

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Want of a Historian who shall do full Justice to the Irish Branch of the Human Family—Making History—Some Great Reputations—Seeking a Great Poet—"Omar Khayyam"—The Translation of an Irishman—Death of Col. Henry Meagher, Brother of Francis Meagher—The Man (William Kelly) who Discovered the Bessemer Process of Making Steel and Created a Thousand Millionaires.

In the article on "The Irish in America," published in the Munsey Magazine for April, and which was reviewed by me in your last issue, the author, Mr. Herbert N. Carson, remarked:

"The historian who shall do full justice to the Irish branch of the human family has not yet appeared, either in the United States or elsewhere. Consequently there are few races, if any, which have been so persistently misunderstood and undervalued. Even in this country (United States) where such a mistake is least excusable, there has been a tendency in some quarters to regard the Irish as merely an element of the rank and file. The truth is that they have contributed their share of leaders and pioneers in almost every line of progress."

The writer in the magazine quoted from makes no reference to Canada, which is not possessing an Irish population in the lead certainly has a Celtic one, for the Highland Scotch and the Irish are brothers in blood. And let me say that nowhere in literature has the race been done so well for as in Nicholas Flood Davin's "Irishman in Canada," published here nearly thirty years ago, and which contains a good deal of what Mr. Carson has gathered with regard to the United States, in the earlier stages of that country.

I have known several writers who have essayed the task of doing justice to the memory of our Irish people in America. I do not know who had been before the late lamented T. D. McGee in this work, and who published his "History of the Irish Settlers in America" in 1852, when he harried me personally a copy of it on its appearance, in Buffalo, N. Y., and urged me to do the same thing for Canada. But that job fell into much abler hands. Mr. Davin introduced the general history and the general fortunes of the Irish race in his Canadian work. The Hon. John Francis Maguire, member of the British Parliament for Cork, visited America in the late sixties and published a volume relating to "The Irish in America," including Canada, which furnished a great deal of valuable information. The late William B. Robinson who was an able representative of Irish interests in the United States and founder of the Buffalo Express newspaper, as well as being a representative of a New York district in Congress for many years, gathered a great deal of material for such a publication, but I don't think he ever used it; but why he did not do so I never ascertained. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, too, I learn, had a similar work in contemplation years ago, but it never appeared to my knowledge. T. D. McGee before his unhappy death, had in contemplation an epic poem on Irish Immigration, which would have been a valuable contribution to the literature of the race. Mrs. Green, the widow of the author of a "History of the English People," who is an Irish woman, some years ago had in contemplation a "History of the Irish People,"

on which she may now with anxious and hopeful mind be bending her energies upon. At any rate, as Mr. Carson asserts, "the historian who shall do full justice to the Irish branch of the human family, has not yet appeared either in the United States or elsewhere. This is an incentive to those who can do anything to do it, for the reputation of our race. When living in Illinois and but a very few years ago, I did my share in this regard, by collecting or helping Mr. P. T. Barry to collect, the "History of the First Irish in Illinois," and Illinois proved to me an interesting and even an exhilarating field to work in.

Making history and creating reputation is something the Irish are ever at. Let us look around us. At this very time there is published a volume of poems from the pen and brain of Isabella Valancy Crawford, an Irish girl who, from out the depths of Canadian woods, sent up her soul and her sighs, singing of the sights and the scenes around her in verses that display not only art and talent, but absolute genius. Why should we not take her to heart, and if we did not help her in the day of distress, at least cherish her memory as one of our own after death has closed her career.

And there is Miss Margaret Anglin, who is not only one of our own race, but one of our own people in our own city, who is being crowned with the laurels of admiration and her path strewn with the roses of adulation wherever she goes over this continent, showing that we have the blood that makes genius and inspires the souls that are great, beautiful and lovely. And let me say this to stir our pride, that the greatest emotional actress in America before Miss Anglin, was another Irish woman born in Toronto, and yet alive—Clara Morris. And for the Irish women let me tell this: An English writer who predominated in the British Isles, declared there was more of it in the women of Ireland than anywhere else. Our plain duty is this, in order to encourage our own, to buy their books and hallow their art wherever we can. In showing our appreciation now we are altogether too passive and indifferent. Money spent this way is well spent; it comes back to us all with interest. I may as well explain that while I write this way I have no race selfishness, at race co-operation. I recognize the superior merits of Scotchmen as a race of literature creators and am proud of them, but at the same time I want Irishmen to be equal to Scotchmen in producing works of literary merit, and in giving grace, beauty and light to the people of our day. When I look back to my own cradle land it stirs my blood to learn that the circumscribed boundary of the little Irish county in which I first saw the light of heaven, has done her share for civilization by producing great men and women in the various walks of life—soldiers, statesmen, orators and poets, if you like, but at any rate friends of freedom and lovers of humanity. The three great orators of Irish rights and human freedom were born within a few miles of each other—Shiel, Meagher and Sexton—in the County of Waterford, and all of the old creed too. It is a great thing for the human mind to have something soul-inspiring to dwell upon, as it helps to uphold and strengthen, and drives away melancholy and thoughts of self-destruction. To enlarge one's field of vision and behold as many beautiful, brave and unselfish objects as possible, is more satisfying to the imagination than beholding worlds that are large, expansive and wonderful with their different hues and atmospheres, through an astronomer's lenses and discs.

"A nation's boast is a nation's bone, As well as its might of mind; And the culture of either of these alone Is the doom of a nation signed."

I have noticed for some time many references in the newspapers to the poem of "Omar Khayyam," translated from the Persian by a Mr. Fitzgerald, but I did not see the book itself until the other day. It is usually supposed to be the work of an Englishman, but I found by the introduction that it is the work of an Irishman. I had been long looking with-

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO STREET—TORONTO
Incorporated by the Parliament of Canada, and authorized by its Charter, as well as by Act of Legislature of Ontario, 63, Victoria, Cap. 129, to receive Deposits.

INTEREST 3% Per Annum Compounded Twice a Year	COMPARE THE FOLLOWING with corresponding particulars of any other Canadian Financial Institution accepting Deposits. Proportion of Cash and immediately available Assets to Amount Held on Deposit. 1 Per Cent. Capital Paid Up.....\$5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund.....\$2,500,000.00 Investments.....\$75,241,114.55	ANY SUM FROM \$1 UPWARDS RECEIVED
------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------

out success for a poet for my native county and needed him very badly, when presto, "Omar Khayyam" appeared to view as the desired production, for this Fitzgerald was a Waterford man. I feel so good over the discovery that it is apt to add at least a week to my life. It is a literary star of the first magnitude, with a brilliant atmosphere and great reflective powers. But there is something I notice toadden my delight, for I further discover that a grand nephew of this great poet translator is now before the English divorce court to determine whether George Purcell Fitzgerald of the Island, Waterford, is English or Irish. The point is that as an Irishman Mr. Fitzgerald declares he is outside the jurisdiction of the English divorce court. At the age of fourteen this grand nephew inherited the Island, in Waterford, and a fortune of £660,000. He asserted that his ancestors came over to Ireland with Strongbow, and that for centuries Ireland had been the domicile of his family. His personal history is rather interesting. He was born in London, his father being a journalist. He had lived a great deal abroad, and had been married twice, each time in America. He, however, has always regarded Waterford as his home, and has spent over £70,000 in improvements on his estate. In further cross-examination Mr. Fitzgerald said when he was in a foreign country and spoke to his wife of England, it was in the broad sense as meaning the British Isles. He went over to Ireland and lived there and incidentally hunted while he was there, but he also came to England for the "Grand National" races. Witness explained that he had made his children wards of the English Court of Chancery, purely on a question of expediency. His wife was attempting to kidnap them, so after some delay in endeavoring to make them wards of the Irish Court, he had given instruction to make them wards of the English Court. He said he had filed a petition for divorce in this court, but it was dismissed on his own application. Mrs. Fitzgerald in her evidence said she was the daughter of Mr. John Nicholls, coal mine proprietor, of Uniontown, Pa. Her husband had always said that he was an Englishman. Once, when there was a dispute between them, and she spoke about "his Irish blood," he said, "I am not Irish, I was born in England, and the only thing Irish about me is my name." Mrs. Fitzgerald next explained that she first met her husband on a train-journey from Chicago to Los Angeles. That was in December, 1898, and they married in the early part of 1899.

The Waterford News of a recent date conveys the intelligence that Col. Henry Meagher, late of the Waterford Artillery, and younger brother of the illustrious Irish and American hero, General Thomas Francis Meagher, died at his residence, St. Germain's, Killiney, Dublin, of general debility. He had reached an advanced age and had not been in vigorous health for some time. Col Meagher did not share the political views of his renowned brother, but a warm attachment always existed between them until a tragic event called the elder from earthly scenes and associations. His closing hours were soled by the presence of his devoted son, Mr. Henry Meagher, who hastened from England to his bedside the moment the news reached him that his father's end was imminent. After High Mass and office at the Church of St. Alphonsus, Ballinacrack, the honored remains were laid to rest in historic Glasnevin.

The first article in the April "Munsey" Magazine is of surpassing interest on account of its great industrial importance and in which an Irishman plays a leading part. It is entitled "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America—The Story of a Thousand Millionaires, and a Graphic History

of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust." It tells of the tremendous modern expansion of the iron and steel industry which began with the invention of the Bessemer process, and tells how William Kelly in America and Bessemer in England, evolved their epoch-making discovery, and sketches the big men who took the lead in developing it. In Louisville still lives a white-haired old lady, wife of William Kelly, the original inventor of what is called the Bessemer steel. In Johnstown may be seen the first tilting converter that Kelly used in making Bessemer steel; and the boy who helped the inventor with his experiments is still employed in the Cambrian mills. In 1846 William Kelly and his brother bought the Swanee Iron Works near Eddyville, Kentucky. Kelly's father was a well-to-do landowner in Pittsburgh, where it is said that he erected the first two brick houses in that city. At the time when William Kelly began to make iron, he was thirty-six years old, a tall, well-set-up, muscular, energetic man with blue eyes and close-cropped beard. In inventiveness his brain ranked high; in business ability low. He had left a commission business and became an iron-maker mainly to carry out a process which he had invented, by which large sugar kettles were to be made. The "Kelly Kettles" became well known among the Southern farmers. He had married Miss Mildred A. Gracy of Eddyville, and secured the financial backing of his father-in-law. His iron plant was a fairly good one, close to high-grade ore, and needing the work of about three hundred slaves. Kelly was strongly opposed to slavery and tried to escape being a slave-holder by importing Chinese. He was the first employer in the United States to make the experiment and found it successful. Kelly's first aim was to make good wrought iron for his kettles, and for his customers in Cincinnati. One day he was sitting in front of the "finery fire" when he suddenly sprang to his feet with a shout and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this point was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal—nothing but the steady blast of air—and the Bessemer process was discovered. Hence the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust of to-day.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Death of Irish Dominican at Rome

The Irish Dominicans at San Clemente are in mourning over the death on March 5 of their Venerable Father Michael Costello, their Sub-Prior, who, at the age of 82, was one of their most active members—mentally, if not physically. The grand old priest was one of the landmarks, so to speak, of Rome, having lived there without intermission since 1868. All the community was around his death-bed, and his funeral Mass brought together all the saintly scholars and heads of religious orders in Rome. The Mass was sung by the Prior, Rev. J. T. Crotty, with Father John Lytleton, O.P., as deacon, Father Reginald Walsh, O.P., as sub-deacon, and Rev. Vincent Rowan, O.P., as master of ceremonies. Cardinal Logue and a large delegation of students from the Irish College were present. His remains were laid to rest in the Dominican vault in Campo Verano.

Congregational Singing at St. Peter's, London

For the first time in the history of the Catholic churches, London, Ont., congregational singing has been heard. The children of the schools, numbering something like 700, sang at the Bishop's Mass shortly after the return of his Lordship from Rome. It is expected that congregational singing will now become general in the city.

PRESENTED WITH PURSE OF GOLD

Rev. Father Holden, Superintendent of Hamilton Schools, Transferred to St. Joseph's—Appreciation of Past Services Expressed on all Sides.

A pleasant event took place Monday evening, April 2nd, at the meeting of the Separate School Board, when Rev. Father Holden, rector of St. Joseph's Church, for several years secretary of the Board and Superintendent of the Catholic schools in Hamilton, was presented with a purse of gold. The presentation was made by Mr. Chas. J. Bird, on behalf of the trustees, ex-members of the Board and other well known citizens. The address, a beautiful work of art, expressing the Board's sincere appreciation of the faithful services of the rector of St. Joseph's, was read by the Chairman of the Board, Mr. P. S. Bateman, and was as follows:

We, the Chairman and members of the Board of Roman Catholic Separate School Trustees of the city of Hamilton, have learned with deep and heartfelt sorrow and regret that it has pleased His Lordship our Bishop to remove you from the sphere that you have so long adorned and so admirably filled as our superintendent, and to promote you to the more responsible charge of St. Joseph's parish, in this city. To our loss is inconceivable.

Amid the great and manifold blessings enjoyed by the Roman Catholics of this Dominion, and which we especially prize, is the system of Separate School education, which, if matured and maintained to the high standard brought about by your exertions as our Superintendent, has made a good, perfect education the birthright of the Catholic children of this city.

In our schools, and in their appropriate lessons, the great principles of religion and patriotism, loyalty, and charity, are kindly but firmly inculcated. Under your ministering hand our schools have been brought up to a standard reached by few schools in this Dominion. We ever found you ready and willing to give the advantages of your master mind to us in our struggles to promote Catholic education in this city. While we rejoice at your promotion to the responsible position of pastor of St. Joseph's Church, we cannot help but feel sorrow for the almost irreparable loss suffered by the trustees of the Separate School Board, its teachers and pupils, in the severing of the connections of the past ten years, during which period you have been instrumental in sending out so many of our well educated pupils, who are a credit to themselves and to the Catholics of this city. However, as you have not been removed from the city, we feel that in the future we will be able to ask your assistance and advice in our many difficulties. In conclusion, on behalf of the Roman Catholic School Board, ex-members and representatives thereof, we ask you to accept as a small memento of the love, admiration, affection and good will of us all the accompanying purse.

(Signed)

P. S. Bateman, Chairman of the Board; J. P. Dougherty, Chairman Internal Management Committee; C. J. Bird, Chairman of Finance; P. Roman, Treasurer; P. Arland, T. J. Coughlin, A. O'Brien, J. M. White, W. Kavanagh, W. J. Foster, H. N. Thomas, W. T. Griffin, J. P. Henry, James Blake, George Case, J. M. Brown, J. Keating, J. Wall, P. J. Galvin, W. H. Lovering, M. J. O'Reilly, M. T. Fitzpatrick, H. J. McIntyre, J. Flahaven.

Father Holden, taken by surprise, was much pleased and visibly affected by the kindness of the school board. He said he could not thank the Board sufficiently for their beautiful address and valuable purse of gold. If he had met with success in his labors for the schools, it was due to the cooperation and good will always received from the trustees. Friendship of so long standing was not easy to part with, but he was glad that as secretary of the board, he could in the future meet his old friends the trustees in the work of education. During the past ten years the school board has paid \$17,000 of the debt besides materially increasing the requirements of the schools. We had, he believed, as zealous a body of teachers as could be found anywhere

in Canada, so that with the hearty support of the trustees, and the good work of the teachers, his labors had been light and pleasant.

