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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

The Late Col. Henry Goodwin, a Distinguished Irish Catholic Military man, who Resided in Toronto and was well Beloved by all who knew Him—A Political Convention in Toronto Before Confederation—Dr. J. K. Foran, of Ottawa, Lectures on McGee Before the Empire Club The Buffalo Convention for Directing Irish Immigration, held in February, 1856—The Movement led by T. D. McGee, before he came to Canada Himself.

One of the men I knew here in early days and who was greatly respected, was an Irish Catholic military man named Colonel Henry Goodwin. He was personally a fine looking gentleman, tall and handsome with a military bearing. He was considered the military father of many a man of warlike tastes in Toronto. He was a native of the County Tyrone, where he was born on the second day of June, 1795, and was brought up on a farm. When he was quite a young man he was stirred with the military ardor of the times, "took the shilling" and joined an expedition to Flanders. He was at the battle of Waterloo, where he was twice wounded. He received his discharge on the reduction of the army and returned home for a short time. He again enlisted in the King's Light Infantry and was soon made head drill instructor. In 1837 he was discharged with a pension which he drew until the time of his death in Toronto. During three years he was in France he acquired great proficiency in fencing, gymnastics, and sword exercise. He was awarded the highest prize for sword and gymnastic exercise in every country he had visited—in France, Spain, Italy, England and Ireland.

In 1850 he emigrated to Canada, and first took up his residence in Quebec, where he opened a school in instruction and soon acquired a patron in Lady Elgin, the wife of the Governor General, who employed him to give instruction to her children in calisthenics, general deportment and riding. Lord Elgin urged Dr. Ryerson, the Superintendent of Education, in Toronto, to engage him as a teacher of gymnastics, fencing and deportment. From 1853 until 1877 he taught in the Normal and Model Schools. He also taught in the Upper Canada College, Bishop Strachan's Ladies' School, Mrs. Neville's Ladies' School, Mrs. Nixon's Ladies' School, and in private families. He proved a valuable man to the military department of Canada West. He drilled all the independent corps organized before the embodiment of the permanent militia, officers and men, artillery, cavalry and infantry. He assisted Col. George Denison to organize the Toronto Field Battery and remained with it as adjutant and drill instructor five years, when the 2nd or Queen's Own and Tenth Royals had to be formed. Col. Denison, the commandant, would not form them unless Goodwin would become adjutant and drill instructor. The duties of this position he discharged with so much skill and courtesy that the officers would not allow him to leave the battalion, but passed a unanimous vote that he was still to remain a member. Col. Goodwin was also storekeeper for the Militia Store Department, and from 1856 until 1877, not a cent's worth of the stores under his charge had been lost or mislaid.

The Colonel was twice married and had two families. By his first wife, who died in 1835, he had five children. He married his second wife in 1837. By her he had eleven chil-

dren. From accidents and other causes only two of his children were alive when he died. He was a thorough soldier, a gentleman in word and deed and without doubt was one of the noblest military characters Toronto ever knew. He retained his military character, and reputation to the last and died about the year 1877; but I have not the exact date. His remains were interred in St. Michael's cemetery with military honors. When he died Catholics and Protestants, soldiers and civilians, were alike loud in his praise. He was truthful, prompt, honest, modest, friendly and sociable, and it was an advantage for any one to know him as the present writer did. He was true to his church and observant of his religious obligations. He was a man, take him all in all, we shall seldom see his like again.

I have quite recently come across a volume entitled "Public Men and Public Life in Canada," of which I had previously no knowledge. It was written by an old friend of mine, Hon. James Young of Galt, and I became largely interested in it, because it treated of subjects in which I have been large, interested—the politics of Canada before Confederation, and the conditions that led up to Confederation and the steps that were taken to accomplish it. In an appendix, too, giving the names of the delegates who registered at the Great Reform Convention held in the Music Hall, Toronto, on the 27th June, 1867. I was surprised to find my own name, for I had forgotten all about said convention, and it took me some time to think it up. In that list I also found the names of R. Elmsley, Toronto; Lawrence J. Bolster, Superintendent of the Toronto Water Works; C. F. Fraser, barrister, Brockville (afterwards Commissioner of Public Works in the Ontario Government); John Goslin, St. Catharines; Thomas McCrossen, merchant, Toronto; James McMahon, M.D., Dundas; John McKeown, barrister, Hamilton; J. L. P. O'Hanley, Ottawa; P. O'Connor, mill owner, Paris; Henry O'Hara, insurance agent, Bowmanville; R. J. O'Loane, postmaster, Stratford; Edw. G. Power, J.P., Darlingford; James Stock, merchant, Toronto. These were all acquaintances of mine, and Catholics, but I do not know that one of them besides myself, now survives. They were men who trained on the Reform side of politics, but I am a little surprised at one or two names therein recorded, as I would never expect to see them in such company, if I did not see their names in print. The first one to disappear was good Lawrence Bolster, a dear friend of mine, and a convert to the Catholic faith. Christopher Fraser, on that occasion, made his first political speech in Toronto, but he was then a parliamentary candidate for Brockville. I have heard it said of him when he was Commissioner of Public Works, that although Mr. Mowat was the Premier of Ontario, "Fraser was the Government." John Goslin was a newspaper man, who had put in some service on the Globe, and I believe the only Catholic who had ever held an editorial position on that paper under Mr. Brown.

Dr. J. K. Foran, of Ottawa, delivered an address before the Empire Club here on Thursday evening last, when he spoke of "Thos. D'Arcy McGee as an 'Empire Builder.'" I do not think it was correct of Dr. Foran to give the great Irish orator that classification, much less had he a right to mention Davis, Dillon, O'Brien, Duffy, and their associates, in that connection. McGee was a great Canadian builder but not an empire builder, and he certainly would have stultified himself had he assumed any such pretension. There is a great difference between an empire builder and a Dominion builder, and the latter is all that any honest friend of the martyred statesman can truly claim for him. McGee was no friend of the empire as a whole, although he may have assumed an ultra loyalty in Canada in order to carry out his dominion schemes and make friends for Ireland. There are many men who are loyal to the core who are not imperialists, because imperialism means tyranny. Take Goldwin

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Smith, for instance, as a sample of the latter. It is imperialism that has kept Ireland so long in the condition she has ever sought to cast off. Imperialism is the enemy of small nations, because it seeks to crush and gobble them up. It would keep Canada from ever becoming an independent nation, and in time there is no doubt she will have to assume that position. Imperialism is the worst form of Toryism and McGee was no Tory.

The Globe of Feb. 9th has a news item that greatly interests me. It reads as follows: "From the Globe of Feb. 13th, 1856. The Buffalo Convention. We learn by special telegram from Buffalo that the great convention of Irish delegates was organized yesterday with closed doors. It is to remain closed until tomorrow, when the public are to be admitted. There is quite a large number of delegates present from Canada, as well as from Ohio and the State of New York. There will doubtless be some fun before the meeting breaks up."

The Buffalo Convention was held some fifty years ago in the city mentioned. It was in the interest of Irish immigrants and intended to take such measures as would induce them to settle on lands in the country instead of congregating in the cities and towns of Canada and the United States. The leader in this movement and at whose call the convention was held was no less a personage than the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, subsequently distinguished Canadian statesman, but at that time a resident of New York city, where he published a weekly newspaper entitled "The American Celt."

The movement encountered a good deal of opposition from Catholic quarters, but more especially from the New York "Freeman's Journal," which had described Canada as a "Paradise of Fools." Canada at that time was much discussed as a field for Irish immigration and it was hinted that McGee himself had a thought of becoming a citizen of this province. He paid his first visit to Montreal as a lecturer in the year 1852, and received a warm welcome from his fellow countrymen in that city, which greatly encouraged him. He did not visit Toronto until three years later, when he gave two lectures here, his subjects being, for the first, "Ireland as I found it in 1855"; the second "Irish Immigration." The chairman was the late John George Bowes, the mayor of the city, himself an Irishman. McGee was well received and was well pleased. His style of lecturing, however, was criticized in the "Globe" by a Rev. Dr. Geike, a well-known scholarly Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Geike's paper, the "American Celt," was largely patronized by the Catholics of Toronto, the writer of this having at one time procured for it no less than one hundred subscribers, including Bishop de Charbonnel, Captain Elmsley and the foremost members of the Church here at that time.

The subject of Irish immigration was largely discussed in Catholic newspapers of America for years, and at last this convention was called to take action in the early part of Feb., 1856. The writer of this was at that time a temporary resident of Hamilton, and Hamilton sent two delegates to the convention. Mr. Martin J. O'Beirne, formerly of Toronto, was, I am sure, one of them; and Mr. Connor Tracy, I think, the other. I do not remember who went from Toronto, but I believe the late Senator John O'Donohoe was there, because he took an active interest in the movement. Mr. O'Beirne told me all about the convention on his return and he seemed to be greatly pleased with the proceedings. The fact of McGee, who I think was the chairman, he described as admirable. The prediction of the "Globe's" special telegram quoted above, was unverified, as the proceedings were

most harmonious. There had been some apprehension of a disagreement between the Canadian members and those from the Western States, but no preference was made, so that no trouble arose. Committees were appointed but as the members lived far apart, I am inclined to think they did nothing; and never reported.

We formed a society in Toronto, based on the recommendations of the convention, and the plan had the approval of His Grace Bishop de Charbonnel. In fact the meeting to organize the society was held in the parlor of the Bishop's Palace and he was present at it and made a speech of approval. I remember it well, but there were one or two discordant voices. The present writer was chosen secretary of the organization and had an office in a room in the same building as the old Toronto Savings Bank on College street. Mr. Thomas Devine, afterwards assistant commissioner of Crown Lands, was then residing here and was in the Crown Lands Department. He provided me with maps of the free grant roads along which farms could be had for the entering of them, and your humble servant sent many a man prospecting over those rough roads in those hopeful days. But more of them were so far north even as Muskoka, not to say the flourishing northwestern provinces of to-day, of which we then had little or no knowledge.

The movement was taken up with more or less ardor in the Western States and had such able supporters as Archbishop Ireland among the clergy, and Mr. William J. Onahan of Chicago, among the laity. It was about this time that Horace Greeley gave his well remembered advice, "Go West young man," and many received it and prospered.

It was the intimacy that McGee formed at that time with the Canadian delegates that led to his becoming a Canadian settler himself, and his fellow countrymen of Montreal were proud to have him as a leader, and as soon as an election took place in 1858, sent him to parliament, the sessions of which were then held in Toronto.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Weir—Elmhirst

The marriage of Miss Ethel Elmhirst, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Elmhirst, to Mr. Thos. A. Weir, G.T.R. operator, took place in Hastings on Wednesday morning, January 24th, Rev. Father Bretherton officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Leo Elmhirst, and the groom was supported by Mr. John Welsh, jr. The marriage was of much local interest, the bride being extremely popular. Mr. and Mrs. Weir left for a trip to Detroit, Mich., accompanied by the good wishes of their numerous friends.

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THE OUGHT-TO-BE'S

(Rev. J. T. Roche in the Catholic Standard and Times.)

I have found that Catholic men as a rule enter the forbidden secret societies only after they have grown remiss in the practice of their religion. I have found, too, that it is the poorly instructed who are most easily caught by the pretensions of such organizations. Mystery and secrecy have ever had an attraction for the human species. When to these is added the promise of an indefinite influence and a higher authority amongst men through a secret bond of fellowship, we can understand something of the hold which such societies retain over the uneducated and the uneducated. It is a reversal of the ancient axiom, "Knowledge is power." Under the new order of things there is a possibility that ignorance can become powerful and assume a position to which it is not otherwise entitled, and hence arises the oft-repeated and oft-refuted accusation that the Church, for the furtherance of its own ends, delights to hold its children in ignorance and darkness. It is not the light, however, which the Church fears, but the arrogant and pretentious substitute which goes by that name amongst the children of darkness the world over. It is not liberty which it fears so much as the insidious and dangerous thralldom, born of unbridled license and corrupted morals, which passes for liberty amongst the multitude. The Church fears ignorance almost as much as it fears sin. After three hundred years of warfare with organized falsehood, it is prepared to welcome everything which makes for light and truth.

The so-called Reformation impressed upon the Church for all time to come the danger of popular ignorance, particularly in those matters which bear upon religion. Nations and peoples accepted the new creeds of the reformers without realizing the magnitude of the principles involved in the change of faith. The movement came like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. There was no heresy or error to combat, and the shepherds slept unconscious of the fact that an enemy lurked without the fold. Printing was invented. Human knowledge became more easy of access. New hopes were suddenly aroused in the bosoms of the down-trodden masses of the world. The shepherds still slept. They did not realize until too late that a new power had entered and taken its place on the world's stage and that because of that new power the Church would rule henceforth not so much through threats and anathemas as through appeals to human intelligence and to the highest and best instincts of the human heart. The fathers of the Church who met in the great Council of Trent did much for truth and civilization. The canons of that council are the common law of Christianity. In them there is no shuffling, no quibbling, no equivocation no compromise, but a clear-cut declaration of Christian truth and Christian teaching. But this is not the council's greatest glory. Its greatest glory is its trumpet call inviting priests and people the world over to labor unceasingly for the instruction of children in the simple, plain, common, every-day truths of religion. From that hour the care of the children has been the dominant note of the Church's activity, and the all-importance of this duty has grown upon the Church with the growth of years.

I am about to make a strange statement, and it is this: I regard the encyclical of our Holy Father on the teaching of catechism as the most important document of its kind that has emanated from the See of Peter since the days of the Council of Trent. It deals with no perversion of the human intellect, with none of the philosophical errors so prevalent in the world. It deals with the real sore spot of humanity—neglect of the religious training of the children. We can see the consequence of this neglect on all sides. The proofs are ready to hand. It was reserved for

a Sovereign Pontiff who has been a parish priest, who had seen with his own eyes the fruits of this neglect amongst the members of his flock, to call the attention of the Christian world from imaginary and secondary dangers to that which constitutes a perpetual and ever-present menace. Ask any parish priest, as he stands on the altar, to look out upon his flock and pick out those who, in his opinion, will certainly be lost to the Church in the days to come. The task is not an easy one, but there is one class of whose defection he is almost certain. That class comprises the poor, neglected, half-instructed children of the careless and the indifferent. They are the future "ought-to-be's" of the Church in every country in the world. They offer no problems calling for the application of intricate solutions, but for the simple, plain, common, home-ly remedy—the catechism, in the hands of the earnest parent and the zealous priest. We have had enough and more than enough of the abstract and the philosophical. The Holy Father realizes this, and bids us get down to the useful and the practical. When the great Gerson gave up his professor's chair to teach catechism to little children, he gave an example which many modern professors might well imitate. We need fewer professors and more catechists; less beating of the air concerning controverted points of philosophy and theology and more attention to those first principles embodied in catechetical teaching. "Teach the catechism to the children in the homes, teach it to the children in the churches." This is the burden of the Holy Father's message. Happy the country that realizes its importance and endeavors to live up to it.

Featherstonhaugh—Butler

The marriage of Miss Helen Florence Butler, youngest daughter of Mrs. Forbes Butler of Belleville, to Mr. William Featherstonhaugh, civil engineer of Edmonton, Alta., formerly of Ottawa, took place Feb. 7th, in St. Michael's presbytery, Belleville, Rev. Father Twomey, P.P., officiating. The bride was charmingly attired in white Duchesse satin and the traditional wreath and veil. She was given away by her brother, Mr. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, Ottawa. Miss Lulu Davy assisted the bride and E. J. Butler, barrister, of Belleville, was best man. A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh will make their home in Edmonton.

O'Leary—Adams

Wednesday, Feb. 7th, St. James' Church, Colgan, Ont., was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Miss Rose E. (Nellie) Adams, daughter of T. B. Adams of Athlone, was united in holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Denis O'Leary, of Ennis. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Wilson.

