

HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK LEAVES DOMINION CABINET

Retirement from Political Life—Becomes Chief Justice of Canada—Sketch of His Career—A Very Strong Personality.

(BY AN OBSERVER)

On Saturday last Sir Wilfrid Laurier received the resignation of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick as Minister of Justice, and the Cabinet at its regular meeting appointed the Hon. gentleman Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in succession to Sir Henri Elzéar Taschereau.

The newly appointed Chief Justice has been recognized for the better part of the past decade as the foremost member of the legal profession in the Dominion. Whilst his loss to political life is felt and acknowledged on every hand, there is but one opinion regarding the high office he has just assumed, that the country could not have supplied any one more eminently qualified for the judicial duties belonging to the chief justiceship of the highest Court in Canada.

The predecessors of the new Chief Justice have all accepted the honor of Knighthood. The title and the position are linked together by precedent. Although Chief Justice Fitzpatrick could have had this distinction years ago, it goes without saying that his personal desires, which are characteristically democratic, may not interrupt the custom of conferring upon the head of the Chief Court of Appeal a distinction direct from the King that gives an added dignity to the office.

For the first time in the history of Confederation an Irish-Catholic holds this prestige. With the exception of Sir Elzéar Taschereau, the past Chief Justices of the Supreme Court have been English-speaking Protestants. Because of the attention that will naturally be given by Irish Catholics to this matter, it may not be amiss to devote a few words to the Supreme Court and to the place it occupies in connection with the Government and administration of the laws of this Dominion. The jurisdiction, civil and criminal, of this tribunal is, of course, appellate. In controverted election cases it also possesses appellate jurisdiction, and its powers cover the examination of any private bill or petition in election cases. Controversies between any of the provinces and the Dominion come within its jurisdiction likewise; and since 1891 the Governor-in-Council may refer to the Supreme Court for an opinion upon any matter affecting the public interest. The only appeal is to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England. In criminal cases, however, the judgment of the Supreme Court is final.

The first session of the Supreme Court of Canada was held in 1876, although Chief Justice Richards had received his appointment in 1875. Sir W. B. Richards, who came from Ontario, served until January, 1879, when he was succeeded by Hon. W. J. Ritchie (New Brunswick), who was the first of the associate judges appointed in 1875. Chief Justice Ritchie gave place in 1892 to Hon. S. H. Strong, an Ontario appointee to the original tribunal, and Sir Elzéar Taschereau, who was a later appointee from Quebec (1878), became Chief Justice in 1902. Sir Elzéar Taschereau was the only one of the Chief Justices who received the hon-

or of Knighthood previous to the date of his elevation.

Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, though not the youngest man who has occupied a place on the Bench of the Supreme Court, is, however, the youngest to reach the Chief Justiceship. He is also the first Chief Justice chosen without service on the Supreme Court Bench itself. There is not perhaps in the public eye another man whose advancement to the highest places in his profession, in statesmanship and in popular confidence, has been so rapid and splendid.

Except Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no other member of any of the Liberal Ministries since 1896 has received the same degree of public attention as this Irish Catholic who came into the Government from Quebec, but who almost instantly was hailed as the representative of his race and electoral element. He came in as Solicitor-General and made his way to the Ministry of Justice after a brief interval. Distinguished and commanding in appearance, with that unmistakable personality which, in the common phrase is called magnetic, Charles Fitzpatrick was always a sort of enigma to friends and opponents. The most likeable of men, his manner was not devoid of a general suggestion of aloofness and reserve. A first impression of him when seen either in the House or on a public occasion, was apt to be contradictory. The Fitzpatricks were princes in Munster and there is a veritable dash of knightly bearing about this scion of a proud race. Some of his conferees never knew how to take him. Many members of the House on his own side scarcely knew him. To the press he was a subject of extensive character-sketching and because he never noticed anything said of him if it were unkind or malicious, the result was that everything good or indifferent wherever printed concerning him stood without gain.

In two of the more recent pen-pictures presented of him in the Opposition press he is spoken of as a man of unmistakable determination and method, whom no one cared to encounter in debate, because his only purpose was to knock his adversary down, and if he did not succeed with argument, his manner suggested his inclination to do the job with his fist; besides, if once stubbornly opposed, he never forgave the enemy. The real man is totally unlike either of these flights of fancy. Though he spoke with intense sympathy and earnestness on occasion, there was always a reserve of consideration and good humor which was most effective in discussion when suddenly revealed to some opponent who had caught the excitement of jousting with a giant. Very often when cross-fire on the floor of the House or in a committee was getting hot, the air was cleared by a rapid flash of suavity or generosity at the end of a speech by the Minister of Justice. There is not the slightest doubt the Minister had his enemies. What Irish-Catholic holding his influential place in the Government and constantly enhancing it by his intellectual superiority in Council and Parliament, could possibly escape envy and ill-willed opposition? But this can be said of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, that no enemy ever knew him to do any act or speak any word for enmity's sake. Nor did he purposely ignore the enemies he had made. He simply possessed the faculty of mental discipline that allowed him to forget them without a bitter thought. If they came in his way they never could complain of any special want of courtesy.

It is not our intention to intrude upon the private side of a living man's character. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick from his boyhood is correctly known as a strictly living Catholic. The influence of his personal habits upon his public life could not, of course, help making itself felt to some extent. In public life he was not only the great lawyer, but much of the soldier and Christian also. Indeed a combination of all three high characters must be present in the character of a statesman, who should be at once strong in intellect, courage and faith. It was Sir Wilfrid Laurier

who some sixteen years ago personally induced Charles Fitzpatrick to take up politics, and it would be within the mark to say that during the whole of that period no one else in the country held Charles Fitzpatrick's confidence except the Premier. About a year ago outside Mr. Fitzpatrick's family none except the doctor and Sir Wilfrid Laurier knew that the Minister of Justice was in such a state of health as to give cause for the gravest alarm. A strong will alone enabled him to pull through, discharging unremittently the heavy labor of his department and his place in the House of Commons.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick leaves political life at the age of fifty-three, as poor as when he entered it at thirty-seven. He has ever been a man of generous but most unobtrusive charity. He was born at Quebec on Dec. 19, 1853, being the son of the late John Fitzpatrick, a Quebec lumber merchant, who was the son of a merchant of the city of Waterford, Ireland. Young Charles Fitzpatrick was educated wholly in Catholic schools. He entered St. Ann's College as a lad and passed to the Seminary, finishing in Laval University. His academic distinctions marked his earlier promise. He is a B.A. and B.C.L., and was called to the Bar in 1876, being made a Q.C. in 1893. He was called to the Ontario Bar in 1890 to enable him to plead certain important cases in this province in which he was engaged.

Charles Fitzpatrick was Crown Prosecutor in Quebec district at different periods and his name became known throughout the Dominion as counsel for the defence in the celebrated trial of Louis Riel for high treason in 1885. He also defended the late Honore Mercier in the prosecutions by the Government following the fall of that able man's clouded administration. Another big case was that of Hon. Thomas McCreery before the Standing Committee on Privileges and Elections of the House of Commons in 1891, in which Mr. Fitzpatrick was counsel. He represented the Dominion of Canada before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England in the notable case involving jurisdiction of federal and provincial authorities over the ownership of beds of rivers, lakes, harbors, and fisheries. He visited England in June, 1898, as Canadian representative in the proposed arbitration between the Governments of Russia and the United Kingdom with reference to Canadian sealing schooners.

Patriotic attachment is certainly one of Charles Fitzpatrick's strongest heart strings. He is a patriotic Canadian, a lover of Ireland and of the Irish race, and a stalwart local patriot, wherever the welfare of the city of his birth is concerned. In the wide or the restricted field patriotism to him means duty; and he would not reckon time or money devoted to the interests of Canada, or Ireland, or Quebec. The writer heard a story once from a new member of the press gallery at Ottawa, who after the close of the session was taking a well-earned holiday with his young wife and found himself in Quebec. Walking the street on the day of his arrival he saw the Minister of Justice striding along in his direction. He had never spoken to the Minister and was surprised to find himself recognized. After a few minutes' conversation in which the newspaper man conceded that he liked Quebec, the Minister went off; but at the hotel the reporter was informed that there was a carriage for himself and wife as long as they were staying in the city.

"Who ordered it?"
"Mr. Fitzpatrick."
The Minister of Justice was doing good by stealth for Quebec. Charles Fitzpatrick's association with Irish interests began in his boyhood. He was president of the Quebec Branch of the Irish National League and by

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the way was Crown Prosecutor when William O'Brien visited the Ancient Capital upon a memorable occasion. Charles Fitzpatrick received the visitor and the reception disappointed only some ridiculous persons who could see no room for dignity or consistency in the arrangements. Mr. Fitzpatrick has by invitation addressed the Irish residents of all the leading cities of the Dominion. But he has been the darling of a French-speaking constituency all the time.

Last Sunday after sixteen years of unbroken confidence there were tears shed on both sides when the parting took place in Lorette. Mr. Fitzpatrick sat for Quebec County in the Legislature from 1890 to 1896, when at the request of Sir Wilfrid Laurier he resigned and was elected to the House of Commons for the seat. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1896 and was sworn in Minister of Justice in 1902. In the Justice Department he has realized the loftiest public conception of what the office should be. If a respecter of persons in office, he has distinguished himself only for the respect and courtesy he has unvaryingly shown to the poor and unfortunate friends of prisoners who came to beg his clemency. In many cases where a deserving petitioner came to appeal for an undeserving offender, the Minister's charity was generously extended where his official mercy could not be strained.

The Chief Justice has a large and happy family. His gracious and warm-hearted wife was Mlle. Corinne Caron, daughter of the late R. E. Caron, Q.C., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec from 1893 to 1876.

Death Seemed Near When He Was Ordained

Very Rev. Hyacinth M. Cormier, master general of the Dominicans, who celebrated the golden jubilee of his admission to the priesthood on May 17, was not expected to live long when he was ordained a priest and later when admitted into the order.

Henry Cormier was born at Orleans December 8, 1832. On May 17th, 1856, he was received into the priesthood by dispensation, as he was not yet 24. He immediately chose to enter the Order of St. Dominic, but it was very doubtful for a long time whether he could realize his hope. His health was so very delicate that he seemed unable to bear the austerities of the religious life.

He had frequent hemorrhages and a delay of two years was required to see whether his health would improve. Then the Pope consented to his admission, provided at least a month should elapse between his attacks of illness.

Once twenty-nine days passed without a return of the trouble, and Pius IX. yielded his consent. Father Hyacinth, which name he had taken, was professed at Santa Sabina in Rome, May 23, 1859.

But it was not dreamed by those about him that he would live to take up the work of the order. In fact, he had been anointed a few days before his reception, and the end seemed close at hand.

Forty-five years later, however, in 1904, he was made general of the order, and last week he celebrated the golden jubilee of his admission to priesthood.

The convention of the National Federation Alumni of Jesuit Colleges will be held, it is expected, in Milwaukee. About one hundred delegates will assemble from every section of the United States. The convention will be timed, it is thought, during the week of the silver jubilee celebration of Marquette College in the above city.

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Why the Irish are Policemen?—Because They have Courage, Capacity—And the Physical Requirement—A Test Case in Chicago—They Saved that City on Many Occasions, but Especially at the time of the Anarchist Riots in 1886. The Anarchist tried to Annihilate Them and Carry out a Scheme of Rapine and Murder

In my last article I mentioned the service the Irish people had been to the people of the United States in various capacities, but more especially in the public and semi-public callings. They have distinguished themselves more especially as soldiers, seamen, policemen and firemen. My knowledge of their achievements in San Francisco and Chicago enables me to speak authoritatively on this subject. I was in the latter city at the time of the Haymarket or Anarchist riots, which was in 1886, and know well what they endured and suffered as members of the police force of which they constituted at least three-fourths of the membership.

It is a curious fact that the police force in all English-speaking countries is made up mostly of Irishmen. It is so in the United States, in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and largely in London itself. Why is it so? Because they have the requisite courage, capacity and physical requirements. I remember in Chicago at one time in the eighties the city council ordered an addition of 100 men to the force. The elder Harrison was then Mayor and he was very desirous that the new levy should be representative of the various nationalities in the city and not be so predominantly Irish or Irish-American as it had been. So he called the aldermen representing the different nationalities into his office and told them to bring in their most suitable men. There were German, Bohemian and Polish wards in the city as well as American, from which he expected to select suitable men according to their respective nationalities; but lo and behold, when the aldermen brought in their candidates they turned out to be nearly all Irishmen. "This will never do," said the Mayor, "and you will have to try again." The aldermen did try again and brought in a few men of their respective nationalities, but when they were submitted to the regular physical examinations most of them failed to fulfil the necessary requirements and were unable to pass muster, so that the Irish applicants had to be selected after all. In fact it is almost universally admitted in the States that to be a policeman is an Irishman's job on the ground of superior fitness.

Their courage and fitness was often put to the test in Chicago—during the great strikes, but more especially during the Haymarket or Anarchist riots of 1886. At that time the Chief of Police was a German named Ebersold and several of the inspectors also were Germans, but the rank and file were mostly Irishmen or Irish-Americans. Some of the inspectors and captains, however, were Irish. Somehow or other the force at this time was badly organized and a great deal of jealousy existed among the officers, which was very detrimental to the efficiency of the force.

August Spies, the anarchist leader, to whom I made reference in my last, had been very active in propagating the teachings of Herr Most, the man who introduced anarchism into America, and this young man Spies was his first and leading apostle. He had editorial charge of the "Arbeiter Zeitung," a German daily paper, and changed its character from socialism to anarchy. The principles of these two parties are widely different, but found common ground in opposition to capitalism and the wage system, to which both are opposed. So Spies soon changed most of the Chicago socialists into anarchists. Socialism is not what I was taught it to be in my youth—"the equal distribution of unequal earnings," but the creation of a co-operative common wealth. Anarchy means liberty for every man to do as he pleases and the destruction of all law. In other words, socialism

stands for the welfare of your neighbor and the common good laid down on certain lines; and the red flag stands for the red blood of a common humanity. Anarchy, contrary to this is destructive of all law, the rights of property and everyone for himself and "devil take the hindmost."

This young man Spies was a prodigy in some respects. Not many years before his career commenced he came to America from Germany, ignorant of the English language. He soon acquired it and learned to write it well and speak it eloquently. He gathered around him the most advanced of the socialists and formed anarchistic groups, depending mostly on violent methods to establish their principles. They learned military tactics, purchased arms and manufactured explosives. Spies had at his command a German daily paper called the "Arbeiter Zeitung," and a Sunday German paper called the "Fackel." They established an English weekly paper called "The Alarm," and it was true to its name. It was edited by an American born man named Albert Parsons, from a Southern state, who possessed no small amount of ability, and who could speak and write well. Another of their leaders was an Englishman of education named Samuel Fielden, who was their best speaker. Michael Schevab was an assistant editor of the Arbeiter Zeitung. He was a Bavarian by birth and an unkempt, ferocious-looking fellow, but really kind and mild. He simply wrote for his pay, which amounted to \$18.00 per week. Oscar W. Neeley was an active agitator among the anarchists. He was born in the State of New York, of German parents, and seemed to be a pleasant little fellow, and no one would ever think he was an apostle of destruction. Rudolph Schnaubelt was, as may be noticed by his name, a German or German-American, and was prominent among the anarchists. Balthasar Rau was another prominent anarchist and German by nationality. Fischer and Engel were the names of two others of the anarchists that were speaking and writing against law and order. Not an Irishman or Scotchman was in the lot, and as will be seen, the most of them were members of the German nationality and supposed to belong to an orderly and peaceable people.

