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PRICE FIVE CENTS

CHRONICLES OF AN OLD-TIMER

Further from the Memoirs of Gen. E. A. Theller—Sufferings in the Toronto Jail—How the Prisoners Communicated with Each Other—Joined by Col. Dodge—Fighting near Detroit—Offer to Have Mackenzie Betrayed.

Chicago, May 21, 1904.

The Memoir continues:

"A number of gentlemen came to see me and among them members of the Legislature, some saying they had heard a good deal of me from gentlemen of London; and that they thought the best thing which could be done was for the governor to send us home; and they should advise him to that effect. I obtained leave for myself and Col. Brophy to be transferred into another room, more airy and comfortable. As they wished to separate the Americans, six of the fifteen had been sent down below; and I obtained permission to have one of them, Mr. Campau, from Brownstown, Mich., to come in with me. In this room were Messrs. Loint, John Anderson, Eckart Klime, Porter, Brown, Wilkie, Philip Weidman, R. Taylor, and afterwards Mr. Comfort; and as there were occasionally others brought in and sent out, I do not remember all their names. As this department was one of the debtor's rooms, there were also three or four debtors always with us; but these gentlemen had been with us during most of the time we stopped there; and we became much attached to each other. The room was, I think, about fourteen feet square, and our numbers were generally from twenty to twenty-five; and here we had to cook and sleep—they now allowing us the privilege of receiving some food from our friends without; and as we were constantly locked up, we had, of course, to obey the calls of nature in the same place. We were neither allowed to see papers, nor receive any communications, what ever; nor even if we perchanced to meet prisoners from the other rooms when we were called out on the sick list to see the doctor, dared we to speak; for the turnkey was always on the watch; and on his reporting a disobedience of rules, the one guilty was instantly ironed and thrown into a cell. We, however, could not remain in that way long. We could write what we wished to say to each other, and slip it into the prisoner's hand when observed. At last those in our room decided that we would open a correspondence with the others, and bear all the consequences, if discovered. As Col. Brophy was a practical engineer, he suggested drilling a hole through the brick wall that partitioned our room from that in which Messrs. J. G. Parker, Montgomery, Morrison, McCormick, Durand, and Watson were. The number of twenty-eight, and others. One of the men had a pocket knife, with a blade in the shape of a dirk, which was lashed on to the head of a broom-handle; and thus, after much pains, was a hole drilled through a brick wall of eighteen inches. This hole was round and could be covered by a cent, and it was so placed that it could be easily hidden; and when that was through, we began a correspondence with the others. They also carried on the route through the wall into the neighboring room, until, within a short time we had a general post-route throughout all the rooms on that floor, and then, by means of a hole in the floor, communication with those in the story underneath, and perfected a medium of correspondence throughout. The paper written on would be attached to a rod, and after a given signal, lest there were spies in the room, we would push it through. We occasionally persuaded the turnkey, with a small bribe, to bring us a newspaper, which, after its being read with the greatest avidity, we rolled up tight, lengthways, and it went the rounds. None, who have not been in the like situation, can imagine the comfort we took in that simple affair, as we were all sanguine in the result of the revolution. We cheered one another;

encouraged those who were desponding, and amused ourselves generally by writing to each other, and giving our opinions and plans. I was thus enabled to find from those gentlemen individually the feelings of the people in their section of the country; their opinions of the cause of the revolt; and their own particular sectional as well as general grievances.

We had also contrived through certain friends outside, some telegraphic signals which they were to make in a certain place, that would not be noticed by the guards that surrounded our prison. Many were the signals we had. A man was always kept on the lookout, and as it was always the ladies who came, they were not so much observed, nor was there so much danger of detection; and besides, to be candid, they were much more adventurous than men. I often wished I had one thousand men at my command as brave and as resolute as those ladies of Toronto, that I might turn the tables on our braggadocio oppressors. The rumors of attack were kept up, and the soldiers night and day kept in a constant state of alarm. At one time there were so many thousands in the Niagara district, at another an army had crossed the St. Clair, had taken London, and were advancing by forced marches upon Toronto, each day bringing its tale of something surprising, enlivening us and saddening them; we placing on each other little reliance, although disappointed but the day previous. It all had a good effect, too, in keeping up our spirits and preserving health.

When the Government found that neither Col. Brophy nor myself were to be flattered by their particular views, and so far from seeming to regret for what had been done, and as they, I presume, found out by the spies they kept among us in the different rooms, that we were incorrigible, they resorted to harsh measures. Some papers of mine that had been intended for some of the prisoners, were handed over to the jailer, and on his laying them before the authorities, it was thought a good excuse for ordering us to be put in chains. But this effort to humiliate and work upon our feelings produced the contrary effect, for instead of thinking ourselves degraded we thought we were honored by being so feared, that we were deemed worthy of their chains. Five of my men who could not stand any longer the small portion of food allowed them, wrote a petition without my knowledge, to the governor, praying him in very respectful language, as they were strangers without friends or relations in the country, to bring them food, that he would order them something in addition to what they were in the habit of receiving; they also stated the facts of their treatment at Malden, the manner in which they had been deprived of their money, and prayed his excellency to regard to them, that they might provide themselves with necessities they were suffering for. This they contrived to get into the postoffice by some person going out of prison, and in a day or two afterwards I was called out into the hall by the sheriff, where I saw the poor fellows for the first time in many days. The sheriff asked them before me if they wrote that petition, how they had sent it out, and how they had dared to write anything of the kind, or trouble His Excellency with their complaints? They were then sent back to their place of confinement, and that evening ordered down below to the dungeons. In answer to their enquiry why they were sent there, the turnkey told them that it would teach them to complain; that that was the way they served those who complained that were well off. They were kept there until by the damp and cold they became sick, when they were transferred to the hospital.

On or about the 20th of February Col. Dodge, whom we had left wounded at Malden, was brought down to Toronto. Little did we think when we parted from him that we should ever meet again in this world. He was much altered in appearance, pale and wan; which, together with the loss of an eye, had so changed his appearance that I scarcely knew him. The intelligence he brought of what had taken place in Michigan, as well as the circumstance of his being sent away at so short a notice, led us to conclude that something would be done. When he beheld us he was equally shocked with our appearance, for we were loaded with safety chains, a species of dandyism, which he thought ill became his old acquaintance.

At this time Prince, who was in Toronto pretending, I believe, to interest himself in behalf of Col. Dodge, but he left very suddenly for the frontier, news having reached him by the numerous spies employed that another invasion was to take place. It was well known at Toronto for four or five days before the affair at Fighting Island, and at Point au Pelee Island, that such was to take place. That at Fighting Island took place on the 24th day of February and at Point au Pelee on the 26th, two days afterwards. From the reports of the Tory officers we conjectured that they had met with a check, for they spoke of the battle having been well fought and they had killed many of their men wounded. We reasoned then by contraries, for it is a well known fact that the British never will admit a full statement of their killed and wounded to be published; therefore we knew from experience that they were stating that which was not true.

"A red coat, one would think, to hear them talk, was a coat of mail. And the greatest number they will ever admit of their loss, let it be ever so serious, is some few killed and a few slightly wounded. A few days after news arrived confirming our belief, that they had been worsted by the patriots, and indeed, we well knew such to be the case, from the severity exercised towards us. Soon after, however,

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news reached us that Sutherland had been taken; we could scarcely believe it, especially when we heard he had been taken on the ice by one man, and that man John Prince. From the short acquaintance I had had with Sutherland, I had formed the opinion that he was brave enough, and no one man could capture him, and that he was prudent enough not to place himself in the way of danger without being well prepared. But a few days arrived; but could scarcely credit it. However, when the turnkey came to sell us beer, we enquired of him whether he had anything in particular to communicate. He had previously solemnly assured us that Mackenzie had been taken and that he had himself but a short time previously put him in irons in the dungeon, which we knew to be false; for at that very time the queen's attorney and the attorney-general were endeavoring to bribe us with offers of our liberty is we would prevail upon our friends to kidnap and deliver him to them, and on such delivery we should be set at liberty.

"To them the matter seemed a mere business affair and which they admitted to be the case, and I believe they spoke the truth when they said, if they were in our situations they would not hesitate a moment. But little did the scoundrels know our feelings at that moment—the love we bore our country, ever to have had our national flag dishonored by one of our own citizens, by kidnapping the exile who had thrown himself under its folds for protection from tyranny of Britain. Proud am I to say that that and similar offers alike degrading and dishonorable, were spurned with contempt, and that the answer given them was, "death rather than dishonor."

Note by the writer—"Campau" is still the name of a prominent Michigan politician. The names of J. G. Parker, Montgomery, Morrison, McCormick, Durand, and Watson, were very familiar names in the days of Canada's domestic trouble. James Durand was the last of the Toronto rebel reformers. The Col. "Dodge" here mentioned was the one that made his escape from the Citadel at Quebec along with Theller. To add to his other misfortunes he had a leg broken in making his escape, and had to be carried off by his friends. General Sutherland was a military man was a senior of Theller's, and for whom he had a very strong aversion, and disliked him almost as much as he did Col. Prince. The story of Mackenzie having been taken was not true, although there was a big price put upon his head. Mackenzie and his family after his escape across the border suffered great privations, but were sustained greatly by an Irish servant girl that stood by them to the last and shared their misfortunes.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

The London Times Threatens The King

London, May 7.—King Edward has returned from Ireland immensely enthusiastic over his visit. He was received with respect everywhere. The Times has actually lectured him severely for his sympathetic speeches, which, it fears, will inspire hopes of concession to the Nationalist demands. It reminds him, moreover, of his limitations as a constitutional sovereign and of the danger of oversteering his prerogatives. The secret of his astonishing outburst is that the ascendancy party in Ireland has become aware that the King has been privately discussing Home Rule, indicating that at least he has an open mind on the question. In addition, they consider that he neglects the Orange Loyalist section of Ireland to cultivate the good opinion of the Nationalist population. The Irish Unionists at the outside one-sixth of the population, fear that if it becomes known that the King is not afraid of Home Rule its passage would be swift and certain.

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Said the crow to little Tommy. His advice is good to-day to the young man who aspires. No school is quite so good as the Business School, and no business school quite so good as the CENTRAL.

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IN MEMORIAM—VICTORIA DAY, 1904

Daughter of Kings, that Banquo like can show
A lasting line of many many more;
Sovereign of varied-classes o'er the sea,
Empress the first of India's coral shore.
Twice two and three score years
Our aged stone knew thee, and thee alone,
Whose actions wrought the people's good,
Thee, the angel signed each state decree,
Such was the ray of knowledge from the throne,
Based on that worth both Celt and Angle knew.

No foreign land dare claim a native love,
Good Kent forethought that such a course would mean
To Britain, and the nations soon to be
Huge federations of a mighty Queen,
Were she of alien birth.
A homely, chaste and tactful little maid,
Moulded so nicely for her work on earth,
Nearing God daily by good deeds,
Whilst we
Corread her doings 'neath the evening shade,
At every hour of mirth hymning her name above.

As bud blooms into blossom, lo, the Queen,
The innocence of childhood on her brow,
With seriousness of age so sweetly blent,
Aided by conscience's touch, directs the plough.
"Pray ye, I will be good."
"Resolve so noble of a soul so true,
I will protect my subjects as I should."
The right maintain, the wrong reprove, content
To live, to die, as Father wills me do,
To justly rule, and rest the works obscure."

Splendor admixed responsibility,
Faint tints of sorrow softened worldly ease,
Revolt and pestilence rare time did creep
Into a heart soft to her people's pleas.
The light the peasants gain,
When by the candle beams God's word is read,
And simple lips make praise take place of pain,
Is faith she fain would soothe her soul to keep.
If at Carlisle the English Church she led,
They hail her Presbyter at Lockerbie.

Scant beauty vied with soul benevolent,
"La Reine Mabnonna" did greet
Our Empire's emblem, till that kindly smile
Brought even Paris to our lady's feet.
A rule translucent, wise,
Prompted much homage at her jubilee.
When vassals of all nations 'neath the skies,
With chains from far-off colonial soil,
And learning, form a cynosure of thee,
Whole rule hath made thy era eminent.

The treble cross over new lands is furled,
The sun continuous brights Victoria's sway,
High Heaven hails the victor at its gate,
And her dull night transforms eternal day.
Still reigns thy power benign,
As lights of actions wise on memories gleam.
Oft youths with wreaths thy pillar-form entwine,
Whilst dew eyed veterans gaze and contemplate;
The branch enjoys the sap, reign on supreme,
"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."
—George Gwilym.

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Ottawa University New Buildings

Corner Stone Laid by the Apostolic Delegate on Monday

Magnificent Address Delivered by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore

Fatherly Message from Pope Pius X.

Ottawa, May 24.—Honored by special Apostolic benediction cabled from Rome, favored by the presence of Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and several distinguished members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Canada, as well as representatives of various Protestant denominations and sister institutions, and witnessed by the Governor-General of Canada, the leaders of the two great political parties and a crowd of between two and three thousand spectators, the cornerstone of the new arts building of Ottawa University, which is to cost over a quarter of a million of dollars, and is to replace the structure burned in December last, was well and truly laid at noon to-day. It was a happy idea to choose Victoria Day for a ceremony in which Roman Catholics and Protestants, French-speaking Canadians and English-speaking Canadians, Liberals and Conservatives, laid aside their religious or political differences and united in the effort to start once more on a career of success a great educational institution. If an object lesson was desired of the manner in which apparently widely divergent and conflicting interests can be reconciled in Canada none better could be found. Nearly all the religious denominations, as well as all sister institutions, were represented, and the prevailing sentiment was one of harmony and good-fellowship.

A Distinguished Figure.
His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore was the central figure of the day's proceedings, and he captivated everybody by his genial manners and his felicitous speech. Although in his 71st year, the Cardinal displayed the great energy and underwent the ordeal of a trying day with apparently little fatigue. The weather was of an ideal character, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the ceremonies.

The laying of the cornerstone was preceded by Pontifical High Mass in St. Joseph's Church. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the University, pontificated, assisted by Mgr. Routhier, Vicar-General, with Father Lalonde and Father Courso of the Seminary as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Rev. John Dowd of the Seminary acted as mitre-bearer, and Father Archambault as master of ceremonies.

Cardinal Gibbons, robed in scarlet and ermine, assisted at the throne, having on his right Father Fallon of Buffalo and his private secretary on his left. Among the clergy present in the sanctuary were Archbishop Bruchet of Montreal, Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, and Bishops McEvay of London, MacDonell of Alexandria, Emard of Valleyfield and Lorrain of Pembroke. There were present also Mgr. Mathieu of Laval; Very Rev. M. Dosolis, Principal of the Oblate Order; Canon Foley and Canon Bouillon, Father French of Brudenell, Father P. Ryan of Renfrew, Father John Ryan of Killaloe; Father Gray, Kingston; Father L. Latulippe of Pembroke and Father John Maher of Carleton, and representatives of the various religious bodies located in Ottawa.