The bride looked charming in a gown of Alice blue drap de Paris, elaborately trimmed with white all over lace, and hat of Alice blue with plumes and tulle trimmings. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Bertha V. Adams, who wore a suit of navy taffeta, and white hat similar to the bride's. Mr. Geo. McKeown supported the groom.

After the nuptial Mass a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served to over fifty guests, at the home of Mr. T. B. Adams, Athlone. The bride was the recipient of many and beautiful gifts showing the high esteem in which she was held by her numerous friends. Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary took the evening train for Buffalo, the bride travelling in a suit of navy broadcloth and a fawn covert cloth coat.

Orphanage Burned

On the 7th inst., the new wing of St. Patrick's Orphanage of Prince Albert, Sas., was almost totally destroyed by fire. An overheated furnace was the cause. Loss about \$3,000. About thirty boys are temporarily without a home.

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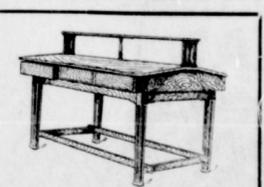


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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

The city authorities, stimulated by these vigorous measures, held a common council, passed a vote thanking the military associations who had tendered their aid to the civil authorities, accepted it and placed them under the direction of the two sheriffs. At the queen's palace, a double guard, the yeomen on duty, the groom-porters, and all other attendants, were stationed in the passages and on the staircases at seven o'clock with strict instructions to be watchful on their posts all night, and all the doors were locked. The gentlemen of the Temple and the other Inns, mounted guard within their gates, and strengthened them with the great stones of the pavement, which they took up for the purpose. In Lincoln's Inn they gave up the hall and commons to the Northumberland militia, under the command of Lord Algeron Percy; in some few of the city wards the burgesses turned out, and without making a very fierce show, looked brave enough. Some hundreds of stout gentlemen threw themselves, armed to the teeth, into the halls of the different companies, double-locked and bolted all the gates, and dared the rioters (among themselves) to come on at their peril. These arrangements being all made simultaneously, or nearly so, were completed by the time it got dark, and then the streets were comparatively clear, and were guarded at all the great corners and chief avenues by the troops, while parties of the officers rode up and down in all directions, ordering chance stragglers home, and admonishing the residents to keep within their houses, and, if any firing ensued, not to approach the windows. More chains were drawn across such of the thoroughfares as were of a nature to favor the approach of a great crowd, and at each of these points a considerable force was stationed. All these precautions having been taken, and it being now quite dark, those in command awaited the result in some anxiety, and not without a hope that such vigilant demonstrations might of themselves dishearten the populace, and prevent any new outbreaks.

But in this reckoning they were cruelly mistaken, for in half an hour, or less, as though the setting in of night had been their preconcerted signal, the rioters having previously, in small parties, prevented the lighting of the street lamps, rose like a great sea, and that in so many places at once, and with such inconceivable fury, that those who had the direction of the troops knew not, at first, where to turn or what to do. One after another, new fires blazed up in every quarter of the town, as though it were the intention of the insurgents to wrap the city in a circle of flames, which, contracting by degrees, should burn the whole to ashes, the crowd swarmed and roared in every street, and none but rioters and soldiers being out of doors, it seemed to the latter as if all London were arrayed against them, and they stood alone against the town.

In two hours, six and thirty fires were raging—six and thirty great conflagrations. Among them the Borough Clink in Tooley Street, the King's Bench, the Fleet, and the New Bridewell. In almost every street there was a battle, and in every quarter the muskets of the troops were heard above the shouts and tumults of the mob. The firing began in the Poultry, where the chain was drawn across the road, where nearly a score of people were killed on the first discharge. Their bodies having been hastily carried into St. Mildred's Church by the soldiers, the latter fired again, and following fast upon the crowd, who began to give way when they saw the execution that was done, formed across Cheapside, and charged them at the point of the bayonet.

The streets were now a dreadful spectacle. The shouts of the rabble, the shrieks of women, the cries of the wounded, and the constant firing, formed a deafening and an awful accompaniment to the sights which every corner presented. Whenever the road was obstructed by the chains, there the fighting and the loss of life were greatest; but there was hot work and bloodshed in almost every leading thoroughfare.

At Holborn Bridge, and on Holborn

Hill, the confusion was greater than in any other part; for the crowd that poured out of the city in two great streams, one by Ludgate Hill, and one by Newgate Street, united at that spot, and formed a mass so dense that at every volley the people seemed to fall in heaps. At this place a large detachment of soldiery were posted, who fired, now up Fleet Market, now up Holborn, now up Snow Hill—constantly raking the streets in each direction. At this place, too, several large fires were burning, so that all the terrors of that terrible night seemed to be concentrated in one spot.

Full twenty times the rioters, headed by one man who wielded an axe in his right hand, and bestrode a brewer's horse of great size and strength, caparisoned with fetters taken out of Newgate, which clanked and jingled as he went, made an attempt to force a passage at this point, and fire the vintner's house. Full twenty times they were repulsed with loss of life, and still came back again, and though the fellow at their head was marked and singled out by all, and was a conspicuous object as the only rioter on horseback, not a man could hit him. So surely was the smoke cleared away, so surely there was he, calling hoarsely to his companions, brandishing his axe above his head, and dashing on as though he bore a charmed life, and was proof against ball and powder.

This man was Hugh, and in every part of the riot he was seen. He headed two attacks upon the bank, helped to break open the Toll-houses on Blackfriars Bridge, and cast the money into the street, fired two of the prisons with his own hand, was here and there and everywhere—always foremost—always active—striking at the soldiers, cheering on the crowd, making his horse's iron music heard through all the yell and uproar; but never hurt or stopped. Turn him at one place and he made a new struggle in another; force him to retreat at this point and he advanced on that, directly. Driven from Holborn for the twentieth time, he rode at the head of a great crowd straight upon Saint Paul's, attacked a guard of soldiers, who kept watch over a body of prisoners within the iron railings, forced them to retreat, rescued the men they had in custody, and with this accession to his party, came back again, mad with liquor and excitement, and hallooing them on like a demon.

It would have been no easy task for the most careful rider to sit on a horse in the midst of such a throng and tumult, but though this madman rolled upon his back (he had no saddle) like a boat upon the sea, he never for an instant lost his seat, or failed to guide him where he would. Through the very thickest of the press, over dead bodies and burning fragments, now on the pavement, now in the road, now riding up a flight of steps to make himself the more conspicuous to his party, and now forcing a passage through a mass of human beings, so closely squeezed together that it seemed as if the edge of a knife would scarcely part them,—on he went, as though he could surmount all obstacles by the mere exercise of his will. And perhaps his not being shot was in some degree attributable to this very circumstance; for his extreme audacity, and the conviction that he must be one of those to whom the proclamation referred, inspired the soldiers with a desire to take him alive, and diverted many an aim which otherwise might have been more near the mark.

The vintner and Mr. Haredeale, unable to sit quietly listening to the noise without seeing what went on, had climbed to the roof of the house, and hiding behind a stack of chimneys, were looking cautiously down into the street, almost hoping that after so many repulses the rioters would be foiled, when a great shout proclaimed that a party were coming round the other way, and the dismal jingling of those accursed fetters warned them next moment that they too were led by Hugh. The soldiers had advanced into Fleet Market and were dispersing the people there, so that they came on with hardly any check, and were soon before the house.

"All's over now," said the vintner. "Fifty thousand pounds will be scat-

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

teped in a minute. We must save ourselves. We can do no more, and shall have reason to be thankful if we go as much."

The first impulse was to clamber along the roofs of the houses, and, knocking at some garret window for admission, pass down that way into the street, and so escape. But another fierce cry from below, and a general overturning of the faces of the crowd, apprised them that they were discovered, and even that Mr. Haredeale was recognized; for Hugh, seeing him plainly in the bright glare of the fire, which in that part made it as light as day, called to him by his name, and swore to save his life. "Leave me here," said Mr. Haredeale, "and in Heaven's name, my good friend, save yourself! Come on!" he muttered, as he turned towards Hugh and faced him without any further effort at concealment: "This roof is high and if we close, we will die together!"

"Madness," said the honest vintner, pulling him back, "sheer madness. Hear reason, sir. My good sir, hear reason. I could never make myself heard by knocking at a window now; and even if I could, no one would be bold enough to connive at my escape. Through the cellars, there's a kind of passage into the back street by which we roll casks in and out. We shall have time to get down there, before they can force an entry. Do not delay an instant, but come with me—for both our sakes—for mine—my dear good sir!"

As he spoke, and drew Mr. Haredeale back, they had but a glimpse of the street. It was but a glimpse, but it showed them the crowd, gathering and clustering round the house; some of the armed men pressing to the front to break down the doors and windows, some bringing brands from the nearest fire, some with lifted faces following their course upon the roof and pointing them out to their companions, all raging and roaring like the flames they started up. They saw some men thirsting for the treasures of strong liquor which they knew were stored within; they saw others, who had been wounded, sinking down into the opposite doorways and dying, solitary wretches, in the midst of all the vast assemblage; here a frightened woman trying to escape, and there a lost child, and there a drunken ruffian, unconscious of the death-wound on his head, raving and fighting to the last. All these things, and even such trivial incidents as a man with his hat off, or turning round, or stooping down, or shaking hands with another, they marked distinctly; yet in a glance so brief, that, in the act of stepping back, they lost the whole, and saw but the pale faces of each other, and the red sky above them.

Mr. Haredeale yielded to the entreaties of his companion—more because he was resolved to defend him, than for any thought he had of his own life, or any care he entertained for his safety—and quickly re-entering the house, they descended the stairs together. Loud blows were thundering on the shutters, crowbars were already thrust beneath the door, the glass fell from the sashes, a deep light shone through every crevice, and they heard the voices of the foremost in the crowd so close to every chink and keyhole, that they seemed to be hoarsely whispering their threats into their very ears. They had not a moment reached the bottom of the cellar-steps and shut the door behind them, when the mob broke in.

The vaults were profoundly dark, and having no torch or candle—for they had been afraid to carry one, lest it should betray their place of refuge—they were obliged to grope with their hands. But they were not long without light, for they had not gone far when they heard the crowd forcing the door; and, looking back among the low-arched passages, could see them in the distance, hurrying to and fro with flashing links, broaching the casks, staving the great vats, turning off upon the right and the left, into the different cellars, and lying down to drink at the channels of strong spirits which were already flowing on the ground.

They hurried on, not the less quickly for this; and had reached the only vault which lay between them and the passage out, when suddenly, from the direction in which they were going, a strong light gleamed upon their faces, and before they could slip aside or turn back, or hide themselves, two men (one bearing a torch) came upon them, and cried in an astonished whisper, "Here they are!"

At the same instant they pulled off what they wore upon their heads. Mr. Haredeale saw before him Edward Chester, and then saw, when the vintner gasped his name, Joe Willet.

Ay, the same Joe, though with an arm the less, who used to make the quarterly journey on the gray mare to pay the bill to the purple-faced vintner, and that very same purple-

faced vintner, formerly of Thomas Street, now looked him in the face, and challenged him by name. "Give me your hand," said Joe softly, taking it whether the astonished vintner would or no. "Don't fear to shake it; it's a friendly one and a hearty one, though it has no fellow. Why, how well you look, and how bluff you are! And you—God bless you, sir. Take heart, take heart. We'll find them. Be of good cheer; we have not been idle."

There was something so honest and frank in Joe's speech, that Mr. Haredeale put his hand in his involuntary, though their meeting was suspicious enough. But his glance at Edward Chester, and that gentleman's keeping aloof, were not lost upon Joe, who said bluntly, glancing at Edward while he spoke: "Times are changed, Mr. Haredeale, and times have come when we ought to know friends from enemies, and make no confusion of names. Let me tell you that but for this gentleman, you would most likely have been dead by this time, or badly wounded at the best."

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Haredeale. "I say," said Joe, "first, that it was a bold thing to be in the crowd at all disguised as one of them, for that's my case too. Secondly, that it was a brave and glorious action—that's what I call it—to strike that fellow off his horse before their eyes!"

"What fellow? Whose eyes?" "What fellow, sir?" cried Joe; "a fellow who has no good-will to you, and who has the daring and devilry in him of twenty fellows. I know him of old. Once in the house, he would have found you, here or anywhere. The rest owe you no particular grudge, and, unless they see you will only think of drinking themselves dead. But we lose time. Are you ready?"

"Quite," said Edward. "Put out the torch, Joe, and go on. And be silent, there's a good fellow."

"Silent or not silent," murmured Joe, as he dropped the flaring link upon the ground, crushed it with his foot, and gave his hand to Mr. Haredeale. "It was a brave and glorious action,—no man can alter that."

Both Mr. Haredeale and the worthy vintner were too amazed and too much hurried to ask any further questions, so followed their conductors in silence. It seemed, from a short whispering which presently ensued between them and the vintner relative to the best way of escape, that they had entered by the back-door, with the connivance of John Grueby, who watched outside with the key in his pocket, and whom they had taken into their confidence. A part of the crowd coming up that way, just as they entered, John had double-locked the door again, and made off for the soldiers, so that means of retreat was cut from under them.

However, as the front door had been forced, and this minor crowd being anxious to get at the liquor, had no fancy for losing time in breaking down another, but had gone round and gat in from Holborn with the rest, the narrow lane in the rear being quite free of people. So, when they had crawled through the passage indicated by the vintner (which was a mere shelving-trap for the admission of casks), and had managed with some difficulty to unchain and raise the door at the upper end, they emerged into the street without being observed or interrupted. Joe still holding Mr. Haredeale tight, and Edward taking the same care of the vintner, they hurried through the streets at a rapid rate, occasionally standing aside to let some fugitives go by, or to keep out of the way of the soldiers who followed them, and whose questions, when they halted to put any, were speedily stopped by one whispered word from Joe.

CHAPTER X.

While Newgate was burning on the previous night, Barnaby and his father, having been passed among the crowd from hand to hand, stood in Smithfield, on the outskirts of the mob, gazing at the flames like men who had been suddenly aroused from sleep. Some moments elapsed before they could distinctly remember where they were, or how they got there; or recollected that while they were standing idle and listless spectators of the fire, they had tools in their hands which had been hurriedly given them that they might free themselves from their fetters.

Barnaby, heaving ironed as he was, if he had obeyed his first impulse, or if he had been alone, would have made his way back to the side of Hugh, who to his clouded intellect now shone forth with the new lustre of being his preserver and truest friend. But his father's terror of remaining in the streets, communicated itself to him when he comprehended the full extent of his fears, and impressed him with the same eagerness to fly to a place of safety.

In a corner of the market among the pens for cattle, Barnaby knelt down, and pausing every now and then to pass his hand over his father's face, or look up to him with a smile, knocked off his irons. When he had seen him spring, a free man, to his feet, and had given vent to the transport of delight which the sight awakened, he went to work upon his own, which soon fell rattling down upon the ground, and left his limbs untrietted.

Gliding away together when this task was accomplished, and passing several groups of men, each gathered round a stooping figure to hide him from those who passed, but unable to repress the clanking sound of hammers, which told that they were too busy at the same work—the two fugitives made towards Clerkenwell, and passing thence to Islington as the nearest point of escape, were quickly in the fields. After wandering about for a long time, they found in a pasture near Finchley a poor shed, with walls of mud,

and roof of grass and brambles, built for some cowherd but now deserted. Here they lay down for the rest of the night. They wandered to and fro when it was day, and once Barnaby went off alone to a cluster of little cottages two or three miles away, to purchase some bread and milk. But finding no better shelter, they returned to the same place, and lay down again to wait for night.