They began their agitation and disturbance-provoking efforts by holding open air meetings on the Lake Front Park and other spots in various parts of the city without attracting much attention for two or three years. Spies took advantage of every possible opportunity to inflame the feelings of the working people. The papers of the party, both German and English, were full of fierce invective, appealing to the worst passions of men. But in May, 1886, things were coming to a crisis. It was the time of the eight-hour movement. A lock-out took place at McCormick's Harvester Works, by which twelve hundred men were forced into idleness. These poor idiots, "intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity," imagined they were going to upset the prevailing order of civilization and establish a new one with bombs and physical force; but they were greatly mistaken.

The lock-out at McCormick's occurred on February 16, 1886. The anarchists took advantage of it to precipitate their proposed revolution. Their armed men were expected to be on the spot in front of McCormick's works at a certain hour, but in place of them was another body of men, the guardians of the peace, under the brave and fearless Captain Simon O'Donnell of the Second Precinct, with two lieutenants and three companies of well disciplined men, mostly Irish. To these the anarchists felt the utmost hostility. They described them in their speeches and papers as "capitalistic blood-hounds." A general search took place and on many of those present arms were found, and such were subjected to a fine of \$10 each. A great deal of rioting took place, but the anarchists were defeated in all their efforts. That evening they made greater preparations for another conflict. Spies issued a startling dodger, couched as follows: "Revolve! Workingmen to Arms! Your masters sent out their blood-hounds the police; they killed six of your brothers at McCormick's this afternoon. They killed the poor wretches because they, like you, had the courage to disobey the supreme

(Continued on page 5.)

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HELENA'S JEWELS

The drooping branches of the giant pepper trees, laden with their rich red berries, for it was the fall of the year, were casting their shadows on the bare ground beneath them, worn brown and hard by the scraping of many feet. For it was here that the young men and maidens danced in the cool of the evening, and here that old Pedro Nunez, the richest man in the little pueblo of Santa Marta, sat all day long, smoking the big cheroots which he bought by the thousand in the City of Mexico, once a year.

For a generation he had kept the curio shop which had been a source of income from the pockets of the tourists who came daily to visit the little frontier town. But now he had retired, his nephew had succeeded him, and it was the wish of old Pedro that the young man should marry well. And to marry well in the mind of Pedro Nunez the elder, meant to marry houses and lands, without any great thought to any other qualifications, or the lack of them, which might distinguish the fortunate possessor of the aforesaid riches.

He had long been contemplating a certain match for his nephew, and now some twinges of hereditary gout in his limbs, ascending higher and higher, warned him that the hand of the grisly skeleton, death, might at any time be stretched forth to seize his own in an eternal grasp.

Pedro Nunez loved the boy as well as it was possible for him to love any one, but his heart was in his purse. The gate clicked on its hinges. "Is it thou, Pedrocito?" he called out, in a thin, cracked voice.

"Yes, uncle," was the reply, as a tall, handsome young fellow, with dark, olive skin and flashing black eyes, came forward smilingly.

"Is the store closed?" "Yes, uncle."

"Good sales to-day?" "Very good. There was a great crowd. I have sold all but four of the Navajo blankets."

"That is well, and so early in the season! Sit thee down, my boy. I have been thinking."

Pedro sat down as commanded. "I wish thee to marry, my boy—and soon."

"Yes, uncle," replied the young man, lighting a cigarette. "I, too, have been thinking of it."

The old man glanced sharply at his nephew. Could it be possible that he had placed his affections on some one? But no, he had neither heard nor seen anything in his conduct that would indicate a preference. After a couple of puffs at his cheroot he continued.

"I have chosen a wife for thee, my boy." "Chosen a wife for me!" exclaimed the youth, unable to conceal his surprise at this proceeding on the part of his uncle, who, though in some respects arbitrary, had never been a tyrant. To young Pedro this last move on the part of the old man was both strange and tyrannical.

"Yes," answered his uncle shortly, not well pleased with his nephew's tone. "She who will be thy wife very soon—I hope—is Maria Ascension Velasquez."

Now, if there was a girl in the pueblo whom young Pedro disliked, it was that same Maria. Neither beautiful, amiable nor industrious, she queened it over the others by reason of the position of her father, the alcalde, and also because, after old Pedro Nunez, he was the richest man in Santa Marta.

"Hast thou spoken to her, uncle?" inquired Pedrocito, sarcastically. The tone was not lost on the old man.

"I spoken to her?" answered he. "That is for thee to do, my boy." "And that I shall never do," was the reply. "I do not like her—no one likes her. It is only for the riches of her father that she will ever be married. Not for all the wealth of the City of Mexico would I be tied to such a one as Maria Velasquez."

Then before his astonished uncle could reply, he cleared his throat, and in a voice which endeavored to be firm, but which trembled unmistakably, he added, "Besides, I have already chosen."

"Thou hast already chosen!" cried the old man, his shaking hands closing above his polished black staff. "And whom, pray?"

"The little schoolmistress." "The little schoolmistress," repeated old Pedro, his thin, high voice palpitating with rage. "That daughter of a—"

"Of a very good man, uncle, as thou well knowest. More than once he was a friend to thee and thine."

"That white-faced, slender, puny, poverty-stricken—"

"Have a care, have a care, uncle," again interrupted Pedro the younger, rising to his feet. "Thou art old, and I owe thee gratitude, but I can not bear too much from thee. White-faced she is indeed, and I marvel greatly that she could see ought to favor in my brown skin. Slender is she, as thou sayest, but that I much prefer to the awkward stoutness of—"

"Now, now, no more," shouted the old man, also on his feet. "What dowry will she bring thee?"

"Jewels," answered the young man with great promptness.

"Jewels! Where hath she even the gold to buy them? She hath deluded thee."

"They are of a quality which cannot be bought," said Pedro, his eyes and lips smiling. "They were given her."

"When, and by whom?" "At her birth, by a fairy godmother."

"Thou dost rave, boy." "Nevertheless it is true, uncle." "Bov, thou art a fool! I will disown thee."

"Very well, uncle. I am sorry, but it must be—"

"So be it. I am young and strong. I can work. I have still the ranch my father left me."

Leaning heavily upon his stick, grumbling as he went, the old man disappeared within doors. Not a word was spoken between uncle or nephew during the evening meal. And the breach widened daily.

But the bark of Pedro Nunez was worse than his bite. No more was said of disinheritance, though the old man had changed toward his nephew. He simply endured what he could not prevent, and a few days before the marriage announced that he was going to live with his niece, Dolores Tata, the daughter of his late wife's sister, as the house had really belonged to the father of young Pedro. This project he at once carried into effect, much to the satisfaction of Dolores, who hoped entirely to supplant the young man in the affections of his uncle.

Her attentions were so assiduous as almost to become wearisome. She hovered constantly about him, while his desire was to be left alone. She was continually inventing new dishes for his delectation, while he preferred those, few and simple, to which he had been accustomed. At length this assiduity and unwonted vigilance in his regard awakened his suspicions of her motives. He began to sigh so heavily by day, and to groan in his sleep so persistently by night, that Dolores grew alarmed.

"Uncle! she said one morning, "are you ill?"

"No, heja mia," replied the old man. "Put I am sad and troubled."

"Why, uncle?" "For that I am a poor man in my last days, instead of being able to count my possessions up into the thousands, as I had hoped."

"But how is that, uncle?" "Did you not know, then, that I gave up all to Pedro?"

"Not the store?" "Yes, the store and all its contents."

"Without compensation?" "Surely, heja mia."

"But what folly! It is not like you."

"Pedroquito, I feel very unhappy where I am," said the old man, after he had settled himself satisfactorily. "I am sorry to hear it, uncle," rejoined his nephew.

"Dolores is a deceitful woman. She is kind only because she hopes to enrich herself later."

"How do you know that?" "Never mind, but I do know it. I am bothered besides, with her officiousness."

"That is a pity. What will you do?" "I long for the old home, Pedrocito. For my own room, with the great bed and its heavy hangings, keeping one so warm in winter time, for the old bench under the big pepper tree—my favorite seat during forty years."

"You would have us go elsewhere, then, and take back the house?" "Go!" exclaimed the old man. "Is it not thy own house?"

"But we could—to please you and make you happy."

"Thou stupid one! Thor big-headed boy! Dost not understand?"

"No, uncle, I do not," answered his nephew. "Explain what you want."

"To live there—with thee and thy wife, if she will take me. Doubtless she will not, since thou hast told her what I said of her."

"That I have never told her, uncle. I love her and thee too well," answered the young man, relapsing into the affectionate address of former days.

The old man was silent; a tear shone in his eye.

"Thou wilt be welcome," Pedro continued. "Thy old room has never been dismantled."

The uncle Pedro wiped his nose with his big red handkerchief.

"Go, prepare her," he said, "and then send to Dolores for my goods. I will follow thee."

An hour later he appeared at the gate of his former abode. The young wife, arm in arm with her husband, came to meet him, kissed him on both cheeks as though he had been her father, and led him to his former apartment. He said little, but content and joy shone in his every feature. The days flew quickly, and he was happy. Domenica, the old servant, had been retained and between her and the new mistress, the house

in that way. And I, too, have good news," he went on. "Some money has come to me that I did not expect. An old debt—with interest for many years."

"How much?" inquired Dolores, assuming her sweetest manner.

"Three thousand dollars." Then sotto voce, "He can not live long."

"Yes, it was a windfall." "Indeed it must have been, uncle. And thou art tired of thy present house, I am sure. What kind of cooking can the Americana do for thee? I have such a large kitchen I could turn the dining room into a pleasant bedroom for thee. Whenever thou wilt, thine mayest come, uncle."

"I thank thee, Dolores," said the old man, preparing to depart, "but I am very well contented with Helena, and there are jewels in that home to which I have become so attached that I could not bring myself to leave them."

"Jewels! To whom do these jewels belong, uncle?"

"To Helena. I see them every day."

"Where did she get them?" "They were given to her at her birth."

"At her birth? Why does she not sell them?"

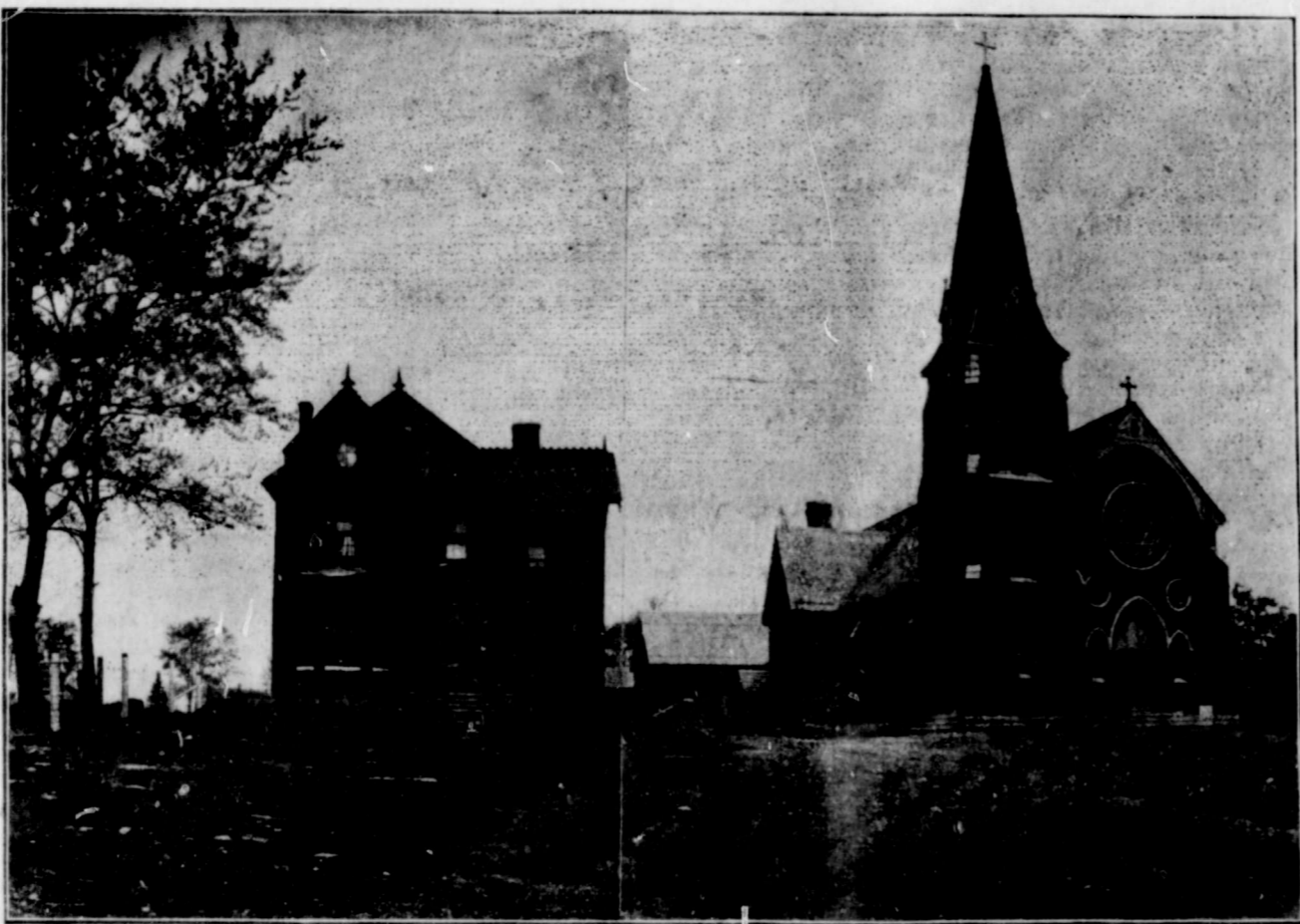
"They would be worthless then. They cannot be bought or sold."

"Thou art a silly, drivelling old man," cried Dolores, shaking her fist in his face. "Why dost thou come here with thy nonsense? I believe neither in the tale of the money nor the jewels—one is as false as the other."

"That is as thou pleasest, Dolores," said old Pedro in a slow, drawling voice, getting out of the way as he spoke. "I think it is the last time I shall visit thy house, as I have no desire to be insulted by thee."

Ten months later the old man died. Some time before his last illness he paid several visits to the only notary of the village, who came two days after the funeral, on a Sunday afternoon, to read the will at the house of young Pedro in the presence of such among the friends and relatives as desired to hear it.

He had remembered a few old acquaintances, together with Domenica, in small amounts; the church and Pa-



PRESBYTERY AND NEW CHURCH Of St. Columbkille, Uptergrove, of which Rev. Jas. B. Dollard is Pastor.

