:

"To my Beloved Son, John Redmond, Leader of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, with a wish that he, together with his equally beloved colleagues, using all legal and peaceful means, may win that liberty which makes for the welfare of the Catholic Church and of the whole country, we impart our Apostolic Benediction, with particular affection."

From the Vatican, 27th April, 1905.

Mr. Redmond has also had two most cordial and satisfactory interviews with His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State.

St. Michael's College Alumni

On Friday last the executive committee of St. Michael's College Alumni met at St. Michael's College, Rev. D. Cushing presiding. The others present were Mr. Hugh T. Kelly, Secretary, Mr. J. P. Murray, Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan and Mr. D'Arcy Hinds. It was decided to hold the Alumni dinner on St. Michael's feast day, September 29th. The dinner will be held in the college refectory. All ex-pupils are cordially invited to join the association, the annual fee being \$1.00, which may be sent to the secretary, Mr. Hugh T. Kelly, barrister, Toronto. The last annual dinner was a very successful one and many of the old boys of St. Michael's have already signified their intention of being present in September next.

Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya

Monsignor Count Peter Vay de Vaya who has been lecturing in Winnipeg and Montreal, is a traveller of note. He went out to the Canadian Northwest to hear confessions of his Hungarian countrymen. He has been through Siberia, Manchuria, Korea and China. He has visited the Czar and dined with the Dowager Empress of China. His special work in the Far East is the promotion of orphanages for the care of the poor waifs of the Chinese population.

Archbishop Gauthier will visit Rome

Kingston, May 16.—Archbishop Gauthier intends making a trip to Rome next November to pay his respects to the Holy Father. His Grace has not visited the Vatican since his appointment in 1898 to the Archbishopric of Kingston.

The Toronto Mirror

We are asked whether a file of The Toronto Mirror between 1857 and 1870 can be had. Some of our readers may know.

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REV. FR. BRETHERTON

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

Rev. Father Bretherton has been parish priest of St. Luke's, Downeyville, for eleven years. The magnificent church property, its comfort and elegance, the beautiful grounds surrounding it, and the unity and co-operation which enabled him to accomplish so much are the best evidence of his administrative ability and success. During the last week of his officiate he was the recipient of several farewell addresses, and gifts appreciative of his sterling worth, and of the esteem and love of his people, a large number of whom accompanied him to the station on his departure, and welcomed to the parish his successor, the Rev. Father McGuire of Hastings.

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:

To Rev. Father Bretherton: 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. Yes, dear Father, when waiting 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 overcome 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 feeling 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

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 ground 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 the 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. Yes, dear Father, you have labored unceasingly amid trials untold, but your efforts have been crowned with success on every occasion. The visible results of those efforts are ours, and will remain with us, a living memorial of your devotedness and solicitude. We ask you, therefore, to accept this purse as a token of our love and gratitude. In conclusion then permit us, dear Father, to congratulate you on your appointment to the important parish of Hastings and to beg your blessing ere we say good-bye. Signed on behalf of the congregation, Peter Murtha, John C. O'Leary, Wm. Herlihey, Wm. Lebane, Eugene Shine, James D. O'Brien, Michael Clancy, Joseph R. Lucas, Edward Costello, Henry Mathews.

In reply Father Bretherton very feelingly reviewed the years of his sojourn amongst them and ascribed his success to their hearty co-operation rather than to his individual efforts. After thanking them most sincerely for the many kind references contained in their beautiful address and the accompanying substantial proof of their esteem, he gave them his blessing and all retired to their respective homes.

Later in the evening the choir presented him with a pleasing address a silver tea service and water pitcher.

Separate School Board

The monthly meeting of the Board of Separate Schools was held at the De La Salle Institute last week, the vicar-general of the diocese, Rev. Father McCann, presiding. The finance committee presented its report, which was adopted. The standing committee on sites and building reported that it had made application to the Sisters of St. Joseph for extra ground in connection with St. Basil's School, and the community had agreed partially to their request by granting the board 25 feet of land fronting on Breadalbane street, and running north as far as the present school grounds, 110 feet, but the grant would be made only on condition that the board should have a two-roomed addition to the school actually under construction. The terms were accepted.

The committee of management and supplies recommended that 40 desks be purchased for St. Peter's School, and that one of the teachers be transferred from St. Paul's School to St. Peter's School, to take charge of a new class to be formed there, and that there be only six classes of girls at St. Paul's, instead of seven, as heretofore.

The attendance showed an average of 3872; number on register, 4328. It was agreed to install a hot-air system of heating in St. Helen's School, and certain repairs were ordered to be completed at St. Cecilia's and St. John's School.

When a girl begins to clip the "hints for housewives" from the papers, it indicates which way the gentle zephyrs are blowing.

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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 shrunk 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 lit his lip. She leaned against the chair, and beat 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 cork 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 pimply 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 ailment and abetter, 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 lop and top from poor handmaidens all such genteel exercises—Miggs. This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to patterns in private life, slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable temper, 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 fickle, false, hazy, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her more) 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 concern; 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 sleepy 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's 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 in her 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 Manuel, looked round, and acknowledged Miggs's championship by commanding her to hold her tongue.

Every little bone in Miggs's 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 the bottom line over leaf 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 wrong; from me by the dreadful brutality of that monster master."

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. V.—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—and a heartiness, and throwing cold water over the fireside? Is it natural, when I 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 my dear."

"No, Varden," returned his wife, rising with dignity. "I dare say—thank you! I'm not a child to be corrected one minute and petted the next—I'm a little too old for that, Varden. Miggs, carry the light. You can be cheerful, Miggs, at least."

Miggs, who, to this moment, 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 least 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 appeared, and Sim Tappertit entered, hearing in his hands a little lamp.

"What the devil business has he to stop up so late?" muttered Sim, passing it down upon the forge. "Here's half the night gone already. There's only one good thing has ever come to me, in 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 deep sleep, as by Barnaby himself in his phantom-haunted dreams.

CHAPTER VIII.

Clear of the locksmith's house, Sim Tappertit laid aside his cautious manner, and assuming in its stead that of a ruffling, 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-browed 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 defaced and rotten front the rude effigy of a Lottle swung to and fro like some gibbeted malefactor, struck thence upon an iron grating with his foot. Answer to his signal, Mr. Tappertit became impatient, and struck the grating thrice again, and 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 it 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 wa'er-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 door 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 trundle-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 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 a sprinkling of the others—your hear 'em?"

"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 as no very distant period, been used as a storeroom for cheeses; a circumstance which, while it accounted for the greasy moisture that hung about it, was agreeably suggestive of rats. It was naturally damp besides, and little trees of fungus sprung from every mouldering corner.