Mr. C. J. Bird said the trustees were pleased at the promotion of Rev. Father Holden to the important charge of St. Joseph's Church in this city, still it was with much regret the members of the Board were called upon to accept his resignation.

The years that Father Holden has filled the office of Secretary of this Board and Superintendent of Separate Schools in this city, have been years of pleasure to the trustees of this Board, not anything having arisen to mar that pleasure and unity which has always existed.

Our schools under our retiring superintendent's able supervision, have advanced and made rapid progress, being brought up to a high standard of efficiency, and are now doing work equal to any schools in this province, based on the high percentage of pupils that annually pass their high school entrance examinations, which is due in a great measure to the excellent qualifications and untiring energy of Rev. Father Holden; also the unity and good will that existed between the superintendent, teachers and pupils.

It is the wish of all the members of this Board that the success that followed Rev. Father Holden's labors as superintendent of schools, will still continue to follow him in his new duties as pastor of St. Joseph's parish, and that he will long be spared to carry on good works for which he seems to be so particularly qualified.

Expressions of good will and best wishes were also indulged in by Trustees H. N. Thomas, Thomas Coughlin, Andrew O'Brien, M. D. Sullivan, J. P. Dougherty and others.

Death of Mr. John O'Reilly,

Almonte, April 4.—The funeral of the late Mr. John O'Reilly took place yesterday from his residence, Ottawa street, to St. Mary's church, and thence to the cemetery in Huntley township. The attendance was unusually large, deceased having been well and favorably known for years, and at the time of his death was one of the oldest merchants in the town. He was a member of both the F.M. T.A. and the Hibernian Societies, and both were in the cortege. The members of the town council and the town officials also attended in a body. He was 70 years of age and leaves a grown-up family of sons and daughters. His death came as a great shock to the citizens generally. He went to Ottawa the end of the week for surgical treatment for one of his ears, but he did not survive the operation, and died on Sunday afternoon. R.I.P.

Pope Pius X. to Lenten Preachers

"Prædicate Evangelium—preach the Gospel. Preach solid, simple sermons. Preach on the fundamental truths of our holy religion, on prayer, on the sacraments, and above all on hell. Yes, preach on hell as our Lord preached upon it. Let the people understand every word you say. Don't have sermons to tickle the ear—have sermons that will enlighten the ignorant, for this is truly an age of ignorance; have sermons that will move the will. Preach on Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Don't talk of atheists or irreligious people—what good would be in it! Address yourselves to the congregation before you, and mind them alone."

Recent Beatification

Irish canonization is making steady progress at Rome. First upon the list of Irish martyrs whose claims to recognition as amongst the greatest of God's elect, are being put forward, is Oliver Plunkett.

This venerable man was Primate of Ireland, direct successor of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh, when in July, 1861, he was hanged, disembowled and quartered at Tyburn, London, on a charge of aiding and abetting conspiracy against the King of England's Government in Ireland. Cardinal Moran has written a splendid life of Oliver Plunkett; and Archbishop Walsh of Dublin has aided very materially the cause of his beatification which is expected soon. Cardinal Logue is working for it and Cardinal Vannutelli is preparing a report of the case for the Congregation of Rites.



RAINY DAY RAIN COATS

Every phrase of the weather finds us prepared to supply our patrons with suitable costumes. To-day we are featuring Raincoats.

\$3.75 to \$20

Raincoats of Cravenette and Hiptonette. Entirely waterproof. Finely finished and elegantly fashioned.

DINEEN

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

BE SURE

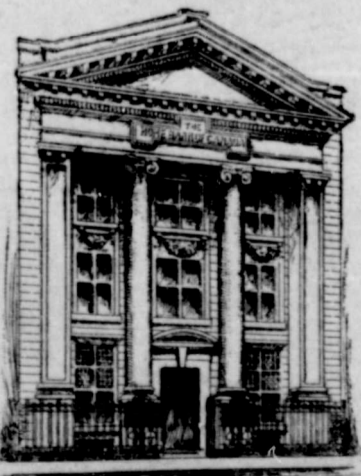
and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodic business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.

Enter any time. No vacations.

Central Business College

W. H. SHAW, Principal
Toronto.



THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Head Office and Toronto Branch:
8 KING STREET WEST
City Branches
78 Church St. and 522 Queen W.
Open 7 to 9 p.m. Saturdays

Savings departments at all branches. Interest added to account or paid twice yearly. One Dollar starts an account. General banking transacted.

JAMES MASON
General Manager

PENNOLINE

BURNING OIL Rivals the Sun

Canadian Oil Co. Limited

2-12 Strachan Avenue
Toronto

THE ONE PIANO

That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the

Heintzman & Co. PIANO

MADE BY
Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co.

For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

PianoSalon: 112-117 King St. W., Toronto

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

But all these things increased his guilt. They were mere assumptions. The law had declared it so, and so it must be.

The yard was filled with people; bluff civic functionaries, officers of justice, soldiers, the curious in such matters, and guests who had been bidden as to a wedding.

They entered a large room, so near to the scaffold that the voices of those who stood about it could be plainly heard.

In the middle of this chamber two smiths, with hammers, stood beside an anvil. Hugh walked straight up to them, and set his foot upon it.

It took so much to drag Dennis in that this ceremony was over with Hugh, and nearly over with Barnaby, before he appeared.

"Gentlemen, good gentlemen," cried the abject creature, groveling down upon his knees, and actually prostrating himself upon the stone floor.

"Dennis," said the governor of the jail, "you know what the course is, and that the order came with the rest. You know that we could do nothing even if we would."

"All I ask, sir, all I want and beg, is time, to make it sure," cried the trembling wretch, looking wildly round for sympathy.

"Mr. Akerman," said a gentleman who stood by, after a moment's pause, "since it may possibly produce in this unhappy man a better frame of mind, even at this last minute, let me assure him that he was well known to have been the hangman, when his sentence was considered."

"But perhaps they think on that account that the punishment's not so great," cried the criminal, shuffling towards this speaker on his knees, and holding up his folded hands.

The governor beckoned with his hand, and the two men, who had supported him before, approached. He uttered a piercing cry:

"Wait! Wait. Only a moment—only a moment more! Give me a last chance of reprieve. One of us three is to go to Bloomsbury Square. Let me be the one. It may come in that time; it's sure to come. In the Lord's name let me be sent to Bloomsbury Square. In the Lord's name let me be sent to Bloomsbury Square. Don't hang me here. It's murder!"

They took him to the anvil; but even then he could be heard above the clinking of the smith's hammers, and the hoarse raging of the crowd, crying that he knew of Hugh's birth—that his father was living, and was a gentleman of influence and rank—that he had family secrets in his possession—that he could tell nothing unless they gave him time, but must die with them on his mind, and he continued to rave in this sort until his voice failed him, and he sank down, a mere heap of clothes between the two attendants.

It was at this moment that the clock struck the first stroke of twelve and the bell began to toll. The various officers, with the two sheriffs at their head, moved towards the door. All was ready when the last chime came upon the ear.

They told Hugh this, and asked if he had anything to say. "To say!" he cried. "Not I. I'm ready. Yes," he added, as his eye fell upon Barnaby, "I have a word to say, too. Come hither, lad."

There was, for the moment, something kind, and even tender, struggling in his fierce aspect, as he wrung his poor companion by the hand. "I'll say this," he cried, looking firmly round, "that if I had ten lives to lose, and the loss of each would give me ten times the agony of the hardest death, I'd lay them all down—way I would, though you gentlemen may not believe it—to save this one. This one," he added, wringing his hand again, "that will be lost through me."

"Not through you," said the idiot, mildly. "Don't say that. You were not to blame. You have been always very good to me. Hugh, we shall know what makes the stars shine, now!"

"I took him from her in a reckless mood, and didn't think what harm would come of it," said Hugh, laying his hand upon his head, and speaking in a lower voice. "I ask her pardon and his. Look here," he added roughly, in his former tone. "You see this lad?"

They murmured "Yes," and seemed to wonder why he asked. "That gentleman yonder"—pointing to the clergyman—"has often in the last few days spoken to me of faith, and strong belief. You see what I am—more brute than man, as I have been often told—but I had faith enough to believe, and did believe as strongly as any of you gentlemen can believe anything, that this one life would be spared. See what he is! Look at him!"

Barnaby had moved towards the door, and stood beckoning him to follow. "If this was not faith and strong belief!" cried Hugh, raising his right arm aloft, and looking upward like a savage prophet whom the near approach of Death had filled with inspiration, "where are they! What else should teach me—me, born as I was born, and reared as I have been reared—to hope for any mercy in this hardened, cruel, unrelenting place! Upon these human shambles, I who never raised his hand in prayer till now, call down the wrath of God!

On that black tree, (of which I am the ripened fruit, I do invoke the curse of all its victims, past, and present, and to come. On the head of that man, who in his conscience owns me for his son, I leave the wish that he may never sicken on his bed of down, but die a violent death as I do now, and have the night-wind for his only mourner. To this I say, Amen, Amen!"

His arm fell downward by his side; he turned and moved toward them with a steady step, the man he had been before. "There is nothing more," said the Governor.

Hugh motioned Barnaby not to come near him (though without looking in the direction where he stood) and answered, "There is nothing more."

"Move forward!" "Unless," said Hugh, glancing hurriedly back, "unless any person here has a fancy for a dog, and not then, unless he means to use him well. There's one, belonging to me, at the house I came from, and it wouldn't be easy to find a better. He'll whine at first, but he'll soon get over that. You wonder that I think about a dog just now," he added, with a kind of laugh. "If any man deserved it of me half as well, I'd think of him."

He spoke no more, but moved onward in his place, with a careless air, though listening at the same time to the Service for the Dead, with something between sullen attention and quickened curiosity. As soon as he had passed the door, his miserable associate was carried out, and the crowd beheld the rest.

Barnaby would have mounted the steps at the same time—indeed he would have gone before them, but in both attempts he was restrained, as he was to undergo the sentence elsewhere. In a few minutes the sheriff reappeared, the same procession was again formed, and they passed through various rooms and passages to another door—that at which the cart was waiting. He held down his head to avoid seeing what he knew his eyes must otherwise encounter, and yet with something of a childish pride and pleasure, in the vehicle. The officers fell into their places at the sides, in front, and in the rear; the sheriff's carriages rolled on; a guard of soldiers surrounded the whole, and they moved slowly forward through the throng and pressure towards Lord Mansfield's ruined house.

It was a sad sight—all the show, and strength, and glitter, assembled round one helpless creature—and sadder yet to note, as he rode along, how his wandering thoughts found strange encouragement in the crowd of windows and the concourse in the streets; and how, even then, he felt the influence of the bright sky, and looked up, smiling, into its deep, unfathomable blue. But there had been many such sights since the riots were over—some so moving in their nature and so repulsive too, that they were fat more calculated to awaken pity for the sufferers than respect for that law whose strong arm seemed in more than one case to be as wretchedly stretched forth now that all was safe, as it had been basely paralyzed in time of danger.

Two cripples—both mere boys—one with a leg of wood, one who dragged his twisted limbs along by the help of a crutch, were hanged in this same Bloomsbury Square. As the cart was about to glide from under

them, it was observed that they stood with their faces from, not to, the house they had assisted to despoil, and their misery was protracted that this omission might be remedied. Another boy was hanged in Bow street; other young lads to various quarters of the town. Four wretched women, too, were put to death. In a word, those who suffered as rioters were, for the most part, the weakest, meanest, and most miserable among them. It was an exquisite satire upon the false religious cry which had led to so much misery, that some of these people owned themselves to be Catholics, and begged to be attended by their own priests.

One young man was hanged in Bishopsgate Street, whose aged gray-headed father waited for him at the gallows, kissed him at its foot, when he arrived, and sat there on the ground, until they took him down. They would have given him the body of his child but he had no hearse, no coffin, nothing to remove it in, being too poor—and walked meekly away beside the cart that took it back to prison, trying as he went to touch its lifeless hand.

But the crowd had forgotten these matters, or cared little about them if they lived in their memory; and while one great multitude fought and hustled to get near the gibbet before Newgate, for a parting look, another followed in the train of poor lost Barnaby, to swell the throng that waited for him on the spot.

CHAPTER XX.

On this same day, and about this very hour, Mr. Willet, the elder, sat smoking his pipe in a chamber of the Black Lion. Although it was hot summer weather, Mr. Willet sat close to the fire. He was in a state of profound cogitation, with his own thoughts, and it was his custom at such times to strew himself slowly, under the impression that that process of cookery was favorable to the melting out of his ideas, which, when he began to simmer, sometimes oozed forth so copiously as to astonish even himself.

Mr. Willet had been several thousand times confronted by his friends and acquaintances, with the assurance that for the loss he had sustained in the damage done to the Maypole, he could "come upon the country." But as this phrase happened to bear an unfortunate resemblance to the popular expression of "coming on the parish," it suggested to Mr. Willet's mind no more consoling visions than paterfamilias on an extensive scale, and ruin in a capacious aspect. Consequently, he had never failed to receive the intelligence with a rueful shake of the head, or a dreary stare, and had been always observed to appear much more melancholy after a visit of condolence than at any other time in the whole four and twenty hours.

It chanced, however, that sitting over the fire on this particular occasion—perhaps because he was, as it were, done to a turn; perhaps he was in an unusually bright state of mind; perhaps because he had considered the subject so long; perhaps because of all these favoring circumstances taken together—it chanced that, sitting over the fire on this particular occasion, Mr. Willet did, afar off in the remotest depths of his intellect, perceive a kind of lurking hint or faint suggestion, that out of the public purse there might issue funds for the restoration of the Maypole to its former high place among the taverns of the earth. And this dim ray of light did so diffuse itself within him, and did so kindle up and shine, that at last he had it as plainly and visibly before him as the blaze by which he sat; and fully persuaded that he was the first to make the discovery and that he had started, hunted down, fallen upon, and knocked on the head, a perfectly original idea which had never presented itself to any other man, alive or dead, he laid down his pipe, rubbed his hands, and chuckled audibly.

"Why, father!" cried Joe, entering at the moment, "you're in spirits today!" "It's nothing particular," said Mr. Willet, chucking again. "It's nothing at all particular, Joseph. Tell me something about the Salwanners." Having preferred this request, Mr. Willet chuckled a third time, and after these unusual demonstrations of levity, he put his pipe in his mouth, again.

"What shall I tell you, father?" asked Joe, laying his hand upon his sire's shoulder, and looking down into his face. "That I have come back poorer than a church mouse? You know that. That I have come back maimed and crippled? You know that."

"It was took off," muttered Mr. Willet, with his eyes upon the fire, "at the defence of the Salwanners, in America, where the war is."

"Quite right," returned Joe, smiling, and leaning with his remaining elbow on the back of his father's chair; "the very subject I came to speak to you about. A man with one arm, father, is not of much use in the busy world."

This was one of those vast propositions which Mr. Willet had never considered for an instant, and required time to "tackle." Wherefore he made no answer.