"Perhaps not; the evil is done." "But Pedro surely supports you?"

"Barely. And now he refuses to do that, unless I go to live at his house. He does not feel able, he says, to pay my board here."

"Is it he who pays, uncle?" "It is he who pays."

"And little enough," said Dolores, sharply.

"It seems I shall have to go, Dolores. So kind have you been, and so attentive, for the little that has been given you. I can never forget it. I am sad to leave you. If I could but remain in this comfortable home, where I do not feel that I am a stranger. I have not long to live and—"

"Quien sabe?" replied the woman, shrilly. "You may live till you are a hundred. If Pedro will no longer pay your board, it is better that he keep you under his own roof. I am a poor woman, and am not able to house paupers."

"Thank you, daughter," said old Nunez, rising and slowly hobbling into his room, where he began to pack up his possessions, a work which was soon accomplished. Leaving his effects in readiness to be moved, he took himself to the store of his nephew, which he never entered now save as one business partner calling upon another in search of his dividends. Therefore it was with no little surprise that Pedro saw his uncle approaching. He went to meet him, received him kindly, and pushed forward a comfortable arm-chair.

had taken on a more pleasant and comfortable aspect. Love, and the peace love brings reigned in that little household; the old man asked in its sunshine. Nothing was ever said on either side about remuneration. The nephew would have scorned to ask money from the one who had given him nearly everything he possessed, and it never entered the mind of Ellen Nunez, or Helena, as the old man called her, to wonder or inquire regarding the subject.

One day as they were seated side by side under the pepper-tree, she with her sewing, and he with his inextinguishable cheroot, he said:

"Helena, where dost thou keep thy jewels?"

"My jewels, uncle! I have none." "Hast never had?"

"Never. You know very well I was only a poor girl."

"Yes, yes, but some one told me once that thou hadst some."

"They jested, then, or mocked me," said Ellen. "Pedro will tell thee I had not as much as a gold ornament until he placed the wedding ring upon my finger."

"I believe thee, my child. It is nothing. Let it pass. An old man's memory is often at fault."

The next day he went into the store.

"Where does Helena keep her jewels, Pedro?" he inquired.

"Her jewels!" laughed the young man. "Hast thou not seen them yet? Thine eyes must be failing—she wears them every day."

The old man looked at him curiously.

"Ah!" he said. "I believe I understand. I am not so slow or so stupid. I believe I understand," and he hobbled home again.

A few days after this he went to the house of Dolores. She received him very coolly. Scarcely was he seated in the parlor when she remarked:

dre Juan Bautista also came in for a share, while his nephew received the store, all the merchandise and the land on which it stood. The will then went on as follows:

"To my niece-in-law, Dolores Tata, in consideration of her loving care and attention—when I did not need it—and her contempt of me when she thought I did—I leave the sum of three dollars, together with three counsels, viz., first, to try to cultivate respect for the aged; second, to look about her for some roots of charity and plant them in her heart; third, to make an effort to hide from her countenance, if she can not banish them from her breast, the evil passions of avarice and ill-nature which now disfigure it, that her neighbors may not flee from her in disgust and abhorrence."

"Lastly, I leave to my dear niece, Helena, the wife of my beloved nephew, Pedro Nunez, the sum of three thousand dollars, wherewith to purchase an appropriate setting for the three priceless jewels in her possession, and with which she was endowed at her birth, and which she has kept bright and beautiful through all the years of her sweet and useful life. These jewels are the virtues of kindness, cheerfulness, and industry, which can neither be bought, sold, given away, nor stolen, and I pray God that their luster shall never diminish, nor their value decrease in her kind and affectionate heart."

"That night there was joy and gratitude and prayers for the departed in the house of Pedro Nunez and his sweet young wife, but I am afraid that behind the closed and darkened windows of Dona Dolores Tata there were more maledictions than blessings—and perhaps, a few angry tears.

—Mary E. Mannix.

A Recognized Regulator.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

THE LAST OF MAY

(By Father Ryan.)

In the mystical dim of the temple, In the dream-haunted dim of the day, The sunlight spoke soft to the shadows, And said: "With my gold and your gray, Let us meet at the shrine of the Virgin, And ere her fair feast pass away, Let us weave there a mantle of glory To deck the last evening of May."

The tapers were lit on the altar, With garlands of lilies between; And the steps leading up to the statue Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen; The sunbeams came down from the heavens Like angels, to hallow the scene, And they seemed to kneel down with the shadows That crept to the shrine of the Queen.

The singers, their hearts in their voices, Had chanted the anthems of old. And the last trembling wave of the Vespers On the far shores of silence had rolled. And there—at the Queen-Virgin's altar— The sun wove the mantle of gold, While the hands of the twilight were weaving A fringe for the flash of each fold.

And wavelessly, in the deep silence, Three banners hung peaceful and low— They bore the bright blue of the heavens, They wore the pure white of the snow— And beneath them fair children were kneeling, Whose faces, with graces aglow, Seemed sinless, in land that is sinful, And woeless, in life full of woe.

Their heads wore the veil of the lily, Their brows wore the wreath of the rose, And their hearts, like their flutterless banners, Were stilled in a holy repose. Their shadowless eyes were uplifted, Whose glad gaze would never disclose That from eyes that are most like the heavens The dark rain of tears soorest flows.

The banners were borne to the railing, Beneath them, a group from each band; And they bent their bright folds for the blessing That fell from the priest's lifted hand. And he signed the three fair, silken standards, With a sign never foe could withstand. What stirred them? The breeze of the evening? Or a breath from the far angel-land?

Then came, two by two, to the altar, The young, and the pure, and the fair. Their faces the mirror of Heaven, Their hands folded meekly in prayer. They came for a simple blue ribbon, For love of Christ's Mother to wear; And I believe, with the Children of Mary, The Angels of Mary were there.

Ah, faith! simple faith of the children! You still shame the faith of the old! Ah, love! simple love of the little, You still warm the love of the cold! And the beautiful God who is wandering Far out in the world's dreary wold, Finds a home in the hearts of the children, And a rest with the lambs of the fold.

Swept a voice, was it wafted from Heaven? Heard you ever the sea when it sings, Where it sleeps on the shore in the night time? Heard you ever the hymns the breeze brings From the hearts of a thousand bright summers? Heard you ever the bird, when she springs To the clouds, till she seems to be only A song of a shadow on wings?

Came a voice; and an "Ave Maria" Rose out of a heart rapture-thrilled,



Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.



A Wonder of the Universe. 12 HAMILTON, Ont. July 12, 02. My nerves were very weak and at times I would be afflicted with melancholy spells, all this being the effects of a miscarriage. I took two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and it had every desired effect. The Tonic is one of the wonders of the universe. MRS. JAMES EVANS.

ROSDALE, N. S. My case, I believe, came from hard work and other troubles, exposed to heat as well as cold. I was subjected to considerable illness, my stomach was out of order, and I had no appetite. Tried different medicines without any relief, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had the desired effect, for which I feel thankful. I recommend it cheerfully. REV. J. McDONALD.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

And in the embrace of its music The souls of a thousand lay stilled. A voice with the tones of an angel, Never flowed such a sweetness distilled; It faded away—but the temple With its perfume of worship was filled.

Then back to the Queen-Virgin's altar The white veils swept on, two by two; And the holiest halo of heaven Flashed out from the ribbons of blue; And they laid down the wreaths of the roses Whose hearts were as pure as their hue; Ah! they to the Christ are the truest, Whose loves to the Mother are true!

And thus, in the dim of the temple, In the dream-haunted dim of the day, The Angels and Children of Mary Met ere their Queen's Feast passed away. Where the sunbeams knelt down with the shadows And wove with their gold and their gray A mantle of grace and of glory For the last, lovely evening of May.

Inspection of House of Providence, Toronto

I made an official visit of inspection to the House of Providence, Toronto, April 26, 1906, when I found 571 inmates in residence, 83 of whom were infants specially cared for in separate apartments.

On inspection I found the building in good condition of repair. The beds and bedding, halls, dormitories, closets, drainage, ventilation and water supply were all found satisfactory. The dietary is good, and the quality of the food supplied is nutritious and wholesome.

This institution is under the management of Mother Superior and thirty Sisters, and the neat, clean and tidy condition in which I found all apartments of the institution on the occasion of my visit was evidence of the care and attention manifested by those in charge. The capacity of the House is always taxed, on account of the large number of applications from indigent persons seeking admission.

Since my last visit there have been many improvements. The fire protection is much better. A stand-pipe has been installed, and there is now hose on each flat, ready at a moment's notice in case of fire. Fire escapes are also in good order. Many parts of the building have been recently painted, and gas is being introduced in order to do away with the use of coal-oil lamps. Splendid new boilers have been installed and the equipment of the institution throughout is very satisfactory.

A new building is about to be erected on one portion of the property, which will afford a very desirable home for the infants, who will then be removed from the apartments they now occupy in the main building. This will not only be very much better for the welfare and safety of the infants, but it will also afford more enlarged accommodation for the old people in the institution. The plans for the new Infants' Home have been submitted to the Department and duly approved of. When completed the new building is likely to be a model one for the purposes to which it will be dedicated.

On examining the books I found the entries were neatly and correctly made. The receipts and expenditures are carefully looked after, and the whole institution managed with the utmost economy and prudence.

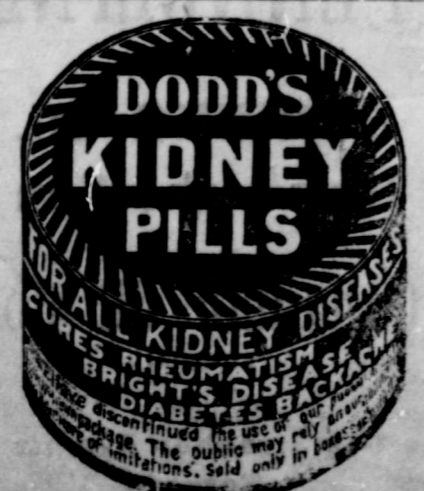
My visit of inspection gave me an opportunity of seeing every part of the institution and carefully inquiring into its management. I was favorably impressed with the discipline and order. The Sisters in charge are evidently kind and attentive to those committed to their care. The inmates appeared cheerful and contented.

(Signed) R. W. BRUCE SMITH, Inspector.

My five-year-old daughter was eating pancakes for breakfast. She cut off a little piece and said: "This is the baby pancake"; then a larger piece, saying: "This is the mamma pancake." Then she ate the little piece, and, taking the larger piece on her fork, said: "Don't cry, baby, your mamma is coming."

What coat is finished without buttons, and put on wet? A coat of paint.

Why should a housekeeper never put the letter "M" into her refrigerator? Because it would change ice into mice.



.....The HOME CIRCLE

WOMAN AND HOME.

The woman who is ever young is she Who allows herself to think only of pleasant things, Who trains her tongue to utter only pleasant words. Who remembers that frowns are unbecoming and that smiles are better. Who keeps her nerves under control and remembers that they are not an interesting subject to any one. Who enters into the plans and, as far as possible, into the doings of the young people about her. Who never allows herself to become slouchy and careless in appearance. Who treats others as she likes to be cared for herself and never demands too much from her friends.

WHAT GOOD HUSBANDS LIKE.

Among the things which a good father and husband likes is a well ordered home. He likes it to be clean and neat without being stiff and formal. He likes freedom in his home. He must be made to feel that no part of it is too good for him and that he is of more account in his house than "company." The best of husbands may be undemonstrative, but this must in no wise hinder your telling him he is a good husband and father, and no one more than he likes a little affection shown him quietly where no one sees it. Make the home a cheerful spot, and to maintain the atmosphere of cheerfulness his meals must be prepared to his taste and in time, says Woman's Life. He will not look careworn if he enjoys the knowledge that economy and good sense are used in keeping up the establishment and that his income will cover his expenses and a little laid aside for the rainy day that may come.

A PAUPER POET.

Whilst an inmate of Caistor (Lincs.) Workhouse, a partly-blind man, named Arthur Wallis, spent his leisure time in writing verse, and a specimen of his poems was handed to the local coroner yesterday at an inquest on Wallis, whose death had been hastened by drink and the opium habit. The poem was as follows:

THE BEST INVESTMENT.

When life's last hour is drawing nigh, And silent death is near, How swiftly time will seem to fly, Those last brief moments here. How futile then is worldly gain, How vain is social pride, But, all revealed, what will remain Is that we fain would hide. Self-righteousness as rags and dirt So worthless then will seem; For conscience will itself assert, And truth will reign supreme.

And then as others we have judged We judged ourselves shall be, And every act of love begrudged Stern memory will see; And all that will most precious prove When life its course has run, Is that which from unselfish love Has been to others done.

TO BED WITH A KISS.

Oh, mothers, so weary, discouraged, Worn out from the cares of the day, You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and the play; For the day brings so many vexations, So many things go amiss; But, mothers, whatever may vex you, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often Perhaps from the pathway of right, The dear little hands find new mischief To try you from morning till night; But think of the desolate mothers Who'd give all the world for your bliss, And as thanks for your infinite blessings Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you; The silence will hurt you far more. You will long for the sweet children voices, For a sweet, childish face at the door. And to press a child's face to your bosom— You'd give all the world for just this— For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

CULTIVATING THE CHILD.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child, be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding him well balanced, nutritious food, by giving him all that is implied in healthful environmental influences and by doing all in love you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all his life all of these traits—naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make it-

self felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits, but in the main with the normal child you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently guiding him in these early formative years. And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty factory or an unwholesome schoolroom or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces, cram his little brains with so-called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it; it must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life and then set fire to them by wrong environment.—L. Herbert Burbank in Century.

A FRIGHTENED ACTRESS.

Malibran was an exceptional woman as well as a great singer, and she had an interesting and spontaneous temperament. The daughter of Garcia, she had a harsh and difficult master in her own father. When she was sixteen he one day came to her room and without any kind of preparation said to her, "You will make your first appearance with me on Saturday in 'Othello.'" It gave her exactly six days for preparation. The child, terrified nearly into speechlessness, stammered that she could not possibly do it—what he asked was impossible. But Garcia could take no contradiction. All he answered was: "You'll make your first appearance on Saturday, and be perfect. If not, in the last scene when I am supposed to plunge my dagger into your breast, I'll do so in real earnest."

The frightened girl had to make the best of it. Her success was absolute, but one little piece of realism in her acting at the end was a delicious though entirely unconscious piece of retaliation upon her father for a rather brutal method. Her Desdemona had been exquisite; she had made her what she was herself, a child, innocent and submissive and adoring.

But in the last act, when Othello strode toward her with uplifted dagger, la Malibran, truly frightened out of her wits, ran away from him and made for windows and doors, frantically trying to escape. When her father at last caught hold of her, so real had the whole thing become that, seizing the hand with which he was supposed to murder her, she bit it till it bled.

Garcia gave a cry of pain, which the audience took for a cry of rage, and the act ended in deafening applause for father and daughter. The incident reveals la Malibran. She was never, in one sense of the word, an actress at all. There was no studied counterfeit of emotions, but a woman with an extraordinary power of losing herself in the emotions of others.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Why is the letter J like the end of spring? Because it is the beginning of June. Why is a benevolent lady like all the rest of her sex? Because she is a kind woman, and the rest are woman kind.