Heaven alone can tell with what vague thoughts of duty and affection, with what strange promptings of nature, intelligible to him as to a man of radiant mind and most enlarged capacity; with what dim memories of children he had played with when a child himself, who had prattled of their fathers, and of loving them, and being loved; with how many half-remembered, dreamy associations of his mother's grief and tears and widowhood, he watched and tended this man. But that a vague and shadowy crowd of such ideas came slowly on him, that they taught him to be sorry when he looked upon his haggard face, that they overflowed his eyes when he stooped to kiss him, that they kept him waving in a tearful gladness shading him from the sun, fanning him with leaves, soothing him when he started in his sleep—ah! what a troubled sleep it was—and wondering when she would come to join them and be happy, is the truth. He sat beside him all that day, listening for her footsteps in every breath of air, looking for her shadow on the gently waving grass, twining the hedge flowers for her pleasure when she came, and his when he awoke, and stooping down from time to time to listen to his mutterings, and wonder why he was so restless in that quiet place. The sun went down and night came on, and he was still quite tranquil; busied with these thoughts, as if there were no other people in the world, and the dull cloud of smoke hanging on the immense city in the distance, hid no vices, no crimes, no life or death, or causes of disquiet—nothing but clear air.

But the hour had now come when he must go alone to find out the blind man (a task that filled him with delight), and bring him to that place, taking especial care that he was not watched or followed on his way back. He listened to the directions he must observe, repeated them again and again, and after twice or thrice returning to surprise his father with a light-hearted laugh, went forth, at last upon his errand, leaving Grip, whom he had carried from the jail in his arms, to his care.

Fleet of foot, and anxious to return, he sped swiftly on towards the city, but could not reach it before the fires began, and made the night angry with their dismal lustre. When he entered the town—it might be that it was changed by going there without his late companions, and on no violent errand, or by the beautiful solitude in which he had passed the day, or by the thoughts that had come upon him,—but it seemed peopled by a legion of devils. This flight and pursuit, this cruel burning and destroying, these dreadful cries and stunning noises, were they the good lord's noble cause!

Though almost stupefied by the bewildering scene, still he found the blind man's house. It was shut up and tenantless. He waited for a long time, but no one came. At last he withdrew, and as he knew by this time that the soldiers were firing, and many people must have been killed, he went down into Holborn, where he heard the great crowd was, to try if he could find Hugh, and persuade him to avoid the danger, and return with him.

If he had been stunned and shocked before, his horror was increased a thousand-fold when he got into this vortex of the riot, and not being an

HOW TO TAKE THEM

FOR CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS INDIGESTION TORPED LIVER IMPURE BLOOD DYSPEPSIA HEADACHES KIDNEY TROUBLE RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA IRRITATED HEART NERVOUSNESS BAD COMPLEXION

Begin treatment by taking one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet three times a day and two at bedtime—for 3 or 4 days.

Take the tablets twenty minutes before meals, and always drink half a tumblerful of cold water (not iced) with each tablet.

Then take two tablets every night for a week—and then one every night for a month.

Be careful about the diet—eat regularly—avoid veal, pork, dark meat fowls, and never drink milk with meals.

Bathe frequently—dress warmly—exercise sensibly—take "Fruit-a-tives" faithfully—and see how much better you are at the end of the month.

50c. a box. At all druggists.

actor in the terrible spectacle, had it all before his eyes. But there, in the midst, towering above them all, close before the house they were attacking now, was Hugh on horseback, calling to the rest!

Sickened by the sights surrounding him on every side, and by the beat and roar, and crash, he forced his way among the crowd (where many recognized him, and with shouts pressed back to let him pass), and in time was nearly up with Hugh, who was savagely threatening some one, but whom, or what he said, he could not, in the great confusion, understand. At that moment the crowd forced their way into the house, and Hugh—it was impossible to see by what means, in such a concourse—fell headlong down.

(To be Continued.)

His Tenth Birthday

He has said good-bye to his rocking horse, And the games he used to play, While the house of blocks lies a tumbled heap, He is ten years old to-day!

The soldier of tin, in its suit of blue, With trimmings of finest gold, Is behind the door, unnoticed now,— Its owner is ten years old!

The top and drum have lost the charm Which was theirs for many a day, And the woolly sheep give a lonely "Baa" For the boy who has gone away.

His mother sighs as she looks at him And knows that all earth's gold Can not restore the curls and kilt Of her boy who is ten years old.

—B. A. Pitman.

FOUND AT LAST. Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

February 1906 THE HOLY FAMILY. SECOND MONTH 28 DAYS. Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and names of saints. Includes sections for Fifth Sunday After Epiphany, Septuagesima Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday, and Quinquagesima Sunday.



Plain Tips 15c. per Box

.....The HOME CIRCLE

POETICAL.

"Do you appreciate poetry?" asked the serious young woman. "Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There is one piece of poetry that has done me a world of good. Old as I am, there are times when I couldn't tell how to figure without saying, 'Thirty days hath September, April, June and November.'"

USEFUL TO KNOW.

If a gloss is desired on linen add a teaspoonful of salt to the starch when mazing.

A clever housekeeper has discovered that potatoes may be baked just inside the furnace door in half the time required to bake them in the oven. But if the fire is very hot they need careful watching.

Marshmallow fudge is a new invention in home-made sweets that commends itself not only by reason of its novelty, but also because it is not too rich a compound for the average mortal to be able to eat a lot of. Cut a dozen or so marshmallows into small pieces, scatter them thickly over well buttered plates, then pour over them all the regulation fudge mixture. Let this stand half a day before being disturbed.

In making hand tucks it is a good plan, particularly if one is using a single thread machine, which will manipulate more delicate stuffs than will most of the lockstitch machines, to run the tucks in with the aid of the tuck-marker, but without any thread in the machine. This will mark the exact place for your hand stitching, and one is well repaid for the little extra work by the exquisitely neat appearance of the finished tucking.

A wooden hand to be used in place of one's own when cleaning gloves is a boon to the woman who must practise this little economy. Naphtha and gasoline, as everybody who has used them knows, are apt to leave the human hand that has been inserted in a glove irritated and sore. To cleanse several pairs, one right after the other, is a sure way to court red, sore hands. The wooden hand is adjustable to either right or left hand and three of the fingers are movable.

SELF CONTROL.

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but allowed to burst out into a blaze whenever they come. Others suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects, but not on others. Very much can be done by culture to give the will control over the feelings. One of the best means of culture is the persistent withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces the emotion and concentrating it elsewhere. The man or woman who persistently permits the mind to dwell on disagreeable things only spites him or herself. Children, of course, have less self-control, and so parents and teachers must help them to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else; but adults, when they act like children, ought to be ashamed of themselves. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents the great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

A LAW AGAINST LAUGHTER.

Most of us take life too seriously. In old Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men

TORPID LIVER CAUSE OF FEVERS

THE SUREST WAY TO PREVENT DISEASE IS TO KEEP THE LIVER ACTIVE WITH

Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

Too frequently an external cause for fever is looked for, when the real source of trouble is from within the body itself.

To begin with, the liver becomes torpid, sluggish and inactive, and poisonous bile is left in the blood to corrupt the whole system. The result is the overworking of the kidneys and the clogging up of the organs of excretion.

Food which should be digested is left to ferment and decay in the intestines, and inflammations and fevers are set up.

In such a condition the body is a regular hotbed of disease, and is most susceptible to any ailment of an infectious or contagious nature.

The best insurance against disease is the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver active. This great medicine has a direct and specific action on the liver, and is wonderfully prompt and effective in awakening and invigorating this important filtering organ.

A healthy liver means pure blood, good digestion and the proper working of the bowels. A healthy liver ensures the onward passage of the food through the intestines and excretory organs, and so removes all chance of poisonous waste matter remaining in the body to produce pain, suffering and disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

forget war," said the king. One would think, as he goes through the streets of our great cities, that there must be a law against laughter, so grave and sad are the majority of faces he sees. Among the thousands who hurry to and fro, a bright, happy, radiant face is a rarity. Even when at luncheon, in the restaurants, and at lunch counters, city men cannot forget the serious side of life. Most of them eat with long faces and without speaking a word or exchanging a joke or a smile with one another. They are thinking, thinking, worrying, and planning, planning. The almighty dollar is too serious a subject to be trifled with. There is no time to laugh during business hours, or at meal times. That must be left for a holiday, which, alas, for many people, never comes. We have no longer time for making a life, it is all used up in making a living. Happier far than the solemn dollar-chasers is the poor farm hand who, when asked how he would like to die, replied, "Wal, I'll tell you, boys; I'd like something that would just tickle me to death, and let me die a-laugh-in'."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S FAVORITE POEM.

He'd nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song, But we were wed when skies were blue And summer days were long; And, when we rested by the hedge The robins came and told How they had dared to woo and win When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries, Or slept among the hay, But oft the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes— We could not starve for long While my man had his violin And I my sweet old song.

The world has aye gone well with us, Old man, since we were one; Our homeless wandering down the lanes

It long ago was done. But those who wait for gold or gear, For houses and for kine, 'Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere, And love and beauty pine, Will never know the joy of hearts That met without a fear When you had but your violin And I, my song, my dear. —Mary Kyle Dallas.

WAGNER AND SCHUMANN.

Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris I went to see him. I told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb far nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview, which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and that one cannot endure for long together."

FORGET AND REMEMBER.

Forget each kindness that you do As soon as you have done it; Forget the praise that falls to you That moment you have won it; Forget the slander that you hear Before you can repeat it; Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done To you, whatever its measure; Remember praise by others won And pass it on with pleasure; Remember every promise made And keep it to the letter; Remember those who lend you aid, And be a grateful debtor.

THE MAN OF CHEER.

We love the man with the rose on his tongue, the man who sees the boy's dirty face, but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat, but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all faults, but who is quick to praise, slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose voice is full of music of the birds, whose handshake is an inspiration and his "God bless you" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush sings.

God bless the man of cheer. There is plenty of trouble here and we need not increase it. There is a lot of jingling done ahead of time.

CLEANING AN OLD CLOCK.

Have any of our readers a clock they value, that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness; does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seems to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting, the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene, and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one—skip no more; it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batten black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it, with success.—National Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE RULE OF THREE.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom, and beauty. Three things to admire—power, gracefulness, and dignity. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and affectation. Three things to think about—life, death, and eternity. Three things to love—purity, truth, fullness, and honor. Three things to be—brave, gentle, and kind.—The Pilgrim.

I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT.

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson: A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much, but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose who stood close by. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck, but as she did so her foot trod the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose, but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate. "I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog, but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow. What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen, but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended. "A little explained, A little endured, A little forgiven, The quarrel is cured." —Selected.

THE MOSQUITO AND THE LION. There was once a mosquito that thought a great deal of itself. A mosquito, you know, is a very small fly indeed, that has a tiny sting which hurts a little. This mosquito was with a lot of its companions swarming about in a wood when a sunbeam came shining. By the light of its ray it saw a lion fast asleep stretched out upon the ground. "Ah! now's my time," thought the mosquito; "now I will revenge myself upon this tyrant of the wood." So the mosquito flew down and settled itself upon the tail of the lion, and stung it with all its might. The lion was motionless; it stirred neither head nor tail. The mosquito rose lightly in the air and settled down upon a laurel leaf. "Now, I have killed the tyrant," it cried to the little midges dancing in the sun. "See how still he lies. I have stung the mighty beast to death. I am the conqueror of the king of the forest." And all the little mosquitoes danced a triumphant dance, and sang the praises of the brave little mosquito that had dared to sting the tail of the sleeping lion. And when they were tired of dancing they rested themselves on the laurel leaves, and looked down at the lion.

As evening came on the sun went down, the lion flicked its tail, woke up, stretched itself, and went off much refreshed into the plains.

HE IS EMPHATIC IN WHAT HE SAYS

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED ROBT. BOND OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

His Doctor Who said There was no Hope for Him, now Pronounces Him Well—He Tells his own Story. Mt. Brydges, Ont., Feb. 12.—(Special.)—Among the many people in this neighborhood who tell of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, none is more emphatic than that old and respected citizen, Mr. Robert Bond.

"I believe I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Bond says. "My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. Then I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and used in all twenty boxes. Now I eat well, sleep well, and my doctor says I am well. Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured me. Do you wonder I am always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

What will cure Bright's Disease will easily cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will always cure Bright's Disease. They are the only remedy that will cure Bright's Disease. Be sure you get Dodd's.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Examples: Transpose a nail and get a poet. Answer: Bard, bard. 1. Transpose a disturbance and get a musical composition. 2. An animal and get a weapon. 3. Extremely cold and get to move smoothly. 4. A relish and get motive. 5. To bind and get to loosen.—Navy Gaiter.

What is the difference between: (1) a gardener, (2) a billiard player, (3) a gentleman, (4) a sexton? Answer—The first mnds his peas; the second mnds his cues; the third mnds his p's and q's; the fourth mnds his keys and pews.

AN OCTOGENARIAN DEFINED.

It was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning after wading through the latest intelligence from the front she turned another page of the paper, and said: "Herbie, it says that another octogenarian is dead." "What's an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sick-

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Stenosing Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the piney odor so valuable in the treatment of lung affection. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RECITATION.

Did you ever speak a piece and find That all the poem yours Had flown out of your mind Like little frightened birds?

The people were so very near, Their eyes so big and round, Your voice came out so high and queer, With such a funny sound.

The platform was so long and wide, You felt so very small, You had to run away and hide, And speak no piece at all?

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

In what color should our friendship be kept? In violet (inviolate). Why is India ink like a cunning Hottentot? Because it is a deep black.

There is a well known word in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman.—He, her, hero, heroine.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

I know a little rose-cheeked fellow who, I think, is beginning life aright. Every Saturday he does errands for a merchant and receives a quarter of a dollar for his services.

Not long ago a large circus came to the town, and only the small boy, who lives in a country town and sees very little in the way of amusement, can fully realize the great fascination of this entertainment.

Even the grown man cannot quite forget the thrill of excitement and pleasure which the parade and the music and crowd once gave him.

The merchant suspected the longing that, doubtless, beset the little fellow's heart to see the circus. He had been a boy himself. So in the afternoon, about the time the performance should begin, he proposed to advance the twenty-five cents and let his young assistant, whom he will call Henry, enjoy a half-holiday.

Henry seemed to be debating some question in his mind; but he took the quarter and thanked his employer for the half-holiday. In a short time, however, he came back and announced his intention of not going to the show, but of working the rest of the day.

The merchant felt some curiosity to know what reasons were sufficient to keep a small boy from a circus, when he had a quarter in his pocket and leave of absence of his employer, and so he asked the reason of this very unusual state of affairs.

"Well, you see," began Henry, in explanation, "it's just this way. I bought a lamb from pa some time ago, and I was to pay him for it in three months, and the three months have nearly passed and I haven't quite paid him, so I thought it would be a heap honest to give him the quarter and not go to the show."

There are pretty big mosquitoes in the world, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians. The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onondaga, N.Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster, so they called upon the holder of heavens to come down. Finding that he had met his match in this person, the mosquito flew away. He flew around the great lake, turned eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green lake and had reached Lake Onondaga when his pursuer came up and killed him. As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the holder of the heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians. The Tuscaroras say that two of the

THE BOYS' CIGARET HABIT.

Youth's Companion: Various devices have been proposed for inducing boys to leave off the smoking of cigars. Clubs, the members of which are pledged not to smoke them, school prizes for those who do not smoke, chewing gum warranted to destroy the desire for the cigar, even laws against the making and selling of cigars—all these have testified to the effort on the part of parents and teachers to reduce the evil effects of smoking when practised by young boys.

None of these devices succeeds so well as it ought to succeed. The boys' club, the school prize, and the State law reach a certain number of offenders, but the worst cases remain, and go on destroying themselves and corrupting others.