At the close of Mass the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, led the procession out of the church to the scene of the cornerstone-laying near Laurier avenue between Cumberland and Waller streets. The clergy were escorted by the Garde Champain and their band. Mgr. Sbarretti officiated at the laying of the cornerstone, assisted by Rev. J. Lebeau and Rev. E. Richard. The Apostolic Delegate used a silver trowel especially made for the occasion. Then followed an address by Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons' Address.
Your Excellencies, Mr. President, my Lords and brethren,—I received an invitation from your honored director to assist at the laying of the cornerstone of the University of Ottawa, and this invitation was supplemented by a request from the most reverend the metropolitan, and his Excellency the most reverend the Apostolic Delegate, and they were pleased to tell me that in extending this invitation they were expressing

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The Religious Crisis in France

(Count Albert de Mun, in the National Review, London.) (Continued from last week.)

There is another argument in favor of these orders, deductible from the terms of the documents containing the negotiations which preceded the signing of the Concordat. These documents have formed the subject-matter of a most instructive publication by Count Boulay de La Meurthe. Now it is no doubt true and only natural that the Holy See wished that express mention of the re-establishment of the religious orders should be made in the Concordat, and it is equally true that the First Consul refused his assent; but the terms in which that refusal was expressed indicate its true meaning. At the last conference of the plenipotentiaries it was expressly declared that the re-establishment of the religious orders should do no more than form the subject-matter of an encyclical, should the Sovereign Pontiff deem it advisable to issue one. It follows, therefore, that the desire of the head of the French Government was to establish the principle that henceforth the Congregations were to be looked upon as purely religious institutions, deriving their existence from the authorization of the Holy See, and receiving no civil sanction at the hands of the general law. As a matter of fact, if one wished to insist on the letter as well as on the spirit of our Concordat, one could logically deduce therefrom the complete liberty of the Congregations, rather than the necessity of an administrative authorization which is far less in conformity with the principles of modern society than with the spirit of the royal ordinances of the old regime.

Further, if the Concordat bears the meaning which some assign to it, how was it that the Government of the First Consul, as well as all succeeding Governments, immediately recognized the existence of so large a number of Congregations? Yet that was what happened, several male orders and a very large number of female institutions received prompt recognition. This fact leads me to define and explain the position occupied by the Congregations in the last century in the eye of the law. Such an explanation is very necessary, as one of the chief complaints made against the majority of these institutions was that they were in a state of rebellion against the law. I have reason to fear that this lunacy, which has been frequently repeated in the French press and which has led and still continues to lead so many of my countrymen astray, has been propagated in neighboring countries also, and has deceived men of good faith as to the true position of affairs. After 1789, though the old regime was abolished in principle and in fact, succeeding Governments, as was natural in the case of a country where traditions of extreme antiquity possessed a powerful influence, continued to be imbued to a very great extent with the spirit, the methods and the mental attitude, if I may use that term, of the ancient monarchy, more especially with respect to all that concerned the exercise of the royal prerogative. It is a remarkable thing, or appears to be so at first sight, if one forgets the extent to which people are unconsciously influenced by the form of the intellectual inheritance bequeathed by their predecessors, that the French Republic, though it was founded more than thirty years ago and was the product of a reaction against former monarchical forms of government in general and the Napoleonic tradition in particular, should, nevertheless, have come to be so thoroughly imbued with these very forms. Throughout the present religious crisis it has been clear, as I shall prove hereafter, that the fundamental idea which animates our adversaries as well as their ultimate aim was, so to speak, inherited from the legislators of the revolutionary period, just as the doctrines which they invoke, and the conceptions of government to which they give their allegiance, closely resemble those entertained by Napoleon, and are, in practically identical with the principles of absolute monarchy. The Jacobins of the first Republic are primarily responsible for this confusion of ideas in that, under the influence of the teachings of J. J. Rousseau, they transferred to a collective body, to the people, the attributes, moral and intellectual as well as political, of supreme sovereignty. The mental attitude of the parliamentary majorities of the third Republic is the same as that of the Jacobins. Napoleon wished to be the embodiment of both the old and the new order, and all the institutions with which he endowed France bear the marks of that besetting aspiration. The monarchical Governments which succeeded him wrought no change in the social organization which his powerful hand had fashioned. When Louis XVIII. was called to the throne, Napoleon remarked, "My bed is a good one, he has only got to change the sheets and lie down." This observation was equally applicable to the Restoration, to the subsequent Government of July, and to all succeeding Governments down to and including the present one. From the administrative point of view, we are still in Napoleon's bed. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has made the same remark in his excellent book on France, which has had many readers in England, viz., that no matter what the form of government may be, republican or monarchical, autocratic or parliamentary, the civil life of the nation is always regulated by the lasting and forcible mechanism of the Napoleonic machine. In spite, however, of this fidelity to tradition, the great social transformation accomplished in 1789 has lost none of its effects. Though the wielders of supreme power still maintain the pretensions and the theories pertaining to the monarchical Government of the old regime, the manners and customs and the conceptions which are the product of the Revolution tend more and more to develop the feeling for liberty and the need of it. This two-fold influence, which manifests itself in every department of public national life, produced from the very inception of the new society an exceptional state of affairs as regards the position of the religious Congregations. They preserved the character imposed upon them by the Revolution, of associa-

tions of ordinary citizens whose private obligations are ignored by the civil Government; but in the eye of the law they could have no collective existence save by virtue of the authorization of the supreme power. Such associations as were recognized by the Government became legally existent entities; in their collective capacity they were enabled to acquire, to possess, and to alienate property, and to receive donations and legacies. Those that were not invested with that authorization remained mere associations of citizens, whose collective members constituted, as far as the rights of ownership were concerned, limited companies, for the regulation of which the law provides. Many merely rented the houses, whether schools or hospitals, which provided the field for their activity, from societies composed exclusively of lay members. These "authorized" Congregations were, as a matter of fact, just as lawful as those from which they were thus nominally distinguished. The sole difference was that the latter had a personal civil existence in the eye of the law with all its consequent advantages and liabilities, while the former neither enjoyed those advantages nor were subject to those liabilities. This state of affairs was sanctioned by all forms of government, at all periods, and in the absence of any law defining and regulating the liberty of association its existence was looked upon as the actual justification for the reappearance of the Congregations and their development in the light of day during the whole course of the century. Short of actual abrogation, no clearer proof of the fact that the revolutionary laws had fallen into desuetude could be furnished. Consequently, in spite of any misapprehension to which a deceptive misdescription may give rise, no possible justification can exist for considering the so-called unauthorized Congregations as being in a state of revolt against the laws of the country; and the truth of this statement is proved by the fact that under every form of government the various State departments made formal arrangements with them at one time or another in connection with charitable undertakings and prison administration. Thus the first accusation leveled against the Congregations falls to the ground.

There is another accusation which has been spread broadcast by the press, and which I will at once clear out of the way. An attempt has been made to persuade the people that the associations do not pay taxes like the rest of the community. This allegation cannot be maintained, and any one who is in the least degree acquainted with French legislation is aware that it is mere calumny. The authorized Congregations, in the same way as other civil communities, pay the so-called "mortmain tax," to which the property of all analogous associations is subject, and which has the effect of preventing the accumulation of property in the hands of institutions whose corporate existence never ceases and whose possessions consequently never become liable to the payment of succession duty. The unauthorized Congregations paid all the direct taxes payable by private citizens and, in addition thereto, a special tax to which they were subjected about twenty years ago in their character of religious associations. It is necessary to go further into details of this fiscal question, these few words have sufficed to prove that the members of the Congregations were neither privileged persons from the point of view of taxation, nor rebels against the general law.

But I should not have exhausted this aspect of the question if I omitted to say a word on the subject of the wealth of the Congregations, that was one of the chief instruments employed in the attempt to arouse popular passions which are always easily awakened in a democratic society by arguments based on the antagonism of poverty and riches. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, President of the Council of Ministers, gave vent in a public speech, the echo of which reached far and wide, to the assertion that the value of the real property belonging to the Congregations amounted to a milliard of francs (\$300,000,000), and drew the conclusion, which afterwards served as the theme of the most violent attacks on the religious orders, that the imminence of that property, which he styled "the Congregational mortmain," constituted a serious economic danger to the nation. No accusation could be fraught with greater danger to its object or to the cause of the Catholic Church which is confounded with that of the Congregations; and none, by reason of its falsity and its perfidiousness, could be more unworthy of the head of a Government.

There is a great deal of so-called "mortmain" real property in France, i.e., property belonging to a body with a continuous existence; the departments, the communes, and the hospitals for example, hold a very considerable amount, far more considerable in fact, than that possessed by the Congregations. This is proved by the simple fact, which is established by official statistics, that the real property belonging to the Communes alone represents an area of 4,510,000 hectares (11,375,000 acres); whereas that of all types of Congregations taken together hardly extends to 48,000 (120,000 acres). As for the figure of a milliard, the Government tried to prove the correctness of the estimate by means of a Government inquiry, which was conducted, I may mention, in such a way that it was absolutely impossible to verify its conclusions. In any case, judging from such figures as the Commission produced, it is impossible, with good faith, to arrive at a total of more than 455,000,000 francs (\$87,000,000), as representing the value of the real property owned by the Congregations; and, as a matter of fact, that is the figure adopted by those responsible for the Budget. So much for the only too notorious "milliard" of the Congregations. But apart from the question of figures, how is it possible to maintain that collective ownership constitutes a public danger? The great feature of the economic development of the nineteenth century was the creation of collective enterprises. Every kind of industrial and commercial undertaking tends to take that form; every kind of social activity, and philanthropic activity tends more and more to have recourse to the establishment of permanent societies. How is it possible for the principle of association,

which has been encouraged everywhere to such an extent by the authorities in particular and by the masses and nations in general, to constitute a public danger, more especially in the case of charitable institutions or religious schools, for the establishment of which the greater part of the real property owned by the Congregations was intended to be utilized? M. Leon Say, whose name has been rendered famous in England as well as elsewhere by his numerous works on economic and financial subjects, and who occupied one of the most important ministerial offices in the Republic, wrote ten years ago, "Possibly the clerical 'mortmain' will hereafter become a triling matter in comparison with that of lay society." All careful minds appreciate the truth of this remark. The reaction against the individualistic doctrine of the eighteenth century is universal; the principle of association, of organized co-operation and collective enterprise invades, in every country, the fields in which the most varied types of national activity are exercised. Workmen's associations, more particularly, daily increase in number, in strength, and in influence, and by degrees, as an when their right to acquire property is more freely recognized, as must inevitably be the case, the "mortmain" of the working classes will attain more considerable proportions and will exercise an influence of incalculable magnitude on the economic destiny of nations. How, then, can it be pretended in good faith that the existence of real property to the value of a few hundred million francs in the hands of a few thousand monks or humble nuns is becoming a public danger?

It would be difficult to abuse the public credulity in a more cruel manner, and the bait was rendered all the more alluring and deceptive by the fact that the people were induced to hope that the proposed confiscation and sale of the possessions which were denounced and thus made the object of popular cupidity would be utilized to the common profit—for that was M. Waldeck-Rousseau's view—for the establishment of a network of comparative little value for the working classes. The very fact that nearly all the real property belonging to the Congregations was not of a revenue-producing character, but comprised establishments arranged with a view to special objects such as the education of children or the care of the sick, and consisted of colleges, hospitals and orphan asylums, made it perfectly obvious that it was of comparatively little value for selling purposes and that it would be extremely difficult to find a purchaser. Such, however, were the sophistries and such were the calumnies on which the entire campaign directed against the Congregations was based.

In order to maintain the campaign in Parliament and to convince the thinking public of its justice, and more serious considerations had to be discovered. I will make a brief reference to them; but before doing so I must say a word as to the circumstances which gave rise to the attacks directed against the religious orders, and which seemed to explain the passing of the proscriptive laws of which they were the object. I believe that those particular circumstances produced, thanks to the intense activity of the press, an exceptionally strong impression on the minds of foreigners in general and of Englishmen in particular. I speak of the unfortunate Dreyfus affair, which so profoundly stirred the passions of mankind and was, in France, the cause of such lamentable estrangements.

When at the close of 1899 M. Waldeck-Rousseau introduced the bill which nominally dealt with associations, but which was in reality particularly directed against the Congregations, he justified it not only by presenting the clerical "mortmain," of which I have spoken, in the light of an economic danger, but also by pointing to the national peril involved by the education of a section of the youth of the nation in the colleges directed by members of the Congregations. It was of this argument that the press, the orators, the writers belonging to the Ministerial party made the most persistent use. It was directed more especially against the Jesuits, whose colleges and preparatory schools were in a flourishing condition prior to the passing of the new laws. A relatively large number of officers came from those establishments; naturally, all of them were animated by Christian sentiments, the fruit of the special education rather than of the special character impressed upon them by school influences. The campaign initiated at the end of 1897 in favor of Dreyfus attained in 1898 and 1899 its maximum of intensity, and was deliberately—this was both obvious and instructive—mixed up with and made part of the campaign against the Congregations. It was affirmed and reaffirmed that it was printed in all the newspapers of Europe, that the Jesuits, a generic name under which all the Congregations were lumped together, had their hand upon the French army, and that the Dreyfus affair was the outward and visible sign of their teaching.

This two-fold assuasion is familiar to my readers, for it filled the columns of the press during all these years of heated polemics. I have no intention of reviving old discussions or of touching on the essential features of an affair the mention of which is, in spite of the efforts of a few individuals, intolerable to all Frenchmen, whether they be partisans of the condemned man or not. I had to admit, I will keep my reply to that subject strictly within the limits of the subject of this article, and will use only facts for arguments; more especially as I have, since 1899, treated the same question at greater length in two documents with which a good many Englishmen are acquainted, viz., in a communication addressed to the editor of the London Times, and in a letter written in answer to one received from Lord Russell of Kilgobbin in which he had taken the trouble to interrogate me on this very subject. If the Dreyfus affair was in fact, as some have pretended, the result of the practical application of the teaching of the Jesuits, their pupils must have been responsible for all that was done in 1894 and since that date, in connection with the arraignment, the trial, and the conviction of the accused man. If that is not proved the whole argument falls to the ground. And how can it be proved? Not one of the generals or superior officers who were

President Loubet's Visit to Rome

Rome, April 28.—The visit of President Loubet is ended. This morning, in the midst of heavy rain, the guest of official Italy left the Eternal City for Naples. Rome has not yet returned to its normal silence. The sound of the "Marsellaise" is still heard; young enthusiasts thump it out on the piano, and it is whistled even yet by the idle boys on the street. The individual who has followed the busy succession of shows and pageants and feasts since Sunday last must feel like him

"Who treads alone Some banquet hall deserted, Whose lights are fled, Whose garlands dead, And all but he departed!"