With New Blood In the Arteries

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

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Do you know what it is to feel well—to feel young and hearty and vigorous—to feel full of energy and ambition—to enjoy work and look forward hopeful and confident of the future? This is the natural way to feel when your blood is pure and rich and your nerves thrill with life and vitality. This is the way you will feel if you revitalize your wasted and depleted nervous system by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Not in any miraculous way—not after the first dose or first box, it may be, but when your system has been gradually built up, your blood enriched and new vim and vigor instilled into the nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a wonderful medicine, but its wonders are accomplished in Nature's way, by thoroughly restoring the elements lacking in a run down body. No other treatment for the nerves acts in exactly this way. Some relieve by deadening the nerves—some by excessive stimulation. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food brings about lasting beneficial results by forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force. There is lots of evidence of what this great food cure has done for others. Ask your neighbors about it. 50c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FARES, PLEASE.

An interesting dialogue between a woman and a railway conductor, in which the woman got the best of it, is reported to the Philadelphia Press. "I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am." "I guess not." "He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car's crowded. There are people standing." "I can't help that." "I haven't time to argue this matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy." "I've never paid for him yet." "You've got to begin doing it some time." "Not this trip, anyway." "You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off." "All right; put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me." "You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is this boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him before."

HER COMFORTABLE PHILOSOPHY.

(From the Youth's Companion.) Aunt Panthea Brooks lived in a little New Hampshire village very many years without quarreling with any one and was so thoroughly liked by every one for miles around that her popularity excited the interest of a summer visitor.

"Aunt Panthea," he asked, "how is it that you keep on such good terms with every one, while they are all quarreling among themselves?"

"Well," said Aunt Panthea, "being as you aren't to stay here long I'll tell you. When I go down the street I meet Jason Purdy, and he says, 'Why, Panthea, how well you look.' 'I'm glad you think so, Jason,' I say, smiling at him.

"Next minute up comes Ezzy Draught." "Well, now, Panthea," he says, "how poorly you look this year."

"My land, Ezzy," I say, "how quick you are to notice things."

"So it is with everything. Those who like to think one way, I let 'em think it, and those who like to think the other, I let 'em think it."

Who can deny that Aunt Panthea had discovered a comfortable philosophy of life?

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as Solon, B meek as a child, B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;

B sure you make matter subservient to mind. B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true.

B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.

B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine. Be careful of conduct, of money, of time.

B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, Be peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;

B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;

B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith, B active, devoted, B faithful till death.

B honest, B holy, transparent and pure; B dependent, B Christ-like and you will be secure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it. A man approached, and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in and were quiet as mice about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not yet even set. After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room, took his clothes and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church. After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house, but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired.

He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep. This went on for a long time, Peter content to let his friend do this and Michael content also. Michael when in church had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal, he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls. One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had meanwhile secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing master and gave Peter a better position. And Michael

worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Most everyone in America is acquainted with the goldfinch, but many people know the bird by the name of lettuce bird on account of its bright yellow color. Goldfinch is a very appropriate name, as the bright yellow of the male when in breeding plumage is like burnished gold. The female goldfinch is more modestly dressed than her mate. The changes in plumage of the male are very interesting and to the novice becomes puzzling. Until the student becomes acquainted with the bird he may wonder why he sees no males during the winter. The truth is at this season the flocks of supposed female goldfinches are really of both sexes, the male bird having assumed in the previous fall, usually by the end of October, a plumage closely resembling that of the female and young bird of the year. The male retains this inconspicuous dress until late in February, when one can notice a gradual change taking place in some of the birds. This renewal of feathers is actively continued through March and April, and by the first of May our resplendent bird is with us again. The song period with the male goldfinch continues as long as he wears his gold and black livery, for it commences as early as the middle of March and ends late in August. Goldfinches are very cleanly in their habits and bathe frequently. Their nests are exquisite pieces of bird architecture, the inside being lined with the softest plant down. The mother bird is the builder, her handsome consort during the nest building time devoting most of his efforts to singing to cheer his industrious mate.—Philadelphia Press.

"PARA, WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

She was ready to sleep and she lay on my arm. In her little frilled cap so fine, With her golden hair falling out at the edge,

Like a circle of noon sunshine, And I humm'd the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"

And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea,"

When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes: "Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"

And she slept, baby weary with play, But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,

And I rocked her and rocked away. Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,

The land and the sea and the sky, The lowest depth of the lowest place, The highest of all that's high!

All the cities, with streets and palaces, With their people and stores of art, I would not take for one low, soft throb

Of my little one's loving heart; Nor all the gold that was ever found, In the busy wealth-finding past, Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,

Did I know it must be the last. So I rocked my baby and rocked away, And I felt such a sweet content, For the words of the song expressed more to me,

Than they ever before had meant. And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed,

Of things too gladsome to be, And I waken'd with lips saying close in my ear, "Papa, what would you take for me?"

—Eugene Field.

PAINTER OF ANIMALS.

Canada has as yet no woman painter of animals—or man either, for the matter of that—who is equal in power and fame to Miss Kemp-Welch of Bushey, near London. Miss Kemp-Welch is very girlish looking, yet her hand has painted one of the most spirited of modern cavalry battle scenes. It is the "Dash on Lady-smith" by Lord Dundonald in the Boar war. "Horses Bathing in the Sea" is another of her great pictures. She has strong liking for the powerful and intelligent work horses of Great Britain and has painted them in various aspects. Another of her famous pictures is called "Harvesters." The first preference manifested by the child Lucy Kemp-Welch was a simultaneous one for animals and for picture making. At first she sketched imaginary animals—fearful and wonderful lying upon the floor with pencil in her hand and paper before her eyes. Then she managed to become the possessor of a number of live pets. Making pictures of these furnished her with several years of artistic practice and training. She was made a member of the Royal Society of British Artists at the age of twenty-three. She has made some brilliant and spirited pictures of sea gulls. Once while she was sketching a captive gull it bit her hand viciously, making a serious wound. Again, she stood on the seashore hurriedly making a rough drawing of a flock of gulls that were circling, darting, screaming and dipping in and out of the water a short distance off shore. The tide came up; Miss Kemp-Welch still stood and sketched. It wetted her feet. She calmly walked out above the high tide mark, took off her shoes and stockings and went back and kept on sketching till the flood reached her knees. Those gulls were too beautiful to miss.

A PAINLESS CURE FOR CANCER

Send 6 cents (stamps) and learn all about the marvellous cure that is doing so much for others. Stolt & Jury, Eowmanville, Ont.

The Public Appreciates "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

As evinced by its annual sale exceeding 14,000,000 packets.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT

In lead packets only at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

THE STORY OF A HERO

In 1871 the steamship Swallow left the Cape of Good Hope bound for England. Among the passengers were a lady, a child of two years, and a nurse. The lady had also brought with her a huge, handsome Newfoundland dog, called Nero.

The voyage had lasted about six days. No land was to be seen, and the island of St. Helena was the nearest point. The day was a beautiful one, with the breeze blowing and the sun shining down brightly on the sparkling waters. A large and gay company of passengers were assembled on deck; merry groups had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by a loud and piercing scream.

A nurse who had been holding a child in her arms at the side of the vessel had lost her hold of the leaping, restless little one, and it had fallen overboard into the sea. The poor woman, in her despair, would have flung herself after her child had not strong arms held her back. But sooner than can be written down something rushed quickly past her; there was a leap over the vessel's side, a splash into the water, and then Nero's black head appeared above the waves holding the child in his mouth.

The engines were stopped as soon as possible, but by that time the dog was far behind in the wake of the vessel. A boat was quickly lowered, and the ship's surgeon, taking his place in it, ordered the sailors to pull for their lives. One could just make out on the leaping, dancing waves the dog's black head, holding something scarlet in his mouth. The child had on a little jacket of scarlet cloth, and it gleamed like a spark of fire on the dark blue waves.

The mother of the child stood on the deck, her eyes straining anxiously after the boat upon the waves still holding firmly to the scarlet point. The boat seemed fairly to creep, though it sped over the waves as it never sped before.

Sometimes a billow higher than others hid for a moment dog and child. But the boat came nearer and nearer, near enough at last to allow the surgeon to reach over and lift the child out of the dog's mouth, then a sailor's stout arms pulled Nero into the boat and the men rowed swiftly back to the ship.

"Alive?" shouted every lip as the boat came within hail of the steamer; and as the answer came back, "Alive!" a "Thank God!" came from every heart.

Then the boat came to the ship's side. A hundred hands were stretched out to help the brave dog on board and "Good Nero," "Brave dog," "Good fellow," resounded on every side. But Nero ignored the praises showered so profusely on him. He trotted sedately up to the child's mother, and with a wag of his dripping tail looked up into her face with his big, faithful brown eyes, as if he said, "It is all right; I have brought her back safe."

The mother dropped on her knees on the deck, and taking the shaggy head in both hands, kissed his wet face again and again, the tears pouring down her face in streams. Indeed, there was not a dry eye on board. One old sailor stood near with the tears running down his weather-beaten brown face, unconscious that he was weeping.

Well, Nero was for the rest of the voyage the pet and the hero of the ship, and he bore his honors with quiet dignity. It was curious, however, to see how, from that time on, he made himself the sentinel and body guard of the child. He always plac-

ed himself at the side of the chair of any person in whose arms she was, his eyes watching every movement she made. Sometimes she would be laid on the deck, with only Nero to watch her, and if inclined to creep out of bounds, Nero's teeth, fastened firmly in the skirt of her frock, promptly drew her back. It was as though he said, "I have been lucky enough, Miss Baby, to save you once; but as I may not be so lucky again, I shall take care you don't run any such risks in the future."

When the steamer reached her destination, Nero received a regular ovation as he was leaving the vessel. Some one cried, "Three cheers for Nero!" and merry groups had clustered together; now and then a laugh rang out, or some one sang a little snatch of song, when suddenly the mirth of all was silenced by a loud and piercing scream.

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Salmon Which Leap

New Brunswick's Fishery Commissioner Tells of Seeing Them at Play. Mr. D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner of New Brunswick, tells an interesting story of how he obtained the photograph of the "leaping salmon" now exhibited in the window of the Intercolonial Railway Office, 51 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. Many people who had never heard of leaping salmon, doubted the genuineness of this product of the photographic art.

After remarking that his picture had obtained prizes in magazines, Mr. Smith says: "As the photograph is exactly what it purports to be, and has been favorably judged by those who are competent in such matters, and as the Intercolonial Railway has added it to its excellent series of exhibition bromides, it is right that the aspersion on its genuineness should be met by a statement of the circumstances under which it was taken."

"One day in early August five years ago, when visiting the Big Seveale, a tributary of the Northwest Miramichi, I observed a large number of salmon attempting to leap over the 9 feet perpendicular fall a short distance above the Square Forks. I timed the leaps and counted 33 in 45 minutes. The scene suggested a unique photograph, so the next week found me back to the spot with my old 5 x 7 Blair camera and 16 Stanley plates. I made a raft of three cedar sleeper logs by battening them together with short boards nailed to their upper sides, and by means of two suitable lines leading from the up stream end, I had my assistants draw it, with myself seated on it with the camera on its tripod in front of me, as near to the fall as I dared to approach, and fasten it there. The salmon were not leaping so plentifully as the week before, but I snapped nine of my sixteen plates the first afternoon, and the remaining seven the next. It was all guess work with a mechanical focus, and although I had on developing them, but one perfect picture out of the sixteen plates. I felt that the result was worth going some forty miles to get."

A Pittsburg clergyman tells a story illustrating the inborn Irish trait for quick wit. He was preaching in a Michigan town. On Saturday the women of the congregation were busy draping the church. "I strolled in," says the clergyman, "and Katie Martin was decorating the pulpit. I noticed some tacks strewn about the floor and jocularly advised Katie to be careful to pick up all the tacks when she was through with her work. 'You know, Katie,' I said, 'that if I should step on one of these tacks right in the middle of the sermon there is no telling what might happen.'"

"Faith, ye wouldn't linger long on that point," said Katie, "without cracking a smile."



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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CROWIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

Subscription: In City, including delivery, \$1.50; To all outside points, \$2.00; Foreign, \$3.00.

Office—117 Wellington St. W., Toronto Telephone, Main 489.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

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TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1906.

CABINET CHANGES.

With the advancement of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to the Supreme Court, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth goes as was expected, to the Ministry of Justice, and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux becomes Postmaster-General. The Solicitor-Generalship vacated by Mr. Lemieux for the time being remains open, so that the Cabinet re-arrangement is just as incomplete as it looks. The only man for the Justice Department was Mr. Aylesworth, and the Irish Catholics of Canada will naturally be among the first to extend congratulations to Mr. Lemieux, who has always been in hearty accord and sympathy with them. But the question of representation has not been taken up so far and they will be glad to see it adequately dealt with. There never was a time when this question meant more for a Liberal Government. Liberalism not only in this province of Ontario, but throughout Canada, has been injured deeply by the selfishness of many of the worthies who forced themselves or were forced upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier from Ontario since 1896. Between this class of faithless servers round the flesh-pots and Irish Catholics there has never been much love lost, and we believe the time has come to say as much. Sir Wilfrid Laurier cannot walk further blind-folded along the path that Mr. Ross followed to his destruction. But the fact remains that in the intervals between meals the Ontario flesh-pot folk come forward as the guides of Canadian Liberalism; they are round and all about the Premier, beckoning him on and pushing him forward. At best they are self-constituted guides whose assistance, if it were given in good faith, would be valueless.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

In a world of graft and money worship it is one of the revelations of all-enduring Truth to turn the eyes for one brief, lucid moment to the coffin of Michael Davitt. In the records of men who have lived in this self-same world, we must needs go to the "Lives of the Saints," or aided by imagination, seek the deep, dramatic sympathy of a writer like Dickens to tell us a story as penetrating as that which Michael Davitt has written across our contemporary page of time. The up-to-date philosopher tells us that poverty and privation slay nobility in the human soul! Michael Davitt was born in a Connacht cabin. He counted that fact never among his misfortunes, but remembered with veneration his humble birth-place. Birth-place it may only be called; the poor lad could hardly have remembered it as a roof tree. The thatch was given to the flames after one of those pitiful evictions that come within the scope of the average Irishman's life. Ill-nourished and weak of frame, the boy Davitt, all too soon, found himself the support of his mother in a crowded English town. But love and loyalty imbued amid the privations of his bleak infancy, outlived alien hardships, and the hardest loss of the little factory slave was his right arm. The painful childish fight for his mother's and his own bread gave way in turn but to a still more terrible probation within the gloomy walls of the prison where a treason-subduing government could find for the future legislator and social reformer no fitter employment than being harnessed to a dung cart as a thing whose labor was cheaper than that of the dumb brute. But even these later horrors passed away, and Michael Davitt emerged upon a world, mutilated and wasted, but eager withal to give to his country as well as to the world that had used him so badly, the retarded fruit of his life. His literary gifts blossomed in the sun of opportunity, and Ireland and Irishmen quickly accepted the renew-

ed offering of Michael Davitt's undying patriotism. This man, whose soul no fate could darken, went back to Connacht and said to the peasants there, whose sufferings had been but a degree less blighting than his own, "Sursum Corda." And they lifted up their hearts and Ireland followed their example. Michael Davitt's was the mind that planned all the law reforms of Ireland, and though the foiling masses of England, of Continental Europe, and of America, called to him as the years rolled on, and loved him for his services to humanity, his name will live because of his pre-eminent sacrifices for Ireland. A tribute that few monarchs have ever received in death has been paid by Ireland to Michael Davitt. His clay rests beside the remote scene of his earliest suffering; and his birth-place and burial place assuredly will be held sacred in the hearts of Irishmen.