"At all events," said Joe, "he cannot pick and choose his means of earning a livelihood, as another man may. He can't say, 'I will turn my hand to this,' or 'I won't turn my hand to that,' but must take what he can do, and be thankful it's no worse. What did he say?"

Mr. Willet had been softly repeating to himself, in a musing tone, the words "defence of the Salwanners," but he seemed embarrassed at having been overheard, and answered "nothing."

"Now look here, father. Mr. Edward has come to England from the West Indies. When he was lost sight of (I ran away on the same day, father), he made a voyage to one of the

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and clogged. The symptoms are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

island, where a school-friend of his had settled; and, finding him, wasn't too proud to be employed on his estate, and—in and in short, got on well, and is prospering, and has come over here on business of his own, and is going back again speedily. Our returning nearly at the same time, and meeting in the course of the late troubles, has been a good thing every way, for it has not only enabled us to do old friends some service, but has opened a path in life for me which I may tread without being a burden upon you. To be plain, father, he can employ me; I have satisfied myself that I can be of real use to him, and I am going to carry my one arm away with him, and to make the most of it."

In the mind's eye of Mr. Willet the West Indies, and indeed all foreign countries, were inhabited by savage nations, who were perpetually burying pipes of peace, flourishing tomahawks, and puncturing strange patterns in their bodies. He no sooner heard this announcement, therefore, than he leaned back in his chair, took his pipe from his lips, and stared at his son with as much dismay as if he already beheld him tied to a stake, and tortured for the entertainment of a lively population. In what form of expression his feelings would have found a vent, it is impossible to say. Nor is it necessary, for before a syllable occurred to him, Dolly Varden came running into the room, in tears, threw herself on Joe's breast without a word of explanation, and clasped her white arms round his neck.

"Dolly!" cried Joe. "Dolly!" "Ay, call me that; call me that all ways," exclaimed the locksmith's little daughter; "never speak coldly to me, never be distant, never again reprove me for the follies I have long repented, or I shall die, Joe."

"I reprove you!" said Joe. "Yes—for every kind and honest word you uttered went to my heart. For you, who have borne so much from me—for you, who owe your sufferings and pain to my caprice—for you to be so kind—so noble to me, Joe!"

He could say nothing to her. Not a syllable. There was an odd sort of eloquence in his one arm, which had crept round her waist, but his lips were mute.

"If you had reminded me by a word—only by one short word," sobbed Dolly, clinging yet closer to him, "how little I deserved that you should treat me with so much forbearance; if you had exulted only for one moment in your triumph, I could have borne it better."

"Triumph!" repeated Joe, with a smile which seemed to say, "I am a pretty figure for that."

"Yes, triumph," she cried, with her whole heart and soul in her earnest voice, and gushing tears, "for it is one. I am glad to think and know it is. I wouldn't be less humbled, dear—I wouldn't be without the recollection of that last time we spoke together in this place—no, not if I could recall the past, and make our parting yesterday."

Did ever lover look as Joe looked now! "Dear Joe," said Dolly, "I always loved you—in my own heart I always did, although I was so vain and giddy. I hoped you would come back that night. I made quite sure you would. I prayed for it on my knees. Through all these long, long years, I have never once forgotten you, or left off hoping that this happy time might come."

The eloquence of Joe's arm surpassed the most impassioned language, and so did that of his lips—yet he said nothing, either.

"And, now, at last," cried Dolly, trembling with the fervor of her speech, "if you were sick, and shattered in your every limb, if you were ailing, weak, and sorrowful, if instead of being what you are, you were in everybody's eyes but mine the wreck and ruin of a man, I would be your wife, dear love, with greater pride and joy, than if you were the staidest lord in England!"

"What have I done," cried Joe, "what have I done to meet with this reward?"

"You have taught me," said Dolly raising her pretty face to his, "to know myself, and your worth, to be more deserving of your true and manly nature. In years to come, dear Joe, you shall find that you have done so, for I will be, not only now, when we are young and full of hope, but when we have grown old and weary, your patient, gentle, never-tiring wife, I will never know a wish or care beyond our home and you, and I will always study how to please you with my best affection and my most devoted love. I will, indeed I will!"

Joe could only repeat his former eloquence—but it was very much to the purpose.

MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER

Died of Consumption, but this Linden lady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Linden, N.S., "and I myself suffered for two years from a distressing cough and weak lungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction?"

"But thank God I used Psychine and it built me right up. My lungs are now strong; I enjoy splendid health, and I owe it all to Psychine."

Consumption, whether hereditary or contracted, cannot stand before Psychine. Psychine kills the germ, no matter how it attacks the lungs. Psychine builds up the body and makes it strong and able to resist disease. Psychine is an aid to digestion and a maker of pure, rich blood. The greatest giver of general health is

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Sic-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Improvements at the Vatican

Important improvements are now taking place in the Vatican palace. The first floor under the apartment occupied by the late Pope is being entirely transformed and all the numerous apartments into which it was divided for the accommodation of Vatican employees will be thrown into a splendid set of reception rooms.

Work is also progressing rapidly toward the transfer of the Vatican picture gallery from its present seat to the apartments of the Foteria. It had been discovered that the three large rooms in which the most famous pictures of the Vatican collection were exhibited were far from safe, and in fact never more than fifty people were allowed to view the painting of the Transfiguration by Raphael at one time for fear the flooring would give way and precipitate the visitors to the Consistorial hall underneath.

Pius X. is determined to free the Vatican palace from the immense number of employees which are to be met on every side, and for this reason he has ordered the construction of two flat-houses on Vatican territory and adjoining the Papal residence, which are now in course of construction. When they are finished the Vatican, which, although containing 81,000 rooms, is a very crowded residence, will be much more comfortable as a dwelling for the Pope and his personal attendants.

It has been arranged that the new rooms in the Foteria, which are being prepared as the permanent abode of the Vatican paintings, shall be lighted and heated according to modern systems, and that the windows and electric illumination shall be so disposed as to show the pictures to the greatest advantage, a matter which has long been the subject of criticism under the existing arrangements.

'Tis Well to Know a Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowwell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Eclectic Oil.

FOURTH MONTH 30 DAYS April THE RESURRECTION 1906. Table with columns for DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and feast names like Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday, Easter Sunday, Low Sunday, Second Sunday After Easter. Includes Mission Goods advertisement.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE. ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

HOME CIRCLE

THE BUG BEAR.

The most lovable girls in the world are those with a sunny disposition.

THE HABIT OF NOT FEELING WELL.

Few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into a habit of not feeling well.

WHICH IS PREFERABLE?

Most women have a fancy of always keeping their homes in order, without any visible sign of strenuous effort.

Woman's Needs AT THE CRITICAL PERIODS OF HER LIFE AND HOW IT IS BEST SUPPLIED BY

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

We are sometimes asked why Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so successful in curing the ailments peculiar to women, and this is the explanation:

The feminine organism is a regular network of nerves, and consequently requires an enormous quantity of rich, nourishing blood.

At the critical times such as the dawn of womanhood, the child-bearing and nursing age and the change of life, nerve force is consumed at a tremendous rate.

The blood is drawn away from other parts of the body, and the result is neuralgia pains and aches, failure of the digestive system, and a run-down condition of the body generally.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies exactly what is most needed at these times—the very elements from which rich blood and vital nerve force are made.

Women who suffer from weakness and irregularities, from painful periods and distressing headaches, from tired, worn-out feelings, and the disorders of digestion, will be surprised at the benefits obtained from the use of the great food cure of Dr. Chase.

It is well worth your while to put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test, and while the blood and nerves are being revitalized and the form rounded out, note your increase in weight, so that you may have positive proof of the blood-forming value of this great medicine.

Dr. Chase's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bore; it is such a burden, as wings are to a bird or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbor.

week. As a natural consequence her nerves are always unstrung. She is cross and irritable, develops the headache habit and is too busy to be civil to her friends...

Physicians unanimously agree that there is no exercise which causes a more perfect development of all the muscles than sweeping.

It seldom happens that it is the industrious wife doing her own household work who figures in current scandals or who is dragged into a divorce court.

There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts...

ONE WIDE ENOUGH.

"Got married again?"—"The color rushed and ran like flame; The rich hot blood indignantly Up from his true heart came."

"They say she's dead—what nonsense! Why, she is with me yet; My comrade—wife—my sweetheart; My guiding star, my pet!

"My wife has gone before me Where golden sands are fair; This world is cold and stormy; She's better off up there, As soon's I cut the oats an' rye, The harvest of my life, I'll put the worn-out binder by, An' go an' see my wife."

"She took her baby with her; She couldn't leave it here; An' I haven't seen the youngster For pretty nigh nine year. Up in that land of uses How happy I will be, When Lizzie introduces My grown-up son to me!"

"Git married again—why, mister, That's bigamy, of course, So long as Lizzie sticks to me I won't git no divorce. You see that I am satisfied, Contented with my lot, So, if you've no objection, I'll keep the wife I've got."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Nothing is so pleasant as a good and beautiful soul; it shows itself in every action.

When God's love shines into a man with its warmth and light, it is sure to shine from him.

Life never rises any higher than the belief. The man who believes wrong will behave wrong.

When God tells us to give, it is not to lose our riches, but that we may put them in a safer place.

BETTER THAN GOLD. Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank or titles a hundredfold, Is a healthful body a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere; Doubly blest with content and health, Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth, Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot;

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep; Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed, Where Luxury pillows his aching head;

Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in realms of thought and books can find; A treasure surpassing Australian ore And live with the great and the good of yore, The sage's lore, and the poet's lay, The glories of empires passed away;

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the fireside charities come—The shrine of love and the haven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife, However humble that home may be, Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,

The blessings that never were bought or sold, And centre there are better than gold.

Better than gold in affliction's hour Is the balm of love, with its soothing power, Better than gold on a dying bed Is the hand that pillows the sinking head, When the pride and glory of life decay, And earth and its vanities fade away;

That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

A DEADLY HABIT.

A fault-finding, criticizing habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will strangle growth quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up.

This disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself.

As midew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions so with cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the cancer disappears.

Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago made his maiden speech as a socialist a few days ago. He was until lately Mayor Dunne's commissioner of public works, which office he resigned. He was greeted by a large audience. The disease of the day, he said, was the modern competitive system.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

TWO ALPHABET LETTERS.

It is a fact, not so well known that it may be said to be curious, that the letters J and W are modern additions to our alphabet.

After while the typefounders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character now so well known as w.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

The following old story has been revived by "Uncle Robert" in the Buffalo Union and Times: Once upon a time there was a king who was excessively fond of stories.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play, This is what the children say, Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold, in the hall—

ALWAY.

Little pink feet That have trotted all day, Wee dimpled hands That are tired of play, And teeth white as pearls, And tousled gold curls, You're dad's queen of girls To-night and alway.

Dear, for all time, For all time and alway, When weary come climb As you climb, dear, to-day Up in your dad's lap When wanting a nap Or to ward off mishap, When weary of play.

Always to me, All your life to your dad, Laughing with glee Or sorry and sad; Bring all to me, dear, Your bright days and drear, Your joys and your fear, And make your dad glad.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

rupting, "go on with the story; what happened after all the locusts got in?" "Your majesty will please keep your royal word," replied the young man, "and let me tell my story in my own way."

After the young man had kept this up for a week, ten hours a day, the king broke it again, saying: "Aren't you nearly through with the locusts yet?" "Not quite yet," was the young man's reply.

News of the wonderful story that had already lasted longer than any other, went out throughout the kingdom, and everybody repeated, until it became a by-word for laughter: "Then another locust went in, got a grain of corn, and came out."

At last the king was nearly driven wild. Sleeping or waking, he could not shut his ears to the story or get out of his mind the words: "Then another locust went in, got a grain of corn, and came out."

"Finally, when the end of the seventh month appeared, but there was no end visible to the single-file procession of the locusts into the granary and out again, frantic, livid with rage, and almost speechless, the monarch waved his hand for silence, while all the court trembled. Then he shouted: "Have done, have done. I'm tired hearing of the locusts. Take the princess, take anything, take everything, only quit that everlasting clatter about the locusts and the corn."

So the story was never finished. But the story-teller got the princess, and, after a great wedding, together they lived happy all their lives.

Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask, For the comfort of her face; For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may! Well for us that we can say, "Where's Mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands, At the post of duty stands, Patient, seeking not her own, Anxious for the good alone Of the children as they cry, Ever, as the days go by, "Where's Mother?"

—J. R. Eastwood, in "Fireside Poems."

A WELL-KNOWN BANDA MAN SPEAKS

A Well-known J. P. is cured of Kidney Trouble of Long Standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Banda, Ont., April 9.—(Special.)—There is no one more widely known and highly respected in this section of the country than Wm. Bell, Esq., J. P., and the statement he makes below concerning his cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills bears weight and carries conviction with it.

"For more than a year I was a sufferer from Kidney trouble," Mr. Bell says. "Always in pain at times the agony would become unendurable and I was practically unable to attend to any of my duties. I doctored with several local physicians and tried every means to get cured, but without success. At last I was induced to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I have the greatest pleasure in stating that they drove away the pains entirely and restored me to my old time health and strength. I am sure I owe this entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION,

(John Adamson in March St. Nicholas.)

When I was just a tiny child, They say I used to be quite wild!

Sometimes, it seems, I'd raise a row; Of course, I've learned much better now.

But if you'll promise not to tell, Here's what they say I did once: Well,

A lady came to visit us— She was the kind that makes a fuss.

She patted my old foolish curls, And said, "I just love little girls!"

I was as mad as I could be! I went outdoors and licked a tree!

THE LONESOME DOG.

(Annie Willis McCullough in March St. Nicholas.)

When I am feeling tired, and would like to take a nap, I wish I was a kitten snuggling down in someone's lap;

I wish I might grow smaller, 'cause I frighten people so; I am a kind and gentle dog, but that they'do not know.

The other dogs are 'traid of me, and will not come and play, And almost every child is scared, and starts to run away;

They never let me romp with them, no matter how I coax, Oh, dear, it's very lonesome being bigger than your folks!"

A Bishop's Invention

Msr. Florini, the Catholic Bishop of Pontremoli, Italy, has invented an apparatus for averting railway collisions. It was tested in Rome a few days ago and was a complete success. It consists of two possible wires to signal if the track is free.

Dr. P. F. H. Farrell, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, with a career which reads like a romance of the days of Queen Elizabeth, is delivering lectures in the United States in favor of the White Cross movement.

Dr. Farrell was captain-surgeon with the English army in the Sudan, where he served three years with Gen. Kitchener. He was at one time Colonel with a Chilean regiment. He served as surgeon-general of the United States forces in the Philippines and was also head of the intelligence department. He was through the "Boxer" campaign and was at Colonel Liscomb's side when that gallant officer fell in the attempt to relieve the legations at Peking.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Perfect Brightness and Clearness. 4

KINCORA, P. E. Island.

Mrs. Mary Jane Greenough who used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic assures me that she has received wonderful benefits from it. She used to take fits very frequently, but since using this remedy has not had an attack since early spring, and then not accompanied with its usual terrible effects. Perfect brightness and clearness of intellect returned after the use of the Tonic.

REV. J. J. MACDONALD.