This display made by the Italian Government and the governmental majority of the Municipality of Rome on the occasion of the visit of M. Loubet was on a grander scale and a greater cost than has been prepared for any sovereign. The restitution of the visit of President Loubet to the King of Italy in Rome, said the Radical Clemenceau a few days ago, had a much greater significance than that of Victor Emmanuel III. To Paris could have. And, as a Government organ of Milan notes, the essential thing is that the chief of the French nation should make an official visit to the chief of the Italian nation in "the capital, Rome."

This it is which has the value to the anti-Papal party and Governmental parties in Italy. That was never achieved before since the Pope was confined to the Vatican and the great Catholic nation, France, had become a Republic. This was, according to Italian wishes and convictions, the great triumph. It indicates as they with apparent justice declare, the profound change in the opinions of the French ruling classes which has been effectually obtained by President Loubet and his Ministers, Combes and Delcasse. "We cannot judge," says the "Illustrazione Italiana," whether there is an advantage to the internal cause of the Republic Government in the clerical policy at all costs which Combes is applying in France without regard, striking at the Religious Congregations and the sacred pictures and crucifixes; but, unless he assumed a very resolute attitude towards clericalism, the visit to the King of Italy at Rome by the President of the Republic would never have been possible.

When there is money to spend it is easy to make a demonstration. For weeks past people have been at work refurbishing old street decorations, and inventing and fitting up new ones. Flags cost very little, and when plentifully employed adorn a street. The streets through which the Republican guests were to pass most frequently, the Nazionale and the Corso, were abundantly flagged and decorated. The other streets of the city, where flags might have been hung out, were conspicuous from the lack of these cheap adornments. The Roman people dearly love a show; it was so in the days when they were fed and entertained with Panem et Circenses, it is so to-day, when they have to work hard for their bread, and when their chief circus is the military and royal display made for the coming of a King or a Ruler. "R. F." on each side of the old Roman fasces adorned blue shields gilded with Dutch metal frames, and these alternated with others bearing the white cross of Savoy on a red ground. The Corso was spanned by great rings, artistically ugly—of gaslights. At the Piazza Colonna a garden was constructed on the shortest notice, and palms, cypresses, laurels, and century plants were aweighing and blowing. In the centre of this hastily made garden stood an antique pedestal, and on it rose an antique statue of the Emperor Nero! Why this figure of the arch-persecutor of the early Christians should be chosen to adorn the street through which M. Loubet passes, who is the representative of the Government which has distinguished itself for its persecution of Christians in later days, is one of these peculiar coincidences that cannot readily be explained. It is almost an outrage on the memory of that choice scoundrel, Nero, to think of him in the same line as the foolish little persecutor, Combes. Yet the conjunction was brought to mind in seeing the statue of the Emperor Nero set up in honor of President Loubet.

It has been noticed in the more vigorous of the Catholic papers of Rome, the "Voce della Verita," that it is necessary to go back over four centuries to find an event corresponding to this coming of M. Loubet to Rome—that is, when Charles VIII., King of France, came to Rome. But long before that the predecessors of this King entered the Eternal City in very different circumstances. Amongst these was Charlemagne, who came here in 774 to celebrate Easter, and seven years afterwards Pope Adrian I. baptized Pepin Charlemagne's son, in St. Peter's. And in 800 the same Charlemagne, having totally defeated the enemies of the Church, entered into Rome in triumph, together with the Pontiff St. Leo III., and was solemnly crowned Emperor by this Pontiff in the Vatican Basilica. Over a thousand years have passed since then, and in its earlier course this millennium has been lightened up by the presence in Rome of other French Monarchs. In 823 St. Paschal I. crowned in Rome the Emperor Lothar-

mixed up in the case, neither the Generals Mercier, Billot and Goss, nor the Colonels du Paty le Clain and Henry, nor yet Major Esterhazy, came from Jesuit schools. General Boisdeffre, who spent two years of his childhood in one of these institutions, was the sole exception. Not one single pupil of the Jesuits was on his staff, and among the roughly speaking, 1,600 members of the general staff there were but nine or ten such pupils. Among the members of the court marshal of 1894 there was not one of those who sat in 1899 there was only one who had been educated by the Jesuits, and he was generally supposed to have voted in favor of an acquittal. Of the six witnesses six were ex-pupils of the Jesuits and three of them gave evidence in favor of the accused. These are the facts.

(To be continued.)

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. W. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

ius I.; in 844 Pope Sergius II. crowned the son of Lotharius, Lodovicus II., King of the Longobards; and this same King returned to Rome in 858 to the consecration of Pope Nicholas I., and held the stirrup of the horse which the Pope rode. And so in the early ages the history of the Popes is lightened up by the record of the friendship and devotion of the Kings of France towards the Holy See.

Yet the history of later years is eloquent with touching events in which the devotion of the people of France led them to make heroic sacrifices for the sake of the Pontiff. In the National French Church in Rome, St. Louis des Français, there are many memorials of this heroic devotion to the cause of the Roman Pontiff. There is the tomb of General George Pimodan, who fell at the battle of Castelfidardo defending the rights of the Apostolic See. There also is the monument that covers the bones of the French officers and soldiers who fell during the siege of Rome, when the Eternal City was ruled by Mazzini and his colleagues. Yes, there are memories in Rome of French devotedness to the Church and the Pontiff that can never be forgotten, even in such sad days as the present, when the people seem to be helpless in the hands of their enemies.

All the officials of State, with King Victor Emmanuel III. and the Count of Turin and Prince Thomas of Savoy, went to the station on Sunday afternoon to receive the President of the Republic. The soldiers of the best regiments—cavalry and infantry—were on duty, and a group of red-shirted Garibaldians, some of them old enough and maimed enough to be genuine veterans of wars which ceased 31 years ago, were also waiting within the space allotted to celebrities and worthy representatives of the State. No one who knows the shady history of the making of modern Italy would exclude their claims—and irregularity was turned to account for that object.

M. Loubet and King Victor sat together in a grand royal carriage. The latter, who returned the salutes of the people in going up to the station, gave to his guest, Loubet, the whole honors on the return journey. M. Loubet wore the usual chimney-pot hat of the day, and had to lift it constantly on his way down to the Quirinal. He was dressed in black evening dress, and was in that way distinguished conspicuously from his surroundings—the royal guard in silver helmets and polished steel corselets, and shining swords; the coachman and footman, in powdered hair and scarlet coats; the officers in gold lace and sparkling decorations; in fact, M. Loubet, in his plain black clothes and indistinguishable air, seen in this gay company, reminded one of a Daniel in a den of lions—very notable lions, too.

The President went through the regular forms followed by the rest of the royal visitors. He came out on the balcony of the Quirinal Palace, which is flanked on either side by the great recumbent statues of St. Peter and St. Paul—and there, where of old the Sovereign Pontiff was accustomed to appear and bless the people of Rome, this representative of the enemies of the Pontiff saluted the acclaiming crowds that stood below. Everyone who has lived much in Rome knows how much those cheers cost the country, and how the reduced railroad fares flood the city with thoughtless folks from the country places, who are good for any demonstration. It is to be hoped that M. Loubet was not troubled by the historic imagination; otherwise he might be embarrassed by the thoughts that his position would naturally engender in the mind of one who was a Catholic, at least by baptism. Over against him, across the Tiber, rose the great dome of St. Peter's, and near it the buildings of the Vatican. It was part of his policy to shut his eyes to the fact that there was the residence of the Head of the Church, of which he, the President, was still a member, and, by duty bound, an obedient son.

Undoubtedly, M. Loubet remembered the words issued from the Vatican a few days before: "That which certainly is not ignored by anyone is the very serious offence which is about to be done to the Pope by the visit to Rome, in the present conditions, by the Head of a Catholic State." Perhaps M. Loubet did not think at all, but drowned his recollection in the rush and movement of the fetes that Italian Rome prepared for him. At the grand dinner given by the King, when the formal toasts were interchanged, the royal host spoke in his native Italian, and M. Loubet replied in his native French. Neither said anything noticeable, beyond phrases of the usual kind. M. Loubet has been taught how to say nothing, and say it very well. A review of the army, a visit to the desolate widowed Queen Margaret, visits to the Breach of Porta Pia—where, doubtless, he shed a tear over the Frenchman who died here defending the Rome of the Popes!—to the French Academy, and other places, were all accomplished according to the programme. The Vatican was ignored in the programme of visits. One does not see how it could be visited. A French Catholic paper, commenting on the President's journey, notes that M. Loubet said in a note:

"I do not wish that my visit may have an anti-clerical character." The head of the Freemasons in Rome put forth a proclamation welcoming him with a triple battery of joy. "I am not committing an act of hostility. I am content to ignore the Pope." And, as the French paper put it, "The Chief of the French State cannot ignore! His ignoring is in injury." He gives no offence, he says; he does not visit; he simply ignores the Pope. Is not this ignoring the most serious of wrongs?

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The Head of a State of fourteen centuries old, which was always the support of the Holy See, the heir of the fairest tradition of the world, representing a protectorate which supposes the effective protection of Catholic interests, bound to the Pope by the bonds of a Concordat, maintaining an Ambassador to him, ignoring him? It is needless to pursue the consequences of this ignoring. Perhaps it is well for M. Loubet that he does not think of it, and that he stifles his conscience for the moment in the delight of his journey.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mrs. Dillon arrived in Rome on Sunday afternoon, a couple of hours after the arrival of President Loubet. They came from Naples in the same train that brought Wilhelm, Queen of Holland, to Rome. She waited for some minutes at the station, where she was visited by King Victor Emanuel, and after a brief conversation with him she proceeded northward. Mr. Dillon is considerably better in health than when he left Ireland. He contemplates remaining in Rome for a couple of weeks. It is nine years ago since he and Mrs. Dillon made their last visit to the Eternal City.

P. L. CONNELLAN. His Power Grows With Age.—How many medicines loudly blazoned as panaceas for all human ills have come and gone since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was first put upon the market? Yet it remains doing more good to humanity than any preparation more highly vaunted and extending its virtues wider and wider and in a larger circle every year. It is the medicine of the masses.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of May 1904.

Lighting Fixtures For Electricity or Gas. Church work a specialty. McDonald & Willson TORONTO



HOME. Poverty is no objection. Many good young men are poor. I would rather have the man without riches than great riches without the man.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN. Rev. J. D. Biden, rector of the Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y., has been giving a series of Tuesday evening instructions on matrimony, which are thoroughly appreciated by the large audiences that gather to hear him.

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Kidneys. This his Rheumatism and other Pains Vanished once and for all. His Case only one of many.

THE BORDELAISE MASS. The Bordelaise Mass, said to have been composed by the great Luigi, is found in most plain-chant manuals and is sometimes called Missa de Labitum or Messe de Bordeaux.

POPE PIUS X. Here is a remarkable coincidence. Dedicating to Mary Immaculate, as all of Mother Sixtus' works are his.

CHILDREN'S CORNER. THE NORTH POLE. "Johnny," said the teacher to a small pupil, "where is the North Pole?"

A BRIGHT ANSWER. W. F. Slaton, of Georgia, tells this bon mot of his twelve-year-old grandson.

HUGH AND HIS GRANDMOTHER. A little four-year-old friend of ours had been taught that a promise was sacred, and that if he made one he must keep it.

ON A GRAIN OF CORN. A Flemish artist has produced what is said to be the smallest painting in the world, says Tit-Bits.

AUNT JESSIE'S SHAWL. "What a pretty shawl that is, Aunt Jessie," said Carol, leaning her cheek against the soft, fluffy wool.

ANOTHER "MOTU PROPRIO" ON SACRED MUSIC

The Holy Father has issued the following "Motu Proprio":

By our "Motu Proprio" of the 22nd November, 1903, and by the subsequent Decree, published at our order by the Congregation of Sacred Rites on the 8th January, 1904, we restored to the Roman Church its ancient Gregorian Chant, that Chant which it has inherited from the fathers, which it has jealously guarded in its liturgical codes, and which the most recent studies have very happily brought back to its primitive purity.

And in order that everything may proceed with full knowledge on the part of all those who are, or will be, called by us to offer the tribute of their zeal to a work of so much importance, and in order also that the work may go on with due diligence and speed, we lay down the following rules:

(a) The melodies of the Church called Gregorian will be re-established in their entirety and purity of the faith of the most ancient codes, in such a way, however, that particular account will also be taken of legitimate tradition contained in manuscripts in the course of centuries and of the practical use of the modern liturgy.

(b) Owing to our special predilection for the Order of St. Benedict, recognizing the work done by the Benedictine Monks in the restoration of the genuine melodies of the Roman Church, especially by those of the French Congregation and of the Monastery of Solesmes, we desire that in this edition the editing of the parts which contain the Chant should be entrusted in particular to the Monks of the French Congregation and to the Monastery of Solesmes.

(c) The works thus prepared will be subjected to the examination and revision of the special Roman Commission recently established by us for this purpose. It lies under the sworn obligation of secrecy undertaken with regard to everything concerning the compilation of the texts and the process of the press; which obligation will also be extended to other persons outside the Commission who may be called on to help in the work.

(d) The appropriation to be given by us and our Congregation of Sacred Rites to Chant books thus composed and published will be of such a nature that it will no longer be lawful for any one to approve of liturgical books, if these, even in the parts which contain the Chant, are not entirely in conformity with the edition published by the Vatican Printing Office under our auspices, or, at least, are not, in the judgment of the Commission, conformable to the changes introduced can show to proceed from the authority of other good Gregorian manuscripts.

(e) The literary proprietorship of the Vatican edition is reserved to the Holy See. To publishers and printers of every nation who shall make the request and who upon definite conditions shall offer a sure guarantee of showing how to carry out the work we shall grant the favor of reproducing it freely, as best may please them, to make extracts from it, and to circulate copies of it wherever they desire.

Thus, with God's help, we confidently hope to be able to restore to the Church the unity of its traditional Chant in a manner corresponding to the science, the history, the art and the dignity of liturgical worship, so that, at least as present studies permit, reserving to ourselves and our successors the right of arranging otherwise.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 25th April, 1904, Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, in the first year of our Pontificate.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles.

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THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1904.

AN AUSPICIOUS DAY.

Blessed and encouraged by the Supreme Pontiff and by the representative dignitaries of the Church in North America, the rector and faculty of the University of Ottawa had the happiness on Monday last of witnessing the corner-stone laying of their new arts building.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

The French Government once more has been quick to seize upon a pretext for advancing its anti-Catholic and anti-Christian campaign.

"Whist the Holy See sent the French Government a formal and energetic protest for the offence suffered, it gave at the same time in analogous terms and by means of its representatives abroad announcement of all other states with which it has direct relations."

THE TIMES AND THE KING. The London Times, most loyal of all British institutions, watchdog of the union and guardian of the empire, has fallen upon evil days.