The proprietor of this charming retreat, and owner of the ragged head before mentioned—for he wore an old tie-wig as bare and frowzy as a stunted hearth-broom—had by this time joined them; and stood a little apart, rubbing his hands, wagging his hoary bristled chin, and smiling in silence. His eyes were closed; but had they been wide open it would have been easy to tell, from the attentive expression of the face he turned toward them—pale and unwholesome as might be expected in one of his underground existence—and from a certain anxious raising and quivering of the lids, that he was blind.

"Even Stagg hath been asleep," said the long comrade, nodding towards this person.

"Sound captain, sound!" cried the blind man; "what does my noble captain drink—is it brandy, rum, usquebaugh? Is it soaked gunpowder, or blazing soil? Give it a name, heart of oak, and we'll get it for you, if it was wine from a bishop's cellar, or melted gold from King George's mint."

"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."

"Holdy 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!"

Table with 3 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS. Includes dates for May 1905 and lists of saints and feast days.

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in the same breath with wine, that's rather too much. Here, take the glass, Benjamin, lead on. To business!"

With these words, he folded his arms again; and frowning with a sullen majesty, passed with his companion through a little door at the end of the cellar, and disappeared; leaving Stagg to his private meditations.

The vault they entered, strewn with sawdust and dimly lighted, was between the outer one from which they had just come, and that in which the skittle players were diverting themselves; as was manifested by the increased noise and clamor of tongues, which was suddenly stopped, however, and replaced by a dead silence at a signal from the long comrade.

Then, this young gentleman, going to a little cupboard, returned with a thigh-bone, which in former times must have been part and parcel of some individual at least as long as himself, and placed the same in the hands of Mr. Tappertit; who, receiving it as a sceptre and staff of authority, cocked his three-cornered hat fiercely on the top of his head, and mounted a large table, whereon a chair of state cheerfully ornamented with a couple of skulls was placed ready for his reception.

He had no sooner assumed his position, than another young gentleman appeared, bearing in his arms a huge clapped book, who made him a profound obeisance, and delivered it to the long comrade, who advanced to the table, and turning his back upon it, stood there Atlas-wise. Then, the long comrade got upon the table too; and seated himself in a lower chair than Mr. Tappertit's, with much state and ceremony, placed the large book on their mute companion as if he had been a wooden desk, and prepared to make entries therein with a pen of corresponding size.

When the long comrade had made these preparations, he looked towards Mr. Tappertit; and Mr. Tappertit, flourishing the bone, knocked nine times therewith upon one of the skulls. At the ninth stroke, a third young gentleman emerged from the door leading to the skittle-ground, and bowing low, awaited his commands.

"'Prentice!" said the mighty captain, "who waits without?"

The 'prentice made answer that a stranger was in attendance, who claimed admission into that secret society of 'Prentice Knights, and a free participation in their rights, privileges, and immunities. Thereupon Mr. Tappertit flourishing the bone again, and giving the other skull a prodigious rap on the nose, exclaimed "Admit him!" At these dread words the 'prentice bowed once more and so withdrew as he had come.

There soon appeared at the same door, two other 'prentices, having between them a third, whose eyes were bandaged, and who was attired in a bag-wig, and a broad-skirted coat, trimmed with tarnished lace, and who was girded with a sword, in compliance with the laws of the Institution regulations the introduction of candidates, which required them to assume this courtly dress, and kept it constantly in lavender, for their convenience. One of the conductors of this novice held a rusty blunderbuss pointed toward his car, and the other a very ancient sabre with which he carved imaginary offenders as he came along in a sanguinary and anatomical manner.

As this silent group advanced, Mr. Tappertit fixed his hat upon his head. The novice then laid his hand upon his breast and bent before him. When he had humbled himself sufficiently, the captain ordered the bandage to be removed and proceeded to eye him over.

"Ha!" said the captain thoughtfully, when he had concluded this ordeal. "Proceed."

The long comrade read aloud as follows: "Mark Gilbert. Age, nineteen. Round to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon's daughter. Cannot say that Curzon's daughter loves him. Should think it probable. Curzon pulled his ears last Tuesday week."

against the name Curzon." "So please you," said the novice, "that's not the worst—he calls his 'prentice idle dog, and stops his beer unless he works to his liking. He gives dutch cheese, too, eating Cheshire, sir, himself, and Sundays over, are only once a month."

"This," said Mr. Tappertit gravely, "is a flagrant case. Put two black crosses to the name of Curzon."

"If the society," said the novice, "an ill-looking, one-sided, shambling lad, with sunken eyes set close together in his head—'if the society would burn his house down—for he's not insured—or beat him as he comes home from his club at night, or help me to carry off his daughter! and marry her at the Fleet, whether she gave consent or no!"

Mr. Tappertit waved his grizzled truncheon as an admonition to him not to interrupt, and ordered three black crosses to the name of Curzon.

"Which means," he said in gracious explanation, "vengeance, complete and terrible. 'Prentice, do you love the Constitution?"

To which the novice (being to that end instructed by his attendant sponsors) replied, "I do!"

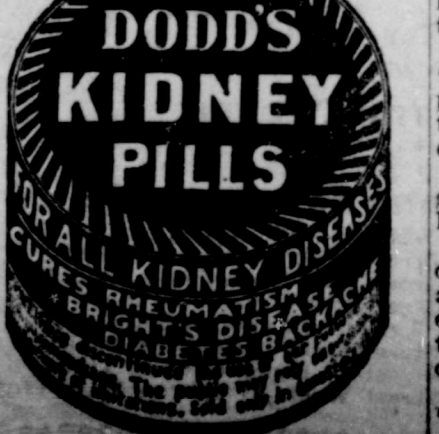
"The Church, the State, and everything established—but the masters!" quote the captain.

Again the novice said, "I do." Having said it, he listened meekly to the captain, who, in an address prepared for such occasions, told him how that under that same Constitution (which was kept in a strong box somewhere, but where exactly he could not find out, or he would have endeavored to procure a copy of it), the 'prentice had, in times gone by, had frequently holidays of right, broken people's heads by scores, defied their masters, nay, even achieved some glorious murders in the streets which privileges had gradually been wrestled from them, and in all which noble aspirations they were now restrained; how then they were unquestionably attributable to the innovating spirit of the times, and how they united therefore to resist all change, except such change as would restore those good old English customs, by which they would stand or fall. After illustrating the wisdom of going backward, by reference to that sagacious fish, the crab, and the not unfrequent practice of the mule and donkey, he described their general objects; which were briefly vengeance on their Tyrant Masters (of whose grievous and insupportable oppression no 'prentice souls entertain a moment's doubt) and the restoration, as aforesaid, of their ancient rights and holidays; for neither of which objects were they now quite ripe, being barely twenty strong, but which they pledged themselves to pursue with fire and sword when needful.