125 Elizabeth St., TORONTO, ONT.

I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for the good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; has done me, only the fervent wish that you may continue in your humane work. I owe you a debt of gratitude that I shall always recall with pleasure.

ALEXANDER McLEOD

FREE

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. For patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1866, 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 LYNXES BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION:

In City, including delivery... \$1.50 To all outside points... \$1.75 Foreign... \$1.50

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

Approved and recommended by the Arch bishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates

Transient advertisements 15 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1906.

THE RESURRECTION.

Now that Easter is at hand with its hymn of joy and exultation, it behooves us to enter into the spirit of the Church upon this great feast. It is a day of triumph—the victory of life over death, virtue over sin, sanctification over the natural, the supernatural over the natural. In these days of historical criticism Easter becomes a day of reparation—when our faith and hope in the mystery of the resurrection are a prayerful atonement for the doubt and denial thrown upon it by misty science as well as a pleasure-seeking temporal world. History cannot be turned back or explained away. The transcendental fact remains that Jesus Christ rose from the dead; that His rising is the central event of all history, and the unfulfilled pledge of our own future resurrection. Many a generation has passed the Saviour's open tomb, wondering at its significance. Few of the Christian centuries have denied its reality. Indeed it is reserved for the foolish theorist or the materialist, who knows no world beyond that of sense to question the voice from that sepulchre: "He is risen." It is hard to see how any one can doubt the historical statement that our Lord the third day after His death rose from the dead. The reasons alleged for this denial are very puerile. Some claim that such a fact ought to be tremendously patent to all Judea and Galilee, and that so far from it being widely known, it was obscure, known only to a few interested parties. Though little or nothing may be said about the resurrection by Jewish and pagan contemporaries, it is most unjust to conclude that the fact of the resurrection was unknown. The Jews had good reason to be silent. Their very plots of Christ's death had turned against them to the glory of their crucified Victim. When they thought to put an end to this Man whose doctrine evidently threatened their law, and whose miracles won all their people. Lo! in the twinkling of an eye He scorned their precautions and re-assumed the very life of which their malice had so unjustly deprived Him. His triumph was complete. No such vindication of innocence had the guilty earth ever witnessed; no truth was ever proclaimed with such unflinching force. The Jews had good reason to be silent. All their plots a failure, their precautions helping, not preventing—they found themselves ensnared in their own nets. Then the resurrection was no obscure thing. The influential Pharisees, the members of the Sanhedrin must have known it; they must have been on the watch for it. They had been instrumental in the death of Christ. It was of the utmost importance that they should be prepared to deny the resurrection. This they could not do, for the news spread too fast. The city of Jerusalem must have known it. Good Friday was still fresh; the cries of the mob had hardly died away. They had been witnesses of our Lord's triumphant entry on the Sunday previous. They had seen Him a victim carrying His cross, or watched Him as He hung in agony upon it. They knew Him by name and reputation. They learned that He had risen again. The whole city was on the alert. Watching guard, sealed tomb served to confirm what the enemies, past and present, of Christianity would too gladly disprove. He is risen, as He said. Jerusalem knew it, and a weary world knows it. Jerusalem knew it, to hang its head and be silent forevermore. A weary world knows it, to look in hope for its own resurrection. "For if Christ be risen from the dead, then shall we rise." To the children of the Church the word of faith becomes the pledge of hope, because Christ's resurrection was not for Himself only. "He rose again for our justification"—that His resurrection might be as oil poured out,

anointing the baptized souls with a newness of life, and sowing within them the seed of the glory of eternal sonship. Easter is a day of triumph. Let us be glad and rejoice. Let us walk in the paths of the risen Saviour, seeking the things which are above, not the things which are below. Let us offer our faith in reparation for those who doubt the truth and glory of Easter morn.

THE UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

At length after great labor in seeking and obtaining information from within and without, the University Commission has issued a report which is characterized by prudence and progress so far as the management goes and by generosity so far as the future support of the Institution is concerned. A Commission appointed by a Provincial Government to investigate the condition of a provincial institution naturally took as its starting point that provincial character should remain untouched. A modification is proposed. "The powers of the Crown in respect to the control and management of the University should be vested in a board of governors chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, and subject by their method of appointment and by the regulation of their proceedings to the perpetual authority of the State." This Board, so it is advised, will consist of fifteen members. Two, the Chancellor and the President, are ex officio members; the other thirteen are appointed by the Governor-in-Council. These are to be representative men selected from different parts of the province, serving for honor and without remuneration. Herein they differ from the Commission. Remuneration in a strict sense of the term, is really out of the question; for any one who is qualified by education and standing for such a Board could hardly be paid according to his services. Still any man's time deserves compensation. Furthermore, it is decidedly anomalous that a Board having the responsible stewardship of hundreds of thousands of dollars and the management of the most important trust in the province should receive nothing even for the time which its members should give to such work. There has been too much of that sort of thing in the University, as also in the Educational Department. However well intentioned men may be, the number who will bestow, and who will continue bestowing, the service necessary for the case in point, is much less than the required number. To compensate men for high minded and conscientious administration of this trust is one thing; to make the Board a salaried governmental commission is entirely different.

Passing on to other points, the next important change is the standing of the President of the University. Up to the present this officer remained stable whilst all around had changed. Faculties were taken in with their Deans, universities were federated with Chancellors and Presidents. It was hard to see what authority the President of the University had. The Commission justly considered the office to be without sufficient influence. Appointments were made by the Government, expenditure was controlled by the Senate, and so many details were put upon the chief officer that flesh and blood could not stand the physical pressure, nor efficiency be secured. The Commission has therefore done some trimming both in the neighborhood and in the office itself. The Vice-Chancellorship has been done away with, and financial encouragement given to the institution which will place it beyond want and will free the President from the hardest trial of an educationist—the material wants of his institution. Relieved of teaching the President is free to devote himself to the general interior and exterior well-being of the University. This relief has the further advantage of not always seeking for the position a specialist, such as a university teacher must be. Many men might be well fitted as scholars and in other qualifications to take the post, but who could not take an honor class in any of the departments. Henceforth the President is to be chairman of the Senate, an ex-officio member of the board of governors (though never chairman) and a member of every faculty in the University. His most important power is that of nominating candidates for all academic positions. Upon him therefore, is thrown the responsibility of the whole institution. To continue its progress and secure its efficiency, will be his honor and monument. Its failure will recoil upon him with the force of an avalanche. He must be a scholar of high culture that he may recognize this qualification in applicants for positions. He must be a judge and leader of men if he expects to have work well done and order maintained. He must exhaust all sources of information both to secure suitable co-operators and to maintain the reputation of the University. The difficulty here as likewise in the

Board of Governors will be the selection of the fittest. No doubt the Commission drew up an admirable plan, whose chief difficulty of solution will be the personal factor. And this is the largest factor in any educational problem. However well a university may be provided materially, financially or theoretically, if those whose duty it is to cultivate the intelligence and form the character of the generations of students are neither learned nor magnetic, all is vain. No commission could deal with this practical side of the case. It remains for others to see what is to be done, whether changes are to be made or not. In regard to federated institutions the Commission wisely thinks that the university is to be dealt with as a "federal institution," and that the compact between the different bodies should be loyally kept. St. Michael's College, like the others, is to be represented in the senate and in the faculty of arts—and also on the advisory committee to which are entrusted certain powers of discipline. Since the senate is practically left the same, except as to financial questions, federated institutions continue the same relations to the central body, and also to one another. Concerning the many questions receiving special mention in the report such as the relations of the School of Science, the Agricultural College and the Faculty of Medicine, to the University, it is gratifying that these bonds are tightened and strengthened. Encouragement is given to them, and a fuller recognition accorded them. We are disappointed that stronger encouragement is not measured out to some of the federated institutions. Here we have the Province paying duplicate teachers at Trinity—but never a possibility or hint that a kindly hand should be extended to St. Michael's. The report goes to great length when it deems it not "unreasonable that the Province should guarantee the suggested loan if the amount of it were limited to the value of the Queen street lands, and proper provisions were made to guard against the possibility of the security being impaired from the interest on the loan being allowed to fall into arrears." We begrudge no institution the obtaining of money. But we wish to share in what is going. The Province can afford to be generous to all without encroaching upon capital or upon its ill-founded theory of non-sectarian education. Let lectures be duplicated at Trinity, let a loan be made and the Province go security, but let fair play and generosity go all round.

For a long time the financial affairs of the University have been a puzzle to many, an anxiety to some, and unsatisfactory to all. It is not, therefore, surprising that the report deals with the question very fully. An annual sum of \$275,000 is recommended for the support of the institution. That is not a bad start, though science will covet the greater part of it. Some must not covet. No Catholic need apply. The sum is to be partially made up of succession duties. Why is there no recommendation for the finances of higher education throughout the whole courtyard of the University? Echo will answer—long after this issue has gone to press. As long as our own people and their leaders are divided, as long as they look at things from their own little local surroundings, as long as they are disorganized so long must they see others advance and feel, and be made to feel, the pinch of poverty. We have no bitter reproach to make upon the subject. The Commission, considering everything, is to be congratulated upon its report. Moderate and cultured in tone, its suggestions are prudent and make for the welfare of the University. It has smoothed much that was the cause of friction in the past, and simplified in some important respects very complicated and tangled interests. Its highest service was to offer such recommendations as would relieve the officers and friends of all anxiety concerning the University's material wants. If the Commission has not extended these recommendations farther we would fain hope it is not out of sympathy for those who seldom get a word of encouragement and never a deed of material kindness.

CATHOLICS AND OUR LIBRARIES

Of much interest would be the results of a census giving us figures expressive of the numbers of Catholics interested in matters regarding the civic government of our various corporations. We do not refer so much to the larger, and in the opinion of perhaps the majority, the more important items that go to the making up of our city, village or town life, but at present the thought in our mind is a minor, and possibly to some the unimportant matter of the public library. In this city we are represented on the Board of the Public Library by one representative, and as we hear no particular complaint, we may take it for granted that the

work which that representative is appointed to do, is done conscientiously and well. But from time to time rumors reach us from outside and these all tend to show that the interest taken by Catholics in this matter is not at all proportionate to our number, or in accordance with what the merits of the subject demand. It is a question, too, that is arousing interest and activity in other quarters, many of our exchanges commenting on past indifference and making suggestions for future guidance.

To the town or village the matter is perhaps of more moment than to the city, where books not procurable in the library are more easily got at from other sources than in the lesser centres, and so every town and village should have its Catholic representative, who would not only ask that a fair proportion of Catholic literature is on the shelves of the local library, but over and above this should see to it, and see to it strenuously, that no book find place within its precincts that is damaging to Catholic interests, by means of distribution either amongst non-Catholics or amongst Catholics themselves. A case under our notice is that of a pernicious volume found by chance in a certain public repository. The Catholic finding it directed the attention of a member of the board to the matter. The member promised that the subject would be considered, meantime the lying volume is probably going its rounds and between now and the interval which will have elapsed before the consideration is concluded—that is if it ever takes place—many may have been falsely informed, and new slanders will have been added to the innumerable category with which Catholics are already burdened. An alert Catholic on the board in question would either have prevented the volume ever finding a place amongst books meant for the enlightenment and culture of our people, or if by chance it had so found place, prompt action on his part would have prevented the farther harm possibly now going on by the procrastination involved in the promise to "consider the matter." This instance is probably only one of many which should rouse all to alertness wherever books are concerned.

To bring the matter nearer home as Catholics we quote an exchange which says "reading tastes are not the inheritance of our young people." If this be true it increases our obligations. If this can be said of the present generation it is our place to see that the truth be at least lessened for the generations to come; that the young people of this day be so directed as to acquire a genuine desire and love for books, which desire and love will then become an easy inheritance for those who shall follow.

We may touch on this subject in a future issue.

The Popes and the Press

"The Press," said Pius IX., "is a double-edged weapon, as invaluable for the diffusion of good as it is terrible for the propagation of evil. A good journal is worth more than a good preacher." Leo XIII. said: "At the present day the press is an instrument of corruption in the hands of the impious. Answer the press through the press; establish newspapers, and reply to calumnies and misrepresentations by arguments in support of the truth." And Pius X., before his elevation to the chair of Peter, showed his high appreciation of the service which the press can render to religion when he declared that "to support a good journal in danger of disappearing through want of resources, I would sell even my pectoral cross."

A Great Affliction Cheerfully Borne

The following interesting sketch of Mr. R. A. McDonald, a Catholic gentleman well known in Glenagarry, St. Andrews West and vicinity, will doubtless be profitable reading for our subscribers, as showing how that which is commonly regarded as a great affliction, can, with the help of Christian fortitude, be borne in the same spirit as that with which we commonly receive a blessing: To the Editor Catholic Register: Doubtless many of your readers can yet recall the horrifying and diabolical affliction, wantonly perpetrated on a young man at the age of twenty-three, in the County of Renfrew, in March, 1877, by a fiend in human form, resulting in the destruction of both the eyes of the poor fellow, totally blinding him for the remainder of life, for which the heartless wretch causing it was tried at the fall assizes the same year, at Pembroke, found guilty and sentenced to serve a term in the penitentiary, in partial atonement for his awful crime. The unfortunate victim of this blood-curdling outrage, R. A. McDonald, was the son of a school teacher, the late Alexander B. McDonald, who faithfully pursued his calling for the lengthened period of over forty years. The blind son referred to is here at present, visiting relatives and friends whom he had not seen for a number of years. It may, perhaps, be interesting to say a word as to the manner in which this sightless and inoffensive gentleman has been occupying his life since overtaken with his awful affliction of twenty-nine years ago.

Happily for him and the sympathizing public will doubtless be pleased to know, that on finding himself incapacitated from pursuing his former occupation, in consequence of his blindness, he turned his attention to music, and under the tuition received from leading professors, including the late lamented Robinson Lyons, well known in his day throughout the Ottawa and other districts of Ontario as a performer on the violin of advanced and rare acquirements in the art, whom Mr. McDonald can now imitate as closely as anyone to-day in Canada. An amusing incident took place when young McDonald went first to Mr. Lyons for instruction. Before a note was yet struck, Mr. Lyons remarked, "Young man, the tune I first learned ought to be good for you to commence on, the name of which is 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'" Within the short space of one hour, his pupil had the tune, which was the only lesson received from him until the expiration of three years, when they met again and played together, Mr. Lyons expressing astonishment at the marked progress Mr. McDonald had made in the meantime, highly complimenting him upon it. Although Mr. McDonald has scarcely a peer to-day as a violinist, yet he is modest enough to say, in justice to the deceased Mr. Lyons, that he can never hope to attain the plane of perfection reached by him (Mr. Lyons) in his Lowland Scotch airs, though as to Highland Scotch music it would be otherwise. Besides mastering many of the leading airs, Mr. McDonald plays the old Highland Scotch notes with such life and perfection as to arouse and excite to ecstasy even the drooping spirits of those of this nationality.

Under those circumstances it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. McDonald is a welcome guest everywhere, especially among the lovers of music, who are reluctant to part with him after once enjoying his fascinating strains.

He is well preserved, always cheerful in manner, and, well for him, submits to his affliction without a murmur.