Reception to High Trustee McBrady. The Catholic Order of Foresters will tender a banquet at McConkeys' on the 30th to High Trustee L. V. McBrady, at which Chief Ranger Cannon, High Trustee Collier, High Treasurer Limback and High Trustee McGinley are expected to be present.

Piggott being dead and gone, there is every reason for believing that The Times made its latest alarming discovery without outside assistance.

There used to be an impression abroad that The Times was getting played out, that it was stupid and dotting, with a vicious tendency when its prejudices were crossed.

We leave it to our readers how much the particular Irish speeches of the King that have alarmed the loyalists in Printing House Square are properly subject to condemnation.

"Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of the Queen and myself for your most hearty welcome to your ancient city, which is famed both in the religious and political annals of Ireland.

We need not analyze the language too closely to appreciate the disappointment of The Times over this speech. The fame of Kilkenny the King chose to connect with the religious and political annals of Ireland.

"I thank you for your loyal and hearty welcome to the Queen and myself on the occasion of our first visit to this ancient city. I am gratified by your recognition of the interest which I take in all that concerns the welfare of Ireland and the prosperity and happiness of my people here.

Again he approved "the new spirit abroad in Ireland." Hence the intervention of The Times. Therefore may we look for a new series of articles, putting in the shade those memorable epistles of Piggott on "Parnellism and crime."

Jack on Sea a Good Catholic. The Toronto priest who is the first English-speaking missionary to the Chinese Catholic Mission at Ning Po, furnishes some interesting facts about the difficulties of preaching the faith in that field.

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Newfoundland's Vexed Question Settled

(For The Register.)

ARTICLE I.

The so-called French Shore dispute has at last been settled. For nigh two hundred years did the French fishermen hold sway for 800 miles on the Newfoundland coast.

Downing Street, April 12, 1904. Newfoundland, No. 9.

1. The general effect of the Convention dealing with Newfoundland is that France renounces, in return for important territorial concessions in other parts of the Empire and in consideration of the grant of a pecuniary compensation to the French citizens engaged in fishing or the preparation of fish on the Treaty Shore, the privileges established to her advantage by Article XIII. of the Treaty of Utrecht and confirmed or modified by subsequent provisions, withdrawing her claim to the right of fishing in the rivers of the Colony which retains only the right of fishing on equal terms with British fishermen in the waters of the Treaty Coast during the usual summer fishery season subject to the local regulations or laws relating to the establishment of a close time or to the improvement of the fisheries.

2. As a supplement to the Convention, notes have been exchanged between the two governments providing for the reciprocal recognition, of the Convention coming into force, of a British Consul at St. Pierre and a French Consul at St. John's.

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4. Notes have been exchanged respecting the significance attached by His Majesty's Government to the words "stake nets or fixed engines" which occur in paragraph 3 of Article II, and respecting the fact that the permission accorded to French citizens in paragraph 2 of the same Article to enter ports and harbors on the Treaty Coast and there obtain supplies or bait or shelter on the same conditions as the inhabitants of Newfoundland.

5. Copies of these various notes are enclosed for the information of your Ministers.

Trip Through the County of Renfrew

(From our special correspondent.)

The typographical or proof-reading fiend whose work of destruction has caused the ruin of many an honest man, appears to have taken up his abode—for a short time, let me hope—in the office of The Catholic Register.

Father John McNulty, a missionary priest, well known in the early years of settlement in the County of Renfrew, was a native of the County of Mayo, Ireland, having been born at the foot of Crouch Phau, and in close proximity to the birth-place of that other Cannanaghman renowned for his zeal, his eloquence, his devotion and his obligations of true citizenship, and his unquenchable love of Ireland—the late Archbishop McHale of Tuam.

The life of the early missionary in Renfrew, as well as in all other places where he has been met, has been full of startling, if not oftentimes of amusing incidents. It was about the year 1852 that Father John crossed the Ottawa River from what was then called Lower Canada, reaching the Upper Province at Partridge Bay.

A most amusing description of that march over mountain and valley, swamps and swills, creeks, quagmire and corduroy bridges, bush, briar and brake, has been given to me many years ago by Mr. Michael Callaghan, who formed one of the escort, and who arranged the whole programme of ceremonies attending it.

6. Permanent legislation by the Colony will be required for the carrying out of Regulations to be drawn up under the Convention for the policing of the joint fishery, etc., but your Ministers will be consulted and have full opportunity of expressing their views on the terms of any such Regulations before they are agreed to by His Majesty's Government.

7. It is with much satisfaction that I find myself able to name the names of the Government, to congratulate the Government and the people of Newfoundland on the signature of a Convention which puts an end to a situation on the Treaty Shore which for nearly two hundred years has given rise to difficulties and anxieties of the most serious character.

8. I rely confidently on the full and ready co-operation of your government in giving effect to the provisions of the Convention. I have, etc.

"front" to see what a thing of joy civilization is. Would that many of the Irishmen whom I have encountered in congested localities of certain towns and cities of Ontario had been taken away from the influences of the "civilization" under which they live, and transported as were the farmers who are now dwelling happily in the western regions of the County of Renfrew!

ABOUT SIXTEEN MILES WESTWARD THE VILLAGE OF DOUGLAS

is reached. Here there are located two railway stations, one being on a branch of the C.P.R. which runs from the town of Renfrew to the village of Eganville, and the other on the line of the Canada Atlantic Railway, which has its terminus at Parry Sound on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Douglas, which is washed on the south side by the waters of the Bonnechere, rests on the slope of one of those lofty hills which one has no difficulty in encountering in the County of Renfrew, and from its summit, whether looking to the south or to the west, a most enchanting view presents itself.

RAMBLER.

Catholics and University Education

A correspondent, referring to the recent meeting of Catholic laymen in Cornwall, mentioned in last week's Register, writes in part as follows:

It would be calamitous were the President of Ottawa University or anyone in a similar position to regard a movement such as that inaugurated at Cornwall with anything but a friendly spirit.

Nor need it be feared that the various Catholic colleges will suffer under such a scheme. They suffer at the present time from apathy. For example, the president of Ottawa University points to the Reginald College, Kingston, an old institution with 50 students at the present time. With such a showing, in such a centre, there is evidence of more than apathy—dry rot.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director

His Lordship Dr. McDonald Leaves for Home

Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, left for Westville, N.S., on Thursday at noon. His Lordship had been nearly ten months confined to his room at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal. During that time he had three operations performed, but he has not been completely restored to health.

Protestants who visited the Bishop at the Hotel Dieu were charmed at their reception and were loud in their praise of such a noble and charming character.

He will remain a few weeks at Westville with his brother, Rev. Father Roderic McDonald, P.P., and will arrive home in July. The secretary, Rev. Father Murphy, accompanied Bishop McDonald.

Montreal, May 23, 1904.

Barrie Correspondence

Last Wednesday and Thursday Mrs. Daniel Quinlan held her post nuptial reception which was a most pleasant event for the numerous friends who were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan received in their pretty drawing-room, assisted by her mother (Mrs. Blain) and Miss Mahony, while the lovely tea-room decorated with roses, carnations and smilax, was managed by the Misses Quinlan, McCormick, Blain and Graham, who delightfully served the delectable viands.

The Rev. Dean Egan announced last Sunday in his congregation that the long standing debt on St. Mary's church has been fully paid.

MEN AND WOMEN

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Ottawa University New Buildings

(Continued from page 1.)

blem of salvation. Wherever England has proclaimed her laws, there the Catholic missionary has announced the Gospel, and wherever England has built a fort or a customs house, there the missionary of Christ has raised a chapel or a church to the service of Almighty God. (Applause.)

France's Contribution.

But there is another nation which should be dear to the heart of every Canadian, a nation which centuries ago sent to this country her sons and daughters, who were the pioneers of religion and of civilization. For three centuries after the discovery of the American continent missionaries from France crossed the Atlantic and explored our rivers, our mountains and our lakes, carrying the civilization of older lands. They held the torch of faith in one hand and the torch of sincerity in the other, and the charts and maps which they sent back to Europe are regarded, even to this day, as models of topographical accuracy. As an evidence of the success which rewarded their efforts, I may remark that there is to-day scarcely a single Indian tribe on the continent, in the United States or Canada, which does not respect and venerate the black robe. (Applause.)

Bless Ye the Lord.

And now, reverend fathers, let me say to you if those pioneers did so much in the cause of Christian religion, when they had no ships but frail canoes, when they had to struggle amid winter snows, virgin forests and desert wastes, when they had no compass but the naked eye, when they had no guide except faith and hope and God, how much can you, missionaries of the Lord, effect in the days of railways, steamboats and other appliances of modern conveniences? Yes, we bless you all, you men of genius; we bless your inventions and we will impress you into the service of religion; we will make of you the handmen of God, and we will say: "Sun and moon, bless the Lord; lightning and clouds, bless the Lord; fire and heat, bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever."

My friends, this day shall be forever memorable in the annals of Ottawa. This day is sacred to the memory of an illustrious Queen, whose long and eventful reign shed luster over the British Empire, and whose domestic virtues commanded the admiration of the civilized world. This is also a red letter day in the cause of Christianity. We are assembled to-day to lay the cornerstone of a new edifice, of a new university, and I have reason to hope and to believe that this new temple, to be devoted to science and religion, will surpass the old temple in the majesty and beauty of its architecture, in the splendor of its appointments and in the number of its patrons and students.

"Arise, be enlightened, oh Jerusalem! For thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and the kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see. All these are gathered together; they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar. And then shall they see and abound, and thy heart shall widen and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee; the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

A Triple Alliance.

God grant, my brethren, that these words of the great Isaiah may be appropriated in the future glory of this university, when thousands of the sons of Canada will issue forth from its portals, clothed with a panoply of truth and justice, and carrying these words of God in behalf of God and of their beloved country. And I am sure in the providence of God that you shall succeed. Where the Bishop and the clergy and the people are united there is no such word as fail. You form a triple cord which cannot be broken—you constitute a triple alliance far more formidable than the triple alliance of German, of Austria and of Italy, because yours is an alliance in the cause of humanity, of righteousness and of civilization. And why should you not succeed, if you consider the great aim which you have in view? Are you not all children of the same Father, brothers and sisters of the same Christ, temples of the same spirit? There are diversities of congregations, but the same spirit. There are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; there are diversities of opinion, but the same God that worketh all in all. We are all in the same bark, tossed about by the same storm, and starting towards the same sternity—prospective citizens of the Kingdom of God. Go on, then, my friends, be encouraged to-day to help the rector and your venerable Archbishop, unite together as one man in erecting here another monument in the beautiful city of Ottawa. Work

together, hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, to build up the walls of the spiritual Zion, and register to-day this vow in the language of the great prophet of old:—"If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgetful; let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee and always bless thee, oh city of God, among the first of my choice." (Loud applause.)

Bishop Emard of Valleyfield followed with an eloquent address in French, in which he gave a dramatic account of the burning of the university, and foretold its reconstruction and future prosperity.

Lord Minto's Address.

The Governor-General said:—"Your Eminence, Monseigneur, ladies and gentlemen,—I rejoice in the opportunity afforded me of taking part in this ceremony today, a ceremony which his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has so kindly consented to honor. I join, I am sure, with all of you in welcoming his Eminence to Ottawa, and in recognizing in him one who has not only for many years occupied the position of a great dignitary of the Church of Rome on the Continent of America, but who has done much by his distinguished influence to direct and control the modern thought and perhaps somewhat speculative religious tendencies of the new world. But, ladies and gentlemen, brilliant as to-day's gathering is, I know that to many of us the recollection of a bright winter morning a very little time ago must still be vividly present, when, in little over an hour, a cruel fire, that danger which would seem to be so constantly with us here, had reduced to a few smoking skeletons the edifice we all knew so well, and had cast upon the community a grief for the loss of brave lives that could ill be spared. But, monseigneur, what would any university be without the recuperative powers of youth? And sad though the loss has been to Ottawa, we cannot but feel that in to-day's ceremony we are celebrating the inauguration of a new building, that will be architecturally worthy of the capital of the Dominion. I hope that from within its walls many distinguished men may go forth to contribute to the history of their country. We may look back on the early days of the college of Bytown and of the college of Ottawa, and on the birth of the university before confederation, with its charter from our own great Queen Victoria, and its recognition by his Holiness the Pope, and we can gratefully recognize the services rendered to the educational wants of Canada. Still more can we look forward to the possibilities of the future, to the benefits offered by a university education on broad lines, to a great and growing city, and we gladly recognize that the capital of the Dominion is offering a fitting home, not only to students of literature and art, but to the scientist, the surveyor, the engineer and the electrician, on whose early training the development of the mighty resources of this country so directly depends. And I cannot but feel, your Eminence, that the ceremony you have so kindly attended on this beautiful spring day—dedicated to the memory of our beloved Queen—would appear to hold out a cheerful promise of all the blessings we so earnestly desire for the future of the University of Ottawa. (Loud applause.)

Lunch in Rideau Park.

At 1 o'clock a luncheon was served in the Rideau Park, where covers were laid for over one hundred guests, including the students in attendance at the university.

Archbishop Duhamel, Chancellor of the university, presided, and at the table of honor were Lord Minto, Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Sbarretti, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Rev. Dr. Emery, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Sir Sandford Fleming, Archbishop Bruchesi, Archbishop O'Connor, Mr. Speaker Belcourt, Mr. Speaker Power, Bishop MacDonell, Bishop Lorrain; President Loudon, Toronto; Mr. R. L. Borden, M. P.; Bishop Emard, Ven. Archdeacon Bogart, Hon. R. Harcourt, United States Consul-General Foster, Rev. Dr. Herridge, Rev. Canon Low, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Messrs. Charles Marcell, M. P., Denis Mahony, M. P. P., and F. D. Monk, M. P.

The Chancellor Speaks.

The toasts were preceded by an address from the Chancellor of the university, in which his Grace expressed his deep gratitude to those who had honored the proceedings by their presence. He alluded particularly to the Governor-General and Cardinal Gibbons. His Grace spoke of King Edward as the good king who governed so illustriously the great British Empire, and had on many occasions shown his sympathy with the people. He said that Ottawa University would continue to send forth good Christians and good citizens. The toast of the King was drunk in silence.

The Pope's Wishes.

Mgr. Sbarretti responded for his Holiness the Pope, and read the following cablegram expressive of the Pope's good wishes:—"Rome, May 23. Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa, Canada: The Holy Father rejoices that to-morrow, under the auspices of Mary, the helper of Christians, there will be laid the cornerstone of the edifice destined to replace the university building which was burned. He bestows his Apostolic benediction on the prelates, clergy and faithful who will take part in the ceremonies. It is his hope that the commendable efforts of the well-deserving Oblate Fathers of Mary immaculate may soon be crowned with success. (Signed Cardinal Merry Del Val.)"