Then he described the oath which every member of that small remnant of a noble body took, and which was a dreadful and impressive kind, binding him at the bidding of his chief, to resist and obstruct the Lord Mayor, sword-bearer, and chaplain; to despise the authority of the sheriffs; and to hold the court of alderman as naught; but not on any account, in case the fulness of time should bring Bar, which was strictly constitutional, a general rising of 'prentices, to damage or in any way disgrace Temporal and always to be approached with reverence. Having gone over these several heads with great eloquence and force, and having further informed the novice that this society had had its origin in his own teeming brain, stimulated by a swelling sense of wrong and outrage, Mr. Tappertit demanded whether he had strength of heart to take the mighty pledge required, or whether he would withdraw while retreat was yet within his power.

(To be Continued.)

To Prevent is Better Than to Repent—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.



.....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-crumbs 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 no 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 hope 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 afield 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-better; 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 excesses 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 oars 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 dear, 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, slipshod, 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.

Not 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. Not to 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. Not to know something of the greatest leaders, reformers, artists and musicians of the world.

Not to have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world and the inter-relations of nations.

Not to 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 beauties and marvels of nature.

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

Not to 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.

Impurities In the Blood

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

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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 hat 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 lose, 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! Here 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."

"Whath's thath?" cried Uncle Henry. Now, as Uncle Henry had never been known to slip or mispronounce his words, Tommy was much surprised by his curious exclamation. Tommy had remarked of the giant at the circus that "his heighth was nearly eight feet."

"If you say heighth," continued the uncle, "why not say that his heighth was nearly eighth? Yeth, thath's whath you oughth to say: to be consistent. It's evident thath you goth 'height' mixed up with 'length,' didn'th you?" "I suppose so," said the bewildered Tommy.

"Well don'th dith any more. In polth society th 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 sympathy.

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 felicitous examinations they have in Vancouver!" When the basements were flooded from defective pipes, this same man explained that, "What you want is two large ducks in each basement—you won't be right till you get ducks." "Ducks?" I questioned. "What good on earth will the ducks do?" And then as I spoke, it dawned upon me that he meant ducts. On prayer-meeting night, petitioning for a bereaved teacher, he supplicated, "O Lord, bear up our sister; O Lord, we pray thee, pour into her mourning heart the balm of Gilead and the ile of Patmos!"

WILLIE'S QUESTION.

Where do you go when you go to sleep? That's what I want to know; There's loads of things I can't find out, But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room And takes away the light, I cuddle down in the blankets warm And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place, Where everything seems queer; Tho' sometimes it is not funny at all, Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there, Big fields covered with flowers, And lovely ponies and birds and trees A hundred times nicer than ours.

So all of this day I've been trying to think, O, how I wish I could know, Whereabouts that wonderful country is.

Where sleepy little boys go. Children

WHAT CAN A BOY DO?

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

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BOAT BUILT OUT OF PAPERS.

A new use has been discovered for old newspapers by a young engineer of Vienna, noted for his eccentricity as well as his ability. Having made a wager with one of his friends that he would become the possessor of a "yacht" by a certain date, and not having the wherewithal to purchase one, he interested a naval constructor in the idea of making a boat of old papers.

With 300,000 copies of a well-known daily paper published there, the two set to work, and in a few weeks' time, through the aid of a compressing machine, had their craft afloat, the entire boat constructed of paper—masts, sails and rudder. The vessel is five yards long, and one and one-half yards wide, and the masts, two in number, are ten feet in height.

All the other accessories are in paper or papier mache, and the craft is light and agile on the water. At the Navy Club in Vienna the report is that the wager ran as high as \$9,000. The boat, after being tried several times on the water, is on exhibition at the Arts and Crafts Circle.

PLANT PUZZLES.

Plant the days of the year, and what will come of them? Dates. A clock? Thyme. A wise man? Sage.

A cow? Milkweed. Some cats? Cattails. A dude? Cockscomb. A puppy? Dogwood. A tramp? Beet (beat).

Plant tight slipper? Acorn. A landing for boats? Dock. A millionaire? Aster (Astor).

Plant kiss? Tulips (two lips). A Government building? Mint. Plant girl's complexion? Pink.

Happy love affairs? Heart's ease. A disciple of St. Paul? Timothy. An afternoon hour? Four o'clock.

Small boys and snow? Snowballs. A lover's request? Forget-me-not. Something very black? Nightshade.

Something especially neat? Spruce. A bird in old clothes? Ragged robin. A purplish color? Lilac or lavender.

A fortunehunter? Marigold (marry gold). A vessel for holding liquid? Pitcher-plant.

An unfortunate love affair? Bleeding hearts. The unmarried man's bane? Bachelor buttons.

The signet of a King of Israel? Solomon's seal. The author of "The Marble Faun"? Hawthorne.

An Israelite with the habit of traveling? Wandering Jew. Solomon's sceptre? Goldenrod.—New York Tribune.

HOW HERMAN SAVED THE TRAIN.

"Hermie!" Now Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water-wheel in the ditch, and it was the greatest trial to leave it.

"Hermie!" Hermie's face drew up into a scowl. Then he remembered what his father had said to him: "Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her."

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. That ought not to be there."

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 ingeniously enough thought 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.

OILS CURE CANCER.

All forms of cancer or tumor, internal or external, cured by soothing, balmy oil, and without pain or disfigurement. No experiment, but successfully used ten years. Write to the home office of the originator for free book—Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

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

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says

212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 13, 1900. JOHN O'CONNOR, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 1, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital it was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.

Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.

Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.

JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.

MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, April 16th, 1903.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.

Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Welsley street, City. Toronto, July 21st, 1903.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.

J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 109 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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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 upon 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 calculates 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 a Mr. [Name obscured] the champion of Anglican theology.

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 unbecomingly 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. Haackel, 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 rigidity. The Catholic ratemayers 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 school 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 deputation came before the committee it pointed out that the scheme had been accepted as the only working compromise and might be terminated if found unsatisfactory.

Though the scheme is but a local one, it creates a precedent of vital importance and weakens the ground upon which Catholics elsewhere are standing. But for the sake of educational progress alone, the Catholic Educational Council must necessarily tolerate it for a trial.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, was preacher in the Glebe Presbyterian church, Ottawa, on Sunday.