THE OLD TUNE.

Practice has begun for the annual concert to be held on the pious, glorious and immortal 12th of July. It is under the leadership of Dr. Sproule, Grandmaster of the chorists. He proposes one grand chorus, a piece of resistance. It is to be executed by singers from all the choirs in the country. Only Protestant voices are wanted. It is the same old tune. Whatever variations may be introduced by the leader will add neither to the harmony nor to the effect. To judge of the question we refer our readers to the inaugural address of the musical doctor which he delivered to the members of the Supreme Orange Lodge, and in which he strongly recommended the formation of a "Canadian Protestant federation upon the lines of the Imperial Protestant Federation of Great Britain." Now it will need considerable energy and work to get the many choirs together, and a great deal more energy to hold them, to make them attend practice, and to sing with effect. This last will be the hardest of all. The purpose, as any one might well expect, is to prosecute a vigorous propaganda in the preserving of the glorious constitution against the unwarrantable inroads of the Church of Rome. When did their tune ever vary? The same old discord, the same old noise and drum-beating, the procession winding up and down, with the Bible irreverently hauled around—the same braggart talk—long before Dr. Sproule's time and long after it has served his purpose—what is it all but a spirit of hate, a note of disunion which disgusts with its blurring insolence and irritates with its unfounded insinuations? If ever a suggestion was untimely Dr. Sproule's proposed Protestant federation is entirely uncalled for. Most thoughtful people with a spark of self-respect would have left the Imperial Protestant Association severely alone after its action in the Queen of Spain's conversion. And if their impertinent interference was not a lesson for all respectable people to withdraw from it, surely the bomb throwing at Madrid ought to make them reflect that their hands have the shadow of blood upon them. What was this Protestant Association doing all these months, but fostering the vipers of death and destruction? They would not throw a bomb themselves. They would hold up their hands in horror at the very thought. But what they would do, and what they did do, was to stimulate and educate the vilest anarchical pupils within the very shadow of the Court of St. James. It would be more fitting for Dr. Sproule's self-respect if he had, with his marvelous ear for anti-Catholic music, composed some other tune. The old one is just now in woful disrepute. So far as the Church of Rome goes it makes very little difference. Accustomed to generations of such acting it still survives with indomitable patience, nor will it cease to demand from governments just rights for its children. Many a twelfth of July has come and gone. Many a talker has wasted his strength and eloquence in protest. The Church has continued on its steady path demanding religious education, attending carefully to its ennobling duties undismayed by threats and unshaken by refusals. Let the practice for the coming twelfth go on. Dr. Sproule may be a great choir-master for all we know. But he would have to be a much greater leader than he has yet proved himself to be to succeed with the old tune he is at present teaching his choir.

MEAT TRUSTS.

At best trusts are a danger. They are a danger to the cupid and selfishness of the members. They over-reach deserving individual efforts. They threaten those who wish their goods. And when these goods are consumable as in the case of meat and drugs, the danger to the consumer is seriously intensified. Our neighbors who are generally long suffering

have been roused of late to prompt action by the exposures made about meat packing. From reliable evidence it seems that cattle with lumpy jaw, others with tuberculosis, were slaughtered in the Chicago packing houses and then shipped to the markets. Tainted meats were treated with dyes and made to appear as the best. Such charges made against such a firm as Armour's of Chicago, are most damning of a reputation which was thought to be well established. There can be no doubt about the proof; for so far from the company taking action for libel, they have sat down with the silence of guilt. Coming as these charges do, at this time of year, when many are preparing to leave the city to go to the country, it is an important consideration for vacation. Our country lakes and summer resorts have been for some few years gaining an unenviable reputation. Fever has become prevalent. Instead of the sojourners returning with renewed health they have come back poorly, feverish and unhealthy. The water and the sewage have so far had the blame. But there is a new element in the case. Depending largely for meat upon canned goods, these people are not sure of what they are getting. In life every one is expected to eat a peck or two of dirt. When it comes to slow poisoning by tuberculous and vitiated food we draw the line. We do not suppose that one of these packing houses is intended to be a human slaughter house. But the larger the concern is the less can proper care be exercised in the details. So the evil grows. Will public inspection rectify things? A very severe bill has just been passed through the United States Senate, ordering a number of precautions. "Every carcass thus purchased at any packing-house must bear a tag showing the date and place where it was slaughtered. All carcasses or parts of carcasses found to be unfit to eat are to be destroyed, and the penalty for violation or evasion of the law is a fine of \$10,000 and imprisonment for two years." Now that regards the United States. We have packing houses in Canada. And whilst we should be far from insinuating, or suspecting, that any such carelessness was practised, we certainly think an ounce of prevention is better than a ton of cure. It is the bounden duty of our rulers to keep the house in order. There is no use wishing back an old order of things, when village life was common, and trade and manufacture had not centralized, when personal inspection did more thoroughly what public supervision now pretends to do, but never does, and when simplicity governed better the relations of man with man. This order is gone not to return, at least for the present generation. It therefore devolves upon the public authorities to safeguard as far as possible the consumers.

THE SPANISH WEDDING.

The civilized world was present at least in spirit on Thursday last in the Church of St. Geronimo in the old city of Madrid to witness the marriage of King Alfonso and the Princess Ena. All that goes to throw a charm about such a ceremony had lent itself to the occasion. It was a match made in heaven. There was a touch of early simplicity and romance which reads more like a fairy tale than a modern royal wedding. Every circumstance which led up to the historical event showed that these two young children of the Church were animated by the love of God, and a mutual attachment for each other, which augured well for their own happiness and that of the nation over which they were called to rule. Pomp of ceremony, sheen of vestments, peal of wedding march from organ-loft, were the external signs of the Church's action. This action was the administration of the great Sacrament of Matrimony by the Archbishop of Toledo, the same for the royal couple as for the humblest of their subjects throughout the mountains of Spain. Holy Mass followed; the ceremony closed with the Te Deum by the Papal Nuncio and King Alfonso and his young Queen walked down the aisle man and wife. All so far was joy. Spain rejoiced, and with good reason. The nations of the world rejoiced, and sent their representatives. Strangers were there, some through curiosity and others through devotion to their sovereign. But there was at least one there who brought with him the message of death—who went neither from curiosity nor good will, who went with all the hatred of hell in his heart. Amongst the masses anarchy was there—his death-bearing missile concealed about him. What harm had this newly married couple done? Was Alfonso a tyrant, or his young Queen? When all was joy, when the procession was on its return from the Church to the palace, when the streets were crowded with shouting, flower-strewing and

exultation, lo! like a bolt from the blue the deadly bomb was hurled from an upper story into the midst of the throng below. It fell just before the front wheels of the royal carriage in which rode the smiling joyous King and Queen—she saluting on both sides, he all rapt in attention with his bride. Fortunately, or more correctly speaking, by God's providence, both escaped. Not so, however, the many. The missile proved most deadly, killing seventeen and wounding seventy-six. According to reports a piece of the steel struck one of the decorations which the King was wearing upon the occasion. In spite of the shock which the dreadful accident caused, the Queen behaved with considerable bravery and coolness. There can be no doubt about the intentions of a creature bent upon such a mission. He may be a man, though it is less the act of a man than a demon. He may be a man, but he is not a member of society. War to the bitter end must go on between society and anarchy. For a nation to sit down quietly while such a dastardly attempt is made upon its sovereign and its queen would brand with cowardice the nation itself. The Spaniards ought to hunt the miscreant to his lair. Others are lurking where he started from. Now England is a favorite refuge for them. Through mistaken freedom, through selfish and unprincipled protection, she has assumed the guardianship of all the turbulent spirits of the century, who, under the guise of political refugees, flock to London and there hatch their plots for the destruction of leaders and sovereigns elsewhere. It takes only one fool or knave to throw a bomb; it will take all creation to gather up the fragments. War cannot be too bitter against a foe like anarchy. It is a hard blow to civilization that on a sovereign's wedding day there should be mourning through death dealt with hatred and intended for the royal bridegroom and the bride. To quote King Alfonso's diary note when he escaped the bomb in Paris: God protects the King. May it ever be so.

IRISH PATRIOT PASSES AWAY

Michael Davitt, a Life-Long Champion of Ireland

Dublin, May 31.—A notable career closed last night when after a long and painful illness, Michael Davitt died peacefully and painlessly at 12 o'clock in the presence of his eldest son, Michael, and his two daughters, who had devotedly attended him through his illness, and of many of his most intimate friends, including John Dillon. Shortly before his death, Father Hatton had been with him. Mrs. Davitt who had been in constant attendance on her husband until a few days ago, when she herself was taken ill, is prostrated in the same hospital, too weak to leave her room. She has not yet been informed of her husband's death. It is stated that Mr. Davitt left a written message. The greatest sympathy has been displayed by all classes of people. Yesterday the hospital was besieged by anxious inquirers. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish party in parliament, was a frequent inquirer by telephone from the House of Commons, and gave up his proposed continental trip over the Whitsuntide holidays in consequence of the condition of his friend, the father of the National League. After a rally Mr. Davitt was able to speak to those at his bedside, but soon showed that he was losing ground. Among the last callers at the hospital to-night was Lord Hempill, on behalf of the Earl of Aberdeen, lord lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen. Mr. Davitt retired from the representation of South Mayo in parliament in 1899, but to the last took an interest in the politics of his country. Death was due to blood poisoning which followed 750 operations for necrosis of the jawbone, and spread so rapidly that all efforts to stay its course were unavailing. Mr. Davitt's illness began with an insidious attack of toothache to which he paid no attention until John Dillon urged him to have recourse to medical advice. For some time there were hopes of his recovery, but the state of his health which was undermined by exertion at the recent general elections, greatly hindered his progress.

The late Michael Davitt was known throughout the civilized world as a great friend of Ireland and, on behalf of his country, showed remarkable activity. By occupation he was a journalist and in his profession exhibited considerable brilliancy. He was born in Ireland on March 25, 1846, and at the time of his death was consequently 60 years of age. His father was the late Martin Davitt of Straide, county Mayo, Ireland, and Scranton, U.S.

In short the principal parts of the late Michael Davitt's career are as follows: Elected, 1852; began work in a Lancashire cotton mill, 1856; lost right arm by machinery, 1857; employed as newsboy, printer's "devil" and assistant letter carrier subsequently; joined Fenian Brotherhood, 1865; arrested and tried in London for treason felony, 1870, and sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude; released on "ticket-of-leave" 1877; with late Mr. Parnell and others founded Irish Land League, 1879; arrested on charge of making seditious speech same year, but prosecution abandoned; went to United States to organize Auxiliary Land League organization, 1880; arrested shortly after re-

turn, 1881, and sent back to penal servitude; released May 6, 1882; arrested 1883, and tried under law of King Edward III., for seditious speech and imprisoned for three months; included in "Parnellism and Crime" allegations, and spoke for five days in defence of Land League before Times Parnell Commission. He was first elected to parliament (County Meath) when a prisoner in Portland Convict Prison, 1882, but disqualified by special vote of House of Commons for non-expiry of sentence for treason-felony, unsuccessfully contested Waterford city, 1891; was elected member of parliament for North Meath, 1892; unseated on petition; returned unopposed Northeast Cork same year; resigned 1893, owing to bankruptcy proceedings arising out of North Meath election petition; returned unopposed for East Kerry and South Mayo, 1895, while he was in Australia; resigned, 1899.

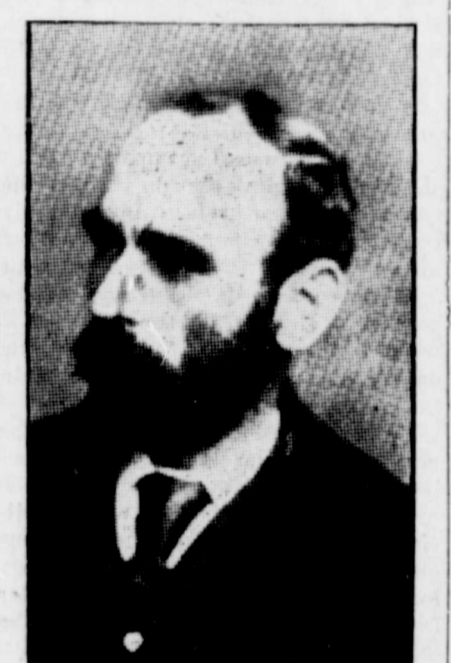
The late Mr. Davitt was an extensive traveller, having visited the United States, Canada, Australia, Egypt, Palestine, France, Italy, Switzerland, South Africa and Russia. His principal recreations were reading, walking, travelling, visiting book stores and picture galleries. Among books written by him are: "Defence from a Prison Diary," 1884; "Defence of the Land League," 1891; "Life and Progress in Australia," 1898. For some time after 1885 he published a paper in London, Eng., called the Labor World. After his resignation from the British House of Parliament in 1899, Mr. Davitt went to South Africa and was there during the course of the British-Boer war. He is the author of a work entitled "The Boer Fight for Freedom, from the Beginning of Hostilities to the Peace of Pretoria." He was a close student of men and events. In 1886 the late Mr. Davitt married Miss Mary Yore, daughter of Mr. John Yore, of St. Joseph, Mich., U.S.A.

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After his resignation from the British House of Parliament in 1899, Mr. Davitt went to South Africa and was there during the course of the British-Boer war. He is the author of a work entitled "The Boer Fight for Freedom, from the Beginning of Hostilities to the Peace of Pretoria." He was a close student of men and events. In 1886 the late Mr. Davitt married Miss Mary Yore, daughter of Mr. John Yore, of St. Joseph, Mich., U.S.A.



THE LATE MICHAEL DAVITT.

Dublin, June 2.—The love and respect in which Michael Davitt was held in Ireland and the widespread sorrow at his death were amply evidenced by the scenes in the streets here this morning when the body of the "Father of the Land League" was removed from the Clarendon Street Chapel, where it had lain over night, to the Broadstone Station for conveyance to the peaceful country graveyard at Straide, County Mayo. The business places closed their shutters, the shades were drawn in the private houses, and the streets were lined by enormous crowds of people, the men doffing their hats as the coffin, which was almost hidden by beautiful floral wreaths, was borne by. The funeral cortege included many National members of the House of Commons, and clergymen representative of every religion and political creed. John Redmond, John Dillon and other members of the Irish Nationalist Party, were among the mourners, who closely followed the hearse. While the procession stretched out to enormous proportions another vast crowd awaited the arrival of the body at the station, and on all sides a feeling of the deepest sorrow was apparent among the people. Numbers of mourners joined the train conveying the body at Mullingar and Athlone. Everywhere along the countryside the people seemed aware of the mission of the train and hats were respectfully lifted in the fields and on the roadsides as it dashed past. An enormous crowd awaited the arrival of the train at Fuxford, and a procession of vehicles nearly a mile long, followed by a big gathering of persons drawn from miles around, started for Straide, the family burial place of the Davitts, five miles from Fuxford. The ceremony was most impressive. The old graveyard is near the ruins of one of the western abbeys and the grave under an ash tree and within sight of the birthplace of Mr. Davitt. A large body of the peasantry was awaiting at the cemetery and many persons threw wreaths on the coffin when it was lowered into the grave. When all was over a large crowd lingered, their eyes bedimmed with tears, till long after the others had dispersed.