J. P. MACMILLAN, St. Andrews West, April 4, 1906.

Sudden Death of Mr. R. Dwyer, Peterborough

Mr. Richard Dwyer, one of the best known and most respected farmers of Douro, died from heart-failure, his body being found in a field, some hours after he was first missed. R. I.P.

A Correction

In mentioning the rumor regarding an appointment to the See of Alexandria, in our last issue, the name of Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonnell, the late bishop of the Diocese, was wrongly given.

Death of Mrs. Mary Cummings

The death of Mrs. Mary Cummings, a lady well known in the city, took place at the residence of Mr. Stock, Mimico, on Thursday, the 5th inst. Mrs. Cummings had gone to Mimico for a visit and was only there a few days when pneumonia developed and in less than a week the disease proved fatal. The deceased lady was the wife of the late Sgt.-Major Cummings, whose death occurred about twenty-five years ago, but who is still remembered for his active services to the police-force, his honorable career and genial disposition. The somewhat sudden demise of Mrs. Cummings is a sad affliction to her family and many friends. The funeral took place on Saturday morning from 115 Tyndall avenue, the residence of Mr. J. A. Cummings, the only surviving son, to the Holy Family Church, thence to St. Michael's cemetery. The family were all in Toronto at the time of her death. Besides her son, Mrs. Cummings is survived by four daughters, Sister Angeline of Loretto Convent, Stratford; Mrs. Jas. Gormaly, Mimico; Mrs. W. L. Patterson, Barrie, and Mrs. John E. McMahon, Elmira, N.Y. R.I.P.

Death of Mr. Courier

The Angel of Death, who is always hovering near, claiming victims from amongst the strongest of us, paid a sad visit to the home of Patrick Courier of Humber Bay, on Thursday morning last, thus depriving a fond wife of her husband and six little children of their natural provider. Mr. Courier had been ill but one week and his death was quite unexpected.

The funeral took place from his home on Lake Shore Road to Holy Family Church, where Requiem Mass was celebrated and from there to St. Michael's Cemetery. The most sincere sympathy is extended to his wife and children in their sad bereavement and the prayers of the community are offered for the repose of his soul. Just now as the season of Lent is drawing to a close, and we are exhorted more than ever by Holy Mother Church to think of our spiritual welfare, such a death as this comes as a sudden warning to us that no man has a lease of his life nor "knows not the day nor the hour." "Dust thou art and to dust thou returnest," the watchword of the Lenten season, seems to strike home to us when we see one cut down from the midst of us in the full vigor and prime of manhood and seems to make us realize more than ever that, no matter what our circumstances in this life, we are merely instruments in the hands of God, put into this world for some special purpose and when that mission, be it great or small, is fulfilled, when out trumpet call is sounded, whether we are ready or not, we must leave our dear ones and go to report to our Maker. M.J.]

An Eye Glass To Fit Any Nose. So do not think you are forced to wear spectacles until you have examined my latest importations from New York. Eyes tested by the latest improved methods. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Special attention to repairs. Office hours 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Evening appointments made. MRS. K. HURLEY, O.R. Graduate New York University of Optometry Office 72 Confederation Life Building.

Strawberry BIG CROPS OF BIG ONES. All the New and the Best of the Old. \$1.50 per 1000 up. Climate, Duration of Michigan, Iowa, etc. 60 kinds. Rapidly growing, etc. Get free list name you desire. Special offer for early orders. Canadian postage paid for Canadian customers. No duty to pay. Do you know that \$ an acre as easily grown as potatoes, will yield you \$250.00 to \$500.00 per acre. Just try some SEED POTATOES also, the \$250.00 Colorado, \$12.00 one produced in one year \$15.00, it is a wonderful cropper \$1.00 to \$1.50. Get list, also Strawberry, New York, Good Care, Canada, etc., etc. Send for list. SMITH BROS. SEASIDE, O. Box D 7 PLANTS

North American Life. Solid Continent. Write for full particulars. It is a matter of great importance to your dependents, and the information will cost you nothing.

GUARANTEES

The Limited Payment Guaranteed Dividend Policy issued by the North American Life is essentially a policy of guarantees. It differs from the ordinary investment plans in that the dividend at the end of the investment period, and the options as to its disposal, are guaranteed not estimated. Write for full particulars. It is a matter of great importance to your dependents, and the information will cost you nothing. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED. We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, Reg'd., New York Life Bldg., Montreal & Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Spring Term Opens April 2nd. ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. This school stands to-day before the public with a clean-cut record for work done and success achieved. It has surpassed all previous records in attendance, placing graduates in positions and doing good work. Enter now and be ready to accept a good position in the fall. College open entire year. Our circulars are free. W. J. Elliott, Principal, COR. YONGE AND ALEXANDRA STS.

A TRIUMPH OF ART. In laundry work is what everyone calls the output of this establishment—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else washed without tearing, fraying, ripping off of buttons; starching not too little or too much; ironing without scorching, or otherwise ruining of everything in a man's wardrobe that ought to go into the tub. If your friends can't tell you about our work; phone us. We'll call for you and deliver the goods and our way of doing up things will tell for itself.

New Method Laundry Limited 187-189 Parliament St. TORONTO PHONE—MAIN 4546 and MAIN 3289

IRELAND ITS RELIGION AND ITS CULTURE

The following lecture has just been received for publication. The sender accompanies the manuscript with the following laudatory remarks, which our readers will doubtless endorse in so far as at least as cold type can take the place of a magnetic presence and the living voice:

"Enclosed I hand you verbatim report of a magnificent lecture that was delivered here in Thorold last St. Patrick's night by Rev. Father Walsh, Professor of Rhetoric at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N.Y. The lecture as given by the brilliant speaker, was a gem. His youthful personal appearance, his magnificent voice and gestures, all combined to make it a most charming address. If not too lengthy, I should like to see it published in your paper."

Rev. Father Walsh said: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must say that I really feel it a pleasure in being able to be with the people of Thorold again this evening. The first visit, which was more or less memorable for me and perhaps more or less memorable for you, was certainly a joy, and I suppose the best proof of that joy is the fact that it is a joy to be here again with you this evening, and I do not know any occasion upon which it would give me greater joy than the one we wish to commemorate this evening, because St. Patrick's Day has ever been celebrated, and will always be celebrated, by the loyal sons and daughters of that great Isle which they fondly call Mother.

The subject upon which I have chosen to address you this evening is not a new one, however, whilst it is very true we live in the present, we can never forget the past. Some of the sweetest joys of life are those which link us to a happy past, a past which was happy while it lasted, and even a past, though not perhaps too happy while it existed, grew happy in the light of the present; and indeed it is a noble sentiment which makes us turn our mind from the present and look back and admire those things which in the past are set up for our admiration, and to try and mould our lives and thoughts so that as heirs of the past, we may be able to transmit to posterity something they may be able to look back upon with pleasure and joy. It is a mark of a noble mind to do this and it is certainly a mark of great nobility in the Irish race that year after year it looks back and commemorates the great achievements of its past.

Year after year as the 17th of March comes around the loyal children of Erin, wherever they are, send up one grand chorus of prayer and praise in honor of that great hero who transmitted to them the great faith they possess; and so we come to night to lead out little mite of praise to try and swell the grand chorus that ascends to great St. Patrick, and to try and make him feel that we are still his children in loyalty and love.

To come at once to the subject of Ireland's religion and culture, we are face to face with the fact that was before St. Patrick when he first set his foot on Irish soil. The island was pagan; the worship was not worship of the true God because he was not known in that fair land, the worship was the worship of nature, viz., the skies, the sun, and chief of all, the stars of the heavens. Now right here we may say that this is the noblest form of paganism because when a man does not know God, does not know the nature of the God Whom we have the happiness to know, it is very natural that he would look out on the world before him and be led to fall down and worship what he sees as his God. That worship of nature prepared the people to see the nature of the true God when the teachings were presented to them. There is something in nature that appeals to every noble mind and heart.

There is an element of greatness in one that can look back of nature and see the Author of nature, and indeed it is not strange that the early Irish race from their characteristics should fall down and worship those silent orbs which live a quiet life. It was the starry heavens that the early Irish people knelt down to adore and since then, when we have come to know God, we, too, must admit a fascination in nature; as for instance when out for a walk on a starry night our eyes often turn towards the heavens and we are fascinated with the great works of nature. This idea permeated all literature and it is one of the noblest things in nature, and from it we are led to learn great spiritual lessons.

After all, what do we mean by the grandeur and greatness of nature? We mean God's handiwork, the beauty of the ocean, of the stars, and sunset, and therefore it is that the psalmist, telling human hearts to

J. J. M. LANDY 416 QUEEN ST., W.



CHALICES CIBORIA OSTENSORIA

Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at Very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSIONS

Supplied with Religious Goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West, Toronto

praise the Maker, does not forget the works of nature and says "Bless the Lord, ye Stars of Heaven," and bids them unceasingly to sing silent songs of praise.

Shakespeare has given us one of the most beautiful passages in all his works in the Merchant of Venice, in the scene where Lorenzo says to Jessica:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! Here will we sit and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night Becomes the touches of sweet harmony."

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st But in its motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims."

I need go no farther than to recall to your minds the fascination of the human heart when going along on a starry night.

The priests or ministers of worship in the olden times to which I refer, were called Druids, and closely related to these were the Bards. These tuned their harps to hymns in praise of the God whom they worshipped and adored.

When St. Patrick came to Ireland, at the inspiration of Heaven, the condition which I have described is that which was presented to him and it was something like that to St. Paul when he entered Athens. St. Paul saw the different temples erected to this and to that god, and among them being one to the unknown God. That gave him a text and he said to the people that "while journeying in Athens I saw a temple erected to the unknown God and this is the God whom I have come to preach to you." So it might be said of St. Patrick that when he came to Ireland he came to preach to them the real God whom they were trying to adore but Whom they did not know. When persons do not have the knowledge of the true God they must recognize some power behind nature.

There were some early attempts to Christianize Ireland before St. Patrick came, but they did not prove great results as the opposition of the Druids and Bards was so great that those who attempted the work left Ireland, having accomplished little. It was God's design to have St. Patrick go to Ireland and try to Christianize the people there, and this was St. Patrick's destiny.

For some years St. Patrick was a slave in Ireland and went to France for his education. While there studying he could see the Irish people calling to him to come back to preach to them. St. Patrick did come back and established a mission whose effects and results have been felt, and will be just as long as time will last.

The great feast in the pagan worship of Ireland was a festival of the Sun God and when St. Patrick and his followers first landed they found it was just about time to celebrate this festival of the Sun God, which was to be held on Easter Sunday. The day before, Holy Saturday, St. Patrick lighted that fire on the Hill of Tara. It was immediately noticed by the kings and chieftains. The light from the fire caused great commotion throughout the land, because the oracle ran that if any fire were lighted before the signal was given, it would spread and grow until it consumed the whole island. The prophecy was truer than was thought. The fire that St. Patrick did light that Saturday afternoon, did spread over that whole land, but in a different sense than seen by the kings of the island. The fire was a spiritual fire and it expanded and covered the whole island, however the fault was a grievous one from the pagan standpoint. St. Patrick and his followers were summoned before the king immediately and St. Patrick boldly and fearlessly proclaimed their mission, so boldly, in fact, that the king invited him to come again on Easter Sunday morning to explain this mission more fully. On Sunday morning St. Patrick appeared before the king and gave him and his immediate followers a beautiful exposition of paganism and Christianity, and so deeply did St. Patrick's words sink into their hearts that some of them were converted, among them being the king's wife, the brother of the king, and the chief Bard. The king was not converted at that time, but gave to St. Patrick permission to go through the land and preach Christianity to the people.

There is no parallel in all history of any nation accepting Christianity as did Ireland. In most cases throughout history it was at the price of slaughter and blood and it has often been quoted that the blood of martyrs was the seed of Christianity. But here in Ireland, unparalleled, the faith was planted without the shedding of a single tear, or the running of a drop of blood. It is unique and not to be lost sight of in the destiny of Ireland. When looking into the early ways of Ireland we are not surprised to find things just as related, but had St. Patrick come to preach to some of the northern people of Europe it would have been a far different task.

We are told that when St. Patrick addressed the king and the chieftains of Ireland, he addressed a more noble band than did the great St. Paul, on the Hill of Mars. Here were people that were true in the worship they professed, here were people strong in their belief; here were people dwelling beneath the light of the stars and everywhere looking for vestiges of the lost Divinity. St. Patrick did not have to convert the moral natures of these people. He preached to people who were not demoralized with those terrible forms of Pagan worship which characterized the people of the southern part of Europe. St. Patrick faced a band of

men; a race who were noble in the dignity of their manhood, and the wonderful purity of their womanhood; therefore it was not hard to preach the doctrine St. Patrick came to preach. He simply appealed to their minds, because their moral nature was correct.

It took but a few years to convert the whole of Ireland. Even in the lifetime of St. Patrick Ireland became one continual train of churches and monasteries, and there was not a hill which did not echo to prayer and praise. By the end of the sixth century there was not a spot which had not got off the worship of ancient Paganism and donned the robe of Christianity. It is characteristic of the human heart when it is appealed to, not to be content to rest in its joy. When Ireland had left the glory and beauty of Christianity, they were not content to let it rest with themselves. Charity begins at home but it does not rest at home. Irish missionaries went forth in all the countries of Europe and spread the doctrine, carrying forth a torch of the true religion which St. Patrick had so generously bestowed on them.

History tells us that there was not a nation in all Europe that was not indebted to Ireland for its spirit and work. These countries to-day, which I have mentioned, preserve relics in memory of the days when the Irish missionaries spread through the land with teachings of the true religion? However it is something indeed to so generously receive religion that was imparted to them, but it is much more to retain it, and this has been characteristic of the Irish race, to preserve the religion which St. Patrick taught to them.

Fidelity is characteristic of the Irish people. Fidelity in all lines, particularly in religion. I believe we can reckon the worth of a man or woman by the fidelity to his or her convictions. We must admire the man who sticks to a principle; he may be wrong, he may be ignorant, but if he firmly believes a thing and sticks to it, he is a man. This is what I claim of Ireland, therefore we all admire her. After all, if we want to know what is a nation we have to look to what is a man; a nation is an aggregate of men.

Ireland received her religion from St. Patrick. She found it adapted to her nobler sentiments; she found it answered all the wants and cravings of her soul; she believed she was right and through all circumstances she clung to that, and that is what we must admire. Some might say she was wrong, still we have to admire Ireland, believing she was right; she clung to it through evil and good reports, and through all manner of suffering.

Now there is another point which I think worth mentioning, and it is the fact that in the fidelity to the religion which was preached to Ireland, there was nothing selfish, nothing ungenerous. One familiar with history may have noticed a national spirit creep into religion in some countries. In France we find that spirit tried to creep into the churches and they tried to make them French churches, but Ireland never did this. She was never surpassed in her loyalty to her creed and for all that, her fidelity did not want to make the church her own coloring. She received it as given to her and did not try to change it. That is characteristic of Ireland and perpetuates a sort of fidelity, a sort of true, real genuine spirit.