The Globe adopts a smug defence against Mr. Tarte's accusations of intolerance made against it in the Patrie. The Globe says it is as fairly disposed towards Catholics to-day as when it defended the Catholics of Ontario against the past combinations of Ontario Conservatives with sectarian bigots. We doubt the statement very much. When the Globe was edited by a broad-minded and cultured journalist, E. W. Thompson, it defended Catholics fearlessly as it would have defended any class of citizens whose rights in the community were attacked. But where is E. W. Thompson to-day? And where is the Globe? Mr. Thompson, for The Transcript of Boston, has placed the educational, constitutional and political situation in Canada in a clear and honest light before the public. The Globe has not done so. Mr. Thompson is still the manly, able journalist. The Globe is trying to run with its yellow contemporaries in Toronto and pretend that it has not deserted its better traditions.

Our own great and only Sir Gilbert Parker, author, statesman, etc., has seen the "astral body" of another Sir, a fellow statesman, Sir Carne Rasch. Sir Gilbert saw Sir Carne or half Sir Carne—for the "astral body" cannot have been the whole body, though whether it be more or less than half surpasses us to say—in the House of Commons, when the actual body of Sir Carne Rasch was in bed at home sick. The "astral body" did not speak to Sir Gilbert, though Sir Gilbert did speak to it, a fact that indicates an extraordinary want of courtesy in astral bodies to the new nobility and gentry. The "astral body" of Sir Carne Rasch did not say it was an "astral body," but Sir Gilbert Parker knows a good thing when he sees it, and he knew this was no ghost, but a genu-

ine "astral body." Now what is an "astral body"? According to M. Emil Reich the "astral body" is a myth discovered by Prof. Hugo Winckler, a clever German juggler with religio-scientific theories. He is described as belonging to a school whose self assertion is out of proportion to its number, but with Sir Gilbert Parker for a pupil it cannot fail to gain in respectability.

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's 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'." 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 hardest 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 gentle, 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 "Rivals," or making central figure in "The Cricket on the Hearth," can ever forget him? His valedictory to his 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 speaks as if he believed that the absolute identity between Church and state combined the highest principles with absolute power, in contrast-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.

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, or, in other words, 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 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. Dowden, whom Newman called his dearest friend, died in 1844. As had been Hurrol Fronn'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 Gotama'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.

ANNA DALTON.

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 of the Blessed Sacrament 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. The closing sermon Tuesday evening by

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

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DEPARTING PARISH PRIEST HONORED

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

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 appreciation 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 late Father Connelly, 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 interest taken by you in our school, whether in town or country, evidencing your care of the future of our children, must have lasting effects, but, above all, the efforts made for the spiritual welfare of the people will stand as the most lasting monument to your zeal. The order, behaviour of the worshippers, the efficiency of the choir, are also evidences of the success of your efforts.

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 worshiping 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, 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 deep 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. 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, contained the handsome sum of over \$400.

ADDRESS FROM FORESTERS.

The members of St. Mary's Church, C.O.F., of which Rev. Father McGuire is an honored and esteemed member and Chaplain, presented the following fraternal address, on behalf of their Court, accompanied by a purse containing \$100 as a loving token of their esteem for their departing Brother.

This address was read by Mr. Thos. Myles, C. R. of the Court, and the purse was presented by Mr. A. B. Spellman.

After the reading of the two addresses Rev. Father McGuire, who was visibly affected by the touching reference contained therein, replied in very feeling terms. He expressed his heartfelt thanks for the kind words conveyed to him by his loving parishioners, and for the generous love offerings as expressed in their united gifts. He could not help feeling regret at parting from the many loving ties that had bound him to Hastings. It was but human that after a period of seven years among such a good people, he would feel the separation a hard one. The sacrifice made in leaving such a parish was no inconsiderable one. But he had made sacrifices when he left his native land, as all men who study for the priesthood are willing to do, and he made up his mind never to form too strong attachment for any particular spot, but to be prepared to how to the decision of his superiors and be ready to work in whatever part of the Master's vineyard he was called to. "And so it has come about," said the reverend father, "that I, in obedience to my Bishop, knowing it to be the will of God, am ready and prepared to leave this pleasant field of labor to go and work in another portion of Christ's vineyard."

Regarding the progress made in the Parish since he came among them, he could not allow the occasion to pass without giving credit to the members of his congregation for their whole-hearted generosity and co-operation on every occasion. When

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, Dollard, Uptergrove, Hayes, Flos, Kidd, Penetanguishene, Sweeney, Orangeville, Jecott and Wilson, Adjala. This terminated one of the most successful Forty Hours Devotion in the history of Saint Mary's church

THE
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 AND LOAN COMPANY
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 JAMES MASON, Managing Director

he first came to labor among them, he found a debt of \$1,500 on the property of the church, which has all been wiped out. In addition to this, the large sum of \$10,000 has been paid out for improvements made in the Parish during his pastorate.

UNITED LABORERS.

This had all been accomplished by the united labour and generous contributions of his faithful people. The splendid Easter offering of the members two weeks ago was referred to as an example of the liberality and love of his congregation. Regarding the work in connection with the new cemetery he desired to say that that work was greatly accelerated by the foresight of His Lordship, the Bishop of Peterborough, who had procured the site before he came among them. He bestowed credit upon the hundreds of his willing members who had worked so diligently in improving the cemetery grounds, and giving the labor for the beautifying of the site. The reverend father declared also that much of the success of his efforts in the spiritual and moral progress of the Parish, was due to the saintly priests who had gone before.

He referred to the valuable landed property given to the church by Mrs. James Convey, to the handsome church bell presented by the same lady some years ago; and the graceful spire so kindly donated by the late Philip Kennedy.

He spoke of the schools of the Parish where he had spent many a pleasant hour, and which were now to be found in excellent condition and under the supervision of teachers of ability.

Speaking of his connection with the Foresters, the reverend father said he found St. Mary's Court in a flourishing condition when he came to Hastings, and he was proud to say that it had continued to flourish ever since—increasing in membership and the members exerting themselves as a tower of strength in the parish. He closed with a fervent appeal to his hearers for their continued co-operation in the good work of the parish under his successor. His heart would ever go out to the many loving ones he was leaving behind him in Hastings, and, "My last act on Wednesday morning before leaving for my new field, will be a requiem mass for the dead of the parish."

ADDRESS FROM SENIOR CHOIR.

In the evening, after Vespers, the Rev. Father Kelly of Peterborough, delivered an able and impressive sermon in the church, which was listened to by a large and attentive audience. At the conclusion of the services the choir adjourned to the Presbytery, where their address to Father McGuire was read.

The gift referred to in the address was an elegant Morris Chair in oak, upholstered in rich haircloth.

ADDRESS FROM THE SANCTUARY BOYS.