PERSONAL

Among our visitors during the week was E. J. Meehan of North East Erie Co., Pa., son of Ed. M. Meehan, Ex-President of Typographical Union No. 91. Eddie has just completed his six years' study at St. Mary's College, the preparatory college of the Redemptorist Order, and is now on a visit to his parents before going to Annapolis, Md., to finish his college course. The members of St. Patrick's Parish, where he is well known, join in wishing him a bright and successful future. Rev. Father Phelan, editor of the Antigonish Casket, while in town last week called on the Catholic Register. Father Phelan looks well and will return to the work of his excellent paper with renewed vigor after his short vacation.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 1.)

will of your bosses. They killed them because they dared ask for the shortening of the hours of toil. They killed them to show you free American citizens that you must be satisfied and contented with whatever your bosses condescend to allow you, or you will be killed. You have for years endured the most abject humiliations; you have for years suffered immeasurable iniquities; you have worked yourselves to death; you have endured the pangs of want and hunger; your children you have sacrificed to the factory lords; in short, you have been miserable and obedient slaves all these years. Why? To satisfy the insatiable greed, to fill the coffers of your lazy, thieving masters! When you ask them now to lessen your burdens, they send their bloodhounds out to shoot you, to kill you!

If you are men, if you are the sons of your grandfathers, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms. Your Brothers.

This appeal was printed in both English and German and circulated in thousands. It is known as the famous "Revenge" circular.

It was followed by another circular calling a mass meeting at the Haymarket the following evening and instructing the working men to arm themselves and appear in full force, and was a direct challenge to the authorities of the city. The socialists had a military organization known as the Lehr and Wehr Verein, that was expected to be at this meeting, fully armed and ready for a conflict, and so it was.

Among the plans proposed in case of a conflict was to throw bombs among the police.

In the afternoon of May 4, 1886, the signal word "Ruhe" appeared in the "Arbeiter Zeitung," the anarchist German organ edited by Spies, and all the armed men proceeded to put themselves in readiness for the conflict. Their greatest reliance, however, was on dynamite. If they succeeded in overcoming the people all the police stations were to be blown up and other acts of destruction were planned. The men instructed with the secrets of pillage, murder and general destruction belonged to what was known in the order as the "Revolutionary Group." The "revolutionary party" consisted of the Lehr and Wehr Verein, commanded by a man named Breitenfeld; the Northwest Side group was under command of Engel, Fischer and Grumm; the North Side group was commanded by Neche, Lingg and Hermann; the American group was commanded by Spies, Parsons and Fielden; the Karl Marx group was directed by a man named Schilling; the Freiheit group and the armed sections of the International Carpenters' Union and Metal Workers' Union, by others.

The Mayor's attention had been called to the possible results of such meetings if allowed to be continued, and he in turn directed the police department to keep close watch of the gathering in the Haymarket Square, and disperse it in case the speakers used inflammatory language. The city authorities fully comprehended the situation. In order to be prepared for any emergency, however, it was deemed best to concentrate a large force in the vicinity of the meeting, which was the Desplains street station. One hundred men from Captain Ward's district, under command of Lieutenants Bowler, Stanton, Penzen and Beard, twenty-six men from the Central Detail, under command of Lieut. Hubbard and Sergeant Fitzpatrick, and fifty men from the Fourth Precinct, under Lieuts. Steele and Quinn, were accordingly assigned for special service that evening. Those officers were nearly all Irish. The whole force were under command of Inspector John Bonfield, who was Irish also.

The meeting had been called for 7.30 o'clock, at which hour quite a number of men had assembled at the spot. About 8 o'clock there were perhaps 3,000 persons present. A wagon or truck was utilized as a speaker's stand. The first man to mount it was Spies, who made a harangue that Mayor Harrison, who was present on horseback, described as a good political speech. Parsons was the next speaker introduced. He reviewed the labor discontent in the country and denounced the capitalists in the "capitalistic press." Those speeches were moderate and considered of a cast not to call for interference on the part of the authorities.

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The mayor went home thinking there would be no trouble. Bonfield had detectives going through the crowd who reported to him every little while.

At last Fielden mounted the stand. He opened with a reference to the insecurity of the working classes under the present social system, referred to the McCormick strike in which he said men were shot down by the law in cold blood in the protection of property, and held that the strikers had no more to do with the law except to lay hands upon it and throttle it until it made its last kick. "Throttle it," said he, "kill it, stab it. Can we do anything except by the strong arm of resistance? The skirmish lines have met, the people have been shot, men, women or children have not been spared by the capitalist and the minions of private capital. It had no mercy—neither ought you. You are called upon to defend yourselves, your lives, your future. I have some resistance in me; I know that you have too.

At this juncture the police were ready to be marched up from a station close by. Fielden, however, went on: "Exterminate the capitalists and do it to-night."

The police force was formed into four divisions. They stretched across the street from curb to curb. On seeing them advancing in the distance Fielden exclaimed: "Here come the bloodhounds. You do your duty and I'll do mine!"

Captain Ward, advancing to within three feet of the speaker, said: "I command you to disperse in the name of the people of the state, immediately and peacefully."

Fielden immediately jumped off the wagon, and as he reached the sidewalk, declared in a clear, loud tone of voice, "We are peaceable."

This was the secret signal, and no sooner was it uttered than a spark flashed through the air. It was a lighted bomb of which the anarchists had many. It fell among the police, between the divisions of Lieutenants Stanton and Bowler, right where the speaking had taken place. The explosion created havoc and dismay. It was immediately followed by a volley of small firearms from the mob on the sidewalk and the street in front of the police force. For a moment the latter were terror-stricken. The entire column under Stanton and Bowler and other officers were hurled to the ground some of them killed and many in the agony of death. That was the time to display Irish courage and tenacity. Inspector Bonfield rallied the men who had been stricken and ordered a running fire of revolvers on the desperate anarchists. Lieutenants Steele and Quinn charged the crowd on the street from curb to curb, and Lieutenants Hubbard and Fitzpatrick, with such men as were left of the special detail, swept both sidewalks with a brisk and rattling fire. The rush of these Irish policemen was like that of a mighty torrent in a narrow channel. They carried all before them like the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy. They did not fear the fall of another bomb, but swept on in the performance of their duty and saved the city. The man who threw the bomb was not known until long afterwards when he had left the city. It was Schnaubelt.

Poor Lieutenant Stanton, who was a friend of mine, was badly wounded, but not fatally. Many on both sides were killed and many were wounded, but the behavior of the police was on all hands pronounced most admirable. A military man said it was "worthy the heroes of a hundred battles." It saved Chicago from being sacked, the murder of its leading citizens, and maintained the force and integrity of the law. Since that fatal night no Irish policeman is ever jeered at or insulted.

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5. Cordwood.
6. Groceries, Pork, Bacon.
7. Coal Oil (in barrels).
8. Dry Goods.
9. Drugs and Medicines.
10. Leather and Findings.
11. Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, etc.
12. Fish, fresh.

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. 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 therefor.

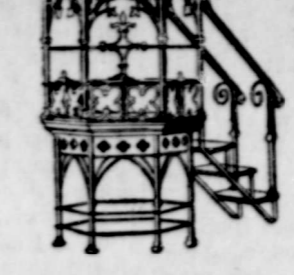
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Department of Justice,
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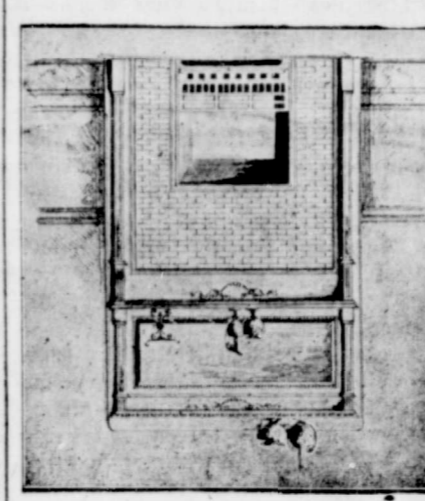
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SHEEHY'S DAUGHTER

It was as characteristic of old Skinner that he should have built Narragon House upon the highest peak of Narragon, as it was characteristic of Sheehy that his little homestead should lie in a hollow fenced about by underbrush.

When Skinner sat in his verandah jingling the gold in his pockets and smoking the best cigar he could buy, his eyes looked out upon a broad expanse of magnificent country, well watered, well stocked, well fenced.

Only one discordant element intruded upon his meditations, and that was when he turned his head toward the setting sun and saw its rays flash upon a roof that was half hidden in the trees a mile away.

At other times Sheehy's homestead was hardly visible from Narragon, but the sun had an insolent way of pointing it out with its fiery finger just about the time when old Skinner rested from his labors.

And yet there was no reason to the outside world that Skinner should be irritated by the reminder that his only neighbor was a poor man. Sheehy and Skinner had come out West together in the sixties from the same Eastern village, with much the same chances of success.

The one had risen and the other had failed, that was all. And surely, if any one had cause to harbor resentment it should have been Sheehy, who labored on, with gray hair now, in the shadow cast by his fellow villager.

When he looked about him, no matter in what direction, he saw only Skinner's pastureland, and Skinner's cattle and herds made great clouds of dust all day long as they passed the homestead on their way to the highroad and the far-off markets.

It was well for Sheehy that he did not think too much of those things. It was on the whole, a kind provision of nature that when he lifted his head from his work it was to listen to the music of the wind among the trees, or to note the cool shadows that the oaks cast about the creek.

"You're in a mighty hurry, Mr. Theo. I've heard you galloping ever since you left the Corner. Are you going to catch a train?"

"Well, no. I'm going over to the Grahams," said Skinner, bringing his horse to her pony's side and suiting his pace to hers.

"That is so, I admit," said Skinner. "Under the circumstances, then, you will let me stay?"

"Why, yes. I'm going on myself in a minute or two."

Then said Skinner, "Did you like the book I sent?"

"I should think I did! That fight—I liked the whole of that. And that thing, 'So rest, forever rest, O princely pair!' it has opened a new world to me."

"I can open a new world to you too."

The girl turned upon him fiercely. "No more of that nonsense, Mr. Theo. It is the maddest idea you ever had. Can't you picture old man Skinner—I mean your father—if he overheard you?"

"I always said so from the first, you will remember," said the young man. "You urged the social difference when I first told you I loved you. And I do love you. I've loved you ever since I first saw you, and I'll have you yet!"

"Ah, you threaten me. Well, when you've married me you can tame me, and that's a safe offer. . . . Why do you not marry Miss Graham?"

"Because I'm going to marry you."

"The girl looked at him, and their eyes met. It was she who flushed this time, and she jerked away from him with a frown."

"Here we are at Grahams' almost, and I've got to get on to the town. Take my advice, Mr. Theo, and drop this nonsense, or there'll be trouble. Good-night," and she galloped off.

Skinner stared after the flying figure slipping away in the dusk, and then addressed a big yellow moon that was climbing up the horizon.

"Why did I fall in love with that little savage?" he said to the moon. "Why are men smitten with this madness? Why? Why? Why?"

The moon remained discreetly silent, and his horse shied at the Grahams' gate. He wheeled it around and trotted homewards.

"She's right. It is nonsense, and it is quite true that dad would never forgive me. I'd have to go somewhere else and get work. Best give up, and make up my mind not to think of her again."

Then defiantly, "Work! And I'd like it—for her!"

A couple of weeks after the encounter Nell Sheehy stood in the kitchen of her father's 'hut' watching the kettle that was boiling merrily on the stove. It was early in the autumn and the air was soft and hazy.

whose meaning she could not catch, was crying in her ear. Afterwards she remembered that moment, and knew that in it she crossed the boundary from a girl to a woman.

"Hello!" she cried again.

There was still no answer. Clearly her father must have wandered out of earshot. She ran in the direction whence the sound of the axe had come. The half-finished pile of wood caught her eye almost at once, and then beyond it she saw a sight that closed the gates of her pulse with an awful throb.

A great branch under which Sheehy had been working had split asunder from the parent trunk and, in falling, had pinned him to the ground. It was not an uncommon thing to happen, and only a foolhardy or an absent-minded man would have stopped to gather wood under a tree that a moment's glance would have showed him was unsafe.

The branch had caught Sheehy fairly across the chest—he must have looked up as it fell—and he lay now beneath it, his legs curled, his hands touching the wood, and blood oozing slowly from the corners of his mouth. His eyes were shut, but as Nell stooped to him in agony they opened and looked at her.

"Don't move me," he said. "There is very little pain, but my chest's crushed, I think."

The girl's strong brown hands grasped the branch, and she tried to lift it. It would not move, and the slight quiver her effort gave it made a sweat of mortal anguish start to the man's forehead.

"Best leave it, my dear," he said. "I'm done for, I think. But it might be as well to fetch Father Daniels."

"And leave you like this? O dad, my dear dad!"

She had wiped the blood from his mouth, and as she spoke it oozed out again.

"Best go," he said. "Ride straight to the town—and don't be long. And—give me a kiss, little woman, before you go."

She kissed the poor drawn mouth and the clammy forehead, and made as though she would try to lift the tree once again. The twitch that passed over his face at her motion dissuaded her; she could not torture him again. Her brain seemed burned up with the suddenness of this horror. She could not cry out, or weep, or pray as she tried dumbly to do. She could give only that terrible parting kiss and leave him.

The pony snorted with surprise as she sprang into the saddle and headed for town. She raced the pony over the grass, steadied her at the rails and leaped into the road. Her bound carried her almost into collision with old Skinner and his horse, who were walking their horses up the road.

"By gracious!" said old Skinner, "that was a wide jump!"

Young Skinner looked into Nell's face and saw catastrophe written there.

"I will help you," he said. "Ah! if you can," she said. "My father is crushed in there by a falling branch; his chest is smashed—he is dying, I think. And I was going for Father Daniels. But—if you will go—"

"Father Daniels? He just passed here—I'll ride after him," said young Skinner. "Crushed, you say? Is the tree still on him?"

"Yes."

"Go back, then, with my father here, and lift it off. Will you be able to do it between you?"

"All right. I'll tell the priest and then ride for the doctor."

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE"

Two men sat in a very dirty hut, and occasionally they coughed; because the hostile tribes of India—over-the-border do not understand ventilation, and in the heart of Yaghistan you generally need a fire. There were reasons why they were grateful even for the privilege of coughing, and for the discomfort of a ten-by-seventeen-foot residence, fairly weatherproof and tight, in that desolation of naked mountains. To be concise, they were prisoners in the hands of a clan that did not usually indulge in the weakness of live captives, and they were sensible of their position as exceptions to a rule.

Richard Lennard, correspondent for a leading American daily, cradled a wounded arm and faced the outlook with a degree of resignation. He had calculated the possibilities of his name, with missing attached thereto, having been writ large by that time in all the papers. He was at the moment reflecting that it was more likely that he was counted as one of those whose dead bodies he had seen go crashing down from the spur to the inaccessible scrub that lay below a certain precipice. Either way somebody at home would be in an agony, and the thought of Her was sharp within him. He wondered how his friend Baxter was taking it, and looked across at him. Baxter had the reputation of being the lightest-hearted man in India. His lips were laughing and there was a distinct twinkle in the eyes that contemplated their owner's muddy boots as he stretched his legs to the fire. The American's wound twinged, and a combination of miseries made him irritable.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he said, testily. "Perhaps you're thinking of the reward you ought to get, if we ever come safely out of this."

Baxter started, and the smile died away from his handsome, good-humored face. He drew his legs up and nursed one knee thoughtfully, while the little wicker stool he sat upon creaked.

"Eh? What?" he said. "My dear fellow, to tell the truth, I was just thinking how the witch baby would have enjoyed picking this caked mud off my boots. That blessed infant doted on mud and blacking. Seemed to improve his digestion."

"The witch baby!" echoed Lennard. "Who the dickens—Oh, yes, I remember. You mean the shaven brown imp that used to crawl after you and mix itself up with your legs. It was a founding or something, was it not? You've a queer taste in pets. What made you think of it now?"

"The mud, of course. And the little fellow had just the same cast of countenance as our hosts here. The servants said they thought it must be a Yaghistani, it was so pugnacious. You should have seen it fight the servant's baby."

"That's funny about its being a possible Yaghistani. Sort of nursing a viper in your bosom, eh? Where did you pick it up?"

"Did you never hear the story? It was when we were at Fort Ishmael, and Corboys and I were living together. Walked into my room one day and found the little thing squatting on the matting. Took to me at once—pecked out of my hand. I had to feed it, because it bit every one else. The witch baby was what the men dubbed it. Scoured the country round for the rightful owner, but no luck. The servants said it had been left till called for by a woman of the north on her way through the pass in no end of a hurry. That was conjecture, of course, though why she should have chosen me to adopt her offspring I can't say."

Lennard looked at the face before him, and wondered if word of the cheerful geniality which made Baxter the idol of all who knew him had filtered by bazaar gossip to strange ears. There were less likely things; and he smiled in spite of himself as he remembered how exactly the easy adoption must have verified the mother's hopes. Then a train of thought led him far from the witch baby and its guardian, and he said querulously:

"There's another question of adoption that touches us more nearly. How long are we to be trapped here like rats in a cage? I suppose the soldiers have concluded we are dead, and so no doubt we shall be as soon as these brutes have tired of their new crank. Do you think they are keeping us as hostages?"

"They are misguided heathens, if that is their idea. You see, we couldn't—"

"No, of course not. There were not prisoners of importance to be exchanged, and any other proposal would have two parties at least against it. Well, if the worst comes to the worst—"

"Don't croak, old man." Baxter stood up as well as the low hut would permit, and stretched the six foot of him by sections. "You never know your luck. I think there's some big scheme on. These fellows are as sharp as needles."

He looked out of the doorway to where, sharp-lined against a frosty sky-line, a fierce-eyed sentry paced with loaded rifle. The man looked at him in return and scowled, fingering his weapon in a menacing fashion. Clearly it was not by his wish that these foreign invaders had had their

(Continued on page 7.)

Calendar for June 1906, THE SACRED HEART. Includes days of the month, days of the week, color of vestment, and feast days such as Pentecost, Trinity Sunday, and various feast days of the Octave.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST
Homestead Regulations

ANY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or by male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 100 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon the provisions of this act, make and purchase any other requirements, and purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

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

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE"

(Continued from page 6.)

lives given back to them. Baxter peered beyond him and saw the bustle of arrival at the gate of the fort, and he detailed it to his companion within while he watched.

"There! I told you I thought the boss of this show had not yet come on the scene. If I am not much mistaken, he has just made his appearance. There's a sort of informal reception going on outside, and the center of it is a new face; a big fellow in an embroidered sheepskin coat with a fine assortment of cutlery in his girdle. Oh, yes, he is the chief, sure enough. I wonder whether this can possibly be the famous Hamid Khan? Yes—no—yes! He's being conducted across. Pull yourself together, my boy. We shall know something definite in a minute or two."

He resealed himself on the protesting stool. The sentry had retreated half a dozen paces and left the trodden mud before the hut to a tall figure that swung forward with the stride of a man given to lead and to command. He was followed by a lot of bearded, heavy-browed Yaghistanis; an indifferently group lounged across the enclosure nonchalantly, as if this new idea of parley instead of sword-play were not much to its taste. Behind the dark forms as they crowded the doorway Baxter could see the free mountains, with an afternoon sky paling from blue to a cold translucent green, and the watch fires of the tribes picking out the spurs in pin-points of fire.

The leader stooped and entered, and he brought a breath of keen air into the hut. Lennard nursed his arm sulkily and did not move, but Baxter faced the intruders with his usual irrefragable good humor.

"Salaam!" said the Yaghistani, "I am Hamid Khan."

"Salaam, Khan sahib," said Baxter equably, and waited.

The mountaineer looked at his prisoners with a glance that ran swiftly over them and gauged their measure as it passed. He seemed to take Baxter's attitude of spokesman for granted, and he addressed himself to him without further ceremony.

"You have come alive into my hands by my desire. My servants tell me you are men in authority—you were told not to bring in the low-born folk."

"Yes, we are men of authority," said Baxter, briefly.

"You are my prisoners. Mine to bind or loose, mine to slay or to keep alive. Do you understand that?"

"We are not fools," said Baxter, "and we accept the fortune of war. Has the Khan sahib nothing more to say to us?"

"There is something further, yes." He looked closely at them. "Mine to bind or—to loose. Perhaps it may be to loose. Who knows?"

Lennard broke into impatient English.

"How these fellows shilly-shally! Get him to the point, Baxter."

"We are not good at riddles," said Baxter, without apparent notice of the interruption. He looked imperceptibly at the chief, and brushed a speck of mud off his own sleeve. Then he waited again, and Hamid Khan's face beamed approval.

"Shabash! The kaptan is like me, a man of few words. Listen, then, and hear the riddle made plain to your ears." He turned suddenly upon the group behind him, and the bearded faces shrank back as he wheeled.

"Go! I speak to these alone."

The courtyard emptied itself of an audience in response, and when the last towering figure had left the fort wall and the peaks and sky to make an unrelieved background, Hamid Khan spoke again.

"So! Now I can open my mouth to you. Perhaps you have known that it is for a ransom I hold you. We of the mountain country are not fond of captives, and we fight to kill only; but this time there is a hostage required, and so it shall be for you two—one to give life for life, if needs be, and one to take my message. If he whom I desire is delivered in my hands unharmed, I swear to you that you shall return as you came. If not I will slit your throat."

"And who is it you would ransom?" said Baxter, unmoved by the savage threat or the glance of sudden ferocity in the Khan's eyes.

Lennard forgot his wound, and strained his ears to follow the swift dialogue.

"It is my son." The face softened and the thought of fatherhood—crown and glory of an Oriental—brought something like a quiver to the lips. "My only son. Yes! You shall give him back to me, or I will tear out your eyes. I will hang you and rend and kill! He must be given up."

"Your son?" Baxter was taken aback for the first time. "Has he been captured lately then, Khan sahib? We have heard of no chief among the prisoners, and surely we should know. Perhaps you mistake?"

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me. It is for you to know only that my son, the little Khan, was given over in her flight to a man who holds him, no doubt, with a great price upon his head. This much my servant discovered, and then he had to return quickly to me, because there was war."

"A child, you say? Then you can rest assured that he is safe, Khan sahib. We do not make war upon children. But it is strange that you have heard nothing of all this. A Khan's heir is not to be lightly considered, and word would certainly have come to you of him before now if he had been retained as you say. Where does this man you speak of live?"

"I do not know where he may be now. But the woman left my son to him as she passed through Fort Ismael."

"Fort Ismael—a little child—a flying woman! O Lord! O Lord! Lennard, did you ever hear angels' wings when you talk of 'em? Great Scott! Khan Sahib Bahadur, you have come to the right source for news of your son. I—"

"Hold hard!" said Lennard. He had followed the dialogue with difficulty, and Baxter's boisterous outburst was as yet only dimly understood by him. "What is it? Where is this blessed son and heir you have been gabbling about? You speak the lingo so fast I can hardly follow."

Baxter looked from one face before him to the other, and laughed boyishly. The Khan's showed a fierce, impatient hunger, but he could not resist throwing words at Lennard first to let the light dawn on his bewilderment.

"My dear fellow, it's the oddest, maddest coincidence that ever jumped out of the category of impossibilities. Our good friend is holding us in hand to exchange for his son, who is a baby—the baby—the witch baby, in fact! He imagines that all the world must know the child, and he has judged by his own standards and his impatience, but he could not resist throwing words at Lennard first to let the light dawn on his bewilderment."

"You are too sure, Khan sahib, that all things evil must have befallen. Yes, I know the man who took your son—of a surety, when he came to his hands, deserted and in rags, there was no sign to show he was a Khan's heir—and I can tell you he is as safe as if he were running by your side."

"Picture to yourself, Hamid Khan, a little child found forlorn in a strange place. The woman had fled, and no man could tell aught of the retribution about his anxiety, but it's time it was at rest. I must explain things a bit."

He turned again to the Yaghistani, leaving Lennard gaping and still only half informed. The Khan's eyes met his with the savage look of an eagle fighting for its mountain eyrie.

"You know the man who holds my son from me, then? Good. You shall read that one," nodding toward Lennard, "and you shall wait to learn, if aught ill has befallen the child, how I take an eye for an eye, and measure out my retribution."

"You are too sure, Khan sahib, that all things evil must have befallen. Yes, I know the man who took your son—of a surety, when he came to his hands, deserted and in rags, there was no sign to show he was a Khan's heir—and I can tell you he is as safe as if he were running by your side."

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whence the boy had come or to whom he belonged. Who would suppose he was the son of a chieftain? Not I, and I was the man of whom we speak. But I cared for him, of course, because the good God entrusted him to me. There was no question of hostage or surety, and for the price upon his head—! Well, Khan, that is not our way. Now that we know to whom he belongs, the boy is yours whenever you can send to fetch him."

The Khan's face worked. His voice was hoarse when he spoke: "Is this thing true before God? Is my son safe? And you—had him in charge by a chance only, as you say? No, it is not to be believed."

"Well, it is a strange thing, but it is none the less true. Why, I have had the baby in my arms a hundred times—a little, black-eyed, straight-limbed child with a scar upon his breast." Then he added in meditative English, "and amazing fond of blacking!"

"You befriended him?" said the hoarse voice.

"Of course," said Baxter, indifferently. "If you want him, you must send to Peshawar, whence I despatched him with one of my servants to keep him company when you and your people brought this trouble into the mountain country. Your son would have been nearer to you by some hundreds of miles, Khan sahib, if your fire-brands had not blazed out so madly all along the border."

"We were perhaps a little hasty," said the Khan, in the tone of one who sees sudden reason for making amends. "Not that it was we who began it, but our kinsmen to the right and left were fighting, and we, too, must keep our swords unrustled. Yes, we have been over-eager, but the tribesmen could be called off. And now that they have yonder—" nodding towards the peaks, "have burned a few villages and spent much powder, they will, perhaps, be pleased to return. We shall see to all that, only I must first hear that all is well with my son."

Baxter tore a piece of paper from his pocketbook, and sucked a pencil stump that was much the worse for wear.

"Lennard, my boy," he said gleefully, "you will please deliver this message to Carboys, care of the general commanding the Yaghistan field force. It'll be urgent, you know, and you can tell the general at the same time that I'm staying behind with my friend Hamid Khan, to conduct negotiations for the submission of the tribes. It will make a beautiful paragraph for you, old fellow. Cable that the great and dreaded Indian rebellion has been subdued by the diplomacy of one man! And how Baxter roared! "Nobody will understand in the least how that blood-thirsty ruffian, the gentleman opposite—I name no names—came to terms, so meekly."

"Tell me it all," said Lennard, eagerly, "the whole story."

"I'll tell you enough to make your cable of big importance—the rest can wait," said Baxter.

He pointed out, word for word, with the pencil stump—

"To Major Carboys, R.A. Please forward with baby under cover by return, prepaid. Owner found." Then he threw back his head, and the irrepressible laugh bubbled again to his lips.

In Fields Far Off.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way, and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

Mizpah

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—Gen. 31:39.

Go thou thy way, and I go mine; Apart, yet not afar; Only a thin veil hangs between The pathways where we are, And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

This is my prayer, He looks thy way, he looketh mine, And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie, Or which way mine will be; If mine will lead through parching sands And thine beside the sea, Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"

So never fear, He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame, perchance, be thine, And my lot lowly be; Or you be sad and sorrowful, And glory be for me, Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"

Both be His care. One arm 'round thee and one 'round me Will keep us near.

I sigh, sometimes, to see thy face, But since this may not be, I leave thee to the care of him, Who cares for thee and me. "I'll keep thee both beneath my wings—"

This comfort, dear, One wing o'er thee and one o'er me— So we are near. And though our paths be separate, And thy way is not mine, Yet coming to the mercy seat, My soul will meet with thine, And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"

I'll whisper there, He blesseth thee, He blesseth me, And we are near.

What is it that no one wishes to have and yet when he has it does not wish to lose it? A bald head.

In and Around Toronto

MONUMENT TO PATRICK BOYLE.

On Sunday afternoon, June 3rd, the closing scene in a work which had been in contemplation for some time was enacted when a large body of the Hibernians of the York Co. repaired to St. Michael's cemetery for the purpose of unveiling a monument to the memory of the late Mr. Patrick Boyle.

The monument soon to be unveiled rose in the midst of the gathering, enveloped in the silken folds of the Irish flag, and as this was raised and the glint of its green and gold flashed in the summer sunshine, there stood revealed the beautiful monument raised by love and gratitude to one whose time and talents had been ever devoted to Ireland and Ireland's cause.

Mr. Walsh said: We are assembled here this afternoon to honor the memory of Patrick Boyle, Catholic, Irishman, patriot and lover of his fellow-man. His life was linked with ardent devotion to the cause of Irish nationality, and no daughter of Zion wept by the waters of Babylon more longingly for restoration to her beloved land than did the heart of Patrick Boyle beat for the establishment of an Irish nation, which "Should be the glory of her sons throughout the earth and all the nations thereof."

He had been tested in the furnace of persecution and purified by a life of honorable freedom from wealth. Patrick Boyle died as he lived—poor in worldly wealth, but rich in the love and affection of those who knew him best; and those who left behind will possess the priceless consolation of knowing that no grave was ever watered by more genuine tears of love and sorrow than was the turf under which rests all that was mortal of Patrick Boyle.