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Budget of Hamilton News

(Special to The Catholic Register.)
 Hamilton, May 26.—The Feast of Pentecost was appropriately observed in all the Catholic churches of the city on Sunday last. The low mass at 7.30 at St. Mary's Cathedral was conducted by Rev. Father Watson of the Dominican Order. He is on his way from Staffordshire, Eng., to the interior missions in China, and will sail from San Francisco in June. Rev. Father Vaschilde of St. Michael's College, Toronto, was also in the city over Sunday and celebrated the children's mass at 9 o'clock in the same church. He delivered an eloquent sermon at the high mass. Pentecost was the subject. His Lordship Archbishop Dowling was also present and gave the Papal Blessing after mass. Rev. Father O'Handley preached in the evening. Large congregations were present and there was special music by the choir.

As announced last week, special collections were taken up at each of the masses in the cathedral and the proceeds are in aid of St. Joseph's Hospital. The Sisters of that institution took up the collection and the congregation responded generously. This was the first time in fourteen years that a collection has been taken up for the purpose, and at the high mass His Lordship the Bishop appealed to the people to contribute, as the money was for such a worthy purpose.

DEATH OF MRS. MARKS.

A most estimable lady and highly respected resident of this city passed away on Saturday last in the person of Mrs. Lucy Ann Marks, wife of the late Edward Marks. A host of friends and acquaintances deeply regret her death. She was born in Ireland and was 67 years of age. She had resided here half a century. A group-up family is left to mourn her loss. They are W. H. Casey, Detroit; Charles E. Marks, of the Gurney Tilden Co., city; Fred Marks, George Marks and Edward Marks, sons, and one daughter, Mrs. J. H. Tilden, wife of Mr. Tilden of the Gurney-Tilden Co.

The funeral took place at 8.30 on Tuesday from her late residence, 285 John street north, to St. Mary's Cathedral, and thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery for interment. It was very largely attended.

DEATH OF MRS. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards, wife of Mr. Vincent Edwards, passed away on Sunday evening last. Deceased had been ill about two years and for the past three years had been confined to her bed. The end was not unexpected. She was an estimable lady, a loving mother and good neighbor, and a host of friends will deeply regret her taking off. Mrs. Edwards was 58 years of age and for half a century had been a resident of this city. Her husband and family of six are left to mourn her loss. The sons are William, Francis, Joseph and Vincent, and the daughters, Mrs. McEhan and Mrs. Lock of this city. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning at 8.30 to St. Joseph's church and was well attended.

INTERESTING BRIEFS.

Mr. Victor Thoret, a well known resident of this city, passed away last week at his late residence, Cannon street west, after a long illness. He was well liked by all who knew him. A widow and grown-up family survive. The funeral was to St. Mary's Cathedral and was a large one.

One week from Sunday will be an important day in the cathedral churches of the city. As previously announced it will be celebrated on an elaborate scale in St. Mary's Cathedral. All arrangements for the day are being completed and with good weather it should be a big success. A large class of children are prepared to make their first Holy Communion.

A host of friends will be delighted to hear of the improvement in the condition of Rev. Father Hauck, pastor of St. Joseph's church, who has been seriously ill in St. Joseph's Hospital. His recovery is now hoped for. This church has been very unfortunate in a way with its pastors. Rev. Father Hinchey passed away two years ago after a long illness, Father Donovan was obliged to resign on account of ill health, and now Rev. Father Hauck is ill.

Rev. Father Ferguson of the Cathedral staff, who was also ill, has recovered and is able to resume his work.

STRATFORD

Mr. Michael Burns of Toronto, representing the Boone Presse of Paris, France, and Turgis Fils of the same place is in the city with a full supply of Catholic art goods, and is meeting with good success. He is calling on the Catholic people of this parish.

Mr. M. De Lafranier, who for many years has been one of our best photographers, has purchased the hotel and premises of Mr. Rafreitsch, of Seburville, and left with his wife and family for that place on Monday last. De Lafranier's personal popularity is a sufficient guarantee that he will do well. He has for many years made a special study of faces and knows just how to please. While Stratford loses a good citizen, Seburville makes the gain. We wish "Mase" every success.

Mr. M. H. Killoran, merchant of this city, is at present dangerously ill at his home on Erie street. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

Rev. Father Tobin, late of St. Joseph's church, this city, is at present at the London Hospital. Father Tobin's condition is improving, which we are glad to learn. We hope to see him in active service again, restored to health and prosperity.

Mr. J. J. Coughlin and bride have returned to the city and have taken up their residence corner Brunswick and Nile streets.

No doubt many who have gone wrong on earth will be higher in Heaven than those who have forgotten charity in smothering their wealth.

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TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, ETC.
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Completed His Fiftieth Year at the Type Business

Mr. John Foley of Mont St. Marie avenue, Montreal, completed his fiftieth year in the type business on May 24th. Mr. Foley has a remarkable career in the business, and is at present in the employ of the Toronto Type Foundry of this city. He entered the type business in the employment of the late Charles T. Pasgrave of the Montreal Type Foundry, situated at that time at the corner of St. Helen and Lempiere streets, on the 24th May, 1854, and remained in his employment for 18 years, the business being then changed to Nos. 13, 14 and 15 Cheoneville street, under the name of the Dominion Type Foundry Co., Limited. With the new management he worked 26 years until they went into liquidation in 1898. He and the late Peter A. Crosby, purchased the business and continued it for one year, when the Toronto Type Foundry purchased it and is still doing a good business. Mr. Foley has made type for all the leading papers, both French and English, of the Dominion. He made the greater part of the first dress that our leading English paper of the Dominion, The Star, of this city, was printed with, and he helped to make subsequent ones. No later than this year he has made about 5 1/2 points for the same paper. Mr. John Foley could write a history about the important changes that have taken place in the manufacture of type during his long and useful career. Mr. Foley is still hale and hearty and can do as much at present as when he was a much younger man. He takes pride in being styled "An Old Veteran" at his business. Mr. Foley is still true to Old Ireland, his native country, and watches with deep interest her struggles and her triumphs in the cause of Home Rule. He is also well known for his work in connection with the Catholic Sailors' Club of this city. He is a warm supporter of The Register, being a subscriber to the paper for the past ten years. He is a member of St. Anthony's Parish. The Register congratulates Mr. Foley on the completion of half a century at his avocation and wishes both him and his good wife many more years of peace, joy and prosperity.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

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Twenty-six volumes of the True Witness, commencing with its first issue in August, 1850, edited by the late lamented George E. Clerk. These volumes are nicely bound, in perfect order and consecutive, containing most valuable information regarding English-speaking Catholic interests in Canada, it being at that period the exponent of their views in the country. This is the only known complete set of the publication. Address "True Witness" Office, Montreal.

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The funeral took place at 8.30 on Tuesday from her late residence, 285 John street north, to St. Mary's Cathedral, and thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery for interment. It was very largely attended.

DEATH OF MRS. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards, wife of Mr. Vincent Edwards, passed away on Sunday evening last. Deceased had been ill about two years and for the past three years had been confined to her bed. The end was not unexpected. She was an estimable lady, a loving mother and good neighbor, and a host of friends will deeply regret her taking off. Mrs. Edwards was 58 years of age and for half a century had been a resident of this city. Her husband and family of six are left to mourn her loss. The sons are William, Francis, Joseph and Vincent, and the daughters, Mrs. McEhan and Mrs. Lock of this city. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning at 8.30 to St. Joseph's church and was well attended.

INTERESTING BRIEFS.

Mr. Victor Thoret, a well known resident of this city, passed away last week at his late residence, Cannon street west, after a long illness. He was well liked by all who knew him. A widow and grown-up family survive. The funeral was to St. Mary's Cathedral and was a large one.

One week from Sunday will be an important day in the cathedral churches of the city. As previously announced it will be celebrated on an elaborate scale in St. Mary's Cathedral. All arrangements for the day are being completed and with good weather it should be a big success. A large class of children are prepared to make their first Holy Communion.

A host of friends will be delighted to hear of the improvement in the condition of Rev. Father Hauck, pastor of St. Joseph's church, who has been seriously ill in St. Joseph's Hospital. His recovery is now hoped for. This church has been very unfortunate in a way with its pastors. Rev. Father Hinchey passed away two years ago after a long illness, Father Donovan was obliged to resign on account of ill health, and now Rev. Father Hauck is ill.

Rev. Father Ferguson of the Cathedral staff, who was also ill, has recovered and is able to resume his work.

STRATFORD

Mr. Michael Burns of Toronto, representing the Boone Presse of Paris, France, and Turgis Fils of the same place is in the city with a full supply of Catholic art goods, and is meeting with good success. He is calling on the Catholic people of this parish.

Mr. M. De Lafranier, who for many years has been one of our best photographers, has purchased the hotel and premises of Mr. Rafreitsch, of Seburville, and left with his wife and family for that place on Monday last. De Lafranier's personal popularity is a sufficient guarantee that he will do well. He has for many years made a special study of faces and knows just how to please. While Stratford loses a good citizen, Seburville makes the gain. We wish "Mase" every success.

Mr. M. H. Killoran, merchant of this city, is at present dangerously ill at his home on Erie street. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

Rev. Father Tobin, late of St. Joseph's church, this city, is at present at the London Hospital. Father Tobin's condition is improving, which we are glad to learn. We hope to see him in active service again, restored to health and prosperity.

Mr. J. J. Coughlin and bride have returned to the city and have taken up their residence corner Brunswick and Nile streets.

No doubt many who have gone wrong on earth will be higher in Heaven than those who have forgotten charity in smothering their wealth.

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Completed His Fiftieth Year at the Type Business

Mr. John Foley of Mont St. Marie avenue, Montreal, completed his fiftieth year in the type business on May 24th. Mr. Foley has a remarkable career in the business, and is at present in the employ of the Toronto Type Foundry of this city. He entered the type business in the employment of the late Charles T. Pasgrave of the Montreal Type Foundry, situated at that time at the corner of St. Helen and Lempiere streets, on the 24th May, 1854, and remained in his employment for 18 years, the business being then changed to Nos. 13, 14 and 15 Cheoneville street, under the name of the Dominion Type Foundry Co., Limited. With the new management he worked 26 years until they went into liquidation in 1898. He and the late Peter A. Crosby, purchased the business and continued it for one year, when the Toronto Type Foundry purchased it and is still doing a good business. Mr. Foley has made type for all the leading papers, both French and English, of the Dominion. He made the greater part of the first dress that our leading English paper of the Dominion, The Star, of this city, was printed with, and he helped to make subsequent ones. No later than this year he has made about 5 1/2 points for the same paper. Mr. John Foley could write a history about the important changes that have taken place in the manufacture of type during his long and useful career. Mr. Foley is still hale and hearty and can do as much at present as when he was a much younger man. He takes pride in being styled "An Old Veteran" at his business. Mr. Foley is still true to Old Ireland, his native country, and watches with deep interest her struggles and her triumphs in the cause of Home Rule. He is also well known for his work in connection with the Catholic Sailors' Club of this city. He is a warm supporter of The Register, being a subscriber to the paper for the past ten years. He is a member of St. Anthony's Parish. The Register congratulates Mr. Foley on the completion of half a century at his avocation and wishes both him and his good wife many more years of peace, joy and prosperity.

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HELEN DANVER'S LOVE

(New Ireland.)

It was a dreary old mansion, fronted with tall beach and sycamore trees, and backed by a stretch of wood that went away towards the blue sky. Brown with age, it stood unchanged for years—few crossed the threshold—few knew the faces of the portraits that hung on the walls within—and the time when its roof echoed to the sounds of mirth and wassail, was unremembered even by the oldest resident near.

De Burgo Castle, for such was its name, stood in the centre of a blooming, rich, champaign country. Almost at its feet, under a slope of trees, ran a stream—bordered by foliage and fringed with water-lilies—and beyond the stream (which was spanned by an old wooden bridge), there nestled the village of Carrickmore, with its old church tower and belfry, its row of houses that guarded on each side the single street of the village. Farther away the eye might perceive dotting the landscape the white-washed farm-houses of a comfortable people. Oh! it was, my friend, a pleasant place to woe the summer, if youth and poetry were linked together, and if autumn had not browned the green leaves of early passions and aspirations. No one ever passed the road by the old mansion that did not give it more than a momentary glance. It did not look like a haunted house, but it looked still and lifeless (if I may use the expression). The parting sun flung its rays on the windows, creating a panoramic effect too brilliant for conception, and the dark-grey clouds of winter flung darker shadows there than anywhere around.

Roger de Burgo, half a century before our story opened, went abroad, leaving orders to a faithful steward to keep everything unchanged until his return. But he returned not—and the years went by until Andrew Sheehan's hairs were gray, and his heart sick for the sight of his master's face. Yearly, an agent from Dublin, Mr. Danvers, came to collect the rents—stayed a few days and departed. The old man walked through the deserted rooms like a guardian spirit until he was laid to rest in Carrickmore graveyard. His son succeeded him, and Mr. Danvers's son succeeded him, and Roger de Burgo was forgotten. The people, as long as they were happy on the property, cared not who was its master.

There are changes in everything and one day the new Mr. Danvers started the neighborhood by coming out of his usual time. He summoned all the tenantry to meet him at the hall-door, and, in breathless silence, said it was his painful duty to bear the information that Mr. Roger de Burgo, the landlord, was dead, at a good old age, in Paris, without issue, and that he willed Castle de Burgo, in recognition of services performed, to Mr. Martham Danvers. He also bequeathed some few hundreds in charity to the poor of the neighborhood, which he would be happy to disburse, and he trusted that his relations as landlord to the tenantry would be as agreeable as that of agent.

So Roger de Burgo was resuscitated to be flung into oblivion again. The charity was distributed, and a few months previous to the opening of his narrative, Mr. Danvers, with his wife and daughter, came to live in the old mansion of the De Burgos. Mr. Danvers was not loved for all his goodness. The "old stock" were not brought prominently to heart until the stranger came in their place. Only then it was wondered that the "master" never returned and wise heads sagged when the matter was discussed by the green ditch-bank on pleasant Sunday evenings. The peasantry are suspicious of lawyers, and Danvers was one, sharp and acute as any of his tribe. Good judges of character, although of humble rank, they remarked that the neighboring gentry shunned him, and no one liked his hooked nose or his smile. That smile was very peculiar—too sweet to be wholesome. Let us, with this prelude, change the scene.

It was a cold, chill night in Dublin city—a bitter December wind rattled through the spars of the river shipping—moaned round Carlisle Bridge, beat angrily against the English sailor's monument, and swept strange glimmers homeward in a zig-zag course, by the dull lamplight. We will pass this well-lit mansion in the square—where the gay are making merry—and turn down this narrow lane, with its archway sheltering the guardian policeman, until we stand beneath the light twinkling through the window-pane of a black, shattered, old house. A rickety stairs brings us into a poorly-furnished room.