The Sanctuary Boys of the church did not forget their loving pastor, for, on proceeding to the Vestry, the Rev. Father McGuire found the boys ranged up in line to bestow their parting words and gift to him. Master Joseph McColl read an address in a manly and intelligent manner.

The gift of the Sanctuary Boys consisted of a combined silver sugar and cream set and a card tray. The reverend father was touched with the loving sympathy and expression of the address and he gave a parting blessing to the boys that they will not soon forget.

Christian Scientists Guilty

A Toronto jury on Tuesday found four alleged Christian Scientists guilty of conspiracy in connection with the death of a young man named Goodfellow. The maximum sentence is seven years' imprisonment. The woman who is head of the so-called Christian Scientists in Toronto admitted that she receives a salary of \$2,000 a year, and charges a dollar a visit for her "treatment" of the sick.

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SEAL SKIN SITUATION—HOW IT AFFECTS TORONTO

Small Catch Worries Fur Merchants All Over the Continent and Means High Prices.

With the sunshine getting so much warmer every day it would seem to be a rather unseasonable time to get anxious about furs, but there is a condition of affairs existing that is worrying fur dealers all over the continent just now, and the purchasing public will appreciate what it is next fall when they will find that seal-skins will be held at almost prohibitive prices.

Associated Press despatches during the past few days announce that the catch of the sealskin vessels has been most surprisingly low, the whole being insufficient to supply the City of London alone, and that it has meant a paralysis of the trade in seal-skins.

EFFECT IN TORONTO.

Toronto, however, is likely in a rather more fortunate position than any other city on the continent to meet the prospective famine, but it will be severely felt here in the fall. The World had a chat with Mr. Dineen, sr., yesterday afternoon, about it.

Mr. Dineen said the small catch was a serious matter to the sealskin dealers and to the trade, and it would mean very high prices everywhere. His firm, however, has been particularly fortunate, for about a month ago he made a purchase in London at the old prices of the largest number of skins ever bought at one time by a Canadian firm.

"I bought an enormous quantity because I had learned that there was to be a scarcity, but nothing like so small a catch as it has turned out," said Mr. Dineen. "You see it is our custom in the spring to anticipate the trade for the fall. Times are generally prosperous now, and that makes all the difference in the world to the sale of sealskin garments. We knew the catch was small and that times were good, so we got all the seal-skins we could."

"The bulk of the order arrived this morning and we have more seal-skins in the house now than we ever had at one time before—about \$30,000 worth of seal-skins alone. They are the finest skins we ever had."

CAN'T DYE THEM HERE.

"How is it you have to go to London for them?" was asked.

"All on account of the dye," Mr. Dineen replied. "You see that although the seals are caught on this continent the skins have to be sent to London to be dyed. They can't do it anywhere else. They have tried to do it here with skilled workmen from over there, but it was not a success. There is something in the London atmosphere and London water that is necessary for perfection in dyeing of seal-skins. Some years ago a company worth two or three millions capital tried it in Albany. They even brought over London water, but it failed to do what it was wanted to do. It must be the London atmosphere, and they couldn't bring that over very well. The dyeing was also tried in Brooklyn, but it wouldn't do and the failures over there discouraged attempts at it here. I never before saw as fine a lot of skins as those we received to-day."

WILL MEAN BIG ADVANCE.

"How big an advance in prices do you think the scarcity will mean?" was asked.

"That all depends," replied Mr. Dineen. "As far as we are concerned, we did not pay more than we would ordinarily have paid, and our prices will be the same for a month or so. At the present time we are prepared to take orders, basing them on the low prices we have been putting such goods at during the past season. In fact, we shall sell just as if the market was in its normal condition. It's our patrons' good luck as well as ours that we got the skins we did. Seal will be the fashionable fur next season, and all the new styles have been decided on. We are prepared to manufacture garments now, and those who contemplate seal for next fall would do well to make their arrangements pretty soon. They will save a lot of money by doing so, probably \$75 on a garment."

"As it was a good investment for us to make the purchase when we did, it will be a good investment for them to make their purchase now," continued Mr. Dineen. "We will make up the garments right away and if requested to do so, store them against fire, moths and burglary, and keep them free of charge until the customer needs them."

The small catch of seals is being seriously felt by the large manufacturers in Canadian and American cities as well as in London and Paris, and Toronto people are in a far better position than other centres owing to Mr. Dineen's purchase—Toronto World.

Mamma—Can I believe my eyes, Bobby? You are eating with your knife.
 Bobby—Now, mamma, didn't you hear Aunt Emma tell me to act just as if I was at home?

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

LOOK AHEAD

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An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you.

On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements.

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SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Rondeau Breakwaters," will be received at this office until Monday, May 29, 1905, inclusively, for the construction of two breakwaters at Rondeau, Kent County, Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of H. A. Gray, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, London, Ont., on application to the Postmaster at Rondeau, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for twelve thousand dollars (\$12,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

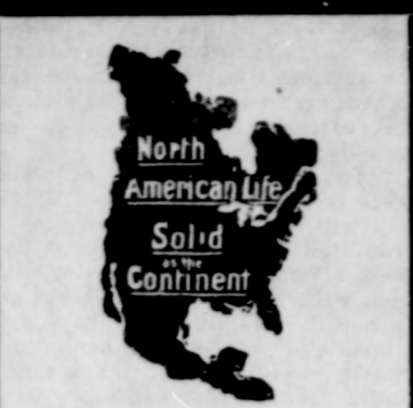
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 27, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Parliamentary Supplies

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tenders for supplies," will be received until Monday, 5th June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies, for the fiscal year 1905-1906, for the following institutions, namely: Kingston Penitentiary, St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, Dorchester Penitentiary, Manitoba Penitentiary, British Columbia Penitentiary, Regina Jail, Prince Albert Jail. Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies:

1. Flour (Canadian Strong Bakers').
 2. Beef and mutton (fresh).
 3. Forage.
 4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous).
 5. Cordwood.
 6. Groceries.
 7. Coal oil (in barrels).
 8. Dry Goods.
 9. Drugs and Medicines.
 10. Leather and Findings.
 11. Hardware, Tinware, Paints, etc.
 12. Lumber.
- Details of information as to form of contract, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions. All supplies are subject to the approval of the Warden or Jailor. All tenders submitted must specify clearly the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible sureties. Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid for.
- DOUGLAS STEWART, GEO. W. DAWSON, Inspectors of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa, May 10, 1905.



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is unexcelled, and the conditions as to surrender and loan values, paid-up and extended insurance are exceedingly liberal.