Born in the County Mayo in the year 1832, he was brought to America when a boy of twelve, his family settled in Toronto, and Mr. Boyle took up the printing trade. He labored for years, first working with the Christian Guardian, then with the Toronto Globe, and later with the Catholic Citizen, which was afterwards changed to the Catholic Freeman.

It was in this last paper that he first gained his knowledge in journalism. In the year 1867 he, in company with Mr. Hyatt, started the Irish Canadian, this paper being largely backed by a number of the old Order of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and continued in the path from which he had never faltered until the day of his death.

without many trials and many sacrifices on his part, when at last he was forced to join forces with the Catholic Register.

I could recall many hundreds of incidents which appeared during many of these years in which he showed his unselfish devotion, to the cause that he loved so well, but it is enough to say that never during all these years he had control of his paper did he publish or allow to be published one line or article that he did not believe to be in the best interests of his people. I have been told by some prominent Catholic men, and by Mr. Boyle himself, that he had many offers from one Government and then another, where he might have a position of ease and comfort with a good salary, if he would only give up his paper. However, his whole heart, soul and strength were bound up in battling for the rights of the Irish people, and for the uplifting of the Irish Catholics in this great Dominion, and so he spurned offers of ease, comfort and emolument rather than cease to be the champion of that which was greater to him than wealth. To those who know something of the difficulties he had to contend with through the publication of his paper, we know that anyone less optimistic than Patrick Boyle would have despaired of success, his genial optimism which threw that of Mark Tapscott into the shade, would have availed little without the self-sacrificing efforts of his friends, and were the inner history of the Irish Canadian brought to light it would reveal many acts of friendship and devotion that would redound to the honor of our people.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians have felt that to allow the grave of Patrick Boyle who was truly our brother, friend and advocate, to remain unmarked, would be a standing rebuke to their order, and so the members of this organization have felt it their duty to erect this Celtic Cross in honor of his memory in the hope that the motto inscribed thereon "Ressurgam" would tell us that under this Celtic Cross there is a tongue that is now stilled in death which was to us all that was good, patriotic and true. There was best exemplified in him the three cardinal principles of our grand organization, friendship, unity and true Christian charity. Friendship was oozing from every pore of his heart, and where was there an Irish Catholic in this city who was not a friend of this great man.

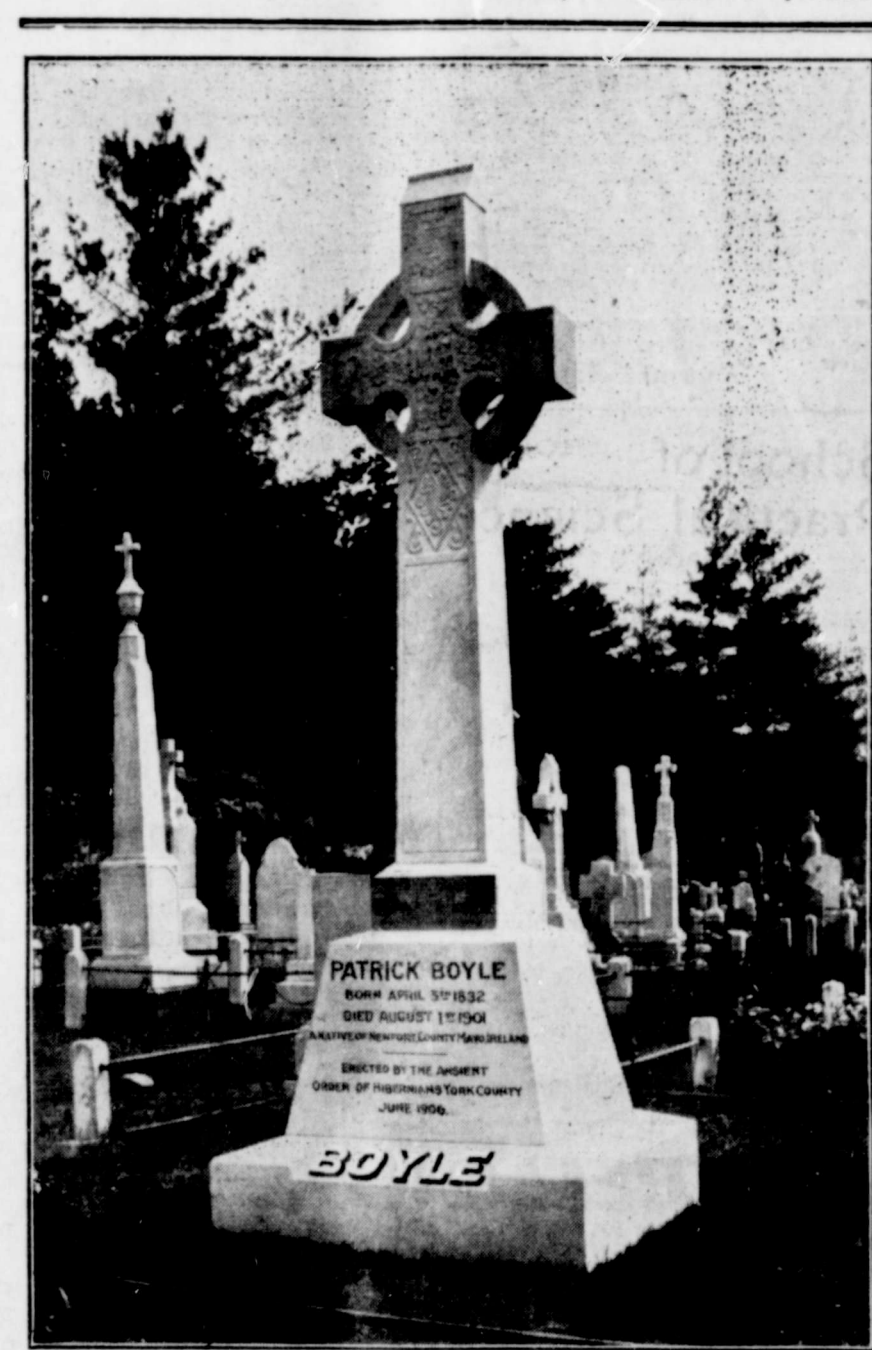
I never knew a man so unselfish; he was constantly trying to do others good, in the hope that he might raise his people to the positions of honor and trust which were rightly theirs; he was constantly showing us by his example that in unity there is strength, and he has frequently told us with his voice and his pen that if we ever wish to accomplish anything we must be united. True Christian Charity, was it ever better exemplified than in Patrick Boyle? He was at the sick bed of the Brother, he was at the home of the distressed one, and wherever there was trouble, pain or suffering, Patrick Boyle was always at hand. He readily gave out his small dole to those in distress, and never did he refuse assistance of any kind that was in his power when by it he could uplift his fellow-men. Yes, he was truly the father of our organization, and his loss to us has been keenly felt, and where, oh, where, shall we find such another. We have placed upon this Celtic cross the inscription taken from his paper, the Irish Canadian (which was the boon of his life), the rising sun of Irish Nationality, and the word "Ressurgam," the meaning being that his people would be risen up, and that Ireland which was once the Island of Saints and Scholars, would again be Ireland the home of the happy, prosperous and free.

Mr. Walsh closed his address by reciting the following verses:

From life unto death! O how sudden and brief, And sad is the awful transition! Hearts joyous one moment, the next plunged in grief, Well mirror life's transient position. Thus, thus passed away like a morning's bright dream, Our trusted, most dearly lov'd brother, And sadly we think, as the future we gleam, Where, O where, shall we find such another? A Patriot noble, transcendently grand, While his heart throbb'd with proudest emotion, For his dear native isle, this, his own chosen land, Shared fondly that heart's pure devotion. Here sought he to win for his kindred and race, With constant and earnest endeavor, Their rightful position in power and place, Too grudgingly yielded them, ever. Here, too, led he oft every project, with real, Unselfish devotion and pleasure, That made for Hibernia's welfare and weal, That land which he loved beyond measure. Though he left there, a boy, yet the young exile's tears Damp'd a sod that was never forgotten; For with tongue and with pen, oft in life's later years, He denounced her laws, harsh, unbegotten. Ah! how little we thought as we saw him at eve, To his home, looking happy, returning.

That the tidings of morn, we were loath to believe, Would so soon make that home one of mourning. Bright angels from high as next sun's morning rays Lit the world with a splendor supernatural. Wing'd downward their flight, and 'mid peacans of praise, Bore his spirit where rest is eternal.

The monument is in the form of the Ancient Celtic Cross, twelve by five feet, on a solid double base, and the whole composed of light grey Troy granite. On the head of the cross is the Boyle coat-of-arms, while on the cross peacocks are the harp and round-tower of Ireland. The first string of the harp is broken, signifying that the head of the family is no more. An ornamentation in Celtic scroll beautifies the upper portion of the foot, while at the base is a bronze cast of the motto and heading of the "Irish Canadian" paper of which Mr. Boyle was editor. On the face of the supporting base is the following inscription: Patrick Boyle, born April 5th, 1832; died Aug. 1st, 1901. A native of Newport, County Mayo, Ireland. Erected by the A.O.H. of York County, Toronto, June, 1906. The whole is the work of MacIntosh, Gullett & Co., and is excellent both in design and execution. The committee who had the work of the monument in hand were Michael Lacey, chairman; A. T. Herson, Treas.; Vincent McCarthy, Sec.; Patrick M. Kennedy, Patrick W. Falvey, John Hurst, Geo. J. Owen, Arthur Stuart, J. Walsh and M. J. Ryan.



THE BOYLE MONUMENT

OSTER—LEE.

The most interesting marriage in the history of St. Francis Parish was solemnized on Tuesday morning when Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late M. Lee, was united to Mr. Andrew Oster, Rev. Father McCann officiating and saying the Nuptial Mass before which the ceremony took place. The interest attached to the event arose from the fact that the bride was late President of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, and was in addition a member of the choir and one of the most popular young ladies of the parish, while the groom was also a choir-member and shared with his bride the liking and esteem of the people. The hour appointed was 10 a.m., when the church was filled with the friends of the contracting parties, and the altar, prettily decorated with colored lights and flowers, greeted the occasion. The strains of the bridal march heralded the coming of the bride, who was preceded by two dainty little flower maidens, Lucy Lee and Irene Carroll, wearing wreaths of white roses and carrying white blossoms. The bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. Patrick Lee, made a graceful picture, in a gown of white chiffon cloth over taffeta, beautifully trimmed with German lace. She wore a hat prettily trimmed with white plumes and carried a shower bouquet of roses. A touching feature of her apparel was the blue ribbon and medal of the Sodality of which she had been so faithful a member. Miss Theresa Lee, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. She wore a gown of white silk organdie with pink finishings, and carried roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Fred Oster, with Mr. Willie Oster as usher. During the Mass several English hymns were sung by the Sodality, the Ave Maria being excellently rendered at the offertory, the whole under the direction of Miss Corbett with Miss Breen at the organ. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother, No. 9, Henderson avenue, after which Mr. and Mrs. Oster, accompanied by the good wishes of many friends, left for a two weeks stay in Muskoka. Among the gifts of the bride were a beautiful statue and picture of the Immaculate Con-

ception from the Sodality. On their return to Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Oster will be at home to their friends at St. Helen's avenue. CONFIRMATION AT LOURDES. The children of the Parish of Our Lady of Lourdes were confirmed by his Grace the Archbishop on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. AT ST. FRANCIS. At the 8.30 Mass on Sunday the children of St. Francis made their First Communion. In the evening the class, numbering about sixty, were invested in the Scapular and renewed their Baptismal Vows. Hymns were prettily sung by the children and a sermon in explanation of the Scapular, preached by the Pastor, Rev. Father McCann. AT THE CATHEDRAL. The feast of Pentecost was marked at the Cathedral by solemn Mass and the reception of the Sacrament of Confirmation by about fifty of the children of the parish. Rev. Father Rhoderer was celebrant of the Mass with Rev. Fathers Whelan and Ryan as deacon and sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Murray as master of ceremonies. The sanctuary and altar in keeping with the Feast were particularly brilliant and effective. The Archbishop administered the Sacrament and preached on its fruits and significance. He also referred to other parishes, to the condition of St. Michael's cemetery, and his desire for the parishioners to work un-animously towards a permanent

ed members buried in St. Michael's cemetery were decorated. The afternoon was reserved for the unveiling of the Boyle Memorial.

ORDINATIONS AT ST. BASIL'S. On Tuesday morning Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Burke received Minor Orders and Rev. J. P. McGrath deaconship. On Friday Mr. Burke will be made sub-deacon and about thirty of the boys of St. Michael's College will be confirmed, while on Saturday the ordinations will be as follows: Mr. Fitzpatrick will be made sub-deacon; Rev. Mr. Burke deacon; Rev. J. F. McGrath, priest. Rev. J. F. McGrath, who will be raised to the rank of the priesthood, has made his entire classical, philosophical and Theological course of eight years at St. Michael's College. He will leave Toronto on Tuesday morning to say his first Mass at Wallingford Conn. on Sunday, June 17th, and will afterwards work in Los Angeles, the diocese of Bishop Conaty.

The ordinations on Saturday will be in St. Basil's church at 8 o'clock, his Grace Archbishop O'Connor officiating. DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM BLAIR. Much sympathy is felt with the family and relatives of Mr. William Blair, whose death occurred recently at Port Arthur. Mr. Blair was the son of the late Postmaster of Stratford and was well and widely known. He was married about two years and leaves a widow to mourn his somewhat sudden end. R.I.P.

GENERAL INTENTION OF S. H. LEAGUE. The General Intention of the Sacred Heart League for the month of June is "Frequent Communion." In the decree lately published with the approval and sanction of the Holy Father, is to quote the Canadian Messenger—a fresh expression of the desire formulated ages ago by the Fathers of the Council of Trent, that "at every Mass the faithful should communicate not only spiritually by way of internal affection, but also sacramentally, by the actual reception of the Blessed Sacrament."

St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. At St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, on Sunday, a collection amounting to \$300 was taken up by the Sisters of St. Joseph in aid of St. Joseph's Hospital. This generous amount is in keeping with the well-known generosity of the people of Hamilton.

On Sunday next the collection for the above purpose will be taken up in St. Patrick's Church.

Re Douglas Hyde Lecture. The Committee, believing that because of the season of the year and of the fact that neither the Gaelic League Movement nor Dr. Douglas Hyde, were generally known to the people of Toronto, a great many en-

thusiastic Irishmen did not attend the lecture, and that owing to the favorable accounts of the lecture and of the man given by the press the next day, they would like an opportunity of subscribing, have decided to leave the subscription list open until 14th June. All persons desiring to subscribe will please forward their subscriptions to T. J. Byrnes, Treasurer, 132 Shuter St.

The Committee in charge beg to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions which have not been heretofore mentioned, and regret that the names of many who subscribed were not handed in and hence the committee can only thank them collectively:

- Very Rev. J. J. McCann\$25.00
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T. M. Devine, Renfrew 10.00
Rev. W. McCann 10.00
Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barrie... 10.00
Rev. M. J. Jeffcott, Adjalla... 10.00
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