There is only one occupant in it—an old man sitting on a chair by the fire. His hair is gray and long, falling on his shoulders; his beard is also long and trails down "ragged and unkempt," and there is a strange fire in his twinkling eyes, as he turns them now and again to the candle on the table. A pallet in the corner stands as bed—a few cooking utensils—and the only things remarkable otherwise are a pile of books and some drawing materials on a shelf.

Every five minutes, as the wind rattled louder against the outside, he muttered to himself. "Bah!" at last he growled. "The boy must hear more. Still he ought to be here now. This night twenty years was a wilder and darker night for me. I swore then, and am yet unavenged—yet—yet—yet—as he went on he clasped his withered hands tightly—"but I feel I have life enough yet. Did I tell Eugene he would spoil all; he has too much of his father's softness in him; but here he comes."

A light step sounded on the creaking stairs, and in a second a young man about twenty years of age entered—a full and athletic appearance with a frank, open face. He offered a remarkable contrast to the old man.

"Well, it is a bitter night, grandfather. I never felt so cold as I did coming down—why, it is fearful. Do you feel it here?" "No, Eugene, not in the least, my boy. What news?" he inquired, turning his eyes on the young man, who was divesting himself of a heavy coat.

"Bad, as usual. I could get nothing to do. I called to Mr. Danvers, as you desired me, and gave him your note. He said I could not test testimonials from Sir Richard Mansfield,

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as you said he would reconsider it; but that, you know, can't be done—for Sir Richard does not know poor people like us." The old man turned almost fiercely, and muttered the word "Us!" His grandson started, but the old man calmly said: "Eugene O'Connell! if we are poor we cannot help it. But why say poor? You are not poor in mind—you have education, which I toiled to give you—you have learned what a gentleman requires to know at the sacrifice of many a crust. Now listen—" "Grandfather, I did not mean—" "I know; but Danvers refused you. We shall see if he refuses me." The old man arose and walked towards the wall, where a cloak was hanging, and before his grandson could speak had folded it around him. "Call a cab, as the night is wet, and—" "Grandfather," interrupted Eugene, "this is madness. It is ten o'clock and besides we have no money." "Here is money!"—and he placed some silver in his hand—"Go—ohy!" A few minutes after he drove into the darkness. Eugene paced the room. "He must be mad," he cried. "Mad—mad! Go to Danvers! And money—here's a mystery." The mystery was increased when, in an hour afterwards, the old man returned. "Here is the letter of your appointment. Eugene, Mr. Danvers could not give you his head clerkship; but, instead, he gives you the post of assistant agent on his property at De Burgo Castle, which is of greater value; and to-morrow you must leave. Come, go to rest."

Astonishment was depicted on Eugene O'Connell's face but he made but one observation. "Grandfather, solve this mystery." "It will solve itself" was the answer, and then he forbade any future remark. In the morning when Eugene awoke the old man was gone, leaving a note and a package. The note ran thus: "Grandson—I leave you now to yourself; it is better for both. Do not open that package until you hear from me again, as you will. If you do not hear in five years, open it then.—Your affectionate grandfather, William O'Connell." "Mystery still! Good God! it has been so since I was a child," said Eugene; "and now he is gone. Well, I go too."

So it ran along for two whole years, and Eugene O'Connell was agent on Mr. Danvers's property, and Mr. Danvers was very kind to him—very civil, rather. The mystery remained unsolved, his grandfather wrote once a year, but gave no trace of his address. Still there was another mystery more oppressive to this young man that grew up, among the beech-trees by the lonely mansion. He was in love at the end of two years—in love with Helen Danvers, his employer's daughter.

How could it be otherwise? Down in that champaign country, in the midst of all things beautiful, Helen Danvers was a "flower among flowers." She was a tall, gentle girl, with bright grey eyes and fair hair, with lily hands and rosebud lips, and a heart all kindness, all love. And he was a fine, frank fellow. And somehow they met in their walks, and they talked of poetry and art, and Helen Danvers secretly wondered how her father's agent could be such a cultivated gentleman. He could sketch, and he knew languages; he rode well, and played well; and Mrs. Danvers thought what a lucky thing it was to have such an agreeable fellow in the evenings.

But all things must end, and Eugene O'Connell could not endure the suspense. So on an evening he told his story under the beech-trees in a many way. He knew he was not her equal, but his love was the same. He would go away from her presence and Helen Danvers bent her head and answered not. "It is better for me, Miss Danvers," he said. "I could not live near you without loving you. It is better for me now that my secret is told—better for us both. Will you think of me kindly; it is all I ask when I am far away from De Burgo Castle?" Then the woman rose in her—for this is not the wooing a woman wants. It was too cowardly, and she answered: "I am sorry, Mr. O'Connell, than I am the means of making you leave. But you can suit yourself, and you shall never lose my esteem."

"Farewell, and God bless you to all time." "Farewell, I am sorry, indeed, and must—must"—she stopped and extended her hand. Down along the stream she walked and the birds sang out "Gone, gone!" and the stream murmured "Gone!" The water-lilies looked sad, and oh! those shadows in the stream! There they were, drifting under the mournful grey eyes, for her mystery was solved at last; she found that she loved him within those past seconds—loved him and lost him. "Come back!" throbbed the weary heart, and the eyes saw the shadows darker and darker, and the heart felt the shadows that never left it before. Many a time the shadows gathered on the stream, and they settled on Helen Danvers's heart, while Eugene O'Connell was away fighting the world in exile. It was a hard fight; he kept the package by him, but he wanted no more mysteries, and left it unopened. But one morning he read in his New York home, an Irish paper, and there was the announcement that, in consequence of the failure of the house of Danvers and Co., De Burgo castle demesne and all, were to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. When he finished reading the paragraph, he laid down the paper. Then there came to him a vision of the beech-tree of the old brown house and "The gentle face that blessed its door."

There was sunlight in his dream; but the shadows of the mystery returned—the old grandfather's injunction, his influence over Danvers, and the packet. Several times Eugene was tempted to open it, but he said again, "For what good?" So Helen Danvers was going to be thrown on the world—had! Further on a paragraph caught his eye. He snatched the paper and read: "We believe this suit against the firm of Danvers has been prosecuted by a money-lender named O'Connell, in this city, from whom Mr. Danvers borrowed largely. He would take no compromise; but, like Shylock, must have his pound of flesh. Mr. Danvers is an extensive landed proprietor."

Archbishop Hewley of Newfoundland and Union

A special correspondent of The Globe in Newfoundland writes:

St. John's, Nfld., May 3.—Of all the prominent Newfoundlanders interviewed, his Grace the Archbishop of St. John's, rev. Dr. M. F. Hewley, is the most pronounced advocate of confederation. A native of the colony—he was born in St. John's years ago—thoroughly conversant with the needs and the ambitions of its people, having for a number of years been Prefect Apostolic of St. George's, where he was a leader in the movement for securing better government for the people on the French shore, Archbishop Hewley has the respect of men of all religious denominations, and among those of his own faith, who number 70,000, exercises an enormous influence. His recent elevation from Bishop to Archbishop met with the approval of everybody in the colony. I found him at the palace, close by the great cathedral, whose tall towers are the most prominent objects in the first view of St. John's obtained from the Narrows. After explaining to him my object in calling, his Grace plunged into the subject without any hesitation. He is a confederate, and does not care who knows it, notwithstanding the fact that the Catholics as a body have been opposed to union with Canada. He has always taken a keen interest in politics, and knows thoroughly every phase of the political situation. Some of his opinions, expressed openly to me, sounded somewhat strange in this democratic age of government by the people, but there is no questioning the fact that Archbishop Hewley is, over and above everything else, a Newfoundland proud of his native land, and desirous of seeing it prosper as fully and as rapidly as possible.

STRONGEST KIND OF CONFEDERATE.

"Am I a confederate?" said he. "Yes, the strongest kind of a confederate. I know that it would be of immense advantage to Newfoundland to become a part of the Dominion, and I would be willing for the colony to join Canada on no terms at all. To raise the question of terms seems to me to be almost altogether unnecessary, because I realize that Canada would immediately find that Newfoundland was of such immense importance to her that she would be compelled to extend to it the most favorable consideration. Newfoundland's resources could be at once opened up, her railway system improved, and her maritime interests developed. The mere geographical position of the island would bring this about. I regard St. John's as the most important point in the whole world, situated as it is half way between Europe and America, and passed by every steamer plying between the old world and the new. Imagine the immense advantage it would be for the American continent if there were a fast line between St. John's and Liverpool and a broad-gauge railway across the island able to carry express trains. It seems to me that Newfoundland would benefit in every way, because Canada would soon find Dominion and must be developed. Those are my personal views. I would place Newfoundland in the Dominion to-morrow if I could."

PEOPLE ARE OPOSED.

"But the people, they are unhesitatingly opposed" to confederation, and I have become weary of combatting that opposition. It is an opposition that will, apparently, listen to no argument, it is a blind opposition that never stops to consider, it is an opposition founded on prejudice. "That prejudice is, perhaps, principally based upon national sentiment, the spirit that tenaciously adheres to stand independent and never be the idea that this colony must ever be swallowed up or lose its separate identity. I am doubtful if any campaign of education would overcome that prejudice. I don't believe you can make any headway by reasoning with the people. They are not prepared to consider it at all. Directly confederation is proposed the ridicule is done."

Then, to the astonishment of all, the old man looked around, and in a full, clear-toned voice spoke: "People, it is fifty years since I stood here. It is a few years since you heard Roger de Burgo was dead. Is there anyone doubts that the grave can give up its dead? Am Roger de Burgo—still living? The father of the man to whom I willed my ancestral home blighted a dream of mine fifty years ago. Fifty years I am seeking vengeance. Here also stands my grandson, Eugene de Burgo. He has come to stay that vengeance, and God has willed it so. It was I, Eugene Danvers, wealth, because I meant ruin. It was I, I brought him to the money-lender was his master. He has now what I willed, and I have my revenge."

At this moment Danvers entered and heard the last part. The old man stretched him his hand and it was taken, and when the crowd departed, they could only marvel and say it was all very strange. But that evening a scene occurred which helps my story to the end. Helen Danvers sat beside the strange old Roger de Burgo.

"Come here," he said, "Danvers; come here, Eugene. Your mother, Danvers, was like her, and I loved her to madness. These children love each other. Their union will be the covenant in forgiving every wrong in the past."

And so it came to pass that when the summer brought the apple blossom it also brought orange blossoms, and blessings, and sunlight, and gladness. Helen Danvers was never lonely again mourning by the stream; and when the memory of the wanderer, Roger de Burgo, was forgotten, and when Danvers had also passed away, and when the brown house became browner, the laughter of children echoed on its threshold, and coming forth in all the beauty of mature womanhood Helen de Burgo could hear wanted to her ears the prayers from the heart of the orphaned country: "God bless the good Lady Helen" for, as the poet says, there is nothing in creation like

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TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC Owing to the increased price of flour and the other materials necessary for making bread, and also being interested in the cost per loaf, I had an interview with Mr. H. C. Tomlin, proprietor of the Toronto Bakery on Bathurst St., relative to the price. Mr. Tomlin told me as far as he was aware there was no intention to increase the price at the present time, and he also said he hoped flour would not advance higher, making it necessary on his part to increase the cost per loaf. I was very pleased to know this as a use Tomlin's Bread in preference to others, some of which are very good. Signed, A CITIZEN.

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culous arguments that were used against it in 1869 will be revived, and I think you will find it impossible to overcome them." Replying to the suggestion that a systematic campaign of education spread over a period of years might be effective, his Grace said: "Well, I would not say that that would be futile. I think perhaps it might be successful, but in the meantime it would mean certain defeat for any Government or party who went to the country suggesting confederation."

BY A STROKE OF THE PEN.

"So firm am I in my belief that confederation would be of untold advantage, that if it were in my power to bring it about by the stroke of a pen I would seriously consider before I refused to do so, although it might mean that I would incur the obloquy of the people," said his Grace. "I am sure that the people themselves would, in a very few years, be convinced that it was undoubtedly for their good."

His Grace spoke of the curious political situation on the island, and of the "deplorable" conduct of some of the politicians in previous Administrations in relation to the railway contract. As an instance of the small things that often turn the tide of public opinion he referred to an argument which, he said, had been very generally used recently against confederation, that if R. G. Reid, a millionaire by reason of the fact that Newfoundland made him one, was a specimen of Canadians, the less Newfoundland had to do with Canada the better. Reid had become discredited by reason of the fact that, not content with carrying out the big contracts that had been given to him, he had endeavored to secure political control. It would be far better for Newfoundland, remarked His Grace, if some of the large and important matters that now had to be grappled with by the Local House of Assembly were dealt with at Ottawa, where the petty dissensions of the island would not carry so much weight.

AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

The Archbishop's parting words

Endorsed by the Justice of Peace Chronic Liver and Stomach Troubles Thoroughly Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Barwick, Ont., May 23.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered Kidneys is the experience of many of the settlers in this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon of this place is a fair sample of the work the great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing. "I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk. I had pains in my back and right hip and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months and I was for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe. My mother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and lace up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ill the human family suffers from."

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Faith is a word that has had a long history in this world. It has been the watchword of many a fight, the motive of many a sacrifice, the burden of many a prayer. Millions have held fast to Faith in their lives; thousands have testified to Faith by their deaths. Now Faith, on Belief, in its primary and elementary conception, is the acceptance of information on trust—on the word of another. If I have never been in London, I accept the fact that there is such a place as London, and I accept it on the word of another. If I have never tested the strength of wood and iron myself, still I confidently enter a railway carriage trusting to what others have investigated and pronounced. But if I have visited London, and if I have sufficient experimental knowledge of the materials used in carriage-buildings, then I do not believe these things, but I know them.—Bishop Hedley, O.S.B.

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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Branded," etc.)

CHAPTER XVII. The Clue.

Ballycushla starts from either side the river and climbs two steep hills out of its valley. In its growth it has acquired certain venerable patches not really belonging to it, which give some of its outlying suburban roads a factitious age as well as a factitious beauty. It has in fact made its own of some old country-houses in their gardens, whose dead-and-gone owners would have shuddered at the unbelievable thought that they could one day be a portion of that objectionable, dis-sentencing, noisy, pushing little Scotch town whose slated roofs they could see from their windows.

In those old days the Convent of Mount Carmel was outside the range of Ballycushla missiles and amenities. In fact Ballycushla had hardly awakened to the fact that such a den of iniquity as it conceived a convent to be was on its outskirts. Some time towards the end of the eighteenth century a little band of ladies hidden in black from head to foot had arrived by the coach one winter evening, and guided by one who apparently knew the road, had alighted at the steep rocky mountain road a mile or so outside Ballycushla, and had their modest belongings deposited on the road-side. Within the hour they were safely housed between the high garden walls that should never again field them up to the world. It was quite a long time, so remote was the situation, and so quiet the community, before Ballycushla discovered that a convent of French nuns, fleeing from the French Revolution, had been set up almost within its borders.

A good deal of water had flowed under the bridges of the Dan since then; and the Convent now lay in the midst of what Ballycushla house agents called "this favorite residential district." The venerable old walls, beautiful with bronze and rust colored lichen, still stood, and the privacy they gave had been supplemented by a range of closely-planted trees within the walls, which, their branches having interlaced and inter-terped, hid the convent away, while the leaves stayed, as though they were a part of the great green care. The old walls were covered with stone-crop and wall-flowers. About midway of that wall which overlooked the street was a gate with a wicket beside it, in which was a small grille. There was a bell beside the wicket, which many a Ballycushla urchin thought it a goodly thing to ring. Fifty times a day the small, brown, patient face of the nun would look fruitlessly through the grille. The diversion of bell-ringing had its points, though it lacked the element of danger beloved of the runaway-knocker or ill-ringer, since Sister Veronica did by no chance chase them down the street.

Of late years to be sure the police had taken to meddling with the past-time to the indignation of those of the townspeople who could remember the brave days of old when the Convent windows were broken half a dozen times a year. That was before the screen of leaves and branches had interlaced itself in such a tangle as to afford an excellent barricade. Sister Veronica had been called from her sweeping up the dead leaves from the paths half-a-dozen times that morning already, only to find an impish face springing at her on the other side of the grille. The seventh time the bell rang, it was Alison Barnard's face that met her gaze "when she slid back the little shutter, having replaced it she opened the postern just wide enough to admit the visitor, and then shut it to again. Alison found herself facing a typical eighteenth century house, with a set of closely together, the head of each window enclosed in an architrave of classical design. Thanks to the smoke of Ballycushla, and to the bad weather, the stucco was sad-colored and streaked with green below eaves and gutter. But all the windows winked brightly in the pale December sun. Monthly roses and jessamine, and untimely honeysuckle crept up the walls of the house. The sweep of gravel before the open door, the grass borders, the flower-beds, the clumps of Portugal laurels and fuchsias and rhododendrons were kept with exquisite neatness. Just below the hall door Sister Veronica's bare row and the tidily swept up heap of leaves awaited the resumption of her labors, who was gardener as well as postress.

"Reverend Mother? Yes, Reverend Mother would see the lady. Would the lady wish her name to be given?" Sister Veronica for all the lowered meekness of her eyelids was aware of Alison's purple cloth gown, and her long stole of saffron. She was rejoicing in them in fact, for she had been a dressmaker know how to appreciate general vanities. Presently she would accuse herself of not having mortified her eyes and her curiosity; but for the moment she yielded to the temptation.

She led Alison through the high bright hall, its walls decorated with classical heads within wreaths and many other designs in stucco work, into a high bare room with white-washed walls, its sole ornament a picture of the seraphic St. Teresa. There were heavy old chairs covered in horsehair set at intervals round the wall. They, a couple of round tables, and a table made all the furniture.

There were a few serious, devotional books on the table, a blotter, an ink-bottle, and a rack of pens. They did not interest Alison, who took up one book, found it a preparation for death, and put it down again. She wondered what the three dark square little spaces in the wall were for—a second; then she remembered to have seen the like in some convent in Italy whither she and her father had been led by rumours of its fine wall-frescoes. These were the grilles of course. A voice spoke at her elbow as it seemed.

"Good morning, my child. You wished to see me. What is there that I can do for you?"

The voice proceeded from one of the grilles. Alison went towards it and could see beyond the bars of the grille and the grate which made it dimmer, the glimmering profile of a face swathed about in the white and black of the nun's veil.

"I am the Reverend Mother," said the nun again. "Won't you bring your chair so that we can talk. You are Miss Barnard of Castle Barnard. We have heard of you from our poor. You are very good to them."

"Must I see you only in this way, Reverend Mother?" Alison asked. "It seems so difficult to talk. And I have seen Sister Veronica."

"Sister Veronica is exempt because she has to do with the outside world. So are the nuns who teach in the schools. But unless we are exempt we can only talk through the grille. Even our own fathers and mothers can only see us through the grille."

"It is too hard for me," said Alison. She could see the profile clearly enough now. The light from the window of the other room fell on it. It was as beautifully moulded as a lily, and the skin had something of the same close brilliant texture. She wondered what the Reverend Mother's eyes were like in the shadow of her veil. The expression of her mouth was heavenly.

The nun breathed the least little sigh at Alison's last remark.

"The world finds it too hard, daughter," she said. "I am the youngest nun here, and we have not had a new postulant for twenty years. Nearly all the nuns are very old. When I heard there was a visitor I hoped it might be the postulant we have all been praying for at last. I am always hoping it, but the postulant never comes."

"I wish I had not disappointed you," said Alison, softly. "Ah, well!" Something humorous, unexpected, came into the still profile. "You wouldn't like to take off your hat and stay with us? No! Of course I remember you are not of our religion. Perhaps St. Teresa will send us some one. If not I may find myself alone here one day."

"I hope not," said Alison, with ready sympathy; not that she was very desirous to add another to the community whose rule seemed too hard for her.

The nun appreciated the sympathy and smiled. "And now, what is it?" she asked again.

"I had almost forgotten that I had come on business. The Convent charms me, Reverend Mother. How quiet your garden looks out there! I have come with the most audacious request. You make beautiful embroidery for the Church vestments. I have seen some of it. Only your Convent makes it. It occurred to me that it will serve other purposes as well as vestments; but orders for those are going every day to France and Belgium. Will you teach the embroidery to a couple of women who would teach it to the others?"

The nun turned her face in a startled way. "The embroidery belongs to our Convent. It is its secret, brought out of Spain long ago. It is as different from ordinary embroidery as the Gobelins tapestry from anything that has followed it."

"The more reason for preserving the art by diffusing it," Alison had come quite close to the grille in her eagerness, and she could see the nun's meditative expression as she looked down at the great string of beads in her lap. Her hands were folded away somewhere in her wide sleeves.

"I see what you mean, daughter," she said, after a pause. "If we die out the embroidery dies with us."

"I did not mean that, Reverend Mother," Alison dreaded lest she should have given pain. "But—it would mean so much for the people. There is a great need for the vestments. Of course I would—pay whatever you wished—for the lessons."

Her voice fell as she made the speech. What could those nuns with the grille shut upon life and they the other side, care about the money which the people strove and sinned? She bowed to the Reverend Mother's speech as though to a rebuke.

"We might do it, perhaps—for the love of God. After all—we have no right to let it die with us. We are a very lonely community. I must speak with some of the old nuns. Can you give me half-an-hour?"

"I will go away and return."

"Perhaps you would like to see the gardens and the chapel. Sister Veronica will take you. You would like it?"

"I should like it very much."

"I will send the Sister to you."

She rose and glided away like a shadow, and in a moment or two Sister Veronica entered the room. Alison went with her, first to the little chapel, with its choir screened off by the impenetrable thickness of the grille veiled with many folds of the cope. A few people from outside had the privilege of attending Mass in the chapel of the Convent, and for their use were the few rows of benches with kneeling boards that took up the body of the chapel. She followed Sister Veronica's example by kneeling about her with interest at the walls on which someone had painted pictures with a great feeling for color and an artlessness of treatment that became the subject. The altar of white marble was like a flower amid the brilliance of color. A little rosy lamp burned before it. A little rosy lamp burned before it. While they knelt there a nun came out from the sacristy and having prostrated herself for a second prostrated to place fresh flowers in the vases. From behind the dark grille there came a low murmur of voices chanting. It was one of the canonical hours, and the nuns were assembled for the office.

Alison would have stayed there—the awe and mystery of it appealed to her. She thought that after all there might be a frame of mind in which a call to the Carmelites might not be too hard. But Sister Veronica stood up, and Alison followed to the open air.

The afternoon was sad as gardens in the winter are like to be. A few pale roses blossomed there still, and wallflowers were opening, and little pale lavender double primroses, although it was not yet Christmas. But the ground was damp under foot, and the air of the place dank and melancholy, as though the wind never blew freely there, seeing how the high walls enclosed it. From the red-brick wall at one side a barred gate opened.

"The kitchen garden?" asked Alison. "The Convent cemetery," Sister Veronica replied. "Won't you step into it? It is a cheerful place. It is nice to know that one will end just there."

She held open the gate, and Alison passed through. The afternoon was beginning to close in and the day had been sunless. The little enclosure was clean and neat, with tidy paths, and grass that had not been allowed to grow over long. There was a drift of leaves on the grass, honey-colored from the chestnut.

"I wish it would shed all the leaves at once," said the Sister, shaking her head. "It keeps the graves so untidy!"

The little mounds were marked each by a plain iron cross sunk in the earth bearing only initials, a date, and "Requiescat in Pace." At the end of the cemetery was a tablet with the names of the dead who slept there, beginning with the ladies who had fled from the Revolution—coming down from Mere Meliorde and Soeur Therese to the homely Bridgets and Catharines of later days; there was still a space left unfilled.

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"There will be room enough for us," said Sister Veronica, "unless Saint Teresa sends more nuns."

Alison was glad to return to the garden; the cemetery was flowerless except where a fuchsia or a briar or some other bush had grown about a cross. The garden was well kept; evidently in the summer it would be gay with flowers.

She had to see the kitchen garden. One entered it by an arch in the red southern wall, where winter pears were still hanging. Just by the arch she stood and stared. There were a couple of little garden-beds side by side, out-lined by shells, hemmed in by a fence of wattles. At the back was a tiny rockery, a little fountain, a pond where gold-fish swam, an arbour of cork.

"It looks like a child's garden," said Alison wondering; "and as though the fountain and the pond and the rockery and the arbour had been made to rejoice a child. They are all so little."

"Why that is a curious thing," said Sister Veronica. "They were made for children long ago. Once there were children here, two little boys, with their mother, a French lady. I have heard that her soul was in great peril in the world. She lived and died here; and afterwards her children were taken by her friends."

Alison stared at her, her thoughts filled with a wild surmise. Was it possible that it was here, here, that the French wife had hidden herself and her children from Robert Barnard? Here breathing the same air with him, between walls almost visible from Castle Barnard? How was it that no one had ever thought of it before?

"The lady is buried in the corner of our cemetery. There is a berberis bush at her head. It is like a flame in the summer. She was buried just like ourselves. Would you like to return and see the cross?"

Yes; Alison would like to see that grave. She stood beside it in the dark, and putting the little shining green branches of the berberis aside, she read on the cross, deep sunk in earth—"G.B. 1824."

"G.B." Gabrielle Barnard. There was no doubt at all in Alison's mind. But where had the children gone to, the children who, they or their children, should be in Castle Barnard at this hour?

Sister Veronica found Alison a disappointing person to take around the kitchen garden. The tomato and cucumber houses put together by the nun's clever fingers, the hot and cold frames, the hundred and one ingenuities with which Sister Veronica had made up for want of things that money can buy, passed her by unseen. At another moment she would have cried out in delight at the garled apple-trees in the beds, spreading their dark lace-work of boughs against the sky of pink and violet. Sister Veronica accepted the want of appreciation meekly, as something due to her unworth. Why was it that she was always desiring human approbation when one's work should be done only for God?

"Sister Rose watches the gate for me while I am here," she said; and Alison understood. When she re-entered the bare Convent parlor, she found fragrant coffee, with rolls and butter awaiting her on the table.

"The Reverend Mother hopes you will partake of a little refreshment," said Sister Veronica. "She will be with you presently. Ah, there is a ring at the bell. You will excuse me, dear."

In the tumult of her thoughts Alison hardly heard her; hardly tasted the coffee nor knew how good it was although mechanically she poured it out and drank it.

CHAPTER XVIII. Sympathy.

Again the voice at the grille. "You have enjoyed your coffee, I hope," it said.

"It was delicious, Reverend Mother," Alison answered, recognizing suddenly that it had been.

"And the butter? hope the butter was good. The rules of our order do not permit us to eat butter, but it is made from the milk of our own cows by Sister Jane, who had a great reputation as a dairymaid when she was out in the world."

"The butter was excellent."

"And now about our business. I have spoken to one or two of the old nuns who have the traditions of the house in their heads. They think we may teach the embroidery. It is not as if our convent flourished. If there were postulants I might hesitate; but perhaps they will never come."

Alison had it in her mind to say that perhaps the long ago foundation of St. Teresa did not adapt itself to modern conditions; but she put it away from her as a futile impertinence. What was she, she thought,



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with a ready humility, to say yes or no to what had satisfied souls for so long?

"If the postulants come you must not regret it, Reverend Mother," she said. "You must let us make it up to you."

"If they come," the beautiful profile lifted itself with sudden hope, and the glimmering light of evening fell upon it. It was like the face of a childless woman to whom a hope of children yet to be has been vouchsafed.

"I have two clever workers whom I can send to learn the work. When may they begin?"

"Since it is to be the sooner the better. They might begin Monday of next week. If they could be here at ten in the morning, they could work under Mother Evangelist from ten to twelve that and succeeding mornings till they had learned the work. My daughter, I feel the responsibility of letting this work pass out of our keeping, but the old mothers say yes. The income of the convent used to depend on it, but the nuns have fallen off. It is easy to keep the convent going now. If postulants were to come!"

"The dusk had fallen now, and the face beyond the grille could hardly be seen."

"I have kept you an unconscionable time," Alison said. "Forgive me, Reverend Mother. But before I go I want to ask you one thing. Who was the French Lady who had shelter in the Convent at the beginning of the century, whose children made the toy garden that has been preserved in your garden? I have very urgent reasons for wishing to know."

"My child, I do not know myself. Perhaps one of the old mothers would know. I only know that such a lady existed, and that she fled here to save her soul and to save the soul of someone dear to her. She wanted herself in prayer for that person, whoever it was, out in the world. I do not know if there is anything in the Convent records that would answer your question. There are great quantities of letters and papers connected with the convent since its foundation, stored away. I will have search made if you wish; and I shall ask Mother Clare. She was here with the French Lady and her children were here. But she was only a young postulant then. I have heard her say that the French lady was with us only two years when she died."

"If you will have search made I shall be eternally grateful," said Alison. "So much depends on it. It is a question of restitution. I have something in my hands that has longed, I believe, to that French lady, and ought to be her children's or her grandchildren's. I am in pain till I set it right. I had almost come to think that there were none of them any longer in the world. I have searched for them so long. To think that the clue should have lain so near all these years!"

"You should have come to us sooner," said Sister Veronica. "She will be with you presently. Ah, there is a ring at the bell. You will excuse me, dear."

In the tumult of her thoughts Alison hardly heard her; hardly tasted the coffee nor knew how good it was although mechanically she poured it out and drank it.

"You would let him come?" asked Alison in some surprise.

"We would be honored. We have heard all he has done for the poor, and we pray for him."

"He will come then with great pleasure. I know he visits at many convents where they make lace and such things. He will be enchanted with what you are doing for us. He has only seen, as I have, the vestments you made for Father Tracy. You are doing a great act of charity, Reverend Mother."

(To be Continued.)

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DEATH OF REV. FATHER HAYDEN, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Father John B. Hayden, C.S.S.R., died at 11 a.m. on Monday, the 23rd inst., at St. Michael's Hospital, in which institution he had been for the four preceding weeks. Diabetes was the cause of death. Though suffering from poor health for some years and being critically ill for several weeks, the end was sudden, a change for the worse taking place on the Feast of Pentecost, the day before the end. For about twenty-four hours the deceased priest lay in a comatose condition with occasional bright moments, during which he recognized his brother priests and others around him. In one of those periods he inquired what the feast of the day was, and on being told, began fervently to recite the Rosary. The rector of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Barrett, was with the dying priest throughout the night and Rev. Father Stuhle remained with him the greater part of Sunday. The end was apparently without suffering. Rev. Father Urban read the prayers for the dying and gave the last absolution. There were also present the Sisters of the Hospital. Mrs. McNichol of New York, sister of Father Hayden, and Mrs. McDonnell, an old friend, with whom Mrs. McNichol is staying while in the city.

The news of the death of Father Hayden has cast a gloom not only over Saint Patrick's Parish, but throughout the whole city, where he was everywhere known. He was the last of three who twenty-five years ago founded the home of the Redemptorists in Toronto, the other two being Rev. Fathers Grimm and Krine, both of whom had preceded Father Hayden to the great beyond. Born in the County of Kilkenny, Ireland, Father Hayden came to this country when but a boy and received the greater part of his education at the College of St. Charles, Maryland. He was ordained at Ichester, Penn., twenty-six years ago, on Sept. 1st, and was consequently in the 27th year of his priesthood; his silver jubilee is still fresh in the minds of the people of St. Patrick's, who on that occasion did all in their power to manifest their love for their devoted priest. Father Hayden had been stationed in Saint John, New Brunswick, where he was rector, and Quebec—also as rector—and had been twice in his late charge, his last stay in Toronto covering a space of nearly twenty years. During his residence here he worked unsparingly amongst the people of Saint Patrick's. At the time of his first coming he was a young man and a young priest, and the warm and lasting place which he then made for himself in the hearts of the people did much towards making the community of which he was a member, loved and appreciated by the people amongst whom he had come to minister. Energetic and enthusiastic he entered with all the powers of his great heart and soul into whatever was best for his people, and in return his people loved him with an affection that knew no bounds. When he was called away at the close of his term in Toronto, his parishioners were simply inconsolable. On his return about eleven years ago, the old welcome met him, but even then sickness had marked him for its own and much of the old-time vigor was lacking, nevertheless the duties of his parish were shared in and that largely by Father Hayden, the societies of the parish, the schools, the sick and the confessional, all partaking of his care and attention. Though so long absent from his native land he never forgot her, and after his love for God and his holy office, no sentiment was stronger in his heart than that of his love for Ireland. In losing Father Hayden the world loses a priest grand in his simplicity and generosity of soul, a man of noble qualities, one whose ever ready sympathy with the joys and sorrows of others, was the key-note to the warm and lasting place he holds in the hearts of all who knew him. Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. McNichol, sister of Father Hayden, in the great loss she has just sustained. May he rest in peace. The funeral takes place from St. Patrick's church this morning at 10 o'clock.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. FRANCIS

On Sunday afternoon His Grace the Archbishop confirmed about seventy of the boys and girls of the parish of St. Francis. This being the first confirmation ceremony of the parish, the occasion was noted with particular interest by the parishioners and their friends, and at the appointed hour—3.30 o'clock—every seat was filled, the ushers being taxed to the utmost in order to accommodate the large number present. Besides the Archbishop there were in the sanctuary the parish priest, Rev. W. A. McCann, Rev. Father McGrand and Rev. Father Williams. When the Archbishop and his attendants entered they found the candidates already seated in neat and orderly rows in the front part of the church. The children were at once put through a long and varied catechetical examination of the Christian Doctrine, in which as a whole they acquitted themselves admirably. After this confirmation was immediately given, the children's choir meantime singing "Come Holy Ghost," the recitation of the Creed by which the children made their open profession of faith, the saying of the Lord's Prayer and the taking of the pledge by the boys closed the ceremony. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by Rev. Father McGrand of St. Helen's. The sanctuary and pretty altar had been made particularly bright and attractive for the occasion, the color scheme throughout being red, white and gold, and the effect produced was both striking and

attractive. After Benediction the children marched in procession from the church to the school-house, their progress being watched by many admiring friends and many favorable comments being heard on their general appearance and deportment.

ST. HELEN'S.

The past week has been one of more than ordinary devotion at St. Helen's. In addition to the usual exercises for May, a public novena, in honor of the Holy Ghost, in preparation for the feast of Pentecost, was made. The visits in honor of the Pope's jubilee were also made during two nights of the week. On Sunday next a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and the crowning of her statue, will take place.

MRS. RANALD GUNN.

Mrs. Ranald Gunn of Orillia, who has just undergone an operation in St. Michael's Hospital in this city, is said to be progressing most favorably. This will be good news to the many in Orillia, Barrie and Toronto to whom Mrs. Gunn is so well known.

MONTREAL GUESTS.

Mrs. McCarthy and Miss Kingston of Montreal, have been in town during the past week. Several of the nicest receptions of the season have been given in their honor.

The "Messe Bordelaise," as harmonized by Brother Sixtus-Joseph, is arranged for three voices with organ accompaniment. The music throughout is not original in character, every note being apparently chosen on account of its suitability to the word or syllable it accompanies. The production is both dignified and musical, in some parts presenting the severity of plain chant and at others the more elaborate proportions of florid oratorio music, but whatever effect is produced the result is always in keeping with the verbal sentiment expressed. The responses at the Preface and other parts of the Mass are also given, and at the end the "Prayer for the King" is added. In Lower Canada this prayer is always sung after High Mass, open and continuous profession being thus given to the loyalty of the French-Canadians. This Mass, like many other works of Brother Sixtus, is dedicated to Mary Immaculate; in this way it has a particular use and application to the present time, the year devoted to the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The Feast of Pentecost was solemnly celebrated at the Cathedral on Sunday last; it was also the occasion of the First Communion and Confirmation of the children. The 8 o'clock Mass, that at which they received Holy Communion, was said by the Archbishop. The boys and girls walked in procession, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, from the school to the Cathedral. They presented a devout and most attractive appearance. At 10.30 a.m. a Solemn High Mass at which Rev. Fr. Rholeder was the celebrant and Rev. Fathers Murray and Ryan deacon and sub-deacon respectively, was said, and the candidates for Confirmation received the Sacrament at the hands of the Archbishop. His Grace addressed the children on the solemnity of the occasion and on the great Sacrament they were receiving, he also examined them on the Catechism and their general knowledge of Christian doctrine. In honor of the Feast of the Holy Ghost the Sanctuary was brilliant with myriad red and white lights. In the evening Solemn Vespers and Benediction, and a sermon by Rev. Father Rholeder, were given. The children who had been confirmed in the morning renewed their baptismal vows and were enrolled in the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin.

A MEMORIAL TO MCGEE

Mr. Byron Nicholson Suggests a Monument to the Memory of Thos. D'Arcy McGee

To the Editor of "Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—In an issue of the "Globe" of several months ago, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, made a strong plea for the erection of a monument in honor of the late Hop. T. D'Arcy McGee. I would have written long before this in support of Mr. Morgan's proposal, but waited in hope that the matter would be taken up by some one of greater prominence and more extensive influence than myself. However, nothing further on the subject having so far appeared in the public press, permit me to say that the American visitors referred to by Mr. Morgan, are not the only ones who are surprised that Canada has not long since done herself the honor of perpetuating by some public memorial, the memory of one of the noblest and most illustrious of her adopted sons, for I have often heard the same feelings expressed by many others.

In our large cities we have monuments commemorative of men in the Senate, at the bar, or on the field, who have been an honor to Canada, but not one to the memory of him who, in many respects, is the greatest of them all. When we consider the position to which he had attained, as a journalist and an orator, even when he had barely reached his majority, and the renown which he afterwards won as poet, historian, and statesman, and that, too, in spite of the disadvantages under which he labored in his boyhood; when we try to realize the magnetic influence of the man who is less than a year after he came amongst us and in spite of what seemed to be an overwhelming opposition, was elected to the Parliament of Old Canada as one of the representatives of the commercial metropolis of the country, and that fact that he became such a power in the House that his constituents subsequently elected him by acclamation no less than three times in succession; when we remember the prominent part which he took in those deliberations which led to the Confederation of the Provinces and Territories of Canada into our present Dominion, and also the fact that he himself was one of the fathers of that magnificent project; above all, when we try to appreciate his loyalty to Canada from the day when he first set foot upon her shores, which loyalty led him, when visiting his native land in 1865, to show his fellow-countrymen that as far as concerns everything which the Irishman holds most dear, this country was far preferable to the United States as a land to which they should emigrate. When we, Canadians, consider such things as these we surely ought to feel ashamed that Thos. D'Arcy McGee has been allowed to lie so long in his grave in days gone by, and to listen spell-bound to his marvellous eloquence, without a monument being erected by the land which, after his own dearly loved Erin, held the highest place in his affections, for whose welfare he did so much, and for which at last he died.

Whether the initiative has been taken in anything of a practical way since the publication of Mr. Morgan's letter I cannot say; but, if not, something should be attempted without further delay. It has been suggested that subscription lists should be opened in the principal cities of at least the older provinces and the leading newspapers of the Dominion, irrespective of politics, would perhaps consent to receive contributions. Surely there are hundreds of patriotic Canadians who would be only too glad to do anything in their power to remove the stain which must rest upon the fair

name of Canada until a monument, inferior to none other in the land, is erected to perpetuate the memory of her martyred patriot. Yours truly, BYRON NICHOLSON. Quebec, April 23, 1904.

Regiopolis College

Principal Black on its History and Position

The following is a copy of a letter sent to the Ottawa Citizen correcting an erroneous impression that might be received from a perusal of the reported interview with Rev. Dr. Emery:

Sir,—In the report of an interview with Rev. Dr. Emery, Rector of the Ottawa University, in the Citizen of the 12th inst., the Very Rev. Dr. is credited with saying: "Regiopolis College at Kingston is an English-speaking institution; its charter is as old as that of our University, but still it has only 50 students in attendance." The Very Rev. President has evidently been misinformed as to the history of Regiopolis College and the number of students in attendance at present.

It is true that Regiopolis College possesses a charter conferring on the institution the rank and privileges of a University with powers to grant degrees in arts, medicine and law. This charter was granted by the Legislature in 1866. When the Government aid was withdrawn in 1869 the College was closed and was not revived till 1896—consequently the institution as it exists to-day was practically opened in 1896. It must be borne in mind, however, that while the College was closed from 1869 till 1896 the charter did not lapse, but still remains in possession of the Board of Trustees of Regiopolis College—a legally constituted body of which His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston is ex-officio Chairman.

The registered attendance at present is 73; six years ago it was 30. Regiopolis College has no primary or preparatory departments to increase its number. Only those who have passed the High School Entrance Examination or its equivalent are eligible for admission. The work of the College is taken up in courses corresponding with one exception to those in the Collegiate Institutes. The College has a special classical course designed for students who purpose entering the ecclesiastical state—these in attendance sixty-nine are pursuing complete courses, including Latin and French, and in a number of instances also Greek. The remaining four are taking the junior leaving course.

At present the work of the College terminates with the requirements of the Department. A certificate of having passed this examination is accepted by Toronto and Queen's Universities in lieu of first year's attendance.

Yours truly, WILLIAM BLACK, Principal. Regiopolis College, Kingston, 17th of May, 1904.

St. Helen's Court, C.O.F. At the meeting at St. Helen Court held May 15th the members listened to a very instructive and entertaining lecture given by Dr. C. H. McKenna. The subject of the address was "Tuberculosis, what it is and how to prevent it." A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the lecturer on motion of Bro. J. F. Strickland, seconded by Bro. James DeJory.

Mr. John O'Connor, proprietor of the Nealon House, is going to erect a two-story dwelling house on his property on Waverly Road. The property is close to the Queen street east cars and is a very desirable spot.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1904

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, marked "Tenders for Coal" will be received up to noon on Monday, May 23rd, for the delivery of such quantities and qualities of coal in the sheds of the following Provincial institutions, on or before the 15th of July, next, viz.: Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg, Orillia and Penetang Asylums; also the Central Prison, Mercer Reformatory, Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, Blind Institute, Brantford. Specifications of the qualities and quantities of coal required and forms of application may be obtained on application to the department, or from the Bursars of the respective institutions.

Tenders are to specify the mine of origin and the quantity of respective kinds of coal, and furnish evidence on delivery that the coal is of origin specified, fresh mined and up to standard of trade grades. Delivery subject to satisfaction of officers of Department of the Provincial Secretary, who may require additional deliveries, not exceeding 20 per cent., up to 15th of July, 1905.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity specified, or for the quantities required for each institution. An accepted check for \$500, payable to the order of the Honorable the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer, and two sufficient surties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. J. R. STRATTON, Provincial Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, May 13th, 1904. 5135

Frau Krupp's Charity It is stated that Frau Krupp, widow of the cannon-maker, has given \$25 to each of 2,000 men in her late husband's works, and \$125,000 to the workmen's hospital. Frau Krupp is a Catholic, as was her late husband.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 2 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded under any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, 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. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent countersigned in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced. Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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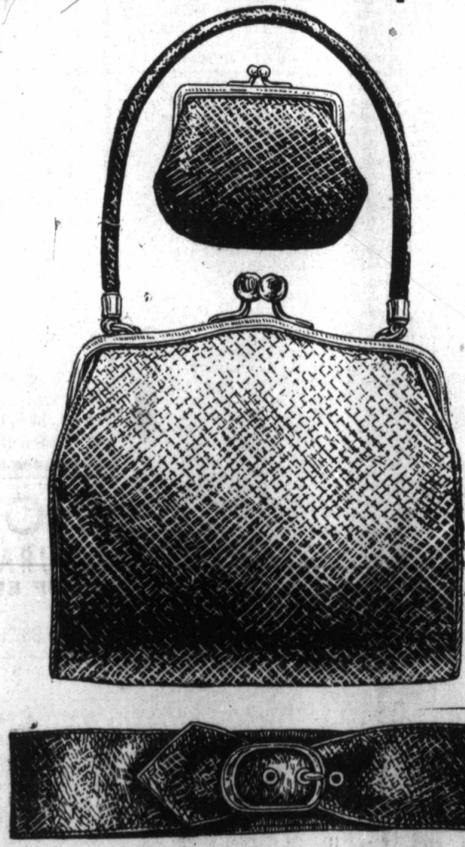
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