The truth probably is that the old-fashioned appeal to the will of the boy himself is the only efficient cure of the cigar habit. He must be told plainly that he is sacrificing his health, his brain, and his future to his bad habit. The facts are clear and forcible enough to convince his reason, if he will once listen to them. Then must follow the plain, bald statement: "Nobody can help you but yourself. It is doubtless if you have even now enough will left to stop smoking. If you haven't enough to-day, you will have less next week, and still less next month. Unless you break off the habit you are in danger of becoming a burden to everybody—especially to your friends, to yourself most of all. If you want to stop smoking the way to do it is to stop smoking!"

Many a boy who would sneer at milder methods will rise in response to this heroic one. The brutal truth carries a weight far beyond that of the comfortable half-truths which we often try to rouse a sleeping conscience. All substitutes for conscience and will are doomed to failure. The boy who cannot kill off a bad habit must live with it till it kills him.

Catholic Negroes

Owing to the peculiar conditions existing between the races in this country negro students or those even with a trace of negro blood are excluded from colleges for whites.

Hence it has been found necessary to establish separate schools for the negro. There are large institutions devoted to the industrial trades and to the education of negro teachers. These great schools are being built up and supported in large part by the wealth of white Protestants.

An instance is the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, where President Roosevelt recently made a striking address, advocating the education of the masses on normal and industrial lines. There are thousands of active-minded young negro men and women attending and being trained out of such schools as Hampton, Tuskegee and other Protestant colleges. It is said that the graduates readily find employment.

The writer, while visiting the Tuskegee Institute, was impressed with the usefulness of colored Catholic teachers of good character.

The Institute is under the management of the famous Booker T. Washington, and has fifteen hundred students. There are about ninety Catholics among them. There are in the school 120 instructors, all colored. Among these are several Catholic women instructors who, by their edifying department, are a good influence in the institutions.

While young negroes have many opportunities in secular and Protestant colleges which are throned by them, there are scarcely any Catholic colleges for them. St. Joseph's College, of Montgomery, Ala., admits negro students, giving them a training to fit them for catechists and teachers. This college, however, has not sufficient financial support.

It seems almost incredible but it is a fact that St. Joseph's College, about the only Catholic college in the country where a young colored man can secure a college course, is hampered and sometimes distressed by a lack of funds.

Unlike the secular and Protestant colleges, it has no wealthy patrons. At present it receives no support from any society or association. It is almost solely dependent on small contributions sent it by charitably disposed Catholics of moderate means.

The college has about twenty-five students at present. Only a small board and tuition fee can be required of them and some are too poor to pay anything. The rector, Rev. Joseph Butts, will gratefully receive any assistance or donation. The address is St. Joseph's College, Montgomery, Ala.

An Indian Legend

There are pretty big mosquitoes in the world, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians.

The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onondaga, N.Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster, so they called upon the holder of heavens to come down. Finding that he had met his match in this person, the mosquito flew away. He flew around the great lake, turned eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green lake and had reached Lake Onondaga when his pursuer came up and killed him.

As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the holder of the heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians. The Tuscaroras say that two of the

mosquitoes stood on opposite sides of the Seneca river and slew all who passed. Hiawatha killed them. A reservation stone marks the place where the holder rested during his chase, and tracks were until lately seen south of Syracuse alternated with the footprints of the mosquito. These footprints were shaped like those of a bird and were twenty inches long. These marks were revered by the Indians for many years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lecture by Mr. John T. Loftus

On 28th January the members of St. Francis' C.K. & A.A. listened to a lecture by John T. Loftus on "The Effect of Exercise on Health." Mr. Loftus handled his subject like an expert, and the interest taken in the subject by the members was shown by the numerous questions put to him at the close of the lecture.

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Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

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My first hatch came off. I got 176 fine chicks from 190 eggs. Who can beat that for the first time, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another machine could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunnville, Ont.

The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day. R. McGUFFIE, Moose Jaw, Assn.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest.

Send us your name and address on a post card to-day. We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, R.C. Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

A STRANGE "LAST WORD."

Goldwin Smith, who is a frequent contributor to the New York Sun, wrote to that journal lately a series of letters upon religion. A number of people complained that these letters, too agnostic and sceptical in their character, were very dangerous reading for their families. This stand was admitted. The correspondence was brought to a close by "A Last Word" from Prof. Smith in the Sun of the 4th inst. A mournful word it is, coming from one who by his four score years is in sore need of a surer anchor than doubt and unbelief. What should be a humble prayer for light is a wall of distress in midnight darkness. Like a sailor without star above or compass on board, the Professor knows not which way to turn. He protests that he is not an enemy of religion either in general or in particular. He takes the stand—too common nowadays—that he can no longer accept the Bible as an inspired volume. In the succeeding paragraph he is more pointed in his disavowal of revealed religion and the Incarnation: "Few now deny," he says, "that Genesis is mythical. The dogmatic part of Christianity must apparently share its fate. If there was no Fall of Man there could be no occasion for an Atonement, no room for an Incarnation. . . . The evidence of the Gospel miracles and notably of the resurrection, has given way under critical examination." Such statements are thoroughly professional, thoroughly impregnated with the cynicism, the autocratic tone, the paradoxical spirit that have marked Goldwin Smith throughout. Nothing could be bolder, more sweeping or more insulting to multitudes of earnest thinkers and profound scholars than letters couched in such tones. "Few deny." What about the many millions who accept these very truths? Few deny. It is a gratuitous and unsubstantiated statement. It is the few who admit, who have reasoned themselves into that unsatisfactory state of mind when they believe only in themselves, and doubt or deny every one else, the few who with the critique of Kant in one hand and the Bible in the other have applied the German philosopher's principles to the statements and doctrines of revelation. This is one of the chief reasons for the devastating unbelief of higher criticism. "Genesis a myth!" What blasphemy! It contains neither vestige of apology nor shred of argument. To minds like Goldwin Smith it matters not that the Bible has been in the field from time immemorial, that it was the treasure and trust put into the hands of millions in early youth with a warning from a mother's reverent lips and heart. Nor does it matter that it has stood generations of critics from beyond the time when St. Augustine defended and explained it. These things are of little account; the biting blast from the German north which is blowing strong just now, sweeps Genesis away and with it the whole sacred volume. But the connection between Genesis and the dogmatic part of Christianity is not so close as to make them interdependent. Christianity had for its preparation the four thousand years which preceded it. This period concerned us and not the Divine Founder Himself. It was necessary, in order that we might the more keenly feel our misery, and the more deeply appreciate the great benefit of redemption. The Incarnation and Atonement and Church do not so essentially depend upon Genesis that a denial of Genesis includes a denial of Christianity. The critics must not imagine that they have even made a breach in the wall of Christianity when with unfounded self-satisfaction they proclaim their imaginary discovery that Genesis is a myth. Genesis is no myth, nor does the dogma of Christianity share any such fate. Higher critics are very hasty in their conclusions and very dogmatic in their assumptions. As there are other portions of this letter

which demand attention, we pass on to the Professor's easy way of getting rid of the miracles of the Gospel. He says: "The evidence of the Gospel miracles, and notably of the Resurrection, has given way under critical examination." So far from this statement being true it is untrue and without foundation. Even Strauss, who of all modern critics is the worst enemy of Christianity, did not go quite so far. After striving to explain the Gospel miracles and especially the Resurrection, by natural means, he declared that such an explanation of the Gospels was contradictory to both history and philosophy; to history which it wrenches and falsifies; contradictory to philosophy, because it neither explains the immense influence of Christ, nor the establishment of His Church, and that furthermore such an explanation is contrary to the humility, the truth and religious perfection of our Lord. Herein Strauss in spite of himself is echoing all history, and bearing unwilling testimony to those great central facts of our Lord's life—His miracles and resurrection. Take them out of history, explain them as coming within the natural order, and there is a blank in history which is ever increasing as the years advance. This mere span of time, the public mission of Christ, the commission of the Apostles and the establishment of the Church—a mere period of seventy years—is the most marked and the most important in the history of the world. These miracles are facts, historical and supernatural facts. Science cannot deny them or criticism sweep them away. Let us examine the Resurrection by this light. Either Christ rose from the dead or He did not rise. The fact was testified to by the Apostles who did not hesitate to give their life in confirmation of the fact. Five hundred and more disciples saw Him. The number of Jews and pagans who were converted to Christianity and who had to give up the belief of their fathers, who embraced a life of danger and humiliation, were the faithful witnesses of this Resurrection. Its supernatural character is too brilliant, too firmly established upon the rock of history to be explained or contradicted. If the Resurrection is not supernatural it is not a fact; but if it is a fact it is the seal of all the supernatural life, law, kingdom of Christ. Let the fact be admitted—that Christ rose from the dead by His own power—and all the history of the civilized world since that event is intelligible. Retrench the fact, deny it, explain it by science, reject it by criticism—history becomes a desert. Whatever a so-called scientist may attempt, no historical critic would with self-respect deny the central fact without which he cannot explain a single chapter of Christian history. Goldwin Smith does leave the character of our Lord, but only in word; for if the miracles were not miracles, or did not take place, then our Saviour's character is completely gone. If Christ be not risen from the dead, after prophesying that He would rise—when that He appeared to the disciples, and claimed it, what could we think of Him? Miracles, character, mission, all go together; all stand or fall together. They have stood the test of the centuries, with the loss of individuals it may be, but with no loss of their stability and divine leadership. With them as on Calvary some have mocked and thought that all was over when the Victim bowed His head and died; whilst others with the centurion piercing the Sacred Side exclaim, "This is the Son of God." As time passes the generations of men change, but the truth remains; the divine miracles, character, mission and Church of Christ abide forever.

EDUCATIONAL CHANGES.

Quite a revolution in the Educational Department is imminent if the programme proposed is carried out. Whilst the Minister of Education remains, an expert is to be appointed in whose hands will be placed the executive. To assist him there will be a permanent advisory board whose duties will be afterwards defined. Greater attention is to be given to the work of primary education, in the way of an increased number of

Normal Schools for the training of teachers and still more practically in the material help which the Government will give to advance the salaries of teachers. Many of the suggested changes will undoubtedly do good, and will serve to improve those schools which are the only halls of learning for the great majority. We were, however, disappointed to find no mention of that branch of our educational system in which our people are most deeply interested, viz., the Separate Schools. The Government or the Educational Department will admit it to be a branch. It ought therefore to be an object of fostering care, not of a silence which seems to ignore its existence, its present condition and its future needs. Is the system so ideal that it cannot be further improved? Is it so crystallized that to touch it would be to dissolve it entirely? Is it that the Government does not care to do anything? The present Government has shown a liberal policy towards the University of Toronto. It proposes the same generosity to the public schools. In all fairness it cannot close its doors to the demands of the Separate Schools. Nor should our people lose the present opportunity. Whilst we stand for religion in the education of our children, we do not wish to see our schools fail, or be in the background, for want of funds or efficiency of work. To secure any desirable improvement it will require unity of plan and action from one end of the Province to the other. It is not a question of some local advantage which will work successfully here and there, but which will have no adaptability elsewhere. It is a question of a system—organized and encouraged and supported—in and through which our children may receive a thorough Catholic education. It is a question which calls for something more than half-hearted support—the demand of a minority confident in their cause, earnest in their appeal and devoted in their perseverance. It is for the Bishops of Ontario to speak, not one here and there, but all together, with the same union and courage as characterized the Catholic Bishops of England in their guiding letter lately. When such serious changes are taking place in education it is time for supporters of Separate Schools in Ontario to advance and improve with others. To be left behind whilst our neighbors get still farther ahead, is very much like denying the principle of religious education. At best such support is too faint-hearted to preserve what our fathers fought for, what we must be ready to fight for, and what forms the trial and suffering of the faith in lands where Catholic education is ostracized and persecuted.

St. Joseph's Academy

The Junior and Intermediate Music Classes of St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay, entertained their friends on Tuesday evening in the prettily decorated music hall of the Academy. The following tastefully prepared and excellently rendered programme was listened to with pleasure by an appreciative audience. The manner in which the pupils performed the various selections showed talent on their part and most careful training from their teachers:

PART I.

March, Piano, Mary Killen, violins M. Killen, F. O'Brien.
Chorus, Welcome Song.
Piano Solo, "The Mill," Helen Paton.
Inst. Duet, "Fairy Waltz," R. O'Neil, M. Gillogly, M. Breen, H. Paton.
Song, "The Daisies," R. McNaulty, M. Breen, M. Gillogly, R. O'Neil, H. McLellan, M. Workman, accomp., Norine Kingsley.
At the Fountain, Fulton Gillespie, Scott Paton.
Piano Solo, Myrtle Carter.
Song, "Dear Little Dorothy Dimple," M. Breen, accomp., M. McEvoy.

PART II.

Duet, "Honey Bell Polka," Annie Gillespie, A. Smith; K. McDonald, N. Kingsley.
Piano Solo, "Shepherd's Tale," Reta Gough.
Song, "Merry Dancers," R. O'Neil, R. McNaulty, M. Gillogly, M. Workman, M. Prunty, M. Breen, H. McLellan, N. Kingsley; accomp., A. Gillespie.
Violin and Piano, "Berceuse," Mary and M. Killen.
Piano solo, "Serenata," H. Workman.
Morning Star, Evening Star and Moonlight, F. O'Brien, M. Craig and J. Clancy.
Piano solo, "Au Matin," Lizzie Dwyer.
Duet, D. Baker and B. Primeau.
Chorus, "Good-bye," accomp., M. McEvoy.

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THE PAPAL SWISS GUARD

The Irish Catholic gives the following interesting sketch of the gallant Papal Swiss Guard:

It seems that although Martin V., the Pope whose election by the Council of Constance ended the Great Schism, engaged a captain and 70 men to protect the Vatican in 1420, it was Julius II. who founded the Swiss Guard in 1595, the third year of his pontificate. That warlike Pope, of whom it was said that he "threw the keys of St. Peter into the Tiber and kept only the sword of St. Paul," whom poets described as "a second Mars," and whose coat of arms, the unbending holm-oak, may still be seen on the Castle of Ostia and on the Monastery of Grotta Ferrata, enlisted in October of that year a body of Swiss, who arrived in Rome in the following January, and who were officially described as "Prætorian Guards of the Pope's person and palace."

These Guards, at first 150 and later 200 in number, were all originally drawn from the three German cantons—Schwyz, Uri and Unterwalden—which formed the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation. Although the men are now selected from other cantons it is quite the exception for French-Swiss to serve in their ranks. There are at present, so the colonel has stated, only six or seven French-Swiss in the whole corps, while Italians from the Italian-speaking Cantons of Ticino never join the Swiss Guard.

The men, as every visitor to the Vatican knows, habitually speak German among themselves, and their colonel, a scion of a very distinguished family, whose ancestors fought in the French war of religion, used that language when he talked about his soldiers.

The first commander of the Swiss Guard was Gaspar de Silenen, or Silinus, as he was called in Latin, who arrived with the first detachment, and remained in Rome until his death. He received from the Pope the lump sum of 1,151 ducats for the payment of himself and his men, and the corps soon showed that it was well worth the expense.

On the day when Julius II's successor, the splendor-loving Leo X., rode in pomp to the Lateran, this band of 200 stalwart mountaineers, clad in their yellow, green, and white uniforms—the colors of their respective cantons—marched in front of the Pope, and the observant Venetian ambassador remarked on their beauty and fine physique.

It was found, however, that the cantonal feeling, which ran high among them, was fostered by the custom of allowing them to wear each the colors of his respective canton; accordingly Michael Angelo was employed to devise a new costume. The great artist hit upon the idea of combining three colors—red, yellow and black—in one garment, and the present uniform was the result.

Each man is obliged to have three of these, bearing the coat-of-arms of the reigning Pope; at present, however, not a few of the Swiss Guards still display on their clothes that of Leo XIII.

The Swiss Guard, however, have ever been something more than mere place soldiers. It received its baptism of fire when Leo X. deposed Francesco Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, and handed over that delectable duchy to his own nephew, Lorenzo de Medici. Soon, however, came the fiery ordeal of the faithful Swiss, when the Constable de Bourbon marched on Rome in 1527.

On the terrible sixth of May, when the assailants stormed the Leonine City, and Clement VII. had barely time to rise from his prayers and flee for dear life along the Castle of the Vatican to the Castle of Sant' Angelo, the Swiss Guard set a noble example to the rest of the Papal troops.

They took up their stand, between 200 and 300 strong at the foot of the Obelisk, now in the centre of the Piazza di San Pietro, which then stood near the Sacristy, and fought like heroes till all but 12 were slain. The dead were, at least, fortunate in that they did not survive to witness the horrors of the "Sack of Rome" which followed.

For 21 years after its practical annihilation on that fatal day the Swiss Guard were not reorganized. But in 1548 Clement VII's successor, Paul III., who planned and began the re-fortification of Rome, and who will always be remembered as having sanctioned the formation of the Society of Jesus, revived the corps of Swiss.

When Pius V. sent Marc Antonio Colonna to command the papal fleet against the Turks in 1571, a contingent of the Swiss Guard accompanied him, and at the great Battle of Lepanto one of the mountaineers, a certain Hans Rolli, captured two flags, which are still preserved in the arsenal at Lucerne.

During the quieter times of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Guard had less opportunity of winning fresh laurels, but it has continued to exist ever since 1548 without intermission, save for the two brief intervals of the Republic of 1798 and the French occupation of 1809.



JOHN T. LOFTUS
Candidate for Separate School
Trustee in Ward 4

non-commissioned officers with the rank of lieutenant.

The men must all live in the Vatican, where the colonel also resides in a picturesque courtyard, still recalling by the famous bull of the Borgias on the archway the terrible times of Alexander VI. The men receive free quarters—no small boon now that rent is so high in Rome—but must provide their own food. Their pay is small, but they have not a few advantages.

Not the least of these is leisure, which many of them devote to the study of art and to learn Italian. Many of them became artists in time, while others, especially those from the Canton of Valais, return home after their service is up to farm.

Any person who joins the Guard must engage himself for six months at least; at the end of 18 years' service he will be entitled to a pension, amounting to half his pay, which is increased to two-thirds after twenty years in the corps, and to full pay at the close of 30 years. About 50 per cent. remain 20 years in Rome. No one under age of 18 or above that of 25, is eligible for admission to the Guard, and its members, being unable of course, to perform the military service compulsory on all Swiss subjects at home, have to pay the military tax instead.

The Swiss Guard is one of the few picturesque institutions now left in Rome, whence costume, save for the presence of a few Sardis, who aid the artists' models of the Via del Babuino and the Spanish Steps, has all but fled. It has existed, with three intervals, for four centuries, and it has performed deeds of which it may be proud. Its officers have from the outset formed a link between the Papacy and the aristocracy of Switzerland, and its rank and file have shown in times of need a signal devotion to their master.

Death of Rev. John J. Costello, C.S.B.

Though not unexpected, the death of Rev. Father Costello has caused sadness and sorrow in many a household in Toronto, where he was known from childhood to youth, and on until the day when the ardent wish of his life was fulfilled and he stood "a priest forever" before God's holy altar. For some weeks before Christmas Father Costello had been ailing, but on the Great Feast he received strength to say the three Masses. This was his last effort, his last Mass was his Christmas Mass. The death occurred at Waco, Texas, on Monday, February 12th, and the funeral on Tuesday morning. The deceased priest was ordained a year ago last August in St. Basil's church, and immediately set out for the future scene of his labors, accompanied by the wish of all that the climate there might prove beneficial to his delicate constitution. For a while the hope seemed realized, but in the end proved futile. The amiable young priest will be long remembered in Toronto for in addition to all priestly virtues he was the possessor of a beautiful and cultured voice, and his pathetic rendition of "Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded," as he sang it by request at the reception given the Irish delegates on their return from the Irish convention, will live in the memory of those who heard it, long after the notes of many of the world's greatest singers have been forgotten. Father Costello is survived by four brothers, Michael and Peter at home; Cyril, teacher at Sandwich College; William of Chicago; and three sisters, Mary, Ellen and Cecilia.

To the brothers and sisters of Father Costello, and to the Basilians, who have lost so lovable and devout a member, the Catholic Register extends sincere sympathy.



TENDERS FOR INDIAN SUPPLIES

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on Thursday, 15th March, 1906, for the delivery of Indian Supplies during the fiscal year ending 31st March, 1907, at various points in Manitoba and the North West Territories.

Forms of Tender containing full particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender is not necessarily accepted.

J. D. McLEAN,
Secretary.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 3rd February, 1906.

N.B.—Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority of the Department will not be paid.

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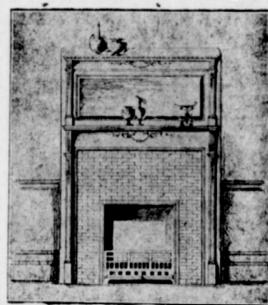
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Thos. D'Arcy McGee as an Empire-Builder

Address Delivered by Dr. J. K. Foran Before the Empire Club of Canada at Toronto, February 8th, 1906.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, — It is needless to detain you with any lengthy expression of my deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon me in being thus permitted to address the Empire Club of Canada. The name of your association and the patriotic spirit which animates its officers and members would suggest a subject in accord with the splendid ideals that your principles represent, but time and the limited acquirements of the speaker make a less ambitious effort more obviously necessary on this occasion.

When a mountain torrent is stayed in its descent by an obstacle, the waters fret and toss in their curbed unrest, but when the impediment is removed they flow on even brighter, swifter and with more power than ever. So it is with me this afternoon, if, with my inexpressive phrase, I stop for a few moments the flow of your festive enjoyment, it is merely in order that in removing myself as the obstruction, it may go on the stronger, the brighter and more delightful than before.

"Thomas D'Arcy McGee as an Empire Builder" is the subject I have selected for this brief address. It might possibly be made more entertaining were I to speak of that many-sided child of genius as the historian of his native land, for nothing could be more interesting than a detailed account of all his conscientious researches and his unflinching zeal in the perfecting of his greatest historical achievement—those were days of great exertion and of labor, when men had neither stenographers nor typewriters, nor any of the aids that we enjoy, when the pen had to trace every line of composition and the lively imagination and quickly conceived ideas had to be curbed and bridled while the mechanical task of transcription was being accomplished. It might also be made more brilliant and enthusiastic were I to speak of him as a poet and to quote from his splendid volume of historical patriotic, sentimental and Canadian poems—a veritable casket of glittering gems, each one of priceless value in the storehouse of English literature. Again, it might be more attractive and powerful were I to dwell upon McGee as an orator, and giving samples of his logical, polished and eloquent lectures and speeches, show how in a transcendent degree he possessed the sublime gift of silver speech. But all these phases of his personality are, to a degree, merely accidents in the great purpose of his well-filled career. They are the sparkling ripples that add picturesqueness and beauty to the stream of his life; beneath them, broad, deep, and powerful, flows on the great current of his almost prophetic statesmanship; and it is to this see-like gift that he owes the deserved title of an Empire Builder.

I simply seek this afternoon to raise a corner of the curtain that has long hung between the eyes of the great public and the secret of McGee's wonderful career of less than forty years, and to afford to the men of our day a glimpse of the real principles that actuated him, in common with other gifted souls of the same nationality and of the same school in the work they had set so determinedly before them.

Misjudged by some, misunderstood by others, McGee at one time was the victim of prejudices as unreasonable as they were blind, and at another period he was the victim of a blindness that was as irrational as it was prejudiced. The better to appreciate his career and the presence of the same all-embracing principle that accompanied him through all its vicissitudes—it is necessary to divide his life into two parts, his early years in Ireland and America, then his closing years in Canada. And that we may see how McGee was no exception among the men of his generation and of his country I will have to ask you to come for a few moments, in spirit, to the early "forties" of the nineteenth century, and to glance at the remarkable lives and still more remarkable aims, of some of his associates—the men with whom he studied and labored at the dawn of his strangely varied career.

It was in 1842 three young men—Davis, Dillon and Duffy—sat down in the Phoenix Park in Dublin and there, studying the unfortunate condition of their country, decided to establish a paper that would infuse a new and more life-inspiring spirit into the Irish people. They saw the absolute need of higher and broader education,

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and the motto of the new organ was "Educate that you may be free." The success of "The Nation" was immediate, it was phenomenal. No longer, after its first year, was the Irishman painted with impunity in caricature, or sung in burlesque; no longer could the wily politician eke out a precarious living by the plagiarism of his slander. These men, and the host of writers who sprang into existence with poems, essays and works of deep thought as prolific as flowers on a river bank in summer, devoted themselves to the study of political economy, of the science of government, and especially of the British Constitution. The sudden death of Davis, the prophet and guide of the party, in 1845, brought their grand schemes almost to ruin. The blow was severe in the extreme. To add to their misfortunes fresh batches of coercion acts were launched, which only seemed to goad the people, whom they sought to divert into an opposite pathway. Then came the famine of 1847. It would seem as if the very elements had conspired with the prejudiced section of humanity to frustrate their noble designs. "From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept their sky and soil; the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men who had nurtured them into life saw, in the withered leaves, that they too must die, or else leave their homes and betake themselves into exile.

McGee was at this time an American editor; he had fled from Ireland in the dark hour, and already was he deeply occupied with the study of the American system, its constitution and its principles. In Ireland an insurrection had broken out, led by William Smith O'Brien, and that gifted and noble student of political science has left a monumental work, his "Principles of government," as an evidence of his deep appreciation of British institutions and his honest sorrow that they could not be extended in all their perfection of freedom to his own country.

"The Nation" was seized, Duffy was arrested, accused of treason felony and tried in Dublin. By some technicality he escaped the utmost penalty. With all his brightest hopes and aspirations shattered, he left his native land and made his way to Australia. But he took with him into that distant colony the same principles that actuated him at home. There he found a soil congenial to sow that seed, and soon he began to ascend the ladder of power. Finally he reached the post of Primeminister-ship, and then he brought all his past experience and all his more mature energy to bear in an effort to combine the Australian colonies in one great commonwealth for their own protection and for the stability of the Empire. He laid the foundations of the confederation that is to-day a reality in that section of the world. And the same grand principle animated him and the same ideal beckoned him on—whether he stood an accused rebel in the Dublin dock, or he bent his knee as the hand of the most queenly woman—Victoria—who had ever wielded the sceptre of royalty, placed the sword of Imperial authority on his shoulder, and for the services he had rendered the Empire, commanded him to arise Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

The principles inculcated by Davis, Dillon, O'Brien, Duffy and their associates, animated Thomas D'Arcy McGee, both in Ireland and in Canada, and the grand aim of solidifying the British Empire by transforming Ireland—from a mill-stone around its neck to a key-stone in its arch of greatness—permeated the lives of these men. McGee, I repeat, was no exception; he was of the same school, and with gifts far more numerous and more brilliant than his contemporaries, he never found play for his talents, nor opportunity for his aims, nor a shrine wherein to set up his ideal, until he came to Canada. Once here, all his deep study of the British constitution, in theory, became illumined by contact with that constitution in practice, and at once he bent all his energies in the direction of raising Canada to her rightful position and making her the polished buckle in the belt of Empire encircling the world.

It was in 1863, just at the outbreak of the American conflict, that McGee delivered—here in Toronto—a remarkable lecture on "The Future of Canada." His own words will illustrate better than could any language of mine the character of his aspirations and the magnificent plans for the upbuilding of the Empire, through the medium of this grand colony, that he had conceived, and I may add that he never lost sight of his Irish hopes and aims, for he believed that the example of Canada's prosperity and happiness under the full and unrestricted freedom afforded by the constitution would become a most powerful factor—an irresistible one—in the advocacy of like liberty and like autonomy for the land of his birth. On that occasion Mr. McGee said: "It may be said that it is rather strange for an Irishman who spent his youth in resisting that government in his native country to be found among the admirers of British constitutional government in Canada. To that this is my reply—if in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is governed, I would have been as sound a constitutional Con-

servative as is to be found in that land. But, although I was not born and bred in the best school to see the merits of the British constitutional system, I trust I am not going to quarrel with the sun and the elements because of late it has rained 200 out of 365 days on the particular spot of earth on which I was born. I take the British constitutional system as the great original system upon which are founded the institutions of all free states. . . . I take it as combining in itself permanency and liberty—liberty in its best form, not in theory alone, but in practice—liberty which is enjoyed in practice by all the people of Canada of every origin and creed."

It was not with the constitution that McGee quarrelled in Ireland, but with the violation of it, even as did Papeau and Lyon Mackenzie in Canada. Standing upon the hilltop and gazing out upon the future Dominion, his eagle-eye taking in every detail of the scene to the horizon's uttermost rim, the prophetic statesman then exclaimed: "Though theoretical to-day, our future will be practical to-morrow. I never posed as a preacher of loyalty; I preach self, I preach precaution, I preach self-preservation." Then pointing out that the governments of the old world were then nearly all monarchies, while those of the New World were principally republics, he began a deep analysis of the two systems, and a selection of that most adopted to the present and future needs of Canada.

"Some monarchies," he said, "in all but name, might be considered republics, while some republics partake largely, if not of a monarchial, certainly of an oligarchical character. We can only appeal to two teachers—contemporary events and the voice of history." Let me quote another passage and then we will come to the irrefutable logic of McGee's political reasoning:

"British precedent and American examples," he said, "are the landmarks for us; by and beyond them we must go, but it is still in our power to say on which shore we shall sacrifice, and under which auspices we shall elect to prosecute our destined course. The American example has, for me, the fatal defect of instability and inconstancy." Be it remembered that McGee was then fresh from a lengthy and close study of the workings of the American constitutional system in all its phases, and that he was speaking in Canada, while the first shots of the great struggle between the north and south resounded across the line. "As to the other original of a free state," he said, "the British Constitution, it at least will be allowed, even by its enemies, the merit of stability. As it exists to-day it has existed for 800—for 1,000 years. Here, then, is a form of government that has lasted, with modifications to suit the spirit of the age, for a period of 800 years; and here is another that has lasted 80 years; one has a career of eight centuries, and the other a life of two and a half generations. In this country there are no ancient ruins, no time-honored relics of antiquity—mementoes and grand indications of the past—to influence the minds of the people, give tone to their morals and manners and remind them that they have something to preserve—here, therefore, do we need an older, a time-defying, a liberty-imparting constitution, that has been in process of preparation for us through all the changes and improvements of the centuries that are gone."

Were I to quote further it might be said that my entire address consisted of McGee's great lecture; these passages suffice to indicate the trend of his ideas and the solidity of the principles that fashioned his course. If you look closely into it you will find that the British constitutional system is a powerful unity composed of reciprocally necessary parts that form a trinity of powers. Tyranny is rendered practically impossible by the fact that all legislation must either emanate from the people through their duly elected representatives in the Commons, or be concurred in by them. Anarchy and revolutionary tendencies are held in check by the necessary passage of that legislation through the crucible of the House of Lords—exponents and representatives of vested rights. And all danger to the social edifice is obviated by the veto power of the monarch, who is the highest and final tribunal and whose power is consecrated in the olden legend that "the King can do no wrong." Thus the monarch cannot impose a law on the people that the latter section of that trinity has not accepted and even originated; while the masses cannot undermine constitutional authority, nor shake the fabric of the state without the co-operation of both the representatives of the classes and of the sovereign of the realm. Thus evenly balanced that constitutional system is perfectly adapted to a free people and especially to a free nationhood such as that of the Canadian Dominion.

McGee saw the legislative freedom guaranteed by that constitution, "broadening down from precedent to precedent" through all the vicissitudes of eight centuries, and with his see-like gift, he beheld it as the principal element in the accomplishment of that great millennium of

peace and happiness, foretold by the immortal Laureate in

"When the war-drums beat no more,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

To attain that grand and general federation he saw that it was necessary to solidify the world-encircling Empire of Britain, to have each section of that Empire contribute to the construction and permanent stability of the whole edifice, it was necessary to confederate the various provinces in one great bond of political wedlock, in the premier colony—the colony destined, in the order of things, to become the store-house of the civilized world. And he saw in the confederation of this Dominion the assurance of untold progress and prosperity, of boundless freedom and happiness, and in that grand consummation he beheld the most powerful example and most irrefutable argument that men of the coming generation could present, when asking for Ireland like political liberty and like legislative autonomy. Thus his principles in Canada were in perfect harmony with his aims in Ireland, and his attitude in Ireland (like that of Duffy) merely pointed towards the same ideal that loomed so grandly before him when he devoted his talents and energies to the cause of British constitutional greatness in this young country.

In his early days his motives were misunderstood by the political opponents of his country's cause, and as the victim of that misunderstanding he was driven into exile. In his later years his aims were misunderstood by men who had not his keen vision and he fell the victim of his own great honesty of purpose and perhaps the frank expression of opinions that time has fully justified, but which were beyond the capacities and comprehensive powers of certain men of his own day.

I am not going to rehearse the tragic story of his untimely end. Scarcely had the echo of his last eloquent plea for confederation, for harmony, for tolerance, died away amidst the Gothic niches of the new parliament house at Ottawa—on the sadly memorable morning of April the 7th, 1868, than the calm of a glorious night, disturbed only by the roar of the distant Chaudiere, now broken by a sharper and more deadly report, and the great, good heart of the gifted statesman had ceased forever to beat, the magic tongue of the noble orator was silent for all time, and the patriot soul of Thomas D'Arcy McGee stood amidst a more awful silence, in the scintillating glory of God's presence.

"It is not Death alone, but Time and Death, that canonize the patriot!" said Duffy in speaking of Thomas Davis. Well might we apply the same truthful expression to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly. When all the great designs he had conceived shall be brought to accomplishment, when his wonderful visions concerning Canada's future shall be realized—and many of them have already been fulfilled—the future historian will be in a position to assign him the deserved place that he must occupy in the Valhalla of Canadian statesmanship. Until then we must be content with gleaning from the fragments of his works—his poems, lectures, speeches, essays, histories—whatever idea of a truly great man can be derived from books and the products of a fertile and well-balanced brain.

However, we can draw for our guidance and for the benefit of the future citizens of Canada, lessons of tolerance and patriotism from his precepts and his practice. In 1866 he predicted that before the 20th century would have run the quarter of its course this country would have a population of twenty millions, that the vast plains beyond the Great Lakes would be the granary of the world, and that the whistle of the steam-engine, heard on the sea-board at Halifax, would scare the eagles from their nests in the Rockies. Forty years have gone past, the twentieth century has yet two decades to run before it reaches the quarter of its course, and already—save as to the population—those predictions have been fulfilled. And every national indication now points to the entire fulfillment before 1925. Then we may have three, four, five, transcontinental lines of railway, while to-day all the greatest achievements of the navigators and the travellers of past centuries are cast into insignificance by a single Canadian company (the C.P.R.) sending the son of its president completely around the world, without once leaving, either by land or by sea, the line of that all-British-Canadian company.

(Here the lecturer gave some striking examples of the great progress made in the uprooting of national, social and religious prejudices in Canada, all of which is but the carrying into practice of McGee's splendid toleration and broad-minded principles.)

Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, in his "Young Ireland—1840 to 1850," says of McGee: "In Canada he became the leader of the Irish immigrants, a great parliamentary orator, and one of the founders of the new Dominion. As the founder of a free state, he developed unexpected powers and was universally recognized as a gifted and original statesman. Success did not wear him from his early labors. While he was a Canadian politician, he produced a careful and sympathetic history of Ireland, and constantly as while he was a contributor to the wrote verses as racy of the Irish soil as while he was a contributor to the Nation. Then Duffy adds: "His resistance to a Fenian invasion of a country where Irishmen were generously received and fairly treated, was not an act of mere bravado. There was no leading member of the party, from Davis to Meagher, who would not have done the same. No man ever had distinguished services more

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grudgingly admitted. He had gifts which placed him on a level with the best of his associates, and for years he applied them exclusively to the service of Ireland. As a poet he was not second to Davis, as an orator he possessed powers rarer and higher than Meagher's—persuasion, imagination, humor and spontaneity.

I may not be able, like McGee, to cast the horoscope of the future with the certainty of almost preternatural inspiration; but I can look up in confidence to the Providence that rules the destinies of nations, that reaches from end to end, that flashes in the lightning and speaks in the mighty volumes of the thunder, that whets the word of justice, nerves the patriot's arm and guides the prophet's pen, I can ask that Providence to look down upon our fair Dominion, to inspire her rulers with wisdom and patriotism, that they may conduct her along the highway of progress, peace and glory. And when the day comes that McGee's prophetic utterance shall find a complete fulfillment and Canada shall take her rank on a footing of equality, amongst the nations of earth—the fairest jewel in this diadem of Empire—I would ask Him to raise up a poet-historian, a great lyricist in the land, cleanse his lips as He did those of Isaiah, fill his bosom with inspirations like unto those that thrilled in the breast of the Royal Prophet, give him the vigor of Ossian, the melody of Moore, and the harmonic culture of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, that while he is praising the "Giver of all good gifts," he may worthily chant a deathless anthem of gratitude for the boundless privileges, the freedom, prosperity, contentment and happiness enjoyed by the citizens of this fair land under the glorious safeguards of our matchless constitution.

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"POLLY AND I"

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"I have read your book about Polly and I, very much, and I like it very much, and I should like to see you very much, and your little girl, because I think you understand about little things, and why do not come and see me at my home. I live in the Mill House at Lynne. Will you come to tea? Charlotte would say yes if I asked her, but she has got the influenza. So I will say good-by. From you loving little friend,
"ROSAMUND."

It took Rosamund nearly two hours to write the letter, and even then she was not quite sure about the spelling. Influenza in particular had a strange look, she thought. But at last she folded the three sheets covered with large, unsteady writing, and put them in an envelope. She dropped much red sealing-wax on the letter, and a little on her hands; but she would not cry, because Charlotte was ill. Then she went down the dusty road to the post office, tying the strings of her sunbonnet as she went. The fisher people at their doors nodded to her as she passed, and watched her out of sight before they resumed their work of net mending or their occupation of gossip.

Rosamund and Charlotte had been a goddess to Lynne. They gave the village people something to talk about—something beyond tides, the look of the sky, and the hardness of times nowadays. For in Lynne little happens, and the letting of the Mill House was an event. That it should be let to an unmarried lady with one little girl, who was no relation, and who called the lady simply Charlotte, was an event still more startling; and the tongues of the gossips were busy. Not ill-naturedly though, for they are a kindly folk; and when it was found that Miss Haddon "paid her way," and was not "stuck up" in the matter of allowing Rosamund to play on the beach with the fisher children, Lynne made up its mind to the situation, and went on talking.

Now the two had lived in the Mill House for a year, through the changing seasons; had known all the varying glories of the autumn sunsets over the marsh behind the black, ruined mill; the strenuous gales of winter, when one is glad to hold on to the palings to keep one's footing as one goes down the street; the golden summer, when the wide, yellow sands are steeped and dyed in the sunlight, and the sea is a living jewel, sapphire and diamond in one; and the chill spring days, when sea and sky are one pale opal, and the wind moans across the marshes and the beach, where the gulls fly low across the pools left by the tide.

They were happy days for Rosamund, alone with the one she loved best. What stories Charlotte knew, what store of songs, what enchanting games, and what new and fascinating pursuits, resembling lessons only remotely, yet bringing with them that sense of duty performed which hitherto had only come after the dreariest routine of "learning by heart!" As the year swung round, every day drew Rosamund nearer to her dear, dear Charlotte. And now suddenly it was all over. Charlotte was ill; a woman from the village came in for the little business of housework over which the two had been so merry, and Rosamund was not allowed even to climb the stairs which led to Charlotte's room. A bed was made up for her in the little dining-room, and she was left to amuse herself as best she could, without songs or stories or games. She tried to draw; but when you are eight years old drawing is dull work

unless some kindly critic be at hand to praise your efforts. The fisher children, with whom at other times she loved to play, ceased to charm her now. Charlotte was ill and Rosamund's mood was one of deep melancholy, the rough play of the other children jarred on her. So she read and reread all her books, and most of all she read and loved a little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She found it among Charlotte's books, and hailed it as a treasure. It was a father's record, simply given, of a little child's ways and words; of the goodness and naughtiness of a little child, a little child like herself. She had many other books that told of the sayings and doings of children, their sins and their repentances; but none like this. Rosamund could not have analyzed her sensations, could not have told you why this book was dearer to her than all the others. Perhaps it was not so much the fidelity of the picture of child-life as the passionate love, the tender insight of the father, that held her. For the book was no story, was not really a child's book at all, had only the tale of how Polly planted seeds, how she gathered flowers, how she was lost in the snow, and above all—not told in words, but revealed in every detail, every phrase—the story of how Polly's father loved her. And as Rosamund read the book over and over, it seemed to her that since Charlotte was ill, and the world very empty and sad, it would be a happy thing to see this father and his little girl come down the road to the Mill House. Unconsciously Rosamund had identified herself, as children will, with the child of whom she had read. She had come to believe that this father loved her, Rosamund, as he loved his own little girl with the pretty name. She never doubted that he would come.

And he came. Rosamund was sitting on the gray fence opposite the house. The fence is very crooked because the wind had been trying for years to blow it down, and the fence yields a little every year. But that only makes it the more comfortable to sit on when you are on the right side of it, though it is very awkward to climb over from the wrong side.

As Rosamund sat there, looking at the red sunlight behind the black mill, she heard a footstep on the road, and turned to look. It was a man in brown knickerbockers and jacket, with a beard. The beard looked red in the evening sunlight, and the man looked kind, she thought; but he was a stranger. She was not afraid of strangers, but all the same she sought the moral support of her own home. She got off the fence, ran across to the garden gate, shut it after her, and from between its white bars stood to watch the stranger go by. She was interested in him because he was walking. Nearly all the brown knickerbockered figures who passed the house were on bicycles; their passage was too swift to allow time for the development of interest.

But this stranger did not pass. He looked at the house, and he looked at the mill looming black from beyond the patch of green behind the house. Then he looked at her and came close up to the gate.

"You are Rosamund," he said. "I got your letter, and I have come to tea."
"Are you really 'I'?" inquired Rosamund. "Where is Polly?"
"I couldn't bring her. Are you glad to see me?"
"Yes, Mr. I, very glad."
"May I come in?"
"No, don't. Only yesterday I asked Ethel to tea—she's the Marsh's little girl; he's one of the coast-guards—and Mrs. Bates said I wasn't to have any one to tea till Charlotte was better."

"That's unlucky for me. However, let's go down to the sea wall. Hello! It's raining again. You must run in."
"Come to the mill," said Rosamund. "You must run. Come along."
They ran hand in hand across the green to the old mill, Rosamund's favorite play-place. For long enough the mill had been past work; the boards were rotting away, and the great stones lay silent and idle. It was used now as a storehouse for nets, tools, old harness, and lumber generally. The owner of the mill used it, but it was Rosamund who loved and enjoyed it.

"Come up, Mr. I," she said hospitably, pausing at the foot of the broken stair. "We will prop open the west door, and then we sha'n't feel the wind, and we can look at the pretty marshes, and see the king go to bed."
"What king?"
"Why, the sun. Don't you know the old French kings used to have lots of people to see them go to bed? But all the poor people may see him as well as the rich ones!"
She had flung open the wooden shutter, and the marsh and the sunset were before them—a picture framed in the soft darkness of the old timbers.

Rosamund spread a sack on the floor. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me all about Polly and I."
"Why, all that was told in the book. Have you written a book about Charlotte and Rosamund?"
"Not yet," was the cautious answer.
"Then don't you see that you must tell me all about yourself at once, or else we don't start fair?"
"Oh," she said vaguely, "there's nothing to tell about us. We never got lost in the snow storm or anything. Oh, dear Mr. I, it was good of you to come!"
"They sent your letter on to me," he pulled her envelope from his pocket and looked at it. It was much marked in blue pencil, through which one could still read in round and shaky characters:

"To Mr. I,
who wrote about Polly.
"There is the name Langton Book on"

LIVER COMPLAINT.

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

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Company in the book. I think that is the shop where he bought the paper. Perhaps they will know."
"I didn't know your address, but I thought it would be all right," she said triumphantly.
"And so it was. You are a lucky little girl, Rosamund, to live in a house that has a windmill to it."
"That was why Charlotte took it."
"Ah, yes. By the by, who is Charlotte? They told me in the village Miss Haddon lived in this house."
"That is Charlotte, she is my dearest dear. She lived in the same house as us in the city." Rosamund shuddered and made a face. "I hated it."
"And how did you come to leave it?"

"My aunt died. I did not like her very much, but I am sorry she died. It is not nice to die."
"We'll talk of that another time," he said. "Tell me about your aunt and your dearest dear."
"My aunt used to go out nearly always to speak at meetings. I have not any one else. I haven't got a father, like Polly, nor a mother. How is Polly's mother?"
"She is well," he said quickly.
"And so you were left alone? Poor little Mousie!"
"So then I used to go and sit with Charlotte. She writes history books and she let me sit with her. Her room was so pretty—not like ours—and we used to make tea."
"Yes?"
"And then my aunt died. And Mrs. Langridge—she was the woman of the house—and she said I was going to the asylum, and Charlotte was away! And then, just when they were going to send me... Oh!"

Again Rosamund shuddered, and he put his arm round her.
"And then Charlotte came, and she said I should be her own little girl. She has no one belonging to her either, and it cost too much money to live in the city, so we came to dear, precious, lovely Lynne, and I am Charlotte's very own little girl for ever and ever."
"God bless her!" said he.
"He does," the child said softly.
"I tell Him to every day, twice when I say my prayers."
Then Rosamund begged for more tales of Polly, and would not be denied, so the tales were told, but slowly and haltingly, and at last the light was almost gone, and there was silence in the old mill. Rosamund leaned her head against her new friend's shoulder.

"I wish I had a father like you," she said at last. "I wish you would play at being my father, and let Polly be my little sister. I would be very kind to her; really and truly I would."
He kissed her rough, brown hair.
"My dear little bird, it's time for you to go to roost. Have you told Charlotte about me?"
"No; I mustn't see her."
"Well, don't tell her until I give you leave. And come down to the beach by the tower to-morrow, if it's fine, and I'll tell you some more stories."

And Rosamund went the next day and heard stories—stories more connected and coherent, and again the next day saw them meet and the next, and the next; till Lynne, watching, made up its mind that this rich gentleman was either Rosamund's long-lost father, or was an eccentric person looking for a little girl to adopt. "But Miss Charlotte will have a word to say about that," added Lynne.

So the days went on, and Charlotte came downstairs, and presently was able to go out a little. Rosamund, true to her promise, had breathed no word of her new friend; and Mrs. Bates, the woman who came in to do the housework and attend to Charlotte, had perhaps been bribed to secrecy; at any rate she said nothing. But as Charlotte grew better, Rosamund's long absences began to worry her. She asked herself, "What is it the child runs after all day? Is she too, going to leave off loving me?" And she sighed and crept down to the beach to look for her.

Far along the beach she saw Rosamund's red fisher cap—a bright spot of color. She crept under the sea wall and waited, for the red spot was moving slowly toward her. Some one was with Rosamund. Charlotte wondered who it could be. Then she shut her eyes and waited, for she was very tired.
The little red cap was moving so slowly across the sands, because Rosamund was absorbed in a story which her new friend was telling her.
"And so the two children grew up, and he loved her more than anything in the world, and they were going to be married. And then they quarrelled. Oh, Rosamund, never quarrel with the people you love. It is a dreadful thing."
"I won't," said Rosamund. "Go

"It was such a silly quarrel—all about nothing that really mattered at all—and he said he never wanted to see her again, and he went away. And when he came to his senses he went back, of course, and she was gone."
"Gone where?"
"I don't know. And he has been looking, looking ever since."
"I do hope he will find her. Make a pretty end to the story, and let him find her—find her quite soon. It is a pretty story, especially about when they were little, and the snow-storm. It's like Polly."
"Yes, that part of the story is pretty. Well, sweetheart, maybe we will find a happy ending to it yet, for do you know—"

"Oh," cried Rosamund, "there's my dear Charlotte!"
He stopped short.
"Darling," he said very earnestly, "go and tell her you have brought her an old friend—some one who... No; tell her you have brought Polly's father. No; tell her her oldest friend is here. Don't startle her. Tell her quietly."
He flung himself in the sand under the shadow of the tower, waiting.

Rosamund, a little bewildered, yet went to carry out his bidding.
She sat down suddenly beside Charlotte, who opened her eyes and reached out a languid hand to meet the child's warm, red, sandy fingers.
"My dearest dear," said Rosamund abruptly, "there is somebody at the tower."
"Yes," said Charlotte, still languid.
"He is a great friend of mine, and he told me to tell you."
"How long have you been such great friends?" Charlotte's interest was awakening.

"Oh, a long time—two weeks quite."
"And you never told me? Oh, Rosamund!" The voice was reproachful.
"Oh, dearest dear, don't be angry," cried Rosamund, throwing her arms round Charlotte's neck. "He told me not to."
"And now he says—"
"And now he said I was to tell you Polly's father was here; and then he said not to tell you that, but... oh, Charlotte, what is it?"
"Is he here?" said Charlotte, in a strange voice. "I should like to see him again—just once."
So Rosamund, now completely mystified, ran across the sand and fetched him, dragging him by the hand to where Charlotte sat in the sun under the sea wall.

"Here he is!" she cried triumphantly.
And the stranger dropped on one knee by Charlotte, and said, "Oh, Charlotte!" and he said no more for quite a long time; only he looked at Charlotte's face and at nothing else.
Then he said to Rosamund, "Go down to the edge of the sea, and bring me the biggest queen shell you can find." So Rosamund went.
Then he took Charlotte's hand and said: "At last! Oh, my dear, how could you go away like that? How could you do it?"

"It is five years ago," Charlotte was saying in a dull voice.
"Can you forgive me? Is it too late? Oh, Charlotte, it isn't too late, is it?"
"Is she dead?" Charlotte asked, and her face was turned away.
"Is who dead?"
"The other woman."
"What other woman?"
"Polly's mother."
Then he laughed out.
"Oh, my dear, my dear, did you believe it of me? Did you think there was a wife in my heart, when all the time there was only you? There is no wife, there is no Polly. There is nothing but you—but you!"

"I don't understand," she said. "I knew it was your book because of the snowstorm. Do you remember when you took your coat off to wrap me in—do you remember?"
"Do I remember! Charlotte, can't you understand how I have thought of you and you and you—and what our life might have been together, and how at last it got itself written? I have no wife but you." He paused a moment, and then said, quietly, "Charlotte, Polly was our dream-child."
Then she crept into his arms, careless of the sympathetic glance of a boatman smoking on the wall above.

"Then it was not true," she said, after awhile; "it was all imagination."
"Imagination and—love, my dear."
Here Rosamund returned with the queen shell, flushed and lovely.
"Rosamund," he said, catching her hands, "you know how well I make up stories? Well, all that about Polly and I was just a make-up, because I had no wife and no little girl, and I wanted them both so badly."
"Oh dear," said Rosamund gloomily, "then I shall never have her to play with," and her lip drooped and trembled.

"You will have me at any rate. I have told our dearest dear how much I want a wife, and she is going to be my wife; and as for my little girl, dear—"
"Oh," cried Rosamund, jumping for joy, "then your little girl will be me!"
"Exactly. I must have been thinking of you when I wrote the book—of you and Charlotte."
"Then you knew Charlotte before?"
"Haven't I been telling you about our being children together?"
"Then it was Charlotte in the snowstorm! Well, if it couldn't be Polly, and it couldn't be me, I'm glad it was Charlotte. My dearest dear, I hope you will be as nice to him as his wife was in the book."
"I'll try," said Charlotte meekly.

"And I'll try to be as naughty as Polly—I will really and truly," said Rosamund. "Charlotte, you look as if you had just washed your face—it's all pink and damp. But your eyes are very bright. Aren't you glad he's come?"
"Yes," said Charlotte.
"I told you God would bless her,"

said Rosamund, creeping in between them.
"He has blessed me," said Charlotte softly, tenderly.
"He has blessed me," said the man reverently. And across the child's head the eyes of the lovers met.

A Requisite for the Rancher.—On the cattle ranches of the West, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is kept in hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.

Priest Saves Five Boys Then Sinks to His Death

La Salle, Ill., Feb. 3.—Father Gilbert Simon of St. Bede College and three students were drowned to-day while skating on the Illinois river. Several boys were standing together to have a photograph taken when the ice broke and all sank. Father Gilbert plunged into the water and saved five boys, but on re-entering the icy river for a sixth student he became exhausted, and he and three boys were drowned.

The four bodies were recovered shortly afterwards. Father Gilbert came to the St. Bede College six months ago from St. Vincent's College, Pennsylvania. The names of the drowned students are: Cass Bannin, Champaign, Ill.; Charles Reuter, Chicago, Frank Christie, St. Louis.

A Small Pill, But Powerful.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among Pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

NEW MINISTERS SWORN.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst., Hon. L. P. Brodeur and Hon. Wm. Templeman were sworn in at Ottawa as respectively Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Minister of Inland Revenue.



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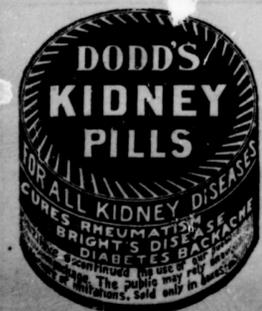
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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

Temperance Crusade Organized

The following letter has been issued by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi on the subject of alcoholism:

1. The society for combatting intemperance has been established in the diocese of Montreal. St. John the Baptist is the patron and the Archbishop is president.
2. This society is divided into parochial sections, in each section the parish priest being director.
3. Each section is to comprise three classes: children from their first Communion to the age of eighteen years; young people from eighteen years until marriage, and that of the married people.
4. No money contribution is expected.
5. Members bind themselves to abstain from the use of alcoholic drinks except in the case of illness, not to allow them to be used in their families; not to frequent saloons and above all to refrain from the unfortunate habit of treating.
6. The members' names shall be inscribed in a special record kept for the purpose.
7. In each family in which temperance will be practised as we desire, a large black cross shall have its place of honor.
8. This cross shall be placed in the presbyteries, religious communities, the university, seminaries, colleges, convents and schools.
9. Parents are urged to recite daily with their children before the cross our Our Father and Hail Mary, followed by the invocation: "Jesus, quenched in Thy thirst with vinegar and gall, have mercy on us."
10. Each year, on the Sunday preceding Christmas, the parochial sections will elect, under the direction of the parish priest, a vice-president and six counsellors.
11. The vice-president and counsellors will meet monthly at the residence of the parish priest to discuss questions bearing on the temperance cause, such as hotel licenses, law observance, family customs, precautions to be taken at election times. A strict account of these meetings is to be kept and forwarded to the Archbishop's Palace.
12. From time to time the parish priest will call together the different sections to assemble in the Church, where there will be recitation of the beads, instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
13. Twice yearly—once in the summer and once in the winter—there will be in the parish church a solemn reunion of the members of all sections, with sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.
14. All members of the Society should exert themselves in this cause. Parents, in the bosom of their families, teachers in their schools, journalists, municipal counsellors, deputies, orators, physicians giving conferences to the people, shall be the powerful aids on which we will rely in this great moral and patriotic work.
15. Anti-alcoholic instruction shall be given in the girls' schools and convents. Young girls and mothers of families shall be zealous apostles of temperance, which they shall practise and shall cause to be practised around them. We will profit by pious conferences for the work of enrollment in the great society which we are establishing.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal.
January 22, 1906.

All the Family were Emperors

Vuenna, Feb. 12.—An anecdote, hitherto unpublished, concerning Archduke Francis Charles, father of the Emperor of Austria, appears in a new book written by a retired diplomat, just published here.

During a walk alone in the Styrian hills, the archduke got into conversation with a talkative farmer, who, after giving a good deal of information about his own family, suddenly asked the archduke:

"What's your father?"

"Emperor," was the answer.

"Look here," said the farmer, "if you want to be funny, don't you shout. There are guarnes about, and you might easily get run in for lese majeste. I dare say you've a brother, what's he?"

"Oh, he's an emperor, too."

"Well, you are a funny chap," said the farmer, laughing heartily. "Have you any children?"

"Yes, thank God; there's my boy, Francis Joseph."

"What's he?"

"Emperor."

They Are Carefully Prepared.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines is retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

"Ha, ha!" roared the farmer, digging the father of emperors in the ribs, "have you any more sons of that sort?"

"Yes, a second, called Max."

"Isn't he an emperor?"

"Yes, he is also an emperor."

After relieving his feelings by giving a wild leap in the air, the farmer clapped the archduke on the shoulder, and said: "Look here, old friend. The next time you're passing Mariazell Asylum, drop in and see if there happens to be a place vacant."

The Persistent Gypsies

"Such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt taverns and ale-houses, and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." So quaintly describes an old English statute against the Gypsies. Ever since the year 1530, says a writer in the London Standard, Great Britain has tried to get rid of this strange people without appreciable success. Every year or so some county is up in arms against them, yet they persist in returning, and apparently thrive under persecution.

The Gypsies are popularly supposed to come from Egypt, as their name indicates, but their origin is traced farther east than the land of the Nile. Wherever they come from, they are separate people, a tribe quite by themselves.

They appeared in England about 1505, and twenty-six years later Henry VIII. ordered them to leave the country in sixteen days, taking all their goods with them. "An outlandish people," he called them. The act was ineffectual, and in 1563 Elizabeth framed a still more stringent law, and many were hanged.

"But what numbers were executed," says one old writer, "yet notwithstanding, they wandered as before, up and down." They got into Scotland and became an intolerable nuisance. Both in that country and in England legislation proved quite ineffectual. The acts gradually fell into desuetude. Under George IV. all that was left of the ban against the Gypsies was the mild law that any person "telling fortunes shall be deemed a rogue and a vagabond."

"Gypsies are no longer a prescribed class," says a recent writer. "Probably the modern Gypsy does little evil beyond begging and petty theft, but his determination not to work is as strong as ever, and it seems curious that an industrial people like ours continues to tolerate a horde of professional idlers." How numerous the horde is may be gathered from the fact that the number who wintered in Surrey one year was estimated at ten thousand.

The language as well as the life of the Gypsy tribe has a tenacity of its own. Many of their words have taken firm hold in a half-slang, half-permissible way. Shaver is the Gypsy word for child. Pal is pure Gypsy. Coderger means a man. Cutting up is Gypsy for quarreling, and cove stands for "that fellow."

Women Might Copy Men

In the close copy of man and his actions the emancipated woman seems to have forgotten one thing—his ready civility to other men in almost all places and almost all times one man is willing and ready to speak to another. While on long journeys men often form pleasant acquaintances and even friendships, but a woman invariably draws back her skirts when spoken to by a stranger.

In a restaurant the other day a tired, harassed little woman left the table at which she had been sitting and crossed to another, at which a woman was eating her lunch. "May I sit here and talk to you while you are eating?" she said timidly. "I am going to be late for an engagement. My friends have not come as yet and it makes me so nervous to sit and wait if I can't talk. I spoke to that lady at the table where I was, but she seemed offended."

"Why, bless me," exclaimed the woman addressed, moving back a chair by her side, sit down here and if it is any relief for you to talk to me I'll stay until your friend comes."

The grateful smile she received was ample pay for this pretty speech.—Bolton Traveler.

The Passing of Customs

One by one the cherished customs of Japan are vanishing in the light of modern thoughts. A short time ago the silence always preserved by a crowd in the presence of the Mikado was broken in Tokio. The monarch went in solemn procession to the temple to offer thanks for the restoration of peace, and the royal progress was accompanied on all sides by the enthusiastic cheering of the people. An account of the reverence paid the Mikado by the subjects of old Japan is given in a book entitled "Manners and Customs of the Japanese," published in 1841. It is fair to say, however, that their reverence did not

WEAK TIED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitate; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

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

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

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go to the point of permitting the Mikado to exercise any power, for the government was in the hands of the usurping Daimios and the Shogun, until the revolution in 1868.

The Mikado held nominally a position of extraordinary dignity. Worldly affairs were supposed to be so undeserving of his attention that even a thought of them would degrade him. No business was ever submitted to him, and he never performed any act of sovereignty not of a religious nature.

Every day the Mikado passed a number of hours on the throne, immovable, lest by turning his head he would bring ruin on that part of the empire to or from which he should look. This immobility was supposed to maintain tranquility in his realm.

It was believed that annually all the gods waited on the Mikado and spent a month at court. During this month, which was called "without gods," all temples were practically deserted.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

A NY even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

(2) If the father (or another, 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 such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

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

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 500 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

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

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

The fee for recording a claim is \$5.

At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 an acre.

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The leases shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each five miles. Rental, \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

W. W. CORT,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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SANCTUARY BEING DECORATED

The Sanctuary of the Church of St. Francis is undergoing a process of decorating. The Altar Society have the matter in hand, and the subjects of the designs will be different scenes in the life of the patron saint of the parish. It is expected that the work will be completed before the opening of the Mission which is to begin at Easter.

A DELIGHTFUL EVENING.

As an outcome of a contest in the Christian Doctrine Association of St. Peter's Parish, a delightful evening was passed in the parish hall on Monday last. The married women and the single women had lately completed a course of study by a written test, with the understanding that the defeated ones should give evidence of their grace in accepting defeat by entertaining the winners. The single ladies of the parish came off victorious, and the married ladies fulfilled their part of the contract by providing a fine musical programme, kindly directed by Mrs. Sullivan Mallon, after which refreshments and a social hour brought the evening to a close. Those who assisted with the programme were Miss Eleanor Kennedy, Mr. Frank Fulton, Mr. Jas. Wickett, Mrs. Hagerty and Miss Theils.

ANNUAL BANQUET AT DE LA SALLE.

The annual banquet of the Literary and Athletic Association of De La Salle Institute, held on Thursday, the 8th inst., was in every way a pronounced success. The lecture room of the Institute was the scene of the festivities and no pains had been spared to make it worthy of the event. A fine arrangement of flags decorated the walls and colored lights hung suspended from the ceiling. Copies of some of the world's masterpieces alternated with the flags, and portraits of the King and Queen, together with that of the venerated founder of the Christian Brothers, were given prominent positions. Many fine specimens of the work of pupils of the school were also in evidence. The chair was taken by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, and Brother Edward was master of the toasts. After the menu had been done justice to the toast of "The Pope" was happily responded to by Rev. Father Whelan. Other toasts honored were "The King," responded to by Mr. Wm. Prendergast, Inspector of Schools; "The Archbishop and Clergy," replied to by Rev. Father Doyle; "Canada," replied to by W. T. J. Lee. The toast "Catholic Education" drew forth addresses from E. O'Keefe and Prof. Kyle, and "The School Board" was attended to by Messrs. Callaghan and D. A. Carey. Mr. T. E. Klein spoke to the toast of "The Press," and "Our Athletic Association" and "Our Literary Societies" were responded to by short speeches from Thos. Boland, Chas. Read, Austin Dee and A. Leonard. The toast list was interspersed with appropriate musical selections and after a German song Mr. J. J. Seitz was called upon for a speech. James Doyle proposed "The Teachers," and Bro. Lawrence responded. The "Banquet Committee," whose work was everywhere before the gathering, came in for a due share of praise, gracefully acknowledged by Carroll March and John Burns. Some of those present were Brothers Odo Baldwin, Maxentius, Denis, Simon and Joseph, and Messrs. Seitz, Callaghan, Disette, Costello, Donville and Latremouille. The musical programme rendered was exceptionally fine, and the speeches, though short, were happy and to the point, "Catholic Education" being the keynote throughout. On the whole the evening ranks first as the most successful that had taken place for many years.

HAS NOT RETIRED.

The report that Mr. J. T. Loftus had retired from the contest for school trustee in Ward 4, was altogether without foundation. Mr. Loftus is still in the field and intends to remain there until the polls close.

FIRE AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

On Monday afternoon a fire broke out in the basement of St. Joseph's Church, Leslie street. The fire was extinguished after damage on furniture and vestments to the amount of \$600 had been done. The loss was covered by insurance in the Western Company.

C.Y.L.L.A.

The place of meeting of above Society for Monday, the 13th inst., will be at the home of Miss Milady, 365 Berkeley street.

A QUIET WEDDING.

On January 17th, at St. Paul's Catholic Church, Toronto, Miss Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Russell, became the wife of Mr. M. Sweesley of Kemptville. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father hand, who also celebrated the nuptial Mass. The bride was attended by Miss Margaret Byrne, while Mr. Frank Russell supported the groom. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the home of Mr. Wm. Russell, Berkeley street, brother of the bride, where with speeches, toasts and good wishes they partook of breakfast prior to their departure for Montreal and the rest, where they will visit before returning to their home in Kemptville.

\$750 FOR CHARITY.

The 22nd annual meeting of the Toronto Savings Bank—"Charitable Trust"—was held at St. John's Grove, Sherbourne street, His Grace the Archbishop presiding, and with Messrs. Thomas Flynn, Hugh T. Kelly, William Dineen and M. O'Connor, members of the board of trust also present.

Financial report of investments of the year was received, and after the general business of the meeting was disposed of it was resolved that \$750 be taken from the year's earnings for distribution among the Charities, and the treasurer, Mr. M. O'Connor, was requested to apportion the same as follows: Orphanage of Sacred Heart, Sunnyside \$150.00 St. Nicholas Institute for boys 150.00 St. Mary's Industrial School for Girls 100.00 House of Providence 100.00 Monastery of Our Lady of Charity—"Good Shepherd"..... 100.00 House of Industry 100.00 St. Vincent De Paul Children's Aid Society 50.00

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

The boys of St. Helen's School held on Saturday afternoon their annual winter outing. It assumed this year the form of a rink carnival. Owing to the exceptionally fine and inviting weather the boys knew how to profit by the same and held on their spacious school rink a most agreeable afternoon. The program, which was most successfully carried out, resulted as follows:

- Boys, 12 years and under, 220 yds.—1st, H. Glynn; 2nd, C. McCarthy; 3rd, V. Colgan. Boys, 13 years and under, 220 yds.—1st, H. Tracy; 2nd, H. Woods. Boys, 14 years and under, 440 yds.—1st, H. Torpey; 2nd, W. Artkin. Open race, 1 mile—1st, H. Tracy; 2nd, W. Artkin; 3rd, W. Kerr. Hurdle race—1st, W. Artkin; 2nd, H. Woods. Backwards race—1st, E. Keating; 2nd, V. Pegg. Backwards race, open—1st, E. Boisseau; 2nd, W. Artkin. Lifting puck—1st, H. Pegg; 2nd, H. Woods. Shooting puck—1st, H. Torpey; 2nd, H. Pegg. The Reverend Pastor encouraged the boys by his presence and aided them to carry through their afternoon's sports. The Rev. Father McGrath complimented the winners of the hockey match and conferred on them the laurels they had won. At the close an agreeable luncheon was partaken of by the boys after which they departed, delighted with the day's enjoyment. Com.

MRS. THOS. H. WALL.

The death of Mrs. Thos. H. Wall, better known in Toronto by her maiden name, Miss Eva Ward, will be learned by many with regret and shock, for when visiting in the city but a few short months ago, she had every seeming promise of a long and happy life. Death came after a very brief illness, and the afflicted husband and little four-year-old daughter were left to mourn the loss of a beautiful and loving wife and mother.

Mrs. Wall was born and educated in Toronto, most of her life being spent in the parishes of the West End. Some years ago she moved with her husband to Buffalo, and later married Mr. Thos. H. Wall, Vice-President of the Buffalo Hardware-Lumber Co. With her husband she spent some years in Memphis, but latterly made a permanent home in Buffalo. Mrs. Wall will be remembered for her bright and vivacious disposition and for her clever work in the amateur dramatic work of our literary societies. She was an active and earnest member of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society.

The funeral took place on Saturday last from the Church of the Annunciation a solemn High Mass of Requiem being sung by the Rector, Rev. Father McGrath, assisted by Rev. Father Quinn, Vice-Pres. of the University at Niagara Falls, and Rev. Father Carr, Assistant Rector at Annunciation. In a touching sermon Father McGrath made pathetic reference to the beautiful home deprived of the one whose graceful presence was the light of the household, and recalled her presence in the literary circles of his parish, where her brilliant intellect marked her out from all others. After the Requiem and De Profundis had been sung the funeral cortege which included friends from Toronto, proceeded to Prospect Cemetery, where the Mother and little babe were laid together in one grave. Rev. Father Quinn officiated. Mrs. Wall is survived by her husband and little daughter, by her father,

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Mr. W. J. Ward and by one sister, Mrs. Goodman, both of Buffalo, and one brother, Charles Ward, now in the Philippines. May she rest in peace.

DEATH OF MRS. DALY.

A few days ago death came to the relief of one who had suffered for many months, and suffered with Christian patience. Mr. Daly had been a victim of rheumatism for over a year and though everything was done to effect a cure, the disease proved fatal. When in health she had been one of the most earnest workers in St. Helen's Parish. For years the picnics and bazaars, at that time considered the best means to raise money for charitable purposes, had no better worker than the deceased lady. In cold and in sunshine she went about collecting, for the church, the afflicted or the orphan—whatever her hand found to do she did it and did it cheerfully. Now the prayers of those whom she assisted will be hers. Mrs. Daly is survived by her mother, and one sister, Mrs. Mulhall of Florence street. The funeral took place on Monday morning from St. Helen's Church, a large number showing regard for their old friend by following her to her last resting place in St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

A Plea for Catholic High Schools

To Editor Catholic Register: Dear Sir,—There is throughout the province a widespread feeling among Catholics that the time has arrived when something should be done in the direction of establishing Catholic high schools. So deeply do our people recognize the necessity of combining religious instruction with secular training that but comparatively few Catholic children attend the high schools and collegiate institutes. I believe I am safe in saying that the number is less than one-third of what our proportionate number should be. At an age when our boys should be at school the great majority leave to swell the ranks of the laborer the artisan and the parcel boy. This has been the experience of the past thirty years and there are no good reasons to expect that the results will be different in the future.

The matter is a serious one for our people. The high schools and collegiate institutes are excellent educational institutions and their students are given every opportunity for acquiring a first class secular education. Living in the midst of our fellow citizens who have these advantages, it behooves us to see that our youth enter the race of life as well equipped as those of other faiths. In this age of almost universal education, the young man whose mental training is in any way inferior cannot be expected to keep pace with those who are better prepared for the struggle. Hence the need of Catholic high schools has been gradually forcing itself upon the people—high schools enjoying the same rights and privileges as the other high schools and offering to their students equal advantages.

The question of Catholic high schools is, however, of importance not to Catholics only; it affects the entire province. The public welfare demands that education be diffused as widely as possible. A system of education that fails to reach a large section of the people fails to that extent to promote the public welfare. For upwards of thirty years the high school system has been on trial and so far as Catholics are concerned cannot be pronounced a success. It has failed to draw Catholic pupils; nor is the outlook for the future any brighter. So strongly is the Church opposed to an exclusively secular education that Catholics will never in considerable numbers attend high schools where no provision can be made for religious instruction and where the surroundings, the Church deems essential for the cultivation of the religious spirit, cannot be secured. It is therefore in the public interest that provision should be made whereby Catholics might avail themselves of high school education, without doing violence to their religious principles.

As an evidence of the benefit that would accrue from the establishment of Catholic high schools, the experience of Kingston may be cited. Previous to the reopening of Regiopolis College, which is practically a Catholic high school, the education of the Catholic boys of the city ended with the completion of the separate school course. A few found their way to the Collegiate Institute, but only occasionally did one remain to complete the high school course. There was no bond of union between the separate school and the collegiate institute. Now the Entrance Examination is no longer the height of the pupils' or the parents' ambition. The boys look earnestly forward to a high school course and the parents make laudable efforts to gratify their desires. While formerly not half a dozen boys of the city were receiving the advantages of a high school education, to-day the number reaches ninety. The experience of Kingston would, I believe, be repeated wherever Catholic high schools were established.

Is the establishment of high schools feasible? In several of the cities of the province, the collegiate institutes are already overcrowded and the boards of education are faced with the problem of providing additional accommodation and increasing their staffs. In those instances, therefore, a high school might be set aside for the use of Catholics without entailing any extra burden upon anyone and without lessening in the least the efficiency of the other high schools. To the establishment of Catholic high schools under those conditions, no reasonable objection could be taken. Again, in a number of other places, Catholics, in order to secure for their children the advantages of a high school edu-

cation, combined with religious training, would be willing to supplement their high school taxes by voluntary contributions. The withdrawal of the few Catholic students from the high schools would in no wise injure those institutions. In fact, many of them would be benefited, as their classes are too large for efficient work. The diversion of the taxes of the Catholic ratepayers to the Catholic high school could not afford a sound reason for opposition to their establishment. In a county where civil and religious liberty forms the fundamental basis of the constitution, the principle of taxing people for the support of schools they cannot conscientiously use is untenable. Nor do I believe that it is the desire of the majority to perpetuate a system which is plainly opposed to the general good.

According to the announcement of Mr. Whitney and his colleagues of the Provincial Cabinet, there is to be a general overhauling of the educational system during the approaching session. It is to be brought more into harmony with the times and the needs of the country. This then is an opportune time to bring to the notice of the Government our educational needs, to point out the defects of our system and to request that they be remedied. So urgent is the need of Catholic high schools that steps should be taken to direct the attention of the Government to the facts of the situation and to ask that provision be made to enable Catholics to avail themselves of the secular education which this province acknowledges its obligation to provide. As citizens of the country, Catholics are entitled to have their conscientious difficulties in the matter of education considered and respected.

Government exists for the good of the people as a whole, irrespective of creed and it is therefore the duty of the Government to enact such legislation and to administer the laws in such a manner as to bring about, as far as possible, that end. High schools for Catholics would lead to a much wider diffusion of education and would therefore be a public benefit. Hence it is the duty of the Government to aid as far as possible their establishment. As already pointed out, high schools for Catholics, if several of the larger cities would impose no additional burden upon any one and therefore no valid objection could be taken to their establishment. To high schools in other places where Catholics would be willing to bear the burden of any cost above that which would be covered by the high school taxes and the Government grants no objection could reasonably be taken by those upon whom the burden would not fall. Rather patriotism should protect against a system that taxes a large section of the people for the support of schools they cannot conscientiously use, thus depriving them to a large extent of education the welfare of the country demands.

I believe, then, it is clearly in the public interest and therefore the duty of the Government to grant Catholics the privilege of establishing high schools wherever they can be efficiently maintained. Yours truly, WILLIAM BRICK, Kingston, 10th Feb., 1906.

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EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING

The Equity Fire Insurance Company

Held at the Company's Head Office, 24 King Street West, Toronto, Wednesday, February 7th, 1906.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors, in presenting the duly audited financial statement of the Company's business for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1905, desire to call attention to the increase in premiums from \$315,795.48 in 1904 to \$300,594.68 in 1905, on 14,689 risks and \$17,595,171 insurance.

The reorganization of the United States business, including greater direct control of the company, gives promise of sharing more largely in profitable business in that field.

The Company has now a substantial interest account, a well-established and increasing premium income, and a thorough organization. With careful underwriting and systematic inspection, we look for a record year in 1906. Your Directors have declared a dividend of 6 per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the Company for the year.

The period for which the Directors were elected is now expired. They are eligible for re-election.

Your Directors bear testimony to the zeal and care of the agents, the office staff and officials of the company.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

THOMAS CRAWFORD, WILLIAM GREENWOOD BROWN, President, Secretary.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like Accumulated Reserve from 1904, Premium Earnings, Interest earned, and various expenses.

BALANCE SHEET.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Divided into ASSETS (Capital Stock, City of Toronto Debentures, etc.) and LIABILITIES (Capital Stock Subscribed, Fire Losses, etc.).

Reserve on unearned Premiums per Government Standard, \$145,021.90. This is to certify that we have maintained a continuing audit of the books, verified the vouchers and examined the securities of THE EQUITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY for the year ending December 31st, 1905, and find they have been correctly kept and are truly set forth in the above statements.

(Signed) CHARLES ARNOLDI, F. ROPPEL, Auditors. Toronto, January 31st, 1906. The members of the retiring board were re-elected, viz.: Thos. Crawford, M.P.P., President; C. C. Van Norman, Vice-President; His Honor Judge Morgan, H. E. Irwin, K.C., A. F. MacLaren, M.P., Wm. Henne, Jm. David Carlyle, Stephen Noxon, W. Vandusen, W. Greenwood Brown, D. Hibner, Wm. Govenlock.

SECURITY TO POLICY HOLDERS.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Cash in banks and on hand, Debentures, Other assets, and Subscribed capital uncalled.

126 Calls from Business Firms for

Stenographers, bookkeepers, invoice clerks, etc., have lately been received by the famous

BELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

We filled nine of the positions and had no one else ready to send. If you want to get a position after graduation, come to the school that can help you. A large number of ex-students of other business colleges are now in attendance. College is open the entire year. Commence now. Circulars free.

W. J. Elliott, Principal, COR. YONGE AND ALEXANDRA STS.

NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Marvyn (nee Callahan) late of 480 Queen street west, in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, milliner, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 38 of Chapter 120, R.S.O. 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Mary Marvyn, deceased, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1906, are required to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the undersigned solicitors for Joseph Patrick O'Callahan, the Administrator of the property of the said deceased on or before the 9th day of March, 1906, their Christian and surnames, and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims and of their accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly verified by Statutory Declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the said 9th day of March, 1906, the said Administrator will proceed to distribute amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the persons of whose claims he shall then have notice, and the said Administrator shall not be liable for said assets of any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him prior to the said distribution. DATED at Toronto this Seventh day of February, 1906.

HEARN & SLATTERY, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Solicitors for said Administrator.



GUARANTEES

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO JOHN L. BLAIRIE, President, L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Managing Director, W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Drug Name and Price. Includes Doan's Kidney Pills, Little Liver Pills, Belladonna Porous Plaster, etc.

Any of the above items will be sent post-paid to your address. All other drugs, patent medicines, trusses, rubber goods, electric belts, and sick room supplies at wholesale prices.

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