Love is tested by suffering. It is harder to be faithful in sorrow than in love, yet when we turn to the Divinity of sorrow, we must realize that there is nothing great throughout the realm of nature that has not about it a tinge of sorrow. All nature preaches this doctrine. Why? What would the sunshine be without the shadow? If all days were sweet and balmy and fragrant with the breath of flowers, we would not appreciate them. As for instance a night like to-night, stormy, and bitterly cold, makes us appreciate a nice warm sunny day. So about all great things; there is a tinge of sorrow. Throughout all art there is that. We find we are not so much impressed by joy as by sorrow. It is not the smile, it is the tear that moves us. If so with individuals, it is so with nations. Because smiles do not sink deep into the human nature, but tears do, and the soul mourns, there is more capability of nobility in a tear than in a smile. The smile has its place, which is to brush away a tear, but it is the tear that counts; so it was with Ireland; she should shed her tear. She should suffer. She suffered for a principle and that is a point I want you to admire her for. I need not go into detail to tell you what she suffered, but I simply want to impress upon you that she suffered for her convictions. We must admire any man who sticks to his convictions, so we must admire Ireland. We must admire, also, the man who suffers and dies for his convictions. That shows there is something more great than life, to die a martyr for a cause. Think of the soldier when leaving his home, his wife and children, to fight for his country; he feels proud to die for his country, yet look at the sacrifice he has made. So it is there is a heroism about suffering for a cause. This is the point we must admire about Ireland. This is the cause which she suffered for and which she believed to be right, therefore we should honor her.

To come to the point of Ireland's culture, we notice at the very outset that culture goes hand in hand with religion, at least true culture. It has been said that manners are "shadows of great nobility." I believe we must realize this; if we have a noble, upright heart we cannot wound our fellow-man. Knowledge is the greatest boon to the race, after religion. We all feel the desire to know. It is the greatest gift to the race after religion, and histories of the world state that knowledge and religion have always gone hand in hand. We find Ireland no excep-

tion to this and when the missionaries from Ireland left their homes and land to spread religion, we may also say that they went to spread abroad knowledge.

If I were to ask the smallest child what was his destiny; why was he here; he would tell me it was to know, to love and serve God. We cannot love if we do not know. The more we know about it, taking for granted it be a good thing, the more we must love it. Love is in proportion to knowledge and therefore, we can see that when these noble-hearted missionaries took abroad the torch of religion and the torch of knowledge, they contributed a great boon to the race.

It was said by historians that up to the time of the ninth century, there was not a country in western Europe that was not indebted to Ireland for its knowledge. Alfred the Great finished his education in Ireland and took back with him some of the monks of Oxford. At that time professors in Divinity, in History and in Literature, were Irish. We are told that scholars flocked to Ireland in droves, came from all parts of Europe to slake their thirst for knowledge; so all of the western part of Europe was really indebted to this Isle for their knowledge, and it looked for a time as though Celtic Christianity was to be spread abroad with the flame of knowledge.

The coming of St. Patrick to Ireland was coeval with another great event in the southern part of Europe. The Roman Empire controlled the whole of the known world at that time. It was the policy of the government of Rome to permeate every form of government. Rome was mistress of the world at that time but in the fifth century where was Rome—Rome had fallen. The barbarians of the north of Europe swept down on the southern part and burnt monasteries, churches and everything that lay before them. From a practical standpoint, it seemed as though the old City of Alexandria would be the place for the storehouses of knowledge; but no, the sagacity of the Popes was too keen to trust all knowledge of the past to Alexandria, and they saw well, because within one hundred years Alexandria was burned to the dust. Alexandria, the famous old city, was ruined and the seat of knowledge would have been destroyed if this had been made the storehouse of knowledge. To England and to Ireland did the Popes transfer all this knowledge; those famous old manuscripts and documents were all placed there. So up to the ninth century, Ireland and England played an important part in the preservation of knowledge. It shows that there is something destined for a nation as well as for an individual, and history has proved the wisdom of that fact because we are to-day indebted to that learning preserved by the Islands of the North.

Here Ireland has played a wonderful part. Ireland's poetry and music are far famed. There is something in their nature that preserves them. The harp has played a wonderful part in the history of Ireland. Whilst all we have not power to give forth our feelings in poetry, or to sing them, it is at the same time true we are all poets and musicians, and it is very true of the Irish race. The Bards used their instruments, the harp, and they tuned them to the hymn of their nation. The Bards of Ireland sang laws and all things commemorative to their race. The harp emblazons the Irish flag. Even to-day we will find the harp as the national emblem of Ireland, and we can go back of this and see a wonderful career beyond in the history of Ireland. During the middle ages the great painters placed lyres in the hands of their many subjects.

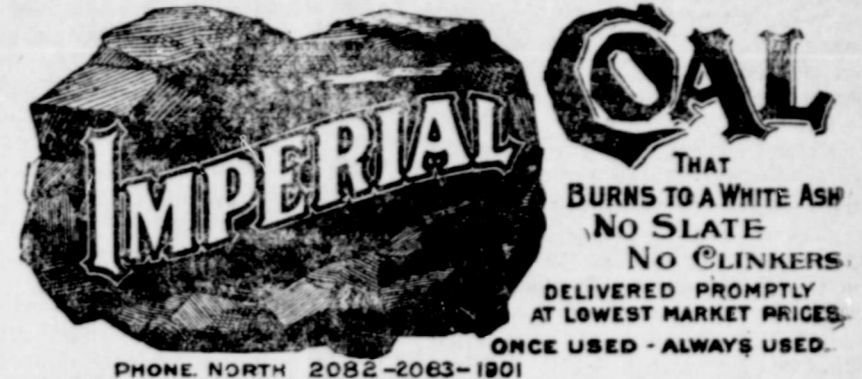
We can hardly think of music without thinking of poetry; in fact, they are very much allied, and when Thos. Moore set words to music under the name of Irish melodies, he but used the old melodies that came down through the ages and gave them words. His idea was this, that song was only half a being and he called words the heart of the soul, and so he used it, and the Irish melodies as we have them to-day are simply words set to the old music that had been hummed and hummed. There is no race more musical than the Irish race, and it is said it is a characteristic of them in all their occupations to hum some little sentiments which commemorate something great in their race. Ireland—hers was inspiration and there is much in her life that would appear to anyone who had poetical inspirations, that nature certainly blessed Ireland. Of course we cannot think of poetry without thinking of nature. We cannot look out upon nature, upon the glowing sun and the setting sun; we cannot look out upon the beautiful marvels in the heavens, clouds made so by the glow of sunlight in the heavens, without letting those deep lessons sink in our hearts and being deeply thrilled. Wordsworth tells us that many there are that have the feelings of a poet, who have deep appreciation of the deep sense of beauty in nature, but have not power to express it. Ireland was consecrated by sorrow and this, too, was the source of her inspiration. Some of the deepest sentiments are those of sorrow. So Ireland being consecrated by sorrow, there is really a poetic (Continued on page 8.)

O'KEEFE'S

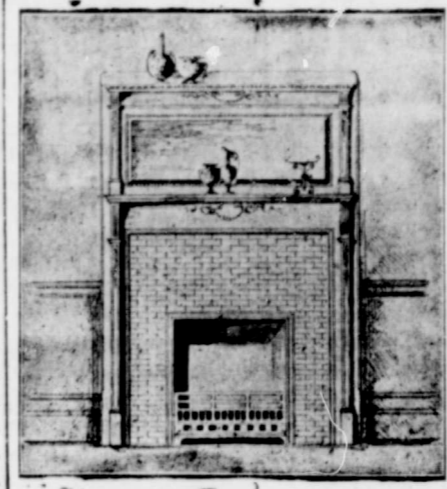
FAMOUS BREWS

Special Extra Mild Ale Special Extra Mild Porter Special Lager

CANADA'S FINEST



PHONE NORTH 2082-2083-1901 THE IMPERIAL COAL CO



Mantels, Grates and Fire Place Fittings also Floor and Wall Tiles

When decorating your house and changing the fire-place it will pay you to visit our show rooms.

THE O'KEEFE

Mantel & Tile Co. 97 Yonge St. Gerhard Heintzman Building.

DRESS WELL

First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones.

FOUNTAIN, "My Valet"

Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER



WRITING IN SIGHT

Strong, Durable, and Most Widely Used.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited

All makes rented and sold on instalment.

Catholic Boarding House

For spring and summer holidays nice rooms and good board.

Daniel J. Cunningham, Gravenhurst, Ont.

MAISON JULES & CHARLES



Lead for Comfort and Style

Parisian Transformation Fronts, Pompadours, Bangs, etc.

Gents' Toupees & Wigs

Of a superior Parisian make. No equal on this continent. Switches from \$2.00 up.

Green Soap

For shampooing the hair, gives it a beautiful glossy silky appearance. Free from all alkali powder. 1/2 lb. 35c. 1 lb. 50c. Sent by mail.

431 Yonge St., Toronto Phone Main 2488

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Single Fare For EASTER

Going April 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16th, returning until April 17th.

Between all stations in Canada, also to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, N.Y. Detroit and Pt. Huron, Mich. Reduced fares also in effect to St. Paul, and Duluth, Minn.

For tickets and full information call on agents.

J. D. McDONALD,

District Passenger Agent, Toronto



This is the Time to Organize a Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

Every Town Can Have a Band!

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, with upwards of 500 illustrations, and containing everything required in a Band, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd.

Western Branch 336 MAIN ST. Winnipeg, Man. 158 YONGE ST. Toronto Ont.

Guaranteed Mortgages

Improved Real Estate

This Corporation absolutely protects holders of mortgages guaranteed by it from any loss resulting from failure of a mortgagor to pay principal or interest.

Interest paid at the rate of four per cent per annum half-yearly.

Investors have as security not only the mortgages, which are allocated to their accounts in the books of the Corporation, but also the guarantee of principal and interest under the seal of the Corporation.

THE TORONTO

GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

59 Yonge St., Toronto

Luxfer Prisms

For more light.

Ornamental Windows

For beautifying the Home.

Memorial Windows

For Decorating the Church.

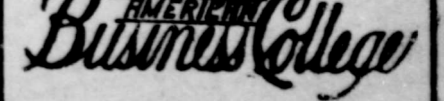
Send for Information. See our Sample Room.

Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd.,

100 King Street West, Toronto

AFTER EASTER STUDY

Accountancy Penmanship Shorthand Typewriting Bookkeeping



\$300 to \$800

Are first year salaries our students obtain. 100 students took sets this year. Start April 23rd. For success.

R. A. FARQUHARSON, B.A. McGill and Yonge Sts. Y.M.C.A. Bldg. Toronto

Cowan's Cocoa

The Most Nutritious and Economical

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

Church Bell and Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only THE W. VAN DUZEN COMPANY Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. Established 1857

The Cross-Backs

The arrival of a bride and groom at Morrisville was an event of no little importance...

Morrisville consisted of one main street, beginning with the pretentious two-story town hall...

The town was like a thousand others, scattered all over the face of this broad land...

The young people selected a cottage on Madison avenue, and there set up their Lates and Penates...

Every evening when Ned came home Edith had some droll experiences...

Edith had found it difficult to listen in silence to this harangue...

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

"This is not—er—exactly an invitation. That is to say—ahem—we were appointed a committee to investigate a certain matter—to find out if a certain report which is going around—is true."

"Not that any one believed it, I beg to assure you, Mrs. Howard," said Miss Snow, in a soothing tone.

"Investigate—report?" gasped Edith, looking from one to the other of her guests...

"Quite so," murmured Miss Snow, with a look of relief.

"I can't imagine what you mean, Mrs. Treadwell. I never heard of anything so funny...

"Of course we knew it was not true—but it has been noticed that you have not attended church since you came here...

"Mrs. Treadwell means Papists, my dear," interjected Mrs. Flashley.

"Romanists," murmured Miss Snow.

"Oh," gasped Edith, beginning to comprehend.

"But Mrs. Treadwell wove her hand deprecatingly..."

"Edith had found it difficult to listen in silence to this harangue...

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles..."

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles..."

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles..."

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles..."

"Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles..."

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nervous system, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

or be a ragged beggar and keep my faith than be the richest woman in the world without it.

Not a word was spoken by either of the trio until they had gone quite a distance, when Mrs. Flashley remarked: "My! what airs she put on."

"The house is beautifully furnished," said Miss Snow.

"But, you know, the devil himself can quote Scripture," rejoined the squire's wife, sharply.

"Well," said Miss Snow, decidedly, "I am very sorry I made such a fool of myself."

"It was a case of righteous indignation, I think," remarked he. Then, giving the tip of her ear a little twerk, he said, with a mischievous smile: "So the little lady got on her ear, did she? I thought it looked red."

"You ridiculous boy. I thought you promised to stop talking slang."

"More slang, you incorrigible young American."

"Pardon, madam," he responded, placing his hand upon his heart and bowing low...

"The letter was from Rev. Father Raymond, Ned's uncle, informing him that the Bishop had approved of the establishment of a mission chapel at Morrisville..."

"Oh, I see. My Christian wife hankers after revenge. Well, here's another letter which informs me that Edward T. Howard, Esq., Grand Magistrate of the M.C.C.R.R., and owner of the Morrisville wagon works, is to be our guest about the middle of next month..."

"By this time Edith had her fingers to her ears, and cried: "Oh, Ned, do stop your nonsense. But is your father really coming to visit us? And we are really going to have a grand reception in his honor?"

"Yes, it is a 'really, truly' story, sweetheart. I give you two weeks to make preparations for the grand event."

A few days after this Edith received a visit from Miss Snow, who came to apologize for having been a member of the eucure party committee...

of instruction on Catholic doctrine, which she said she would like to examine "prayerfully and carefully."

The great "event" which Ned had foretold proved a perfect success, and Edith had her revenge upon the squire's wife and the banker's wife by inviting them to the reception as though nothing disagreeable had occurred.

"I always feel ashamed when I remember how angry and indignant I was. I should have remembered that you ladies were acting in good faith."

Lest the reader be tempted to doubt the plausibility of this "over-true tale," he is referred to the tribite but nevertheless wise remark that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Adelaide Proctor and Dickens. The recent issue of a new edition of Adelaide Proctor's poems has recalled the fact that she was a literary protegee of Charles Dickens.

Edith had found it difficult to listen in silence to this harangue...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

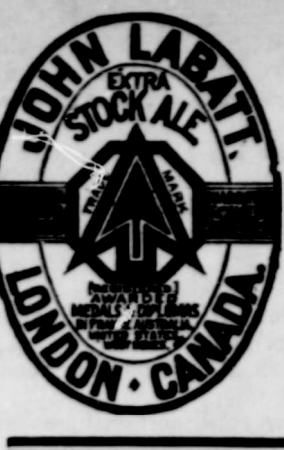
Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think

Tomlin's Bread

Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

Office Phone Park 553. Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

There is no substitute for E. B. Eddy's FIBRE WARE



Which can be had in TUBS, PAILS, etc., from any first-class dealer

SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods...

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT.

DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT

TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

Edith was conscious of a most undignified twitching of her risible muscles...

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S

None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage

From Pure Irish Malt XXX PORTER For Health and Strength

COSGRAVE'S

Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken

ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

ages of the Church. It relates that St. Peter, induced to abandon Rome in a fierce persecution, met Christ bearing his cross at this place, and to the question, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" Christ answered, "I go to Rome to be crucified again."