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Notice to Creditors

IN THE ESTATE of Thomas Rossiter, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to Section 38 of Chapter 129, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of Thomas Rossiter, deceased, who died on or about the 7th day of January, 1905, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for the Trusts and Guarantee Co., the Executor of the last will and testament of the said deceased on or before the 5th day of June, 1905, their Christian and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims, and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them duly verified by Statutory Declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 5th day of June, 1905, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which it shall then have notice and the said Executor will not be liable for said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by it or its said solicitors.

Dated this sixth day of May, 1905.
 HEARN & SLATTERY,
 47 Canada Life Building,
 Toronto.
 Solicitors for the said Executor.

Someone has said that if you look deep enough into life, you will find that it shapes itself into an interrogation point.

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The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers.

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AT MODERATE RATES. To Clergymen, Students and others Spend your vacation in Europe.

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To Liverpool \$42.50 & 45 ct To London \$45.00 & 47.50 According to Steamer.

These steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best of the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information apply to Local Agents, or to

DOMINION LINE 17 St. Sacramento St., MONTREAL

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Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH

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Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 602 Queen St. West, Toronto, Can.

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 dilly-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, accentuating her words with the downward pressure of the cookie cutter. "You know they keep artists sometimes. Only he ain'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 these 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 to-day. 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 sweetness 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, hemming. 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 a 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 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 loveliness 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, made it as hard for her as possible, made it as hard for her as possible.

two letters a day. Now, although she had had, 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 where-ever 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 thing 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 Hale'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 lighting his own. "Oh, yes, I come here every day to read and think and—no 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—no 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 deux."

She smiled. "I dare say you will be setting up conflicting claims to all of my own particular haunts. You know the northwest corner of the pine woods over by the sunset?"

He nodded.

"And the little green grove under the willows up the river where you moor your boat and read about Guinevere and Elaine and Lancelot and think it is the river at Camelot—"

"And the apple tree with upus tree boughs on the way to the lighthouse—"

Their eyes met again. She laughed and threw out her hands in mock despair.

"How shall we settle it. You can have the pine woods on even Mondays and Fridays and I will have them odd Wednesdays and matinees."

They both laughed. Jane's face had lost its tired look. She considered her neighbor more carefully: a big, wholesome, cheerful looking man, with a strong smooth-shaven jaw and upper lip, an unclassical nose, thick hair, and kind eyes. The recollection came, unbidden, of Luke's sensitive, finely-cut face, but the pang of remembrance was somehow less at that moment—as the mental suffering of the night seems more bearable in the morning sunlight. It occurred to her that she was going to like this man.

"Well, what have you decided?"

His voice startled her. He supplied her with the lost conversational thread. "About the conflicting real estate claims." As she did not answer at once he went on, "You had forgotten what we were talking about. I wonder what you were thinking?"

Jane was unconventionally impulsive because she was indifferent and unhappy, so she spoke the truth bluntly.

"I was thinking that you looked as if you had never known what it was to be terribly unhappy."

He glanced at her, realizing in some kind, comprehending way the presence of an overstrung mood in her. "Probably no one has lived to my age without being unhappy at some time, but—"

"I mean intolerably, unbearably unhappy."

He turned to her with the smile he would have given to a troubled child. "When you are as old as I am you will know that nothing is unbearable."

Her tone changed from the personal to the impersonal, psychologic.

"Don't you think that that sort of thing is a matter of temperament rather than age? Some people are born sensible and others insensible—and others without any sense at all."

He laughed and threw a stone into an incoming wave.

"Years teach one to deal with facts. There is no aesthetic luxury in suffering after a certain age. One learns to see things in proper values. But to be sensible does not mean to be devoid of feeling. It is just to learn to use one's reason—"

"You don't recognize that reason, then, of the thing over which reason is powerless. As their eyes met she flushed with a sudden realization of seeming childish and sentimental."

He answered seriously in his quiet voice. "Yes, of course one feels powerless sometimes. But time settles all things. Time gives us perspective and we come to know that present heartaches will be as dead as those of five years ago—five years hence."

She rose, shaking the sand from her light skirts. "It must be late. What nonsense I have been talking."

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. I was going to the Pine Woods too."

"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. "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 hand, 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 thought 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."

Holbrook, standing outside the gate waiting, noticed her change of expression and wondered again what it meant. The shadow passed from her eyes as she greeted him. He took the book from her hand and they walked along the road talking easily. Some mental or temperamental congeniality between them made their conversation spontaneous and vital. So it was in the days that followed—long, lazy days of sailing, rowing, swimming and walking. They had so much to say to each other that they seldom read the books they took with them. Whether the talk was grave or gay it seemed to Jane that Warren Holbrook always said the right thing. Same, well balanced, without being either phlegmatic or oppressively practical. Jane found his feeling about life and art fine and in just proportion. It occurred to her that it was the lack of this sense of proportion that had been Luke's weakness. Loving beauty passionately yet deficient in oral art. Luke had confused art with life and lost his sense of reality. But she seldom thought of Luke any more, or, if she thought came, she was able to thrust it from her heart beat. Her nerves grew calmer and the pain he had caused her became at least asphyxiated.

As she sat one day with Holbrook in the boat moored under the willow tree, Jane glanced at the pile of unopened books on the seat. "We never read our books. I wonder why I used. I can't enjoy books the way I used. My mind slips. I suppose it is a sign of old age."

He shook his head. "It is a sign of youth, not age. You are not ready to take life at second hand just yet, and neither am I, in spite of my forty years."

"Another question of age and temperament," she said.

They had not talked personalities since their first meeting on the sand dunes. That was one thing about Holbrook that had rested her. He was so human, so thoughtful, yet so impersonal.

One afternoon early in July they started to row across the bay in a search of an abandoned revolutionary house that Jane wanted to sketch. Mrs. Wilkins had predicted a storm, but Jane, whose convictions about the weather were apt to be the outgrowth of her desires, was sure it was not going to rain. Holbrook had left the decision in her hands, but not being inclined—like Jane—to take risks, he advised keeping close to the shore. Jane, however, had insisted upon going the shortest way.

Three-quarters of the way across the bay the storm broke in a sudden fury of wind and waves. In a second the little cove became a raging sea. Jane had laughed at first, feeling a joy in the sensation of the strong wind against her face and an exhilaration in the resistance of the oars; but realizing in a few minutes that the little boat scarcely moved, even with the expenditure of their united force, she worked with all her might, obeying Holbrook's instructions in silence.

A few feet from the shore the rain burst upon them in a blinding torrent, almost shutting out the land from sight. They were close upon a group of rocks before they saw them. Holbrook turned the boat swiftly and

in that instant's cessation of the pulling the force of the wind and tide carried them several feet from the shore. The boat got into the trough of the waves, a savage gust of wind caught them, and the next minute they were both in the water. They were only a short distance from shore, but it was difficult to swim against the buffeting of wind and water and Jane's strength was pretty nearly spent from the stiff pull at the oars. She felt Holbrook's hand grasp her dress by the shoulder, and after what seemed an hour of choking, struggling and battling with the angry water, she felt him pull her up the bank. She sat there a moment stunned and gasping, but the next instant she looked up and laughed.

"If you could see the water running off your nose and chin—what I must my hair look like!"

The expression in Holbrook's eyes brought the color to her face. "You are cold, you are shivering," he said. "Can you walk now—or I can carry you? You ought to get in the house as soon as possible."

"Carry me!" She laughed again. "I am all right. I am not cold, either; it is just my muscles that are a little shaky."

Holbrook's voice was distinctly "shaky" as he said, "You have nerve."

"It was all my fault anyway. You are good not to scold me. You wanted to stay by the shore."

"Oh, I haven't any sporting blood, that's all. Can you go now?"

"Where is the house?"

"Right over there." He pointed to a roof visible among the trees. "That is Mrs. Jackson's. I am sure she will take us in."

Jane rose to her feet in a leisurely fashion, as if preparing to take a stroll on some balmy June day, fresh and salt water streaming from her in rivers. "Oh, you know her."

"Oh, yes, I know her intimately. She keeps a dog boarding-house."

After a short run they reached Mrs. Jackson's porch, their arrival being announced by barks in all keys and degrees of excitement. Mrs. Jackson appeared before they had a chance to knock, ejaculating freely, "For the land's sakes!" She was a dark unburned person, dressed in a manner that justified the practical character evinced by her taste in dress.

"What you want is dry clothes and hot tea." She paused in the prompt execution of this suggestion to marvel. "Did all that rain down on you? You look like you'd been in the water."

"We have," they explained in chorus like the collective characters in a play. Then they both laughed and Holbrook explained.

As Holbrook sat on the verandah clad in a pair of blue overalls and a striped cotton coat belonging to Mrs. Jackson's "hired man," the head of a sentimental-looking collie resting upon his knee, Jane appeared in the doorway wearing a flowing pink cambric dressing sacque, too short and a blue calico skirt, too large, with an exceedingly young Newfoundland puppy in her arms. They broke out laughing, but as she rose and went toward her the light in Holbrook's eyes was not wholly one of laughter. She held the puppy out to him, smiling. Her hair was beginning to dry in little curls over her forehead.

"Did you ever see such huge paws and such a knobby 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 et-a-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 shells coverings before he ate them.

And while Mrs. Jackson rocked and talked, Holbrook sat absent 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 fatuously amiable puppy in her arms.

After a few moments' conversation Mrs. Jackson served tea upon the 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."

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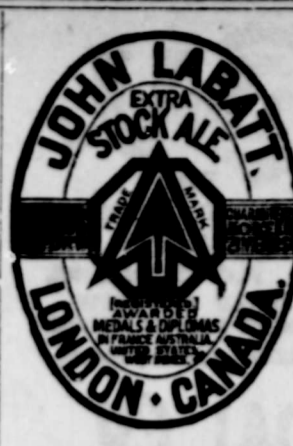
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ter them. I suppose I was easy prey. Anyway, she had just been playing with me. She was a little bit worse than just heartless, and I suppose I had had foolish, impossible sorts of notions about women. I was all sorts of a fool about her. She was very 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; taught me what a woman should be—and I must thank you all my life."

He bent and kissed her hand. When he raised his head he was puzzled by the look in her eyes.

"You—didn't you guess? You have done the same for me. I was unhappy, too, in just that same way—"

"She put out both hands as it broke from her. 'And I—love you, too.'"

He caught the hands in his. "Jane—you mean it—it is true?"

"True—of course it is true. I never felt so sure of anything in my whole life."

Then he took her in his arms and she knew with a great sense of peace that she had found the complete love whose expression was not poetic words, but silence.

Then, when they had remembered Mrs. Wilkins and the world once more and were walking slowly slowly on, Jane said:

"I suppose that it is this way the big things oftenest come—quietly and unawares. I did not know until you said you were going away."

"But I am not really going away now. I am coming—coming into your life to stay."

With a rare impulse she lifted his hand to her lips.

"When half-gods go, the gods arrive," she said softly.

"Well you are a sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins severely. "Soaked to the skin, I suppose. Didn't I tell you it was going to rain? I always said you'd oughter have been a boy."

Jane surprised Mrs. Wilkins by throwing her arms around her neck.

"No, no, dear Mrs. Wilkins, I would not be a boy for anything. It is so terribly nice to be a woman."

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THE DUMB MAN AND THE FLAG

(By Charles A. Bonifas.)

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, woody."

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 a 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 dummy 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 him word, and Placer let him along. 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 vernal outside press said that the town was dead as a gold-producing camp. It had even ceased to brag of its glory, or predict a great future, or send out stories of vastly rich strikes.

Placer was dying once flowed rich and healthy 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 top-up creek bed, high gravel dunes, deep pits and deserted cabins with here and there a "gopher-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 houses, blocks rose on cabin sites in a year—Placer terraced its hill-sides 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 dregs in the town. Champagne ceased to flow, and it cleared up, flowed broadly and merrily again, and the town receded.

Through it all, somehow, the dumb man 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 orle of prosperity unscathed. There even came a time when Placer ceased to furnish bread 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 in its short, cool summers and long, dreary winters. When the Spanish War excitement broke out Placer manifested some in-

terest. 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 has 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 as fine a company of young men as 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 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 fleck of bark had been left upon the smooth surface. The limbs had been snubbed off cleanly and the lower ones gleamed from the sure, hard blows of the axe. It must have taken days of hard work. The men couldn't understand how it had been accomplished, until 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 barked 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 erove of rich spruce. Placer accented its gift with humble hearts and bowed heads.

"Bet I know who did it," said "Beany," "hardly knowing whether it was to be taken as a piece of malicious mischief or an honorable thing."

"It was old Dummy Jennings," I saw him up here two days ago."

And the men accepted this explanation without question. They looked upon it as one of the dumb man's eccentricities, a beautiful one for Placer, and he was entitled to, at any rate. It was government land, part of a timber reserve, and could be put to no better use.

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 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 lips. He could hear no sound of it all, but the meaning had taken hold upon him. He had went 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 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 hill-top above the pasture to look for the flag. Something was wrong. It was rearing motionless at half-mast. He knew, and howing his head, went upon the post'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 awful 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 hand took weak to lift even a fold of the flag she had loved in sewing.

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

And now he loved to think that day by day it told the world, all that came that way, of the love that beat in the poverty-stricken little mountain town that had no men to grieve. When he went to the city in response 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 then 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. "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, meeting the old man at the flag-pole that morning, he handed him a box. "Beany" went behind the old man's cabin and put them on then and there. Before that Placer had never celebrated Decoration Day. There were no graves of dead heroes to decorate, no host of veterans to keep the day for comrades lost on unknown battlefields.

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.

"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, culminating 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 drape 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 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 set "Old Glory" up to greet the sun, and then lowered it in honor of the

dead. Then they bundled it up very carefully and tenderly, and between them carried it and the flag-staff to the church. It was still very early, and "Beany," who had been too excited to think of eating, suddenly remembered his breakfast and the cow-ers. He speiled it out to the dumb man, who understood in a moment. As he ran home, how much the dumb man understood. "Beany" was back with the flowers long before any one else had come. He had divided them into two great bunches, one for himself and one for his friend.

Finally the crowd began to gather and file into the church. "Beany" was the last to enter, having guarded the flag until the last moment. He did not remember much what was said, even the words of his teacher falling on him often unheard.

He noted it was getting dark outside and he feared it might rain before the procession could be carried out. By screwing about in his seat he could see that the top of Old Baldy was hid in a smoky veil and clouds of mist were driving down its slopes, and farther over on the big range the lightning was flashing back and forth through the dark, clouds, like men fighting with bayonets. Finally it was all over, however, and they were out in the warm sweet-scented open air again. The sun came out faintly and the procession headed by the dumb man bearing the flag, followed by "Beany" bearing part of it, moved off toward the river.

"Beany" and the dumb man led out on the foot-bridge, a swaying, shaking little thing, built of spider web-like wires, and then paused, holding the flag aloft, while the procession dispersed to strew its flowers.

"Beany" strewed his flowers at once, 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 the river a few hundred yards, violets 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, 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, goring the slender thing like a maddened bull. It raised, held a moment on the crest of the flood, which went on roaring up to the top of the bank 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.

The waters receded as suddenly as they had come, and only the steady roaring of the Vasquez was heard between the hills. They found them side by side in a thicket of willow bushes at the side of the valley. In the child's hands violets were still clasped. In the man's hands was the flagstaff, and the great flag was wrapped about them both.

It keeps the Muscles Pliant.—Men given to muscular sports and exercises and those who suffer muscular pains from bicycle riding will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil something worth trying. As a lubricant it will keep the muscles pliant and free from pains which often follow constant use of them, without softening them or impairing their strength. For bruises, sprains and contusions it is without a peer.

A PETTED PRINCE.
Little Alexis, the infant son of the Empress of Russia, is indeed a petted prince. He is the most be-gifted child in existence, but by the irony of Fate, many of the most valuable presents sent him are entirely outside his infant's comprehension.

For example, the King of the Belgians lately sent by one of his messengers a silver model of a stable, with ten beautifully fashioned horses, stablemen and carriages complete. Shortly after his visit to Reval a number of noblemen presented the heir with a model battleship four feet long.

Little Alexis is now a fat and healthy infant, weighing considerably over the normal. His eyes are gradually growing darker, his hair is becoming much thicker. Already the back of his head is as well covered as that of many a child of two months, and, in addition, he boasts an adorable little curl on the top of his head.

The Tsaritsa is determined that nothing recording her son's birth and progress shall be forgotten. In one album leading articles are collected from all the papers of the world congratulating Russia upon having an heir, while in another are kept interesting newspaper cuttings relating to the child's life.

One of her Majesty's secretaries is engaged nearly all day studying new literature on the subject of baby-rearing published in every part of the world.

Many of these books come from America, Germany, England and France. A short summary is prepared of any new theory of dieting or treatment, and these the Empress reads, making notes in her own handwriting of any point which interests her.

Alexandre Fedorovna has a special album for keeping snashots, and sketches of her son. The little one has already been photographed by his mother no fewer than twenty times, and has been the subject of

numberless sketches and kindly caricatures. A minor official of the Court has just been dismissed for attempting to purloin one of the Empress' own sketches. He had been offered, it appeared, a large bribe by an enterprising American newspaper proprietor, who wished to "get a scoop" by reproducing the Imperial picture.

There is now a mass of proof that Lumbago is Always Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Quebec Man Cured his Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and his Lumbago Vanished.

Quebec, P.Q., May 15.—(Special)—John Ball, a bricklayer, residing at 57 Little Champlain Street, this city, has added his statement to the great mass of proof that Lumbago is caused by disordered Kidneys, and consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Ball says:

"I was troubled with Lumbago for two years. I could not work. I had to get up at nights to urinate so often that my rest was broken. I read of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to try them. After the first box I cured and feel a change. Three boxes cured me completely."

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numberless sketches and kindly caricatures. A minor official of the Court has just been dismissed for attempting to purloin one of the Empress' own sketches. He had been offered, it appeared, a large bribe by an enterprising American newspaper proprietor, who wished to "get a scoop" by reproducing the Imperial picture.

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In and 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 York in 1829, being at that time 13 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 it 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 Elmley 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 partook 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 Academy. It was conducted by Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R., 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

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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, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's delivered an interesting and practical sermon on matrimony. The Rev. speaker urged upon the young men of his congregation the advice by illustrations of the happiness arising from early marriages 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 his 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 pure 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; St. 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. Loitus 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 demeanor 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 with 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.

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 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:
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Barney Maglone
 He was a familiar figure in the streets of Belfast, as he had been in Enniskillen, with his slouch hat, his capacious cloak, worn like a Roman toga, and necktie of the most pronounced hue. In 1875 he went to Dublin to attend the O'Connell Centenary and over-indulged in whatever was his favorite liquor. On the 10th August he was found dying in his room in Wesley Place, Belfast. A doctor attended him and did all he could, but he never returned to consciousness. Great regret was felt in Belfast at his death and large crowds attended the funeral on the 12th. After some time a monument was placed over his grave in the city cemetery, the cost being defrayed by public subscription.
 Barney is remembered by the older people in County Fermanagh, where many amusing anecdotes are related of him in illustration of his inimitable wit. The "Almanac" above referred to is treasured by the very few who possess a copy.
 In 1894 a collection of his best poems was published in Belfast, edited by F. J. Biggar, M.R.I.A., and John S. Crome, with an introductory memoir by D. J. O'Donohue. 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'Donohue'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.

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The Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
ENTRY
 Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district, in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES
 A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:
 (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
 (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
 (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead. If the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
 (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
 The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.
 The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.
 Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

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

INFORMATION
 Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.
 W. W. CORY,
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.
 N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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