Some years ago it was reported that Sienkiewicz was falling away from the faith of his fathers, and being one evening at a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, the conversation turned upon epitaphs...

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all these very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with these are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

NO ADULTERATION OR COLORING MATTER IMPURITIES OF ANY KIND IN

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

Put up in sealed lead packets to preserve its many excellent qualities

25c. 30c. 40c. 50c. and 60c. per lb. At All Grocers

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Sunday in the Alhambra

Sunday morning in The Alhambra. Though our hotel was within easy reach of the Cathedral of Granada, whose deep, melodious bells rang most invitingly, we had seen a small church, a Moorish mosque, in The Alhambra, and its quaintness, its history begot a wish to attend Mass celebrated on the first altar raised in the citadel of the infidel. Up from the old city, half Moorish, half Spanish in architecture, leads a long winding street that ends at the main entrance to The Alhambra. Something of the Arab's reverence for this "sacred grove" steals over one as he enters and hears the murmuring sound of rushing waters, tastes the clear mountain air permeated with the pungent odor of myrtle and earth-covered roots, sees the forest of trees rising tier above tier, and over all falls a calm that is infinite.

Still upward we climbed, past Moorish fountains splashing gently as when the white-garbed Moor stopped to slake his thirst; past silvery cascades dancing down the moss-covered stones—and then we were entering the Gate of Justice. This tower-gateway is one of the most imposing structures of the many towered ramparts. Its two gates, outer and inner, and connected by a queer winding passage to make defence easy, form a wonderful piece of labor and skill. Above the gate is a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child in her arms. After a long walk between two immense high stone walls with the sky showing like a narrow blue ribbon, we reached the little church, which almost adjoins the unfinished palace of Charles V. Handsome as this latter building is, it is a false note in the grand harmony of Moorish art, crowding its Spanish architecture against the cluster of Mohammedan palaces. There is some talk of the government completing this building, which was begun in 1526, and using it for a national museum.

It is something to have one's expectations realized, but to have them surpass a point where the imagination in its most riotous mood failed to reach, is the lavish amount of pleasure. The Alhambra furnishes. Whether it be the wonderful architecture of the palaces, the exquisite beauty of the courts with their groves of laurel, cypress and oranges, its fortified walls and towers, or the entrancing views from window and parapet, this magnificent stronghold of the Moor reared in the mountain fastness of Spain, is a cup of keen delight heaped full and running over. It took more than a century to build The Alhambra. We first see its massive high walls and its twenty-three towers enclosing the hills of The Alhambra and Alhacian, which together made the center of the Moorish kingdom—then the palaces.

These are a group of buildings indescribably beautiful in the brilliancy of their coloring, delicacy of the slender marble columns, honeycombed vaulting of the domes and the wall decoration of inscriptions of passages from the Koran or some religious poetry. These homes of the Moorish kings, who fostered art, literature and science, and who made so beautiful their seat of power, are marked throughout with the simple dignity of the civilization of the Occident. When King Alfonso, after his coronation, visited Granada, the señoras senioritas of the city's grandees gave a tea for him in the Court of Myrtles. The fountains that play only on the anniversary of the Conquest of Granada flashed their silver sprays in the sunlight, and when the boy-king entered The Alhambra gate a merry welcome was rung from the old watch-tower, where centuries ago the Moors were wont to sound a warning that the Christian enemy was sighted among the hills. Irving used the cool myrtle-edged pool for his morning bath and in the rooms overlooking he wrote romances of the Moor and the veiled princess.

From the Court of Myrtles we wandered into the Court of Lions, which takes its name from the lion fountain made by Christian captives. Nearby is the magnificent audience chamber, the Hall of the Ambassadors. In this room was held the last conference of the Moors before they surrendered the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. Its ornamentation is considered the richest piece of work in the Alhambra. Through courts and palaces we passed, then went down through an underground passage to the baths that are well equipped with large marble tubs. Besides the

openings in the wall above the tub to admit fresh air, there are others through which would flow a stream of Oriental perfume to make still more pleasant the morning plunge of these favored sons and daughters of Mohammed. The tubs were easily drained of their contents by a line of sunken tile connected with a stream of running water and rushing down the side of every palace—hence the cleanliness of the Spanish-Moor.

One of the finest views of The Alhambra is to be had from the balcony of the Queen's Comb Tower. Standing there we saw that trio of prison towers overlooking the street walls and at a little distance away a tiny mosque, whose interior is so fairy-like and its niche for the Koran so exquisite in decoration, that it seemed as if it must be but a pretty playhouse built for the amusement of King Midas's favorite child. Sharply cleaving the blue sky is the great Gate of the Seven Floors, the gate through which Bohadil left the conquered city, and which has been walled up ever since, because, so Alhambra tradition says, of the request of the defeated Moor to Isabella. In one of the most lonely and deserted points of The Alhambra is an old mosque that after the exit of Bohadil was converted into a convent and it was there the body of Isabella was laid until its removal to the Cathedral of Granada. This historic building is now occupied by a poor family that earns a livelihood by doing jobs for tourists.

The Alhambra without the Generalife would be like the absence of a beautiful gem from a jeweled cluster. It lies on the side of the mountain, opposite to The Alhambra and was the summer residence of the Moorish princess. The shady cypress walk leading up to the palace is delightful, every bend affording splendid views of the valleys and the mountains, but it is forgotten in the exquisite charm of the gardens of the Generalife with their foliage, terraces, grottos, fountains and murmuring streams. At the highest point is the garden where grows the Sultan's cypress. Over 600 years old, this venerable tree is still as full of vigor as when its dark, drooping branches shaded the wife of Bohadil when she held tryst with one of her husband's courtiers, who paid with his head for that midnight visit. The views from the Generalife are unrivaled, taking in, as it does, The Alhambra and Alhacian hills.

This magnificent summer palace was a gift from Isabella to one of her soldiers who had shown great valor in the fierce fight with the infidel. In after years the descendant of the Spanish crusader, a woman, married a Moor, when the reigning sovereign exiled her and her family to the last generation, but did not confiscate the property which, though marriage, ultimately passed into the hands of the Italians. Spain is fighting through the courts to regain possession of beautiful Generalife.

The government is showing more interest than formerly in The Alhambra and everywhere evidences are to be seen of its efforts to preserve these monuments of the triumph of the Cross over the Koran. The grounds are splendidly lighted with electricity and the palaces and walks well taken care of. Thanks to the Moor's splendid system of irrigation, by which water is piped from the Sierras, the fountains in the grove are never silent, nor the hillside ever barren from drought. A heavy penalty is enforced against the snoring or shooting of the innumerable nightingales who make the grove their home and pay for their leafy quarters by singing an everlasting song. Recently there has been erected a gigantic white marble cross that extends a benison upon the valley below and the mountains beyond, even to where stands the snow-crested Sierra Nevada.

If the cleanliness of The Alhambra makes it a delightful place to stroll and enjoy the surroundings, not so the opposite hill, the Alhacian, which was once the dwelling place of the Moorish aristocracy and which is now one of the filthiest quarters in Europe, not excepting Tangier. It is peopled by the vagrant poor and gypsies, but so superb are the views from its summits and so interesting are the glimpses to be had of Moorish palaces and of the queer streets, through some of which persons must walk single file, that the end repays the means. Not all of the gypsies live on the Alhacian Hill, many of them dwelling in caves at the foot of the Generalife. Of course we saw a gypsy dance; the movements were graceful, but the music was a monotonous tom-tom, the women were homely and the men were fat.

Granada is held by travellers to be the culminating point of a journey to Spain. It is picturesquely situated, lying at the base of two mountain spurs and with the snow-clad mountains to the south-east. Like The Alhambra, it is delightful with its glimpses of the mighty past, Moorish and Spanish. The main thoroughfare, the Street of the Catholic Kings, is of considerable proportions, and recently a new street, extending for several blocks and straight and wide, has been opened. Because of the tearing down of a number of old buildings to straighten the street, an

excellent exterior view of the Cathedral is just now to be had. The Cathedral of Granada is an example of the best Renaissance building in Spain, and is rich in painting and sculpture.

Its greatest interest lies in its being the burial place of the Catholic kings, their daughter, the mad Queen Isabella, and her husband, Philip the Handsome. The iron-bound coffins, which have never been opened, rest in a vault beneath the sanctuary. The royal monuments are a nation's tribute to the house of Castile and Aragon. They are of Florentine marble superbly decorated. A life-size figure surmounts the top of each; Ferdinand wears the Order of St. George, and Isabella, the Cross of Santiago. Opening off the royal chapel is a room where are kept priceless souvenirs of the two who freed Spain from the Moor. There lies the plain little silver crown Isabella wore and seeing which made the contemporary sovereigns wonder at the Spanish queen's poverty; vestments worked by her, also the flag which she made to float over the conquered city; the little silver casket that held the jewels offered to Columbus; the missal and the sacred picture that stood on the altar erected on the battlefield, and the sword and scepter of Ferdinand.

Catholics in Scotland

According to the new Catholic Directory for Scotland, Mother Church can claim a half million of children in that country, with a handful over. Of these 380,000 belong to the Archdiocese of Glasgow. Thus almost exactly three-fourths of the Catholics of "Alba" are dwellers by the banks of the Clyde and the subjects of Archbishop Maquire. In 1878, the year of the Restoration of the hierarchy, there were but 360,000 lieges of Rome in all the six dioceses of Scotland. There were then 272 priests in the country; now there are 525, well nigh double that number.

The figures given for the missions reveal an increase of ninety in the twenty-eight years. They now stand at 236. But the total number of places that are hallowed by "the clean oblation offered in My name" is larger than this by 150, as in some parishes there are several "stations," having each their weekly or monthly Mass. Of religious houses Scotland possesses sixty-five, and of these, fifty-two are occupied by nuns. Far less than a century ago there was not a religious in the land. Yet the remaining thirteen do not favorably compare, in point of number, with the monastic institutions that, in the Stuart days, studded the country. One day the reign of the cloister will return. The overwhelming majority of Glasgow Catholics, and in a slightly less degree, of Edinburgh's 82,000, are from St. Patrick's Land of Eire by birth or by extraction, and love of the cloister has been ever a tradition with the Celt. Meantime it is the reign of the Hearth.

What People You Know Say About Gin Pills

THE GREAT KIDNEY CURE

TORONTO, June 6th, 1905.

I take great satisfaction in writing to you and telling you of the splendid condition of health that I am now in, which was brought about entirely by taking your Gin Pills.

For years my kidneys have been my weak spot and kept me unhealthy, and although I knew the cause, I could not get relief. Six weeks ago I heard that Gin Pills were being widely sold in Ontario, and I concluded to try them, though I did not believe that they could entirely cure me, but they have, and I am now sure that my kidney trouble has disappeared.

I will always have some of the pills on hand, and will recommend them to my friends who are troubled with ailments due to the defective work of their kidneys.

Yours respectfully,
F. E. BASKERVILLE.

Sold by druggists, 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. We send sample free if you mention this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. WINDYBANK

FITS EPILEPSY

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

THE LEBIG CO.,
179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Educational

Loretto Abbey

WELLINGTON PLACE TORONTO, ONTARIO

This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently near the business part of the city and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniforms, terms, etc., may be had by addressing:

LADY SUPERIOR,
WELLINGTON PLACE,
TORONTO.

St. Michael's College

IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY

Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses

Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year \$ 160
Day Pupils..... 30

For further particulars apply to:
REV. DANIEL CUSHING, President

St. Joseph's Academy

ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO

The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

TO THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Pupils on completing their MUSICAL COURSE and passing successful examination, conducted by private professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificates and diplomas. In this department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music Toronto University.

The Studies is affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Senior and Junior Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.

Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus, address:

MOTHER SUPERIOR

School of Practical Science

TORONTO

The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

Departments of Instruction:

- Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture.
- 3-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Laboratories:

- Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metrological, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be had on application.

A. T. LAING, Registrar.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or only male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon 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.

NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS Agency

Established 1864

Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87

JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

WM. A. LEE & SON, Toronto Agents, Phone M. 592 and 508, 14 Victoria St., Toronto.

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company

Established 1889

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building—TORONTO 59-61 Victoria St.

1905 the most successful year in a career of uninterrupted progression. Insurance in force over nine millions. New Insurance written \$2,433,281.00. Cash Income 321,236.62. Reserve 394,025.30. Assets for Policyholders security \$1,500,000—Desirable appointments open for good Agents.

SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 267. RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER

has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Cost consistent with first class work.—Solicit a trial.

FAIRCLOTH & CO.

Phone Main 922

ART and STAINED GLASS

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Factory and Showrooms: 64 Richmond St. E., Toronto

Church Bells

Church Chime and Poal Memorial Bells a Specialty. Baltimore Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated 1853

FIRE and MARINE

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

CAPITAL \$2,000,000

Assets.....\$ 3,565,000
Annual Income..... 1,675,000
Losses paid since organization..... 37,000,000

DIRECTORS
Hon. GEO. A. COX, President, J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director
Hon. S. C. Wood, Geo. McMarrick, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., W. R. Brock, Esq., J. K. Osborne, E. R. Wood, C. C. Foster, Secretary.

WM. A. LEE & SON,
General Agents
14 VICTORIA STREET
Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 508
Phone—Residence Park 667.

W.M. A. LEE & SON

General Agents
14 VICTORIA STREET
Phone—Office Main 592 & Main 508
Phone—Residence Park 667.

W.M. A. LEE & SON

General Agents
14 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO
Tel. - Main 592 and Main 508
Residence Tel. - Park 667.

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., OF LONDON, ENGLAND

ESTABLISHED 1840

CAPITAL \$11,000,000

TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St.
A. WARING GILES, Local Manager

W.M. A. LEE & SON

General Agents
14 Victoria Street, Toronto
Tel. - Main 592 and Main 508
Residence Tel. - Park 667.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

TORONTO

The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND

ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS

PERCY J. QUINN, Local Manager.
JOHN KAY, Asst.

W.M. A. LEE & SON

General Agents
14 Victoria Street, Toronto
Phones - Main 592 and Main 508
Residence Phone - Park 667.

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND

ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS

PERCY J. QUINN, Local Manager.
JOHN KAY, Asst.

W.M. A. LEE & SON

General Agents
14 Victoria Street, Toronto
Phones - Main 592 and Main 508
Residence Phone - Park 667.

FIRE INSURANCE

New York Underwriters Agency

Established 1864

Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87

JOS. MURPHY, Ontario Agent, 16 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

WM. A. LEE & SON, Toronto Agents, Phone M. 592 and 508, 14 Victoria St., Toronto.

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company

Established 1889

Head Office, Excelsior Life Building—TORONTO 59-61 Victoria St.

1905 the most successful year in a career of uninterrupted progression. Insurance in force over nine millions. New Insurance written \$2,433,281.00. Cash Income 321,236.62. Reserve 394,025.30. Assets for Policyholders security \$1,500,000—Desirable appointments open for good Agents.

SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 267. RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER

has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Cost consistent with first class work.—Solicit a trial.

FAIRCLOTH & CO.

Phone Main 922

ART and STAINED GLASS

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

Factory and Showrooms: 64 Richmond St. E., Toronto

Church Bells

Church Chime and Poal Memorial Bells a Specialty. Baltimore Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGOUSON

DAY & FERGUSON,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

Successor to
ANGLIN & MALLON
Office—Land Security Chambers,
34 Victoria Street, Toronto.

LEE, O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Dineen Bldg., Yonge and Temperance Sts., Toronto, Ont. Offices—Bolton, Ont.
Phone Main 1583 Res. Phone Main 2075
W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L., John G. O'Donoghue, LL.B., W. T. J. O'Connor.

McBRADY & O'CONNOR

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

Practicing in Admiralty, Rooms 47 and 68 Canada Life Building, 64 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone Main 2705.
L. V. McBrady, K.C. J. R. O'Connor
Res. Phone North 452.

HEARN & SLATTERY

BARRISTERS SOLICITORS NOTARIES, ETC.

Practicing in Admiralty, Offices: Canada Life Building, 64 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. Office Phone Main 1040.
T. FRANK SLATTERY, Residence, 26 Simcoe St. Res. Phone Main 975.
EDWARD J. HEARN, Residence, 24 Grange Ave. Res. Phone 1058.

LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

Supreme Court and Parliamentary Agents. OTTAWA, ONT.
F. R. Latchford K.C. J. Lora McDougal, Edward J. Daly.

UNWIN, MURPHY & ESTEN

C. J. MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN
ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS, ETC.

Survey, Plans and Descriptions of Property, Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limits and Mining Claims Located, Office: Corner Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto. Telephone Main 1235.

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES
ARCHITECT

10 Bloor St. East. TORONTO
Telephone North 1260.

Roofing

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

F. ROSAR UNDERTAKER

300 King St. East, Toronto
Telephone Main 1024

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER

Telephone 679 306 YONGE ST. EAST TORONTO

McCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS

222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W. Tel. M. 2838 Tel. M. 1406

Dr. F. J. Woods, DENTIST.

450 Church St. Phone North 3258
Branch office open Tuesdays, Francis Block, Thornhill, Ont.

E. M'CORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR

27 COLBORNE STREET
Opposite King Edward Hotel

MEMORIALS GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS

Most Artistic Design in the City
PRICES REASONABLE
WORK THE VERY BEST

McINTOSH-GULLETT CO., Limited
Phone N. 1260 1119 Yonge St TORONTO

ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED

86 Wellington St. West
Toronto, Canada

Memorial Stained Glass Windows

References: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The Foy Memorial and Sir Frank Smith Memorial Windows. St. Mary's, Toronto, etc.

EMPRESS HOTEL

Corner of Yonge and Goulth Streets TORONTO

TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY

Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.

RICHARD DIBBETTE - PROPRIETOR

In and

Around Toronto

THE PASSION WAS SUNG AT ST. MARY'S.

The singing of the Passion during High Mass at St. Mary's on Palm Sunday marked the occasion as the first on which this arduous piece of work was performed by any choir in Toronto, and unless it has been sung in some monastery or cloister, we might in all probability go further and say it never before was sung in Ontario. To branch out even more into the field of speculation, one might perhaps venture—were it not for Quebec—to say it never before was sung in Canada, because the rendition as presented here is surrounded by so many difficulties from a musical point of view, that few choirs would or could make the attempt.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH.

The following boys obtained sufficient marks to merit having their names on the Honor Roll this month: Sen. IV.—Francis McGinn, William Kirk, Harold Smith, Francis Carey, Francis Bero, Fred. Glynn, Charles Finley. Jun. IV.—Bernard Donovan, William Valley, Clarence Durand, Alphonse Stewart, Leo Lambrick. Sen. III.—John Brennan, Leo O'Leary, Walter Kennedy, Thomas Belisle, Ernest Broderick, Addis Byrne, Jas. Wright, Chas. Finley, Fred Durand.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

Form IV., Sen.—Wm. Ayers, Thos. O'Brien, Romeo Grossi, Edward Lane, Thomas Lundy, Edward McCool, Jno. Ciceri, Thomas Shannon, Leo Brodie. Form IV., Jun.—John Cronin, Bernard Donville, John Lane, Harold Landreville, Louis Murphy, Francis O'Brien, Henry Sullivan, John Wigglesworth. Form III., Sen.—Patrick Spelman, Alfred Smith, Wm. Hand, Arnold Lawrence, Jno. Pannon, Gerald Moore, Jas. Deferari, Gordon Fenison, Fred. Fensom, Francis Hickey, Frank Akrey, Peter Haffey, Wm. Thompson, Jas. Feehy, Hugh Callaghan, Frs. Shanahan, Edw. Conderon, James Cronin. Form III., Jun.—John Moroney, Edward Keating, Justin Real, Arden Hayden, John Danahy, Wm. Madegan, Clifford Landreville, Louis Scallan, Edw. Spelman, Ed. James Spelman, Edw. Smith, Wm. Murphy, Joseph McCurdy, James Spelman, Wm. Power. Form II., Sen.—James Murphy, Henry Foley, John Benane, Charles Ayers, Leo Shannon, Chris Kelly, Louis Akrey, Thomas Johnston, Pat-

rick Cassidy, Wm. Hallern, James Cassidy, Harry Thompson, Henry Kennedy, Ray. Wade, James Hammell.

Monthly Examination. The following boys obtained the highest number of notes: Form IV., Sen.—1, Wm. Ayers; 2, John Ciceri; 3, Thomas O'Brien; 4, Thomas Lundy; 5, John Barrett; 6, James Doyle. Form IV., Jun.—1, Louis Murphy; 2, John Wigglesworth; 3, Bernard Donville; 4, Leo Ryan; 5, John Cronin; 6, Harry Sullivan. Form III., Sen.—1, Patrick Spelman; 2, Alfred Smith; 3, Wm. Hand; 4, Arnold Lawrence; 5, Chas. Watson; 6, Edw. Devine. Form III., Jun.—1, Basil Watson; 2, Francis Murphy; 3, Patrick Foley; 4, Wm. McGarry. Form II., Sen.—1, J. Banane; 2, Henry Foley; 3, James Murphy; 4, Patrick Cassidy; 5, Leo Shannon.

DE LA SALLE'S ANNUAL GYM-NASTIC CONTEST.

Several hundred friends and ex-pupils of De La Salle Institute witnessed what proved to be the keenest contest in the history of the Literary and Athletic Association, last Thursday evening in the gymnasium of the school. Two classes, twenty boys in all, took part and only fifteen points separated the highest from the lowest. The contest is an annual affair and consists of parallel bars, vaulting and other exercises of strength and agility. Some of these were most amusing, particularly so the barnyard contests and the pyramid.

Mr. J. J. Seitz was the chairman and Prof. Williams of Toronto University the judge of the contest. Mr. Thos. Boland, President of the Society, opened the programme with a few well-chosen words. At the conclusion of the contest Prof. Williams announced his decision, placing the boys in the following order of merit: Senior—Percy McAleer, Joseph Tracey, Herbert Belanger, Francis Tracey, Joseph Clarke, John Lenihan, John McCabe, James Heffron, Thos. O'Hearn, Junior—Louis Rousseau, Rodolph Toutant, Charles McCabe, Charles McCurdy, Vincent Brown, John Shaw, Telesphore Dault, Morgan Burns, Bertram Kearns, Vincent Ware, Charles Grant.

Brother Edward, the principal of the school, gave a detailed statement of the De La Salle Literary and Athletic Association since its inauguration by Brother Rogation nine years ago. In that time the receipts amounted to \$1,075.17 and the expenditures \$975.37. The chief expenses had been in connection with the gymnasium, the establishing of lecture, reading and lunch rooms, the formation of clubs for out-door sports and the providing of a splendid skating rink for the winter season. In order to make this year surpass all others, many prominent Catholics came to the assistance of the Association with handsome donations, thus enabling the boys to add to the gymnasium and to secure the services of a professional instructor. Though only fifteen regular lessons had been received, the showing of the boys was excellent and called forth the repeated applause of the spectators.

Brother Edward also expounded the educational advantages of De La Salle. He said that if properly encouraged the school could fill the want of higher education among Catholics of Toronto. Many are advocating the cause of a Separate High School, but in De La Salle the commercial classes as well as classes in different sciences and languages, are doing the regular High School work. Here is the tilled soil waiting for support and it was not necessary to go to the unexplored land and hew out the unknown. Here was the easy proposition, so why seek the one with difficulties, at present unsurmountable? Everyone with even a passing acquaintance with De La Salle knows what the commercial classes have produced and now a similar degree of success in the matriculation work is almost assured. But De La Salle is handicapped for with the additional classes there had come no addition to the teaching staff.

Notwithstanding the lack of funds the school board had provided these additional advantages without the additional government grant or private contributions and thus De La Salle is placed in competition with institutions equipped with modern facilities, supplied with learned professors in abundance and basking in the sunshine of popular favor.

To expect twice the amount of work with the same old time proficiency was unreasonable, and two more teachers were urgently required. These could be obtained at a small cost and it requires only the aid of our Catholic friends. Brother Edward spoke forcibly and concluded by asking those present to consider the question well.

NO MAN NEED SUFFER RUPTURE

ONE MINUTE MORE It is an undeniable fact that rupture can be cured without operation. Our pneumatic appliances cure without loss of time, the most stubborn cases. The appliance is comfortable, soft, easy, with lots of elasticity and gives the same degree of pressure as nature itself and leaves nature perfectly free. Our method recommended by the medical fraternity. The Lyon Manufacturing Co., Dept. B., 435 Yonge St., Limited. J. J. WILLIAMS, Manager.



THE cost of living is an important thing in most homes. You may have to figure closely in these matters. A little extra on a barrel of flour may look big to you.

But there is a difference between spending money wisely and spending it foolishly. Sometimes it is economy to spend instead of to save. It is in the case of Royal Household Flour. Those few extra cents a week, that give you

Royal Household Flour

in preference to inferior flour, buy health. Nothing contributes so much to the food you eat as flour, and therefore nothing should be more carefully bought. Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour is the whitest, cleanest and most nutritious flour that's milled. It is the only flour that is absolutely pure. Ask your grocer.



Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal. "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

IRELAND ITS RELIGION AND ITS CULTURE

(Continued from page 5.) The Chairman then addressed some encouraging words to the boys and tendered them the hearty thanks of the visitors for their splendid entertainment, which, he said, surpassed even their annual dinner. Further, he advised those present to extend a helping hand to dear old La Salle. REGMAN. I.C.B.U.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

Despite the fact that Monday evening was far from inviting, the 11th annual meeting of the St. Vincent De Paul Children's Aid Society called forth a fine representation from the different parishes of the city, among those present being Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Hand, Nasr and Minehan, and Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe, D. Miller, W. O'Connor, V. A. Russell, Jas. J. Pape, J. J. Hanratty, F. P. Lee, T. P. Winterberry, R. Elmsley, J. J. Murphy, W. E. Blake, L. V. McBrady, P. Hynes and W. E. Kernahan, Mr. M. O'Connor was in the chair. After routine business the report of the Society was read, showing that for the year ending March 31st, 317 cases, affecting the interests of 418 dependent, neglected and delinquent children, were brought to the notice of the Society. Of these 174 were from the Children's Court and 145 were private cases reported to the office. Stress was laid on the point that the best results were obtained from individual examination of each case by the Agent working under instructions from the Advisory Board, and also on the fact that preventive and amendment work ever found first place in the methods of the Association. During the year 15 wards were added to the list of the Society, giving a grand total of 123. Report was also made of the fact that a telephone had been placed at the service of the Agent, Mr. Hynes and appreciation of his services was further shown by a substantial increase to his salary. The allowance for the wards in the different institutions of the city was reported as increased from 1c per capita per day to 8c for maintenance. The wards were all reported as doing well and the finances as in good standing. Regret was also expressed at the loss of two worthy members of the Board of Management, viz., Dr. Mathew Wallace and Mr. Andrew Cottam, and the secretary was commissioned to prepare formal letters of condolence to be sent to the family of each.

The Board of Management elected for the 12th year: Patron—His Grace Archbishop O'Connor. President—M. O'Connor. Vice-Presidents—E. O'Keefe, M. J. Haney, Thos. Long and J. J. Murphy. Secretary—W. T. Kernahan. Treasurer—D. Miller. Solicitor—H. T. Kelly. Physicians—Drs. McKenna, McKeown, McMahon and Sweeney. Board of Management—J. J. Seitz, J. T. Ryan, L. V. McBrady, J. J. Hanratty, L. J. Cosgrave, T. J. Ford, T. B. Winterberry, J. B. Wright, F. P. Lee, E. J. Hearn. Ladies—Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. P. Hynes, Mrs. French, Mrs. Troman, Mrs. H. T. Kelly, Mrs. Falconbridge, Misses Foy, Walsh, Macdonnell, Miller. Advisory Board—Rev. J. L. Hand, M. O'Connor, H. T. Kelly, R. Elmsley and J. Pape. Assistant Secretary and Agent—P. Hynes. Auditor—W. T. Kernahan. MR. COOLAHAN WILL CALL. Mr. Coolahan is calling on our subscribers and will likely call upon you to-day. Forewarned is forearmed.

LOOK AHEAD

To-day is your opportunity. While you are in health prepare for the to-morrow of sickness, adversity and old age. An Accumulation Policy in the Confederation Life will make these preparations for you. On account of its liberality, clearness and freedom from conditions the Accumulation Policy is the contract you will find which exactly meets your requirements.

DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE AND FULL INFORMATION SENT ON APPLICATION TO

Confederation Life ASSOCIATION

HAED OFFICE - TORONTO

W. A. MURRAY & CO. LIMITED

FOUR NEW STYLES In Women's Chemise Gowns Special \$1.25

If you were asked to name the price you would never think of saying less than two dollars and in all likelihood you would place the value higher. The gowns are splendid specimens of those good garments that come from our own workrooms—made of strictly first quality undressed nainsook, lace trimmed and embroidery trimmed, not scantily trimmed but trimmed with all the liberality that good judgment would permit. We have spared no effort to make these four styles of gowns the best of anything that ever came from our workrooms at the same price—which if you remember the value in our former styles—means a great deal. We have only about 20 dozen garments to sell in the four styles. Special.....\$1.25

W. A. MURRAY & CO. LIMITED 17 to 31 King St. East 10 to 20 Colborne St Victoria St. King to Colborne TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1856

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

Simmers' Seed Catalogue For 1906::

Because it contains the most complete list of Vegetables and Flowers, together with many striking novelties. Simmers' Field, Vegetable and Flower Seeds have for over fifty years been staple with the best farmers, market gardeners and critical private planters. When you buy Seeds you naturally expect them to germinate. This is an absolute necessity, but the most important point is the quality of the vegetable or flower produced. Simmers' quality Seeds cover this, because we buy from acknowledged specialists, and we spare no expense in procuring the best Seeds for germination and productiveness. It tells you about it in our Seed Catalogue for 1906, which is mailed FREE for the asking. Write at once.

J. A. SIMMERS TORONTO, ONT.

SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

KENNEDY SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Next week marks the opening of the spring term at the Kennedy School.—The school for expert training—the best school. Call or write for particulars about this unique school. 9 Adelaide Street East TORONTO

BELLS

Steel Alley Church and School Bells. See our Catalogue. The C. S. BELL Co. Hillbore, O

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO