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VOL. XII., No. 11

The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904

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Death of a Successful Chicago Irish-Canadian Business Man—Upper-Canada Election Disturbances in Old-Canada—Canal Men's Riots and Colored Troops—Priests as Pacifiers—Anecdotes of Bishops and Priests of the Forties and Fifties—The Late Dr. Murphy of Brookville and His Wife's Family, the Bolsters of Toronto—An Emmet Day Celebration in Chicago.

Dear Register:
William A. McGuire, a successful Irish-Canadian, whom I knew when he was a little boy, died in Chicago on Monday, Feb. 24. He had been residing here so long that the Chicago "Chronicle," which printed a double-column likeness of him, in its obituary notice, described him as "a pioneer resident of the North Side." The cause of his death is that disease which is most fatal here at this time of the year, pneumonia. Mr. McGuire was born in old Niagara-on-the-Lake, in the year 1840. His father kept a hotel there, at which Old-Timer was several times a guest. I am afraid no one in Toronto will remember him now, but he lived in your city in the early sixties and served as a grocer's clerk in a grocery somewhere in the vicinity of the old St. Patrick's market. He was there known as "Curly-headed Little Billy McGuire." He came with his family to Chicago in 1863, was engaged in different lines of business at different times and died a man of considerable consequence. Engaging at last in the iron manufacturing, he became the founder of the McGuire Manufacturing Company, which for twenty years has been identified with the foremost railway manufacturing concerns of the United States. He was the inventor of many railway appliances, especially for electric lines, and with which he realized a handsome fortune. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Royal Arcanum, Germania Club, Sheridan Club, Columbia Yacht Club and the Chicago Athletic Association. He was a member of St. Vincent's Church, from which he was buried on Friday last. He leaves a widow and three children. He leaves several brothers, one of whom, George, is commodore of the Columbia Yacht Club, and M. G. McGuire, another brother, is a Chicago lawyer. His wife, now widow, is a charming singer and one of the finest church choir vocalists in Chicago. So much for an old Niagara boy. There was associated with him in business one W. J. Cook, from Hamilton, a member of an at one time well-known family in the Ambitious City.

I have made very little reference in these letters of mine to other places in Ontario besides Toronto and Hamilton. I believe I ought to digress a little from this. Not long since I mentioned an election riot that took place at Belleville in 1842. My authority did not mention who the Reform and Conservative candidates were on that occasion, but I believe the Reform candidate was the Hon. Robert Baldwin, then president of the Reform Association of Upper Canada, and Mr. Stephen Murney, a well-known lawyer, was the Conservative candidate. Much depended on the result of the Hastings election for responsible government was weighing in the balance, and the contest was an exceedingly bitter one. I have seen both of those gentlemen in their day and remember their appearance. I have never seen it mentioned in print but I have been told that those gentlemen were related by marriage and the election created a family feud. A Belleville old-timer here in Chicago once told me the gentlemen mentioned were brothers-in-law. The story was cracked that heads were extensively cracked on that occasion and that the priest's kitchen was turned into an emergency hospital, and was full of Orangemen that the priest was taking care of as they had been injured by some of his own parishioners. It was also said that he rushed into the melee, shillelah in hand, to defend Orangemen that were getting the worst of it.

What the priest's name was not given. The farthest back I can go in that direction is with Father Brennan, and I am inclined to think he was the man. There were some fine men among those pioneer priests of those early days. Perhaps the most popular man in Montreal in his day was Father Phelan, pastor of St. Anne's Church, who, when he went on the street, was constantly touching his hat to the many that saluted him. He was afterwards Bishop of Kingston. Father McDonough of St. Catharines was another very popular priest with an arduous task in front of him. The Welland canal was built in his day and the canallers were nearly all Irish Catholics, wild from the mountains of Ireland and factious in the extreme, and only wanting an excuse at any time to engage in a fight. Of course they preferred Orangemen for their antagonists and when they could not be accommodated with the followers of King William, they would fight with shillelahs among themselves. Perhaps you are not aware there were colored troops in Canada before those that "fought nobly" in the United States in the war of the rebellion. They were enlisted at the time of the rebellion and were stationed in Hamilton and St. Catharines to keep the canallers quiet. But Father McDonough did far more in this direction than the colored soldiers. In fact the colored soldiers were a particular aversion as the canallers did not like the idea of "nayers" being put to do police duty over them. So that unless the colored soldiers kept well together they always stood a chance of a chase to the woods. Whisky was almost as cheap as water at that time and the inflaming stimulant was never wanting to stir the healthy Irish laborer to excitement and action, and many was the whoop and dance he indulged in. Father McDonough was the right man in the right place among such people and was worth a dozen policemen. He was a large, athletic man, and could very well handle an obstreperous individual himself. Another priest that had a strenuous position to fill was Father Gibney of Guelph. From the first the conflicts between Catholics and Orangemen in that young town were chronic. On both sides they were ignorant men of the farmer class and were always ready for a fight. Father Gibney, however, was successful as a chief pacifier. Rev. Eugene O'Reilly, of Dundas, was an amiable young priest who possessed a quiet parish, where there were no conflicting elements, such as disturbed the districts that I have mentioned. I suppose that down until this day anecdotes are told of his uncle, the quaint, the droll "Father O'Reilly of the Gore." He was the real, old-fashioned "soghar aroon," who was constantly saying and doing things to smile at. He was no preacher and found it very difficult to properly express himself in English. But he could in Irish. He visited Father Gordon at Niagara one Sunday and entered the pulpit at sermon time. The people were expecting a good sermon, as they had not had one in a long time. He put on his spectacles and looked long and carefully around him and then blessed himself. "Ye have a nice church here, ye have a good priest and ye are a fine congregation, God bless ye, but ye have a poor choir." That was all he said and solemnly retired as if he had preached a most eloquent discourse. Father O'Reilly was a "fixed" rector at the Gore and he enjoyed his residence there for many a long day.

While telling anecdotes of old-time priests I might as well right here tell one on Bishop De Charbonnell himself, which I have been nursing for many a long day. One of his strong characteristics was humility. When he came to the diocese he commenced to urge the virtues of poverty and humility on his priests. Father Carroll, the administrator, owned a farm over at Niagara and he asked him to sell it and give the proceeds to the church; another had a horse and buggy, that he considered a superfluity, and told the owner to sell them and give the money to the church. The poor priests became panic-stricken and terrified, and some of them soon got out of the diocese. As for himself he lived in the most simple and inexpensive manner. He kept neither horse nor carriage, and when he traveled he went by rail whenever he could. The Grand Trunk and Great Western and Northern Railroad of Canada then had third-class cars and the good Bishop, to set a good example and save his dimes, always rode third-class while making his visitations. One day some one of the leading Catholics of Toronto, perhaps Mr. S. G. Lynn, who was very familiar with him, remonstrated with him on

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this habit of his. "Your Lordship" said he, "why do I suffer a loss of your dignity as a Bishop, by riding third-class on the railroad trains; it does not become you!" "Ah, my good friend," said his lordship humping up his shoulders and putting his hands out pleadingly, "I ride third-class because there is no fourth-class!" That settled it.

Father John Carroll, the administrator of the diocese between the death of Bishop Power, in 1847 and the arrival of Bishop De Charbonnell in 1850, was himself a man of many peculiar traits. I believe he was of the same family connections as the Carrolls of Maryland. After the Bishop's arrival he retired to his farm, where he lived some years until he came to Chicago, where he died about twenty years ago, and was then considered the oldest priest in the United States, being close on to a hundred years. In 1862, when the "Irish Canadian" was started, he was still at Niagara and I had occasion to write him for some facts for a short biographical sketch of the closing years of Bishop Power, in a reply. The reply came, but I wished to understand the next time I wrote him for any information I would have to send him pen, ink and paper as well as postage stamps. This was intended for a reprimand for sending the stamps, as he did not wish to be considered so thrifty as that he would require such a contribution. He was quizzically droll and loved a good joke, and would not object to a practical one if it were not ill-natured. The late Senator O'Donohue and he were great friends and the Senator could take liberties with him without losing his friendship or giving offence. In his introduction to his information on the life of the lamented first Bishop of Toronto, he remarked that he was "born of the poor but honest parents" in Halifax, Nova Scotia. To compliment Father Carroll I used the same expression in my sketch of the Bishop. One of the readers of the "Irish-Canadian" who took offence at this was Alderman Fitzpatrick of Hamilton, who asked me if I were sure Bishop Power's parents were "poor but honest." Bishop Power possessed a good deal of humility and even surpassed Bishop De Charbonnell in some things in this way. For instance, when he went to Hamilton to make his first visit to that portion of his diocese, he walked from the wharf, accompanied only by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Hay, to the parochial residence, a distance of over half a mile, with mitre on head and crozier in hand. This has been disputed but I know it to be a fact, because I was a witness of the circumstance myself. But Bishop Power was not stingy nor begrudging. In fact he was generous to a fault where money was concerned, and always acknowledged that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

I did not know the late Dr. Murphy of Brockville, but had an interest in him because of his family relations. His wife was a daughter of one of my dearest and best old-time Toronto friends, the late Lawrence T. Bolster. But alas, I fear there are but too few now left who remember that good man and all his virtues. I have already made a brief allusion to him in these columns, but not enough to do anything like justice to his memory. The good man and his deeds are too soon forgotten in this age of selfishness and greed and those who are animated by the spirit of sentiment and friendship should uphold and remember those that were distinguished for their goodness of heart and kindness of disposition. The elder Bolster was a highly educated man, an Irishman and a Catholic and a convert at that. He was connected with some of the best families in Ireland. The late Sir Geo. B. Owens, M.D., of one time Lord Mayor of Dublin, was a cousin of his. At the time of his death in the early seventies, he was superintendent of the Toronto water works, then the property of a Mr. Furniss of Montreal. He was interested in every Irish and Catholic movement and was a very warm friend of the late Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, whose talents he greatly admired. His good helpmeet, his wife, has also

Death of Vicar-General Keough, Dundas.

Hamilton, March 9.—A venerable and widely known priest, Very Rev. John Keough, V.G., who for seven years past was pastor of St. Patrick's church, died this morning in the House of Providence, Dundas. Father Keough will be remembered best by the older Hamiltonians, as it was between the years of 1879 and 1886 that he was stationed in Hamilton. He was mainly responsible for the reduction of the St. Patrick's Church debt from \$30,000 to a small amount. To do so he ordered rigid economy in every thing pertaining to the affairs of the church.

Father Keough, who was 64 years of age, was born in Guelph and was educated in Ottawa college. He finished his education at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. He was ordained in 1871 by the late Bishop Farrell in St. Mary's Cathedral. Soon after he was appointed pastor of the Walkerton mission. Here he erected a new church, rectory and convent, which are monuments to his untiring zeal and energy. In 1879 he was transferred to St. Patrick's church here, and he labored successfully in that parish for seven years, when he was removed to Dundas upon the death of the late Dean O'Reilly. He remained as parish priest in Dundas until the coming to this diocese of Bishop Dowling in 1889, who transferred him to Paris, where he remained until a year ago. He was forced to retire from active participation in the work of the church on account of ill health. Father Keough was an ideal priest, faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and was greatly esteemed by clergy and laity.

The remains of the late Very Rev. Father Keough, V.G., were brought in from Dundas on Friday morning to St. Mary's cathedral, where the Solemn Service for the dead was held.

The following clergy assisted Bishop Dowling at the throne: Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., of Toronto, representing Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto; Very Rev. J. T. Aylwood, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London; representing Bishop McEvoy; Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D.D., rector of Ottawa University, where the late priest was educated; Rev. Fathers Cherrier and Burke, of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Fathers Kloefer and Aymans, of St. Jerome's College, Berlin; Rev. G. Kenny, S.J., Guelph; and Fathers Frank O'Reilly, of Oakville; Cosgrove, Elora; Kelly, Walkerton; Peorster, New Germany; Cummings, Brantford; Doyle, Freeport; Gehl, Cheltenham; Cleary, Dunnville; Crimmon, Paris; Craven, Galt; Halm, St. Clements. Besides these, all the city priests attended the mass.

Among the chief mourners were: Sister Clare, of Loretto Academy, this city, and another sister from Niagara Falls, N.Y.; William Keough, brother, and Frank, James and Peter, nephews of the dead priest. A delegation from Paris, where Father Keough had his last pastorate, was present to pay their last tribute to his memory. They were: Daniel O'Neil, Timothy O'Brien, John Allan and Frank Frye.

J. F. Morrissey had charge of the organ, and Messrs. Laliberte, Mat O'Brien, C. Staunton and H. J. Filigiano assisted the choir. The sanctuary was heavily draped and a large number were present at the impressive service. Flowers were conspicuously absent, in accordance with the Bishop's Lenten pastoral. At the close of the service his lordship Bishop Dowling announced that no sermon would be preached, in accordance with the deceased's wishes. The interment took place in the priests' plot in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, and Bishop Dowling performed the last rites.

The pall-bearers were: Rev. Fathers Crimmon, Kelly, Gehl, Cleary, O'Hanley and Finigan.—R.I.P. Word was received here this morning that a niece of the late Father Keough died in the Sacred Heart college at Montreal, yesterday afternoon.

OBITUARY

JOHN MCGOVERN.
John McGovern died Wednesday, March 9th, at his late residence, 14 Jaldwin street, from pneumonia. Mr. McGovern had been in bad health for a number of years and had not been able to attend business for about 13 years. Deceased, who was in his 63rd year, was a Canadian, being born at Adajala, Ont. He had lived in Toronto for the past 11 years. Previous to his ill-health, years ago, Mr. McGovern was in the agency business. In politics he was an enthusiastic Reformer. He was a member of St. Patrick's parish. He is survived by four sons, John J., Edward, packer, Thomas, clerk in the Julian Leather Goods Company, and Samuel, of the Robert Simpson Co. The funeral took place Friday morning to Mount Hope cemetery.

DEATH OF DR. M. T. BRENNAN.
Montreal, March 12.—Dr. M. T. Brennan, gynecologist of Notre Dame Hospital and a professor of Laval University, died early this morning of grippe and pneumonia. Dr. Brennan was a native of Montreal and a graduate of Laval, with which he was identified as a professor for 14 years. He was connected with Notre Dame Hospital for 22 years. He leaves a wife and five children. Three weeks ago two of his children died. Dr. Brennan was 42 years of age.

Rev. A. F. Kelly, P.P., Bereaved

(Special to The Catholic Register.)
Trout Creek, Ont.

Mrs. Charles Kelly, the mother of our beloved pastor, died at Ogdensburg, N.Y., on Friday morning, Feb. 19th, having received the holy sacraments and consolations of Mother Church.

During her illness she was often visited by the zealous priests of the Cathedral and the kind nuns, and her son, Father Kelly. The funeral cortege left the family residence, 134 Jay street, at 9.30 a.m. Monday morning, Feb. 22nd, and proceeded to St. Mary's Cathedral, where the remains were received by Rev. Father Jas. E. Cole.

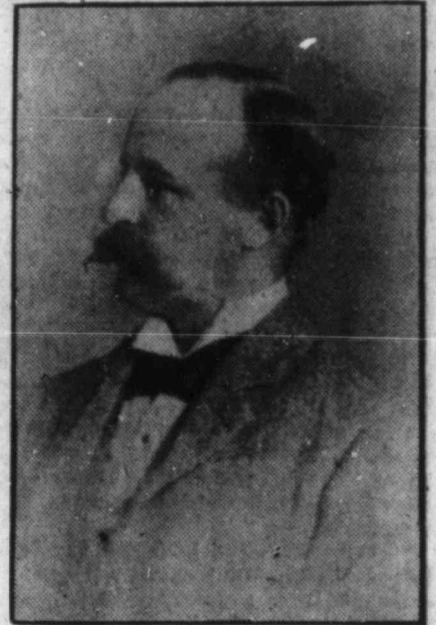
At 10 o'clock Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. A. F. Kelly, son of the deceased, assisted by Very Rev. J. H. Conroy, V.G., as deacon and Rev. Thomas Plunkett as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Fogarty was master of ceremonies. His Lordship Bishop Gabriels occupied his throne, assisted by Rev. C. Burrick and Rev. Jas. E. Cole, and the absolution of the body was performed by His Lordship Bishop Gabriels, assisted by the officers of the Mass. After the service the body was again placed in the hearse and the procession proceeded to the Cathedral cemetery, where the body was laid in the mortuary vault. Mrs. Kelly has been a well-known and respected parishioner of St. Mary's parish. Had Mrs. Kelly lived until next birthday, March 16th, she would have reached her 74th year.

F. A. Anglin on the Bench

His Appointment on the New Exchequer Court of Ontario Announced.

Ottawa, March 15.—The appointment of the chief justice of the new Exchequer Court of Ontario is not yet announced. Mr. F. A. Anglin, K.C., Toronto, has been chosen as one of the judges.

Mr. F. A. Anglin, K.C., has been practising law in Toronto since 1888. He has conducted a large amount of Crown business, especially on the northern circuit, and was also Crown prosecutor in the White murder case, tried at Brantford a few years ago. The Purcell will case was another important matter in which he was recently engaged. Mr. Anglin was born in St. John, N.B., April, 1865;



son of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin; was educated at Ottawa University; studied law with Blake, Lash & Cassels, and was called to the Bar in Hilary term, 1888, taking honors and a medal in the final examination. After practising for six months he entered into a partnership with the late D. A. O'Sullivan, which lasted four years until the latter's death. The firm then became Anglin & Minty, and more recently Anglin & Mallon, until Mr. Mallon's appointment about a year ago as Inspector of Legal Offices in the Ontario service. Mr. Anglin has been this year one of the separate school representatives on the Board of Education.

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A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY

The girls agreed that something should be done to celebrate the occasion; the opportunity—occurring, as it did, but once a year—was not lightly to be missed, and it might be regarded as in complete consistence with the duties of educated young ladies to treat with respect the time-honored traditions of the calendar—to illustrate, in fact, this respect by some practical expression of it.

It was precisely, however, the form in which this practical expression was to be best embodied that at the present moment engaged their considerations to the point of an almost pathetic perplexity. There is, perhaps, nothing more serious in Nature than the seriousness of a dozen young—very young—ladies employed in the earnest discussion of some problem of which the proper solution will affect most intimately their own immediate entertainment. They are not concerned with the gravity of the dipnacy of the matter per se, but only with its direct relations toward their innocent little pleasures.

And so, in the present case, the dozen elder girls assembled in the schoolroom of Miss Primbird's Advanced Seminary for Young Ladies—the school is a well-known one in the county town of X—, and, indeed, occupies a deservedly high position, and enjoys a wide patronage among the "best families in the country"—were considerably exercised in their gentle minds to arrive at a fitting conclusion upon the very important issue which had been suggested to them by the reflection that the following day was the first of April.

To attempt to engage on such an occasion in any pleasantries, however innocent and amiable, at the expense of the august and somewhat forbidding Miss Primbird herself was not to be thought of for a single moment—or, if thought of, to be dismissed almost instantly with a sigh of regret at the utter impracticability of putting the bewitching idea into execution. Other proposals of a not dissimilar nature were in turn suggested, and in turn reluctantly abandoned on much the same grounds. Something, however, would certainly have to be done, they agreed; something, if possible, a little extravagant, a trifle daring; something, at least, genial and inspiring and worthy of their achievement; but—what?

Then, breaking a momentary silence, the prettiest of them spoke, a demure smile rippling the smooth surface of her exquisite young face and lighting her eyes with the arch glancing of a sudden spirit of mischief. "Girls," she said, "since we cannot, with impunity, play a practical joke upon Prim—though," she added, with a sigh, "it would be heavenly if we could—"

"Oh, heavenly!" cooed a chorus of voices. "Yes; but she would never forgive us if we made an April fool of her," objected the fair speaker. "Her outraged dignity would never survive the shock—and we should never survive her outraged dignity!" It would mean expulsion at the least—with disgrace.

There was a general lugubrious assent. "But," proceeded the gentle young goddess, smiling round at her companions, "since we must leave Prim alone, what do you say to—Solomon?" "Solomon!" cried the others, in ecstatic acknowledgement of this brilliant and quite original inspiration. "Solomon! Splendid! Why didn't we think of him before?"

Then they paused and looked to the genius from whom this inspiration had sprung to develop it further. "Solomon," she proceeded, "was made to be an April fool. There can be no doubt about it. To-morrow morning he will come to give us his weekly lecture."

"Yes, yes! But how are you going to make a fool of him, Poppet?" demanded half a dozen voices. "Nothing easier," said Poppet, loftily (for this was the young goddess' familiar name among her fellow-students). "See up the sleeves of his overcoat!" suggested one.

"Or give him a bouquet of peppered flowers?" proposed another. Poppet glanced scornfully at the speakers. "No. We will leave babies' tricks like those to the Lower Fourth. If you please," she said, contemptuously. "Remember, we are not children."

The girls drew themselves up at this dignified reminder. The youngest of them was sixteen; Poppet herself was seventeen and a half. "Children," indeed! "I have an idea," said Poppet. "One of us will write him a letter, and word it in such a way as to make him think she is very much in love with him—in love with Solomon, fancy!" She broke off with a laugh of delight.

"What an idea! In love with Solomon! Could any one be in love with Solomon? Oh, Poppet!" cried the other girls in glee. "I suggest that we should draw lots," went on Poppet, "to decide who shall write the letter. It must be written and posted at once—to reach him the first thing to-morrow you know."

This suggestion, however, was not received with quite such unmixed enthusiasm as its predecessor. None of the young maidens entirely relished the risk of facing the possibility of being selected to write the letter, and finally, after some deliberation, it devolved by universal assent upon Poppet herself to carry to its conclusion the daring scheme to which her own playful fancy had given birth.

"Well, then," declared this young lady, defiantly, "if none of you will do it, I will do it myself." "Of course! You are just the one—besides, we all know that Solomon has lost his heart to you, Poppet, already! It is easy to see that from the way he looks at you from time to time."

"Nonsense!" said Poppet, blushing nevertheless, at this implied tribute to her charms. "But, as I am not a boarder, it will, perhaps, be easier for me to post the letter—than for some of you; so I do not mind doing it. It will be great fun, of course."

ten and posted the letter that evening (after submitting it to the approval of her school-fellows), the pretty young creature became aware of some singular qualms of conscience, strangely at variance with the spirit of humor which the inception of this project had originally produced in her breast. Yet, although she began to feel less sure now than at first that the experiment would be productive of as "great fun" as she imagined, she resolutely refused to admit this suspicion even to herself, and returned home obstinately cheerful.

Now, the gentleman referred to as "Solomon" by the pretty school-girls was no other than the able lecturer on moral philosophy, whose brilliant services Miss Primbird had been fortunate enough to secure once a week for the benefit of the young ladies of the seminary, and whose name conspicuously placed on the list of the school staff in Miss Primbird's prospectus, lent an additional distinction and lustre to the already distinguished reputation of Miss Primbird's establishment. The sobriquet of "Solomon" had been, in pure good-nature, bestowed upon the lecturer by his fair young pupils in recognition of the extreme wisdom they attributed to him, or, maybe, from a certain grave decorousness of demeanor which habitually marked his bearing toward them.

The lecturer was a tall, rather ungainly young man—youth, that is to say, as it seemed, incredibly old—grave with the gravity of the "fifties," serious and solemn with the seriousness of one to whom life is an earnest and a real thing, whose own simplicity of heart renders him incapable of suspecting duplicity of motive in others, whose singleness of purpose seeks to find its reflection in the straightforward honesty of all with whom he may have dealings, doubting their good faith and their sincerity in the smallest matter no more than he could conceive them to doubt his own.

Least of all the kind of man who could be expected to appreciate or understand that attitude of mind which is able to treat even the most serious matters with a levity and flippancy of spirit so completely alien to his own conceptions of what is due to the nobler feelings of humanity. He was not himself insensible to the influence of the emotion; but outside his profession and in his merely social relations, a certain natural awkwardness, the shy reserve of a man who is conscious of his external disadvantages, gave him an air of diffidence and coldness which suggested a passionless temperament.

So far, however, from being indifferent to the gentler aspirations of the heart the lecturer, like many lonely natures, was possessed with a deep craving for some of that love which he saw so lavishly scattered among his men around him—the love of woman. His heart hungered for affection, yet for him it seemed there were to be no ties of wife, home and family. Loveless and lonely, he must pursue his solitary way alone. It was a cold destiny for a man of thirty to receive, and when his duties took him, as they periodically did, into the midst of a garden of fair young ladies, with their soft, winning ways, and gentle voices and bright eyes, it seemed colder and harder still. Other men would be made happy some day by these fair young creatures, but they were not for him.

And, thinking especially of one pair of exceptionally bright eyes, of one soft, smiling face, the lecturer would sigh. More than once during his lectures in the schoolroom he had fancied these particular eyes resting on his own with something of tenderness, of sympathy, and his heart had swelled with a silent gratitude to the gentle possessor of them. Ah, what would he give to call such eyes, such lips, such sweet, serious graciousness his own!

The lecturer, indeed, had but the most superficial acquaintance with the mysterious ways of the beautiful human creature called a girl. When, therefore, he found on his breakfast table one morning a little, pink, dainty looking envelope addressed in a dainty little girlish hand to himself his first wonderment gave way to a rapid succession of very singular emotions, quite foreign hitherto to his experience, as he read the delicate little missive to its end, and then stood a moment, trembling, with it in his hands, collecting his rebellious thoughts with an effort, he read the note through again. It ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Morland,—I feel terribly shy about writing to you, but I hope I know—that you will forgive me. I feel perplexed and troubled—I don't know quite how to explain it, but you are so clever, so kind and good that I am sure I may count upon you to give me your advice upon the subject, which is rather a delicate one. Please let me speak to you alone after class to-morrow morning for a few minutes. I will stay behind the other girls. Yours most sincerely, "Dorothy Dewdrop."

Had he been more a man of the world and less of an idealist the lecturer would have suspected some of the woman's sighing craftiness in this apparently artless girl's note. Indeed, the wicked little lines breathed audibly of mischief; but the lecturer guessed it not, and he did a very curious thing. Instead of throwing the note into the fire with a laugh—and, possible, a promise to himself to take advantage of this opportunity of a stolen flirtation with a pretty pupil—he pressed the scented paper to his lips. Dorothy Dewdrop! It was Dorothy Dewdrop whose soft, serious eyes had rested on his face so often and so tenderly (as he flattered himself) during his class lectures, and now she—she had written to him! Forgive her? Ah, what would he not forgive that gentle, smiling angel? She was perplexed and troubled and wanted his advice on a delicate subject. What could it mean?

At length—as it seemed by some purely mechanical process—he finished his breakfast and found himself in his usual place in the class-room of Miss Primbird's Seminary, with his fresh young pupils arranged dutifully round him. For an hour he lectured to them wisely, passionately, on moral philosophy; yet, when he thought of it afterward, he could not remember one single word of what he had said during that hour; he even vaguely wondered whether he had not been talking nonsense.

The hour came to an end, however, as hours will, whether joy or sorrow pain or pleasure and the class rose, and posted the letter that evening (after submitting it to the approval of her school-fellows), the pretty young creature became aware of some singular qualms of conscience, strangely at variance with the spirit of humor which the inception of this project had originally produced in her breast. Yet, although she began to feel less sure now than at first that the experiment would be productive of as "great fun" as she imagined, she resolutely refused to admit this suspicion even to herself, and returned home obstinately cheerful.

Now, the gentleman referred to as "Solomon" by the pretty school-girls was no other than the able lecturer on moral philosophy, whose brilliant services Miss Primbird had been fortunate enough to secure once a week for the benefit of the young ladies of the seminary, and whose name conspicuously placed on the list of the school staff in Miss Primbird's prospectus, lent an additional distinction and lustre to the already distinguished reputation of Miss Primbird's establishment. The sobriquet of "Solomon" had been, in pure good-nature, bestowed upon the lecturer by his fair young pupils in recognition of the extreme wisdom they attributed to him, or, maybe, from a certain grave decorousness of demeanor which habitually marked his bearing toward them.

The lecturer was a tall, rather ungainly young man—youth, that is to say, as it seemed, incredibly old—grave with the gravity of the "fifties," serious and solemn with the seriousness of one to whom life is an earnest and a real thing, whose own simplicity of heart renders him incapable of suspecting duplicity of motive in others, whose singleness of purpose seeks to find its reflection in the straightforward honesty of all with whom he may have dealings, doubting their good faith and their sincerity in the smallest matter no more than he could conceive them to doubt his own.

There was the usual kaleidoscope of butterfly movements, the usual ripple of laughing voices, the opening of a door—and then the lecturer looked up and found himself alone in the room. Not quite alone, though. A tall, graceful figure appeared suddenly, standing by his desk, and a little timidly up into his own and immediately fell with a pretty embarrassment as they encountered the lecturer's gaze.

"I—I got your note, Miss Dewdrop," the lecturer began, after an instant's pause; then he stopped short and blushed. "Oh, thank you; it was so good of you!" replied Miss Dewdrop—who was no other than "Poppet"—blushing, too. The remark was a trifle elliptical, but the lecturer did not appear to notice it. He felt ill at ease, shy, nervous—and yet strangely happy. For the first time in his life he was alone, face to face, with a young girl who seemed to want him, not as a lecturer, but perhaps, as—as a friend. He dared not own to himself that he had long worshipped silently this very same young girl, but dim consciousness of the truth may have contributed somewhat to the embarrassment—and the delight—of the moment.

"No; do not say that!" interrupted the lecturer hastily. "You have nothing to thank me for. If the matter that troubles you—perplexes you—is one in which I can give you any advice or assistance, Miss Dewdrop, believe me there is nothing—nothing—that would afford me greater pleasure than to—help you," he concluded, rather lamely.

Perceiving the lecturer's growing embarrassment, Miss Poppet regained with proportionate rapidity her own equanimity, and, casting infinite demure eyes upon the lecturer's face, replied: "You are very kind, Mr. Morland. But I do not know how to tell you—it is very difficult. In fact, I—I—She broke down with a wonderful affectation of diffidence and stood a moment silent—a very beautiful picture of maiden distress.

"Do not be afraid to tell me," he said, gently. "If you think I can be of any use to you." "You—you do not understand girls," she retorted, desperately, "or else—"

"No," he meekly acknowledged, "I am afraid I—I have had very little experience with—girls. But," he glanced at the young lady a little appealingly—"I should like to try and—understand if you would tell me."

"Oh, can't you guess?" exclaimed Miss Poppet, impatiently. "Can't you see, Mr. Morland? I wanted to tell you my difficulty and ask you to help me—to try and cure it, for I thought you must have found it out, too! A girl can't tell a man, that she—"

The lecturer drew a deep breath. "Tell him—what?" "That she—loves him!" Poppet replied in a low voice. "She can't tell him that—in so many words, Mr. Morland?"

"In so many words—no, I suppose not," answered the lecturer, in the tone of a man confronted suddenly by some weighty philosophic proposition. "Then what can she do?" demanded Poppet, helplessly.

"Miss Dewdrop," rejoined the lecturer, looking down, "I'm afraid it's hardly a subject in which I am competent to advise you. Why do you ask me?" "Because you are wise, clever and know things," was her ready reply. "Because moral philosophy should embrace all subjects connected with the problems of human emotion! Because you are the—the—" She stopped abruptly.

The lecturer looked up and his pale face flushed with a new emotion hitherto unconsidered in the researches of moral philosophers. "Because I am the—" His voice shook with some wild, suppressed hope. "The proper person to ask?" explained Poppet.

The lecturer shook his head sadly. "The proper person," he responded, "is sure you would not ask in vain. But how can I tell? I am not the man to whom girls come, as a rule, Miss Dewdrop, either for advice or—companionship. I am, I fear, an awkward, clumsy fellow, with none of those graces and social embellishments that make men attractive to women; and so I—I have lived my life much alone, you see, and know little of the softer, gentler sides of woman's nature. I cannot advise you, alas! but, believe me, I can sympathize. And, if I could, I would do more."

The disappointment in his voice and in his face was too obvious to escape the notice of his fair young listener. True to the part she had set herself to play, she continued to stimulate the hopes and yearnings of the man before her with a pitiless persistency. "You can do more," she said, quickly. "Why do you call yourself clumsy and unattractive? It is not true. You are clever, oh, so clever!—and girls love cleverness. You are good looking, too," she added, with reckless audacity. "But you can't see things straight in front of you, Mr. Morland! You can't see when a girl is in love with you, though she cannot tell you so—in so many words—"

Poppet hung her head as if abashed. The lecturer straightened himself and a light leaped into his eyes. "What do you mean?" he asked, in a strange voice. "You can't mean that you—that you—" Poppet nodded her head slowly. "Yes," she murmured. "Could it be you, Miss Dewdrop?" The lecturer fell back in his chair. A wave of bewildering, confused happiness seemed to sweep over his brain. For an instant, in the consciousness of the new glory that had come upon him like a lightning flash the room itself swam round and the earth trembled. She—the sweetest, fairest creature in the world, the beautiful young angel of his dreams—she loved him. It did not for a moment occur to the lecturer to doubt the truth of this stupendous admission. In the simplicity of his nature, the singleness of his heart, he believed.

gates of Paradise to him—a lonely, loveless, unloved man? "Miss Dewdrop," he said at length, "can it be possible—is it true—that you love me?" He whispered the last words in a tone of subdued awe.

There came from behind the door a sudden sound of suppressed tittering. The lecturer started and half turned his head. The tittering ceased.

"Miss Dewdrop," he went on, "it seems too great a thing for me to believe! But, oh, if it is true, may God bless you!" Poppet stirred uneasily. "Once," continued the lecturer, dreamily, "I had a little sister—much, very much, younger than myself; she was all the world to me."

"Miss Dewdrop, and—she died. Had she lived she would have been about the same age as you are, and just the same sweet, gracious girl, though not so beautiful. Since then I have never known what it meant to hear a girl's voice speak to me in kind and gentle accents until—today, and Miss Dewdrop, for what you have just said, may Heaven forgive me, you are just what I need—take you at your word. You say you love me? Ah, but not as I love you, and shall ever love you—now! You will forget—but I shall remember. You will love and marry some other man, more suitable to a glorious young thing like you than I—"

He paused and Miss Poppet raised to him a face of flame. "Stop," Mr. Morland," she cried. "Stop! Oh, I have been so wicked—brute! I do not love you!" There came again a sudden peal of merry laughter (louder this time) from outside the door.

"Do you not see," went on Poppet, hurriedly, "it's all a joke? The whole thing is a joke—my letter and all! To-day is the first of April!" The lecturer rose to his feet unsteadily. "Ah—yes; of course," he said, with a sickly smile. "A joke to be sure—a very good joke! Ha, ha! How foolish of me to have been taken in! But I—I saw through it all—from the first, Miss Dewdrop—I saw through it—of course!"

"Of course," said Poppet, stoutly. Then she took the professor's hand in her warm, slender little fingers. "Forgive me," she said, very softly. "Yes," he said, "I forgive you." Then he added: "God bless you, Miss Dewdrop!" and sighed—Emerich Hull-Beaman in London Sketch.

"Ireland in the New Century" Sir Horace Plunkett's new book has the following prefatory announcement of its scope and method: "Those who have known Ireland for the last dozen years cannot have failed to notice the advent of a wholly new spirit, clearly based upon constructive thought, and expressing itself in a wide range of practical activities. The movement for the organization of agriculture and rural credit on co-operative lines, efforts of various kinds to revive old or initiate new industries, and lastly, the creation of a department of Government to foster all that was healthy in the voluntary effort of the people to better up the economic side of their life, are each interesting in themselves. When taken together, and in conjunction with the literary and artistic movements, and viewed in their relation to history, politics, religion, education, and the other past and present influences operating upon the Irish mind and character, these movements appear to me to be worthy of the most thoughtful consideration by all who are responsible for, or desire the well-being of, the Irish people."

"I should not, however, in days when my whole time and energies belong to the public service, have undertaken the task of writing a book on a subject so complex and apparently so inseparable from heated controversy were I not convinced that the expression of certain thoughts which have come to me from practical contact with Irish problems, was the best contribution I could make to the work on which I was engaged. I wished, if I could, to bring into clearer light the essential unity of the various progressive movements in Ireland, and to do something towards promoting a greater definiteness of aim and method, and a better understanding of each other's work, among those who are in various ways striving for the upbuilding of a worthy national life in Ireland."

So far the task, if difficult, was congenial and free from embarrassment. Unhappily, it has borne in upon me, in the course of a long study of Irish life, that our failure to rise to our opportunities and to give practical evidence of the intellectual qualities with which the race is admittedly gifted, was due to certain defects of character, not ethically grave but economically paralyzing. I need hardly say I refer to the lack of moral courage, initiative, independence, and self-reliance—defects which, however they may be accounted for, it is the first duty of modern Ireland to recognize and overcome. I believe in the new movements in Ireland, principally because they seem to me to exert a stimulating influence upon our moral fibre."

"Holding such an opinion, I had to decide between preserving a full secret silence and speaking my full mind. The former course would, it appeared to me, be a poor example of the moral courage which I hold to be Ireland's sorest need. Moreover, while I am full of hope for the future of my country, its present condition does not, in my view, admit of any delay in arriving at the truth as to the essential principles which should guide all who wish to take a part, however humble, in the work of national reconstruction."

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Death of an Irish-Australian Explorer Mr. Harry Stockdale records in the columns of the Sydney "Freeman's Journal" the death of Robert O'Hara Bourke, an Irish-Australian, the first man who, without any Bush lore, crossed the Australian Continent. "He struck boldly out," according to the writer, "from the now famous water-hole of Cooly-murra, at Innaminka, Cooper's Creek, Central Australia, for the far off shores of Carpentaria, a totally unknown, un-

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Centenary of St. Gregory the Great

The Archbishop of Westminster on the Celebration. His Grace Archbishop Bourne in his Lenten Pastoral thus refers to the centenary of St. Gregory: We are pleading for the Christianity of England, and in a few weeks we shall be keeping the solemn centenary of the great Roman Pontiff, St. Gregory the Great, to whom our nation owes her Faith in Christ. We have, indeed, as a people strayed far away from the pastures of Eternal Life to which he led us, and in which for a thousand years we found contentment and religious union and peace. Yet what saint can there be before the Throne of God who can love us in our wandering more deeply or plead for us more earnestly than St. Gregory the Great? To him, then, shall we turn in humble thanks and veneration on March 12th to offer our gratitude for his apostolate, our sorrow for the nation's forgetfulness of his teaching, and our earnest resolve to be his faithful children and to spread his influence among our fellow-countrymen by every means in our power. We now invite the Chapter and clergy, and faithful of the Diocese to be present at the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving and the "Te Deum" which will be celebrated at the cathedral at 11 a.m. on his festival. Many of the Hierarchy will be present to join in this solemn and national act of gratitude to our apostle, and the sermon will be preached by his Lordship the Bishop of Newport.

On Low Monday, April 11th, our Holy Father the Pope intends to keep the centenary of St. Gregory in St. Peter's, and we trust that many of the clergy and laity will be unable to take part in the pilgrimage to Rome which is being organized for that occasion. It is but fitting that England should be large represented to do honor to the apostle of our race and to pay our homage to his successor in the Chair of Peter. We ask your generous aid towards the restoration of the ancient Church of St. Gregory in Rome, and we propose to devote to this purpose the alms which those who make use of the abundant dispensations now granted from fasting and abstinence are called upon to give. We desire and enjoin that as in past years a box be placed in every church to receive these Lenten alms, and we shall be very glad to receive any other offerings that you are able to make for the same object and to forward them to the central committee. St. Gregory will surely obtain many blessings for those who thus show forth their gratitude for the gift of Faith which he sent to our forefathers.

Death of Mr. James McCann, M.P. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says: It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Mr. James McCann, M.P., which occurred at his residence, Simmons Court Castle, Donnybrook. His death at the comparatively early age of 63, in the midst of a busy life devoted in no small measure to the uplifting of his country, is an event to be deplored, and it is rendered all the more melancholy by reason of its almost startling suddenness. Though almost continually occupied with the affairs of his own extensive business as stockbroker, Mr. McCann managed to find time to associate himself with many enterprises of a philanthropic and national character, and he will long be remembered for his strenuous efforts to revive some of the vanishing industries of our country. His position as Chairman of the Grand Canal Company led him to the investigation of the management of similar enterprises in other countries, and he had conceived great schemes for the development of the waterways of Ireland, which, if he had been spared, he would no doubt have put into operation in the course of time. He was also Chairman of the Irish Church Property Insurance Company. He resided at Simmons Court Castle, Donnybrook; but he also had a residence at historic Telltown, in County Meath, and was in intimate touch with the people in that country. He set the example to the owners of land in the great grazing plains of Meath by breaking up the grass land for tillage, and he frequently declared that he found this mode of farming more advantageous, economically and nationally, than the grazing system so extensively practised around him. He took a very special interest in county Meath, and amongst the monuments to his industry and enterprise in that district are the successful bacon-curing factory which he established in Navan last year, and the publication which he started in the same town—"The Irish Peasant"—a paper devoted to the promotion of industries and the social and industrial advancement of the people, to which he contributed many able articles. He was elected member of Parliament for the Stephen's Green Division in 1900 and was also a member of the Pembroke Urban Council for some time.

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traversed line. That Bourke reached there has since been thoroughly established and proven, though doubted at the time. He faced and conquered the "great unknown," suffering innumerable hardships and privations, many of which would have unquestionably been avoided had he had the good fortune to have been an "accomplished bushman." Mr. Stockdale holds that for an inexperienced man to have done what Bourke did, was an achievement which places him amongst the greatest and most courageous of explorers. Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Table with 3 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS. Includes dates for March 1904, such as 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., with corresponding feast days and vestment colors.

Electric Wiring advertisement for McDonald & Wilson, Toronto. Text: 'Complete Plants Installed. Satisfactory results guaranteed. McDonald & Wilson TORONTO'

The Duke of Norfolk Nuptials

The Duke of Norfolk was married on Monday before Lent to the Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Herries, at Everingham, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. In deference to the wishes of both families the wedding was a quiet one. Beautiful weather favored the ceremony, which took place in the private chapel adjoining the residence. A passage connects the two, and it was by this that the bridal procession entered. The house party consisted of Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., and Lady Edmund Talbot, Miss Talbot, and Mr. Talbot, Lady Bute, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, Lord and Lady Loudoun, Mrs. and Lady Philippa Stewart and Miss Stewart, the Hon. Marcia Constable-Maxwell, the Hon. Joseph Maxwell-Scott, and Miss Daisy Maxwell-Scott, the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. Constable-Maxwell and Miss Mary Constable-Maxwell, the Hon. Muriel Howard, Mrs. Little, the Bishop of Middlesbrough, the Hon. Eric Drummond, Miss Howard of Greystoke, Miss Cecil Kerr, Winifred Lady Howard of Glossop, and Lady Mary Howard. The invited guests included Captain and Mrs. and the Hon. Mrs. E. Maxwell-Stuart, and Miss Mary Maxwell-Stuart, Father Wurtzberg, Mr. Clifton, Violet Lady Beaumont, Lady Beaumont, the Hon. and Mrs. Stapleton, General Duncombe, the Hon. R. and the Hon. Mrs. Parker and Miss Parker, Major and Mrs. Chester-Constable, Mr. and Miss Bardwell, Miss Mary Egerton, Lord and Lady Middleton, Mrs. George Egerton, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. H. Thomson, Mrs. F. Strickland-Constable, Mr. and Miss Bickersteth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Miss Wilson, Mr. Charles Henry Maxwell-Stuart, Mr. George Maxwell-Stuart, Miss Maxwell-Stuart, Mrs. Walpole, the Hon. G. and the Hon. Mrs. Hastings, Mr. James Hope, M.P., and Mrs. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn, Mr. and Miss Calverley Rudston, Mr. and Mrs. George Duncombe, Lord Wenlock, Lady and Mrs. Howard, Miss Fitzherbert, and Mr. Saltmarche. The bride entered the church accompanied by her father, Lord Herries, who gave her away. She was dressed in a gown of pearl-colored satin made exceedingly long and perfectly plain, a small, tightly-fitting bodice showing a waist-coat of old Brussels lace arranged across the shoulders, under which the train was fastened from both shoulders. The train was of white gauze woven with silver flowers and lined with cloth of silver. A small bouquet of orange blossoms with a long trail was fastened to the left side of the corsage. She also wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a Brussels lace veil, the gift of Lady Bute. The bride was accompanied by ten bridesmaids—her sister, the Hon. Angela Constable-Maxwell; her cousin, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart; Miss Mary Maxwell and Miss May Maxwell-Stuart; the bridegroom's niece, Miss Cecil Kerr, and Miss Edmund Talbot, the daughter of Lord and Lady Mabel Howard of Greystoke; Miss Maxwell-Scott, and Miss Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop. The brides wore gowns of white satin, lace fichus, and red chiffon scarves. The hats were of white chiffon. The bridegroom's presents to them were enamelled oak leaf pendants with jeweled dewdrops, suspended around the necks by diamond and pearl chains, and bouquets of lilies of the valley and exotics. The best man was Mr. Henry Talbot, son of Lord Edmund Talbot. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Middlesbrough, assisted by Father English, chaplain at Everingham, Father Ryan of Pocklington, and Father Wurtzberg, cousin of the Duke of Norfolk. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by Father English. At the close of the Mass the Bishop of Middlesbrough pronounced the Benediction and sprinkled the bride and bridegroom with holy water, afterwards delivering an address. At the bridal procession left the church the organist played the bridal music from "Lohengrin." The wedding breakfast was laid in the dining-hall. Lord Herries proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the Duke of Norfolk replied. Accompanied by the bride and the house party, the Duke then went to a large Marquee, where luncheon had been laid for the tenants. Here Mr. Thomas Sunley read an address from the servants to the Duchess, to which she replied. Just before 2 o'clock the Duke and Duchess drove away for Garrowby Hall, the residence of Lord Halifax, where the honeymoon will be spent. At Arundel the streets were brightly decorated, and during the ceremony the bells of the church rang peals. Cannon were discharged in the grounds of the castle. The presents were displayed in two of the fine, lofty, handsome reception-rooms. The King's is a double silver-gilt diplomat's ink-stain, and bears an inscription in a familiar hand of the Duke of Norfolk, under a ducal coronet. The bridegroom's gifts to his bride are a necklace of superb Oriental pearls, a beautiful high diamond tiara of fine design, a loose coat of superb Russian sable and a muff to correspond, a ruby and diamond ring and necklace, and a turquoise and diamond necklace. Lord and Lady Herries have each given their daughter a beautiful jewelled bracelet. Not the least pleasing of the many letters of congratulation sent to the Duke of Norfolk on the occasion of his marriage is that of the children of St. Philip's School, Arundel. It is written on vellum and is artistically illuminated with a border of roses intertwined with oak leaves and holly leaves, the oak representing the house of Howard, the Holly that of Maxwell. The crests of the two houses and vignettes of Arundel Castle and St. Philip's Church are also introduced. The letter is bound in a case of scarlet crushed morocco embellished with monogram and coronet in gold. His Grace has warmly expressed his appreciation and thanks in a letter to the children. The Duke of Norfolk has given to the Sheffield Corporation, for the benefit of the citizens, a public park and recreation ground, forty-eight acres in extent, on the occasion of his wedding. His Grace has also sent a cheque for a thousand pounds to the Sheffield Distress Fund.

The Birthplace of St. Patrick

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, a later student of the life of St. Patrick, makes an irresistible case for assigning to the City of Vicus, in Spain, the honor of giving birth to the Irish Apostle. The author gives a brief historical review of the situation in Europe in the time of St. Patrick's youth. St. Patrick was born in A. D. 372, and was brought captive to Ireland in 388. About the time the Irish Kings and generals had made expeditions to the Continent, penetrating to the foot of the Alps. The author contends that these expeditions were not the wild forays they are represented to be by Irish writers, but that the Irish were allies of the Roman Governor of Britain, Maximus, and that their armies joined in his expeditions for the invasion of Italy. The revolt of Maximus began A. D. 383; he was finally defeated and put to death in 388. The right wing of Maximus' army was Spain. Androgiathus was the commander of the wing. He and his forces, says Ambrose, were brought "from the ends of the earth." Britain was then part of the Roman Empire. The "ends of the earth" could hardly mean Britain; it must mean Ireland. From this we are asked to conclude that Androgiathus was an officer of the rebellion "in 388," the army of revolt returned home. It was in that year that Patrick was brought captive to Ireland. Given the assumption that the right wing of the army in Spain was Irish or included Irish soldiers, the coincidence of dates suggests that in their return they brought Patrick with them either from Spain, or some land nested until "after three days" in Ireland. Was it then from the Continent that Patrick was brought to Ireland? The alternative is Britain, and various places in England, Wales, and Scotland have been chosen and fought for as the birth-place of the saint. But Patrick, in his "Confession," says of the journey as captive to Ireland: "I was brought, and day after day against my will I was going on to Hibernia until my strength nearly left me,"—suggesting a longer journey than one from Britain. The Confession contains also an account of Patrick's escape. The voyage from a port far distant from the scene of his captivity, and therefore probably in the South of Ireland, lasted until "after three days" also inconsistent with the British theory; and after the voyage followed a "journey through a desert for twenty-eight days"—which makes the supposition that Britain was his native country, before improbable, now impossible. That points to the Continent. "Food failed them in the desert when half the journey was completed, but a herd of swine appeared in the path, and on that and wild honey the party lived till, in fourteen days more, they 'came to men.'" Wild honey in sufficient abundance to provide a party with food for a fortnight could be obtained only in a southern country. In the days of the Roman Empire Cantabria and Arlantia in Spain were both famous for pigs. Cattle trading was the most ancient mercantile pursuit in Ireland. If Patrick escaped in a merchant vessel, and if his landing place was in Cantabria or the Bay of Biscay, the voyage was, doubtless, made to the ancient town of Bredonia, a few miles distant from Modenedo, the only port of Spain which is mentioned between Ireland and Spain which would then be carried on. That port at that time would be three days' sail from Ireland, and Jocelyn says "the wind was all they could wish for. A journey along the slopes of the Pyrenees would explain the 28 days in the desert, and would explain also the wild honey and the pigs." Turning to the distorted evidence as to the birth-place of the Apostle, the Saint's own confession mentions his father "qui fuit e (or in) Vicu Bannaven Taberni." This is commonly translated "the village of Bannaven." But it is Vicus (Vico) of Bannaven, and the latter word is variously spelt—Bannaven, Bannaven, and Ban Naven. The author says it is two words—Bann and Avon. There are several cities of the name Vicus (Vico or Vique) in Spain and Italy. When St. Patrick mentioned Vicus Bannaven the latter was to identify his Vicus from other cities of the name. This Vicus stands on the ancient River Alba, a tributary of the Ter, and near it is a river called Avon. The latter is a present name of the Celtic name of the place, which was called Fluvia. Bann and Gaelic and the ancient British—equivalents of Alba and Fluvia. This city stood in the ancient province of Vendre. Probus, in his account of St. Patrick, says that his father dwelt in a village in "the Province of Neustria." Some time since Rev. Dr. Hogan, S.J., in his investigations, discovered that the initial letter of the name of the province has for centuries been copied wrongly, and that the word is Ventria. This Ventria the author identifies with Vendre. Probus describes the country as the land of the giants, and Maeheni and he connects Ban Naven with "Indecha," a Gaelic form of the Greek Indeketai, the correct form of the name Indigetes, by which gods and heroes were invoked in Rome—suggestive of the "land of the giants." Strabo says Emporia gad for its inhabitants some of the original people, the Indeketai. Emporia in this district, now belonging to France. Several of the Livings of the Saint say that he was of Empor, or Empthor, sometimes Nemthor, the Gaelic form of Emporia. "Clodanus," in this neighborhood, suggests the Strato-Clyde (strand or street of Clade) of the ancient Lives, and the Aqua Calida of Ptolemy perhaps explains the name Alchaid in the Lives—both places being long held to be identical with the Clade in Scotland. There is mention in the Lives of a famous cross near the saint's native place, and close by here is Cap Creuz, the Mount of the Cross. St. Patrick is several times described as of the race of the Britons—and of the Britons of Letha or Lethonia. But this district is the ancient Lactonia (Lethania). Maximus, when he made peace with Italy and took possession of Gaul, settled some of the British followers south of Barcelona—on this very spot. This accounts for the

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. 188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted 8 might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I am cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN, 478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from Lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation, I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON, 63 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 189 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pain. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was, it will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry, 256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days at the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER KAUSTNER, Toronto, April 19, 1904. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 18 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902. J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, U. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsey street. JOHN O'CONNOR, 189 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.

POPULAR OTTAWA MAN IN LUCK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Stone in the Kidneys

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the Well-Known Sportsman, Tells Why He is Grateful to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy. Ottawa, Ont., March 14.—(Special)—Few people in the Capital are as well known and popular as Mr. "Sam" Cassidy, proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalfe street. As a hunter and fisherman more than local reputation, he has become known to followers of the rod and gun all over the country, and many of the members of parliament who make an annual sojourn here are counted among his personal friends. The news, therefore, that he has found a complete cure for a dangerous malady will give general satisfaction. Speaking of it he says: "My friends all know that I have been troubled for years with Stone in the Kidneys; that though I consulted the best physicians and tried nearly every remedy I could think of I was unable to get better. "Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. I cannot imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the warmest gratitude towards Dodd's Kidney Pills. "If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it."

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R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY,
MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1904.

CONTEMPTIBLE BIGOTRY.

We have read with satisfaction a letter from Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue in The Evening News in reply to the attack of an anonymous bigot therein upon two Catholic lawyers. No other paper in Toronto than The News would lend itself to such a plan of attack; but Catholics know what to expect from the editor of that paper and are not surprised by his methods.

We prefer also to discuss the nature of the second attack as a topic brought into the political arena for transparent reasons. The gentleman concerned is Mr. James E. Day, barrister, Guelph, who was the Crown prosecutor in the recent Kennedy murder trial at Brantford.

Encouraged by The News and probably by influences not more worthy, Dr. Pyne brought the Kennedy trial into the Legislature, where Mr. Day's conduct of the case had a complete vindication by the answer of the Attorney-General to the question of the member for East Toronto.

During the trial there was not a word of adverse comment. It was in fact the reverse. Mr. Day's skill in surmounting the legal objections of the defence and the ease and celerity with which he got the facts from the witnesses were made the occasion of praise by the Brantford papers. When the evidence for the defence was adduced—strong evidence, whether true or not—the same papers announced that the cross examination was severe and thorough, and that the effect of the alibi evidence was badly shaken.

A condition of things seriously reflecting upon the management of our High Schools has too long been allowed to continue in the Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute. It may be that nothing short of a general change in the staff of that institution can be expected to put discipline among the pupils upon a proper basis again.

The influence of the teachers over their classes has been canvassed in several of the newspaper offices of the city; the newspaper "pull" has been admitted into the school; the Orange influence has been drummed up against the Board, and we now hear that a combination has been made with the headmen of Toronto's civic election experts—all to gratify a spirit of petty persecution.

The whole trouble is over the appointment of a Catholic young lady on the Jarvis street school staff. The old Collegiate Institute Board refused to be bullied by a handful of wirepullers; but with the help of two afternoon newspapers the effort is being persevered in before the new Board.

Mr. Gooderham, Chairman of the Board of Education, is being encouraged to offer himself as a candidate for the mayoralty next year, and the goodwill offering he is expected to make to the wirepullers and the newspapers is the removal of this Catholic teacher. Secret meetings, intrigue, and the promotion of anarchy in the school are the agencies employed by the parties who pretend to have power to make Mr. Gooderham mayor or shut him out of public life.

It is a mere waste of time to pursue all the devious phases of the Jarvis street high school scandal. It has now gone far enough to justify the Education Department in ordering a thorough investigation into the state of affairs in the school. Some such radical line of action must be adopted, if the school is to be saved from utter demoralization.

DEFEAT OF MR. BALFOUR'S GOVERNMENT. Possibly by way of a reminder that the return of another St. Patrick's Day finds Ireland undismayed and hopeful, the Irish Party took a fall out of Mr. Balfour's government on Tuesday. The division was upon the Irish Education vote, and the majority against the Government was eleven. Mr. Balfour did not resign on the spot, but resignation is the best policy for him.

BETTER ACKNOWLEDGE AN OVERTHROW BY HIS IRISH OPPONENTS IN THE OPEN THAN DRAG HIMSELF ALONG A LITTLE FURTHER TILL CHAMBERLAIN IS READY TO DISPUTE HIS RIGHT EVEN TO LEAD THE TORY PARTY IN OPPOSITION.

The Liberal members of the Ontario Legislature met in caucus on Tuesday. Premier Ross urged upon his followers the suggestion that a bill should be introduced abolishing hotel licenses and placing under Government control the retail sale of liquor in packages.

IRISH CATHOLICS AND THE BENCH. The appointment of Mr. F. A. Anglin, K.C., to the High Court Bench of Ontario, together with the Government's recent selections for the County Court Bench, makes a noticeable improvement upon the former condition of affairs under which a discrimination against Catholics might have been complained of with reason.

When the Liberal party took office in 1896 there were but three Irish Catholics on the Bench of this province, one in the High Court, another

er a district judge, and the third a junior county judge. The Register hammered at the subject then it was only with the view of opening the eyes of Catholics themselves to a contrast we had seen invoked more than once as a reflection upon their own public influence, intelligence and spirit, or rather their supposed lack of those excellent qualities. Our readers may remember that upon one occasion The Globe gravely found fault with our views, and was ready with this pious apology for Irish Catholics generally, that their characteristic ambition in life was to recruit the priesthood towards which their brightest souls turned their eyes. The inference was, of course, delicately veiled. But of the seven judges of the Catholic faith of Irish origin now on the County Court Bench of Ontario, in addition to the two High Court judgeships, it can be said that the Liberal government had not to go out of its way to find any of them. Indeed it has turned out in every case where a Catholic was appointed that the choice was pleasing alike to the legal profession and the public.

We want to put away and forget altogether all these worn-out ideas about the religion of any class in the community being a disadvantage either to a government or to an individual in public or professional life. The Register does not believe in giving recognition to the Liberal Government upon its record as though favor were shown to Irish Catholics. On the contrary, we think that the change was due to the intelligence of the entire community, and that Protestants as well as Catholics in Ontario are capable of appreciating independence of all class feeling in the men who are entrusted with the government of Canada.

It may be of interest to our own people, however, to point out that among the seven county court judges who are Catholics, four are seniors, one junior in Ottawa and another junior in Kent. The minister of Justice, upon whom these appointments and promotions depend, being himself an Irish Catholic, had perhaps on that account all the more need of the hearty co-operation of his colleagues, and especially the members from Ontario, in taking the wise course he has followed; but under any circumstances he deserves that honest recognition due the man who is not timid about himself, lest it be supposed that he may be inclined to clanishness.

MINISTER OF EDUCATION SHOULD ACT. A condition of things seriously reflecting upon the management of our High Schools has too long been allowed to continue in the Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute. It may be that nothing short of a general change in the staff of that institution can be expected to put discipline among the pupils upon a proper basis again.

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EDITORIAL NOTES
The Register congratulates Mr. Justice Anglin on his appointment to the Bench of the High Court of Ontario. The appointment is an excellent one.

The Papal Brief appointing Dr. Peter Emmanuel Amigo successor to Archbishop Bourne as Bishop of Southwark, has arrived in England. The Chapter of the Diocese did not include Father Amigo's name to the terna submitted to Rome.

Besides the Archbishop of Lyons, the Archbishops of Paris, Rheims, and Toulouse have been declared by the Council of State to have exceeded their prerogative in writing a letter of protest to President Loubet against the Bill for the suppression of Congregational schools.

A TRIP THROUGH THE COUNTY OF RENFREW

(From Our Special Correspondent.) My last effusion would leave the reader to infer that I was piercing snowdrifts in search of "higher latitudes." Leaving Almonte, my route lay northward, Pakenham being the first halting place. Pakenham is a pleasant little village founded on the Mississippi river, in the North Riding of Lanark. Unlike the many centres of population which have sprung up along the line of the C.P.R., formerly the Canada Central, between Brockville and Pembroke, it may be truly said of Pakenham that it remains stationary, and that it cannot be fairly accused of holding anything but its own.

It has, however, its attractions, chief of which is the magnificent Catholic Church on the crest of a hill, surmounted by a lofty spire and cross, shooting in the direction of Heaven's azure vault. Drawing in the direction of Pakenham, whether from the east or the west, the north or the south, the first object which strikes the eye will be that gem of architectural taste, and it will be impossible for any one to gaze upon it without cherishing emotions of admiration to Father Lavin, whose life of usefulness terminated last summer amidst general regret wherever he was known, belongs the glory of initiating and bringing to a successful completion this fine work, which, whilst it bears testimony to his own zeal, will live as a memorial of the generosity of the people under his charge.

Leaving Pakenham behind, I penetrated further north, and after a run of seven miles, I find myself in the flourishing town of Arnprior. Arnprior has been founded on the north bank of the Madawaska river, just at the point where that magnificent stream discharges its waters into the Ottawa. Enjoying many advantages comprising a splendid water-power, a country of rich agricultural resources surrounding it, and becoming an important railway centre from the fact that the Ottawa and Parry Sound Railway forms a junction with the C.P.R. at this point, we need not wonder at finding Arnprior bearing unmistakable evidences of material progress.

The population of the town when the last enumerator went on his rounds, was 1,152, and this included 1,728 Catholics, 334 Anglicans, 988 Presbyterians, 466 Methodists, 279 Baptists, 117 Lutherans, 4 Salvation Army, 22

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION
All over the Dominion the sons of St. Patrick are preparing to celebrate his festival to-day. In Toronto there will be concerts and dinners under the auspices of various societies. The A.O.H. celebration in Massey Hall is in the hands of the following committee: John Travers, M. J. Lenihan, M. J. Ryan, William Breslin, A. Stuart, T. Smallshire, H. E. Richard, J. Rigney, H. McCaffrey, H. Kelly, Thos. Lawrence,

M. Lacy, Geo. J. Owen, Jos. Coady, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Kelly, Cor. Sec.; P. W. Falvey, treasurer; A. T. Hernon, Chairman.

The lecturer of the evening is Hon. John T. Keating of Chicago, and the musical programme will be furnished by the following artists: Miss Teresa Flanagan, soprano; Miss Nellie Byrne, contralto; Mrs. Annie Hargrave, Sop. Contralto; Miss Teresa McEvey, violinist; Miss Angela Tone Brown, accompanist; Miss Madeline Ryan, harpist; Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone; Mous. J. A.

He who truly gives sympathy makes some personal bestowal of himself, of his own strength, his own life, into the weakness and deadness that he tries to help. It is indeed a wondrous gift from man to man!

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS
EPPE'S COCOA
An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold, sold in 1/2 lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPE & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England

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of different other sects, and 18 who refused to tell their religion, if they had anything like it at all. There is in this town, with large additions recruited from the surrounding country, an immense congregation for the requirements of whom a stranger is tempted to observe, that the church is not sufficiently adequate, and it is no impertinent intrusion to remark that in this comparatively new section of country, already dotted with magnificent memorials of the faith, that the day will soon come when that hill overlooking the sad wash will be ornamented with a monument of Catholic zeal and devotion. Rev. A. Chaine, one of those heroic missionaries who have come out from the bosom of old France, is the parish priest, and, needless to tell those who know him, that his work is well done, as in any good work, to which the mind and the soul is so cheerfully given.

The congregation of Arnprior is pretty evenly divided between Irish and French-Canadians, with a little sprinkling of other nationalities thrown in, and I have imposed on myself a most gratifying task when I say that nowhere have I found a finer spirit of harmony existing in a mixed congregation. This is just as it should be, not because I have always endeavored to inculcate it, but because it is right. The enemy of the Irish Catholic, which feeling is founded on sectarian hate, is the enemy of the French-Canadian Catholic. The bond of religion has some significant influence in the social world of Arnprior, but there is another bond, that of matrimony, the importance of which, in welding a harmonious lump, must not be sneered at. It is no uncommon thing to find an Irishman whose head is full of softness and his heart of tenderness, fall down head, heels and ears in love to a French-Canadian girl. And again the Irish girl stands enraptured as she listens to soft notes poured into the ears in broken English, by a Belle Canadienne Française. These scenes, occurring between representatives of two races strongly impregnated with marrying propensities, we need not wonder, if they culminate in a union of hearts and sacred religion in effecting a union between the Irish and French races. There is a splendid Separate School house here, which, for many years has been ably controlled by Mr. T. I. Quinn. Owing to the limited time at my disposal, I did not, contrary to my usual custom, visit this school on the occasion of my last visit. I am able to say, however, and with some regret, that Mr. Quinn has left Arnprior, where I can't say, and that his responsible position is now filled by another gentleman.

The Irishman has taken root in Arnprior, indeed, I am safe in saying that when it was only a stopping-place, without a name, the Irishman was no stranger. Many of the old generation whose acquaintance I made nearly forty years ago, have passed away. Denis McNamara kept hotel in those days, and from the eccentricity of his character, and the volubility of his tongue, he was a man who became widely known. As a scold he was a terror in those northern regions, and I have always sympathized with the unfortunate creature who stood under the lash of his tongue. Denis, who was a good fellow at heart, is now dead a good many years, but his features are photographed on my memory, and I almost imagine that I hear his voice, scolding somebody at this very moment. James Havey, a Connaughtman, with a very large Irish heart, was amongst the old settlers whose acquaintance I also made in those days. This excellent man passed away more than a quarter of a century ago, but his sons—four in

number—who inherited the fine property which he accumulated, and which through their own prudent management is growing, are scattered around here. Michael, the only Havey who remained after himself, possessed of a patriotic Irish heart, lives on the old homestead and enjoys life as a sensible, wealthy Irish-Canadian should. John Harvey was also another of my first acquaintances in Arnprior. Mr. Harvey lives, moves, and, I am proud to say, still has his being in this town, and from the indications, which are numerous, he has not the slightest notion of emigrating to other regions. Mr. Harvey appears to have imbibed living waters at the fountain of perpetual youth. These were the strongest waters which I have ever known him to take, yet their use under it almost certain that at the proper time, and in company with that noble-hearted woman who voluntarily surrendered her family name and adopted his, he will celebrate his golden jubilee. Should I run foul of the grave-digger up to that time, I would like to be an invited guest. Ex-Alderman Peter McGonnigal, another of the old stalwarts whom I met when we were both boys, is still moving around, and from his robust appearance and the success which has otherwise attended him, he seems not to entertain any notion of leaving Arnprior. John Tierney, a prominent dry goods merchant, as well as a leading politician here, is still to the front and appears likely to stay there for a long time yet. The eloquent voice of Mr. Tierney has been heard on many a platform, as he lauded the virtues of somebody and denounced the rascality of somebody else, and I have often wondered why a road to parliament has not been cleared for him. Evidently the government did not wish him spoiled through contact with parliamentary hoodlums, and accordingly he was raised to a judgment seat, a position, I would judge, more in harmony with his tastes. I have never shaken hands with a Judge in Ireland and have it was a surprise as well as a gratification, when Mr. Tierney grasped both my hands and dislocated my arms almost on the occasion of my recent visit to Arnprior.

RAMBLER.
(To be Continued.)

Catholic Property in Thorold
Thorold, Ont., March 10.

Editor Catholic Register, Toronto: Dear Sir,—The business committee of Branch 24, C.M.B.A., has, in looking about, found that out of a population of 2,500 residents in our town, 500 of whom are Catholics, only three of our people are occupied in commercial pursuits. A coal and wood dealer, a boot and shoe merchant and a butcher. The latter, who conducted a meat market successfully for many years, has lately been appointed postmaster and is anxious to dispose of his meat business. We don't know why some energetic Catholic man who understands the business might not take it over and do equally as well. There is a splendid opening for a grocer, or in fact in any of the lines other than the two first named. Our people are all prosperous in as much as 90 per cent. of them own their own homes. Our locality is of the healthiest. The two Welland canals run directly through it, giving employment to our people with its various manufactures. Our Separate Schools are among the best equipped in the Province. Our church was built at a cost of over \$40,000 and the parish is practically free of debt.

If there are any of your readers who are looking for a change and who have the ability to conduct any of the various lines, let them pay us a visit or communicate with the Branch.

ED. P. FOLEY,
Rec. Secy. Branch 24, C.M.B.A.

St. Paul's Court, No. 1320, C.O.F.
As was anticipated, quite a large number of the members of the Order attended the meeting of March 7th. Though the objects and needs of confederation were dwelt upon, nothing definite was done, the matter being further left over until next meeting, March 21st, when it is expected arrangements will be made for initiating the movement.

Speeches favoring such a movement were made by Bros. J. P. Mallon, W. Sheehan, J. P. Larkin, Jas. Cadaret and also by Bro. J. J. Malloy, D.H.C.R., of the Court, who was paying his first official visit. A fuller report will be made after the next meeting.

M. F. MOGAN,

He who truly gives sympathy makes some personal bestowal of himself, of his own strength, his own life, into the weakness and deadness that he tries to help. It is indeed a wondrous gift from man to man!

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On the Heart of the Shamrock



'Tis said the humble shamrock grew Upon the Mount of Calvary, And sought to clothe with tender green That fated hill of mystery.

Thereto, with hapless prisoners three, The hardened Romans came, To carry out the stern decree Of death in public shame.

On either side they hung each thief As common guilt was bound, But the third ponderous cross of wood Was placed upon the ground.

And on it laid, more cruelwise, The Christ, the Lord of heaven, And through submissive feet and hands Great tortuous nails were driven.

Thorn-crowned, and title writ, they raised Him high The common thieves between, Till to assuage His agony Death, kind, should intervene.

Then, last, their jocund guard was set With loud and scornful jeer; The attendant crowd in curious mood The while stood lingering near.

The Maries, all, with tear-drowned eyes, Grieved o'er His pain so sore, With tender souls self-crucified By the great love they bore.

High over all the burning sun Moved toward the westerling skies, So, 'neath the burden of the day, Tears, from His travail, rise.

Great scalding drops, of infinite pain, Wrung from the Heart of God, And falling, bitter, hot and salt, Upon the shamrock sod.

Until that dreadful hour drew nigh, The worst through ages all, When the Almighty had His Son Beneath a sombre pall

Of sentient darkness. You know it all, 'Tis often told, 'so sad and yet so sweet, How the Lord Jesus thus His love Bequeathed our needs to meet.

But it is said those tears that fell Upon the shamrock green Are there to-day, and ever since That baptism have been.

I wist not if that may be true, But I know that there appears Upon each triune leaf a spot That well might speak of tears.

Again the lowly shamrock grows On Erin's verdant shores Transplanted with a lavish hand From nature's pious shores.

Thither to Erin, years ago, On holy mission bent, Filled with an urgent zeal for Christ, The good St. Patrick went.

But as he journeyed, hither and there, His heart with joy was filled; So little place there seemed to be The primal church to build.

At length, forsport with zeal at waste, In virgine lone he stays Through the dark night, absorbed in Christ, Tireless he kneels, and prays.

The shadowy hours creep slowly on, When, lo, to close by he feels In humbler guise, yet robed as he, Another presence-love.

Gladly, to crave more aid, he turns To beg fresh prayers to heaven, That to their hand, for God's dear Son, This wayward isle he given.

"I am the Christ," the stranger saith, "Lo, as thou wrestlest it shall be, Yea, e'en this isle. My Father gave Its erring sons to me."

The Saviour wept—the shamrock leaf Upheld the gentle rain That fell in liquid, living, love From Christ's dear eyes again.

Thus runs the tale—Christ's tears once more, Oh, little shamrock fair, What honor greets thy modest heart, And rests forever there.

For God hath said He counts the tear That from sore hearts hath birth, And thus the record he hath made Of those Christ shed on earth.

On eastern shores, on western shores Thy threefold leaflet grows, And ere its trinity of green The spot of memory shows.

—Con. Amore.

K. MURPHY

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THE YOUTH OF THE PRESENT DAY

(For The Register.)

The question has often been asked, "Why is it that the youth of the present day know so much about badness, and are so bold and independent in their manner of speaking and acting?" Four principal reasons may be given in answer to the above question. 1st, careless parents; 2nd, street education; 3rd, bad company; 4th, idleness. It is a fact, and a very deplorable one, that too many parents know very little about the proper way of educating or bringing up their children, or if knowing it they fail to put it in practice. Catholic parents are obliged to bring up their children "in the fear and love of God." Oh! what a dreadful judgment careless parents will have to undergo. They allow their children too many liberties, encourage them in things they should not allow them to do, under the plea that such things will make their children become smart. The supposed "smartness and cleverness" of the present day among children are things which do not augur well for their future, but, on the contrary, prove an obstacle and a stumbling-block. Many parents will tell you that they cannot control their children, that is, all the authority which they have as parents in correcting their children when they do wrong, amounts to nothing but weakness and cowardice. Children thus seeing their parents' weakness will take advantage of it every time, and finally they can do just as they please at home. What a sad thing to see those children going from bad to worse from the negligence, carelessness, and stupidity of so called parents. In now-a-days it seems that the child rules the parents instead of the parents ruling the child. Street education is a powerful foe against our youth. They learn cursing, swearing, immoral language, roaming around the streets either playing away from school or spending their time hanging around the corners. It would shock a person to hear our boys and also our girls use such vile and filthy language. And many of such children do not know their Catechism, even many of them could not recite an act of contrition. Lies also form another important part on the programme of the present day. Here again comes in the work of good parents, by keeping their children away from the streets. They soon become quite bold and independent and farewell then to good advice, for the street education asserts itself every time. The third, bad company, is perhaps the most powerful of our promising youths. The devil works this special net to catch and destroy the souls of so many. It is the rock on which the brightest hopes and promises are destroyed, and dashed to wreck and ruin. By going with bad companions they do the evil which they should avoid. Every day we read in the papers about our youths being brought before the judge accused of stealing and other crimes, and sent to the reformatory, and in some cases to prison. Young people are often told to be careful of the company they keep, since it has a powerful influence over them, and that good company will lead them to do right, while bad company will lead them astray. Children should pay attention to the good advice they receive. Several youths were asked some time ago what effect company had upon them. Many were forced to say that bad companions had led them into evil. A few told of the good influence over them. If each boy or girl would ask, "What influence do my companions have over me?" and then shun those who exert an unhealthy one, they would be acting wisely. In word and deed be you sincere, Keep conscience, as the bright noon, clear; Think how the loving God thy ways, And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

The ruinous cigarette, which in a great measure is due to the effects of bad company, as youths are great imitators, especially of what is evil, plays havoc with the rising generation. And so we come to the last one, which is idleness. Idleness is the mother of all mischief. Too many of our children are taken away from school at an early age on account of

D. P. SHEERIN

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losing and wasting their time. They see visions of glory and pleasure in work in a factory, foundry or office, but not in the classroom; and so they carry the "old sore" with them wherever they go. The careless parent is again to blame for not teaching the child habits of industry. Parents allow them too much freedom, too much liberty, which in the end spoils the child. "If I had your chances to study, how gladly would I make use of 'hem,'" said a middle-aged man to a boy who was grumbling about study. "How many back seats must be taken, poor positions occupied, and deep humiliations undergone by grown-up people because they idled away the time of youth. Many years ago a boy attending a school was a source of great annoyance to his teacher. Many times he had received on account of idleness and inattention, but all to no purpose. He did not like school, left it early and went into business. Years passed away. The boy became a man. He belonged to a church society. One evening he was called upon to read. He tried to avoid reading, but the priest insisted that he should take his turn with the others. He blushed, he stumbled, he apologized, but the priest kept him at the task until he finished his portion! He then said: "My dear young friend, you should learn how to read." He was deeply humiliated before his associates.

Boys, precious time mispent; redeem, Each present day thy best esteem; Improve thy talents with due care, For every day thyself prepare. Too many of the rising generation are sad moments of what they ought to be. We look for manners, and we get impudence, we look for goodness and we see badness, we look for the good work of the home education and alas, it is changed to the bad work of the street, and company, resulting in lying, cursing, swearing, stealing, and playing off "the supposed man." If our youth are to be a credit to us instead of a disgrace, the great power, the home education, has to be availed of, otherwise we'll see the young men, moving rapidly on the downward path which leads to iniquity.

Easy and graceful manners Can be acquired by all who try; Gentleness and good breeding, Springeth not out of the sky. They come by earnest striving, To be kind and true and just; Born out of self-denying, And care of every trust. Politeness and good behavior Should be learned by every one; Each youth should have their favor, If he'd be a successful one. FELIX.

SCHOOLS

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL. The following boys obtained the highest marks at the monthly examination: Form IV.—J. Murray, C. Heck, E. Roach, E. Harley, C. Higgins, J. Burns. Form III., Sen.—A. Guay, Jos. Labraico, Roy O'Donoghue and E. McAuliffe. Juniors—F. Tobin, M. Burns, A. Castrice. Form II., Sen.—W. Wells, J. Mellivay, J. Glionna, Jun.—N. Perugini, F. Harped, F. Sabraico. The following boys obtained the number of notes entitling them to a testimonial of merit: Fourth Form—Excellent, E. Harley, C. Heck, E. Roach, Good—J. Murray, C. Higgins, J. Burns, J. Brownrigg. Third Form, Sen.—A. Guay, Jos. Labraico, E. McAuliffe, E. Vandiver, P. Chroman, J. Boomer, C. O'Leary, R. O'Donoghue, F. Tobin, A. Castrice, Jos. Downey, A. Labraico, F. O'Donoghue, Jos. O'Hearn, W. Shepley, Jos. McNamara, P. Doyle. Second Form—Excellent, J. Muto, J. Chene, Good—J. McKenzie, J. Malloy, A. Heck, L. Coughlan, J. Coughlan, A. Dubois, R. Mullins, E. Barnett.

FEBRUARY HONOR ROLL FOR ST FRANCIS' SCHOOL—BOYS.

Testimonials. Form III.—Excellent—F. Glyn, J. Finley and R. Mulligan. Good—W. Hennessy, F. Bartello, J. Dempsey, G. Atkinson, B. Younder and C. Durand. Form Sen. II.—Excellent—L. O'Leary, F. Durand and J. Brennan. Good—F. Gingras, E. Broderick, W. Kennedy, J. Tracey, J. Tracey, W. Fogarty, C. Finley, J. Jamieson, F. Byron, W. Cahill and M. Durand. Results of monthly competition: Form III.—1st, F. Glyn; 2nd, H. Harkins; 3rd, R. Halligan; 4th, S. Byrne. Form Sen. II.—1st, J. Tracey; 2nd, W. Kennedy; 3rd, J. Brennan; 4th, J. Wright.

Catholic Students' Society

At the last regular meeting of the Catholic Students' Society, on Sunday, March 6th, the following officers were elected for the scholastic year 1904-1905: Hon. President, Dr. Amyot; President, F. D. Meader; Vice-President, J. J. O'Sullivan; Rec. Sec. A. A. Thibodeau; Treasurer, G. S. Buck; Cor. Sec., F. O. Mahoney. The society is composed of the Catholic undergraduates of the University of Toronto, who meet for the purpose of practice in debating and promoting Catholic spirit among the students. During the past three years the society has taken a large share of the honors in the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

Goethe puts it into concrete language when he says that to do something is the ideal of the Philistine, and to be something the ideal of the noble.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LOYALTY

Hon. Mr. Brodeur's Speech Before the Empire Club.

A Practical Plea for An End of Quarrelling Over a Word and for Real Union Among All Canadians.

Hon. Mr. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Inland Revenue, was the guest of the Empire Club in Toronto on March 3rd. His address was on French-Canadian loyalty to the Crown, and was so pithy and practical that there has been a wide demand for its exact text.

Following is a report of the speech, every word of which was appreciated and all its points loudly applauded:

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen,—To speak before the Empire Club of Canada is a privilege that any citizen of this Dominion might highly prize, and especially one who has been entrusted to a certain degree with a share in the administration of our country's affairs.

It is not my purpose this evening to delay you with any lengthy or elaborate speech, but I cannot refrain from giving expression to my deep appreciation of the kindness which prompted you in extending to me an invitation to-night and the delicacy which suggested a few remarks on the important subject of the loyalty to Great Britain that is one of the most undeniable characteristics of the French-Canadian nationality.

The love of country is the basis of all true patriotism and poets as well as orators have exercised their talents in every time and every age in proclaiming the grandeur and nobility of real patriotism. No matter how desolate or sterile, no matter how situated—at the frozen pole or near the torrid line—a man's native country ever is his home. Hence it is that the Canadian, and especially the French-Canadian, finds in Canada all that is needed to awaken the love of country and to stimulate his patriotism. It is the land discovered by his ancestors, colonized and civilized by his forefathers; and its traditions, its memories, its scenery, its historical associations, all tend to make him feel that it is the land of his birth, of his heritage and the land which will contain his own ashes and be the pride and legacy of his children.

Naturally, the French-Canadian is more attached to the section of the country which is most closely associated with the glorious achievements of his own race and with the memories of a past which are in a particular manner his own; but that does not prevent his love for Canada extending to the utmost confines of the Dominion for, after all, it is as a great national entity and not a mixture of conflicting parts that we must all look upon our young country.

The Scotchman has his natural love for the land of his forefathers and it does not conflict with his devotion to Canada and her interests. The same for the Englishman, the same for the Irishman, the same for the man of any origin.

The love you have for your mother does not preclude the love for the one who was her mother. The love of your wife and children does not efface the love of your mother or father or your brothers and sisters. The more the human heart has to love the wider and deeper becomes his range of affection and its capacity for love. Thus it is, the French-Canadian's love for Canada, instead of weakening only serves to strengthen the bond of his devotion towards the Empire of which his country forms such an important part. The French-Canadian prizes too highly the advantages that they enjoy under the safeguards of the British Constitution to wish to change their position for any other that the accidents of the future might create. The French-Canadian knows too well that independence would be for the present a mere Utopia in which he would lose his safeguards that the existing constitution has established for his interests, his laws and his language; he knows that a national or political alliance with any other country would mean the forfeiture of the same advantages. Thus does he appreciate fully the advantages derived from the power under which his lot is cast and while he sees in the accordance of all such liberties the practical side of the justice to which, by treaty or otherwise, he has a right, he recognizes the great characteristics of the system under which he enjoys his liberty and is correspondingly true and loyal to it. I may scarcely appeal to the history of Canada. It is a matter of history that the loyalty of the French-Canadian has been unwavering from the day that they came under the British regime and that they have proved their allegiance with their life-blood.

They had hardly been King George's subjects when they were called upon to defend the flag against the Indians who, under the Ottawa Chief, Pontiac, had formed the conspiracy in the western tribes to wipe out the power of England from North America. This was in 1764, a year after the Treaty of Paris. Eleven years after we find them around General Carleton in arms to defend their country against American invaders. You are all aware that the British power was at that time in extreme peril, the country being overrun by Americans. St. John, Montreal, and Three Rivers had been captured by the enemy and General Carleton, stood a fugitive in the vicinity of Montreal. It was then that two French-Canadian gentlemen, militia men, undertook to bring him safely to Quebec by the St. Lawrence route during the night. They succeeded in their venture and Carleton set out at once with the help of the French-Canadians to organize the defence of this last bulwark of the British power at that special moment in Canada. There is no telling what would have happened if the French-Canadians, instead of rallying themselves round the Governor, had given in to the entreaties of Congress and those of the French Admiral D'Estimot. The voice of the Catholic hierarchy was then raised during that war to stimulate the French citizens of Canada to be true to their new constitution.

In 1812 Canadian loyalty was put

to the same test as in 1775 with the same result. I am glad to observe that in this second American war the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada bore the brunt of the day with equal courage and equal success.

I may remind you, however, that the hostilities had taken place after the removal, from Quebec, of the Governor, Sir James Craig, whose conduct had been far from being agreeable to the majority of that section of the country. He went so far as to suppress the only French paper of the day and send three members of Parliament to prison because they had dared to ask for the reform of the Assembly by excluding judges from that body. Our forefathers knew how to distinguish between the acts of a despot like Craig, who abused his power, and those of the home government, and their loyalty had stood in spite of what Craig had done to weaken it. It is known by everyone that the battle of Chateaugay, which had been so decisive, gave victory to the British flag, and that the officer commanding was a French-Canadian, De Salaberry.

But someone may observe in this connection what about the troubles of 1837? I hasten to answer that the opposition of those days of political troubles was directed against colonial misrule but not against the British crown. The governors of the time were wont to use public moneys without the consent of the public, and hence the difficulties. Upper Canada then labored under the same oppressive regime and fought it on the same lines. If we are to blame the opposition of those days we must in the same strain condemn the conduct of Hampden and Pym, who resisted the encroachments of Charles I. and transgressed the constitution.

To understand a so-called rebellion, you must leave aside the accidental events of its culmination and go back to the source, examine the causes, remote and near, and then take into consideration the consequences. Listen to Papineau, the great leading spirit of that memorable event. In Montreal on the occasion of an election necessitated by the death of the King in 1820, Papineau expressed himself as follows: "George the 3rd, a sovereign revered for his moral character, for his attention to his kingly duties and for his love of his subjects, succeeds to Louis the XV., a prince then deservedly despised for his debauchery, his inattention to the wants of the people and his lavishing of the public moneys on favorites and mistresses. From that day the reign of law succeeds to that of violence. From that day the treasures, the navy and armies of Great Britain are mustered to afford us an invincible protection against external danger, from that day the better part of her laws became ours, while our religion, our property, and the special laws by which they were governed remain unaltered; soon after are granted to us the principles of our free constitution and inflexible pledge when acted upon of our internal prosperity. Now religion, toleration, trial by jury, the wisest of safeguards ever devised for the protection of innocence; security against arbitrary imprisonment; the privileges of the Habeas Corpus; legal and equal security afforded to all in their person, honor and property, the right to obey no other laws than those of our own making and choice, expressed through our representatives; all these advantages have become our birthright and I hope shall be the lasting inheritance of our prosperity. To secure them let us only act as becomes British and free men."

How do we reconcile this language of a man fully imbued with the advantages of the Constitution with what happened later in 1837? It is easy, it is very clear to all who reflect. Had the Constitution of 1791 been administered by men determined to be guided by the spirit rather than by the mere letter it would have fulfilled the legitimate aspirations of the country. The essence of the Parliamentary system is the power vested in the representatives of the people of voting under the levying of the taxes and of controlling the public expenditure. This in the main was what Papineau and his friends justly demanded. They had a Constitution and they did not want to have it sacrificed to the rapacity of the leaders of a bureaucracy who deprived them by maladministration of the rights that Great Britain had granted them. It was this family compact kind of administration that was answerable for the troubles that followed. It was as British subjects that the French-Canadians sought the privilege of self-government; it was in the very name of the constitution that they acted; it was against maladministration and not against the crown that they protested.

Let us turn our eyes from that troubled period to the inauguration of responsible government, which brought out harmony among the factions and fostered prosperity in the country. In 1849, when the famous Corn Law were repealed in England, a number of leading citizens of Canada and merchants whose trade was affected by such a change in the fiscal laws of Great Britain signed an annexation manifesto which has become historical. In glancing over the names of those who then would have handed over our destinies to the American Republic those of French-Canadians are as conspicuously few as those of English-speaking Canadians are numerous. That annexation movement justified to a large extent what was said later by a prominent French Canadian statesman, that the last shot that will be fired for the protection of the British rights on this continent will be fired by the hand of a French-Canadian.

During the American war, at the time of the Trent affair, which threatened to bring into conflict Great Britain and the United States,

the French-Canadians at once formed regiments and enlisted in large numbers both in the cities and the country. Their loyalty was also shown during the Fenian invasion and it never failed in any test. When the Confederation Act was being discussed in the election which followed the 1st July, 1867, and that there was some fear that the people of Quebec would not approve of such a Constitution being imposed by the authorities in Great Britain without the will of the people the Bishops of the Catholic Church in Quebec and noteworthy amongst them, Bishops Laroque and Bourget issued pastoral letters calling upon the people to support the party then in power as an act of loyalty to Great Britain. As you are aware, that appeal brought its fruit and John A. Macdonald came back from the elections with a majority in the Province of Quebec. Again, as recently as 1891, on the eve of a general election, and when the question of unrestricted reciprocity was on the tapis, we find that the late Bishop Fabre, in his pastoral letter, appealed to the people to be careful of a political movement that might endanger or slacken the close bonds that unite to Great Britain and in so doing His Grace paid a most remarkable tribute to the British Constitution. When some of the flower of our youth went to fight and even to die for the cause of the Empire during the recent war in South Africa, the Government of Canada spent large sums of money to defray the expenses in connection with the sending of those contingents. There may have been those who, for political reasons, found fault, but the sentiment of the French-Canadians went with those of their race who were fighting on the distant field. The Laurier Government that—the first in the history of our country, had done that for the Empire—was in the following elections of 1900 supported in the Province of Quebec amongst the French-Canadians by the largest majority that has ever been given in that Province to a Government, and that in spite of the appeals made against him by his opponents. I do not know whether I should be young that you should never undertake to judge us by the ill-considered writings or phrases or speeches of some of our countrymen, as we should never try in our province to judge of the feelings of Ontario by what is published by some irresponsible newspapers or said by irresponsible persons. We have a history, we have proved in the past what we have done for the Empire and I think I am perfectly justified in asking that we should be judged by that past.

ANY FIRST-CLASS GROECR CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH FIBRE WARE TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, ETC. Manufactured by GADY ESTABLISHED 1870 B. B. W. BETTER QUALITY INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S

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How do we reconcile this language of a man fully imbued with the advantages of the Constitution with what happened later in 1837? It is easy, it is very clear to all who reflect. Had the Constitution of 1791 been administered by men determined to be guided by the spirit rather than by the mere letter it would have fulfilled the legitimate aspirations of the country. The essence of the Parliamentary system is the power vested in the representatives of the people of voting under the levying of the taxes and of controlling the public expenditure. This in the main was what Papineau and his friends justly demanded. They had a Constitution and they did not want to have it sacrificed to the rapacity of the leaders of a bureaucracy who deprived them by maladministration of the rights that Great Britain had granted them. It was this family compact kind of administration that was answerable for the troubles that followed. It was as British subjects that the French-Canadians sought the privilege of self-government; it was in the very name of the constitution that they acted; it was against maladministration and not against the crown that they protested.

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—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

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We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking.

THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brando," &c.)

Synopsis of Instalments I. and II. — Robert Barnard and his brother James hate each other. Robert brings to Castle Barnard a French wife, and has two sons. During a quarrel, James taunts his brother with his illegitimacy, asserting that he will inherit the family property. Discovering the truth of his brother's gibe, Robert is torn between love for the mother of his children and hate of his brother. To provide a legitimate heir he marries Jane Vandeleur, who eventually bears him a son, who, having attained manhood, falls in love with the only daughter of the Earl of Downe, who objects to the match. His daughter pines for her absent lover, until the doctor urges that her only chance of life is to keep her gay and happy. The Duke and Duchess consent to their daughter's marriage to Anthony Barnard. They have a daughter, Allison, who early loses her mother, and whom her father trains to take his place. As soon as she attains womanhood, he dies peacefully, leaving her under promise to return Castle Barnard to the descendants of the French wife should they be found. Alison meets Gerard Molyneux, who has seen the Irishman living in American slums, where, he says, the congestion "is the congestion of Hell."

Chapter III.—Continued.

Neither of Sir Gerard's listeners seemed shocked at his strong language, and he forgot to apologize. "What would you do?" asked Allison. "Sow the country with Ballycushla!" His eyes followed her towards where the smoke of the manufacturing town made a blur in the blue air. "No," he said, "I am not in love with Ballycushla. I want to keep them in their glens and in their mountains, on their fertile plains, to enable them to live where God has placed them."

"It is well Ballycushla cannot hear you," said Mrs. Tyrrell. He smiled a fine little smile. "Ballycushla is so in love with its own prosperity that it would not heed me," he said. "After all the life suits the Ballycushla people would not. There is nothing Irish about it except the mountains round it, and the woods, the lakes, and the river. Ballycushla will do very well as a miniature Belfast. It will place like it will be the very last to be absorbed into Ireland. I am going to begin with the country people."

Indeed he had already begun the work that springing from a small, unhelpful seed was to become in a very few years a forest tree of many branches. He had begun in the teeth of hostility as well from those whom he desired to help as from those who smelt agitation in any movement which had for its end the helping the people to help themselves. He had begun alone; little by little he was to attract to himself men of like minds with himself, whom he would inspire with his own enthusiasm, energy and faith.

But during those early days, though none could say he was discouraged, there were moments when any cough, age less miraculous than his must have broken down. He travelled north, south, east and west, meeting everywhere the people's distrust in him, their distrust in themselves, their willingness to go on as their fathers had done before them, their acquiescence when they were Celts in the will of Providence for them, when they were not Celts their refusal to believe that his designs held for them anything of good.

There were times when he came back to Killybegs, and he had to confess to Alison Barnard, who had become his close friend, that all his work seemed to have gone for nothing. Mrs. Tyrrell, who had been sympathetic at first, was apt to wax indignant over the stupidity and ingratitude of people who would not be helped, although he was pouring out himself, and all he possessed, like water in their service. "He will kill himself, my dear Alison," she said. "He is not really strong enough for that tremendous energy of his. He will be wasted, like many another before him, and the people will go on their own ways."

"He is so sure he is right," said Alison wistfully. "I don't believe he will ever give up till he dies. There were three people, and they never do, at his last meeting. The people are so accustomed to ruinous gifts they can't believe he means them well. 'Make him give it up, my dear,' said Mrs. Tyrrell, leaning forward and taking Alison's hand in hers. "It is not worth the immolation of a life like his. I love Gerard Molyneux. His father was an old friend of mine, you know, only we had no money to marry on. Gerard is very like him, like him in many ways, although his father never had that troublesome passion for making the world better than God left it. He doesn't want to let himself be happy in the good ordinary way, like other men. Alison—Kyllinnee and Castle Barnard are together. What a property they would make, what a property, if they two were one!"

"There was not the faintest tinge of color in Alison's clear cheeks; her eyes smiled at her friend. "So that is what you are thinking of," she said. "Now I believe you when you say that the Tyrrells are of those who have become more Irish than the Irish. The joining of hands! As though that made a reason!" "You know that is not the reason, Alison." "There!" said Alison soothingly. "I know it is not. But we never think of each other that way—never at all. He doesn't want a wife. The country and the people are wife and children to him. One cannot think of him like any other man. He is just as much in love with the country as those who have become more Irish than those who did not. One thinks of him as vowed to a cause."

I am proud and grateful to be his friend." Mrs. Tyrrell shook her head. "The country expects you to marry," she said. "The country will have to be content with seeing us friends." "We all look to you to wear him from his follies. If he must be energetic let him go into Parliament as a Conservative, let him join the Orange Society. In time people will forget his folly, especially if he is willing and able to serve his constituents. Let him—I say it below my breath, Alison—let him join the Ulster party, and reform it. Make him an Orangeman that he may bring sweetness and peace into the Lodges."

"You talk as though you were half in earnest," said Alison wondering. "Yet I think that like myself you would be heartbroken if he were to take his hand from the ploughshare now. I have promised to help him as far as a woman can. He said he could depend on me, and on you."

"And so he can," said Mrs. Tyrrell with a bewildering change of front. "I'll do anything at all he asks me. He wants us to get at the women and children. The country is emptying itself every year into the slums of America, and Glasgow and Liverpool. Did you ever see the swarming when the emigrant train is going out? The great thing is to begin with the women and children. As for breaking my heart, I'd like to see him happy. But I suppose he'll only be happy his own way."

"Ah, child, and it is a sad fate enough to belong to a country or a cause, even when it is successful, even when it is successful! I wish you two could have been happy in the old way." "But that is out of the question," said Alison, in her sweet way, yet it was a determined way. "So we won't talk about it any more. As for me, believe that I am always happy with Castle Barnard. I love the place more fondly and proudly every day. To be the Chatelaine of Castle Barnard and to be the friend of Sir Gerard Molyneux—and of you, dear Mrs. Tyrrell—ought to be enough happiness for any woman."

"Better be happy the old way," Mrs. Tyrrell said under her breath.

CHAPTER IV.

The Garden Party. During the passing of those six years or so changes many and various had come to James Barnard's family. The sons have been driven into the manufacturing life of Ballycushla, they had married with the daughters of the townspeople, and become more or less prosperous manufacturers. They had assimilated readily enough the ideas and ways of Ballycushla. The daughters had married into the same class. The Barnards, prior to the days of Anthony Barnard, had hung somewhere between the classes, despite the beauty and pride of Castle Barnard. Now the younger branch of the family seemed as though Ballycushla had been made for it, so enthusiastically did it fit itself into the various niches that Ballycushla provided for it.

Alison Barnard was not one to turn her back upon her kinsfolk, even though she had gone up many steps and they had descended in some people's estimation, if not their own. There were half-a-dozen Barnard houses in Ballycushla, each one as like the others as peas in a pod. If you took George Barnard's house for an example you had the whole of the others. His was a large, red-brick, very new house in a genteel suburban district of Ballycushla. It had a few acres of grounds about it, but no trees, and its new gardens were laid out in all sorts of squares and ovals and circles of flower-beds containing the flowers that had the gayest appearance for the time of the year. The afternoon that Alison visited it, and had her memorable conversation with Tessa, happened to be in June, and all the flower-beds were crowded with the hottest scarlet geraniums, with yellow snapdragons and blue lobelia, which seemed to require a more restful background than the red brick house, with its heavy and tasteless curtains at every window.

Mrs. George Barnard was giving a garden party, and the grounds were thronged with the elite of Ballycushla. There were tables everywhere with stacks of strawberries, and oceans of cream, tea and coffee, and lemonade, and much bilious-looking confectionery. There was neither claret nor champagne cup, for it was the convention in Ballycushla to be total abstainers, to profess to believe that it was only the disedifying Celt who drank anything stronger than water. If you were sufficiently intimate with your host you might be invited to a whiskey and soda in the seclusion of a pantry; as the hostess offered wine to the intimates of her sex. The throng would have presented some interesting features to the visitors from the great world. He would have noticed for instance that the ladies wore all their diamonds, and that some few men were in evening dress. If he had been there sufficiently early he would have been invited to listen to the reading of a psalm before the pleasures of the afternoon began. If he fell into conversation with a Ballycushlaite he might have pointed out to him with enthusiasm a celebrity of the town who had made the biggest bankruptcy on record, and was deeply respected not only in Ballycushla itself, but as far away as Belfast and Glasgow. The ladies were as gay as the flowers in the flower-beds, and seemed to vie with each other in wearing the colours of the rainbow. Amongst them Alison Barnard in her cool dress of green linen with a bunch of velvet pansies in her bosom looked a creature of another sphere. She was quite out of her element indeed, but Mrs. George on these occasions was always fussy and anxious that Miss Barnard of Castle Barnard should be present, and it was not in Alison's heart to disappoint anyone.

The Ballycushla people regarded her with a certain awe, even though some said that they thought it very strange of her to wear a stuff which cost no more than one or eleven three-farthings—which she might have been wearing silks and satins.

One to whom this was said, replied that it showed the poor regard in which Miss Barnard held her hostess. "It isn't often," said another, that she gets such a chance of displaying her fine feathers. Why she has never gone to Dublin for the Castle season. She leads the duller of lives by all accounts, and since she and Sir Gerard Molyneux will never marry now she is likely as not to die an old maid."

"She's as mad as he is," said a voice. "I'm told she spends half her time with sewing classes and lace-classes, and teaching the cottagers how to clean their houses and village libraries, and what not. It shows a low taste to my way of thinking."

"As though you could ever make the Irish do anything but shiftless and dirty," said the first speaker. "And priest-ridden, which includes the other two," said another member of the party.

"She and the Archdeacon seem to find each other good company," put in another grumbler. "He looks more cheerful than when he is talking to us," said someone else acidly. "Everyone knows that he cannot bear Ballycushla, and he always longing to be back in Dublin. Alison was talking to the Archdeacon Lang, under the shadow of her white chiffon parasol, with which her picture hat with its beautiful white plumes added to the restful coolness of her green gown."

The Archdeacon was a sweet-faced, elderly man, with eyes of brown velvet, soft and peaceful, and a humorous mouth. He had two or three years before this been promoted from a Dublin parish to a cure of souls in the most fashionable district of Ballycushla and has at the very beginning given his best flock offence by what they considered the "highness" of his services, and by the fact that he had brought a bride among them, young enough to be his daughter.

He had been married before, a brief tragic marriage of a year's duration, and Ballycushla, which had really never thought upon the subject at all, immediately discovered views on the re-marriage of the clergy. He had married a Ballycushla girl, he might have been forgiven by the lady friends. As it was his George gave constant offence. Her height, her grace, her pretty frocks in which her husband loved to behold her, her unfortunate frank, direct speeches, her unsteady, un-matronlike ways, sowed Ballycushla thick with enmities towards her.

Ballycushla matrons did not consider her wise enough for the responsibilities of motherhood, and she had one boy, the image of the Archdeacon, with deep set eyes, a laughing mouth, a transparent, almost girlish, skin, where the color came and went on the smallest provocation. She took her own way with the boy—let him run wild, according to Ballycushla ideas, brought him up in the strangest ignorance and innocence, was his nurse, his governess, everything to him, declaring that no hireling hands should touch him in the tender years of his moulding. If ever a child looked at a man he would be the play pots of the world it was Rolfe. He had a beauty about him that seemed to mark him out for sainthood; yet withal he was the merriest youngster; and he with his father and mother made the merriest trio possible.

The very merriest scandalized Ballycushla, since it was something that excluded it. "A sense of humor seems somehow discordant in a clergyman," said a leading member of his congregation to Archdeacon Lang. The leading member had been a Presbyterian, but had become a Churchman under the influence of his ambitious wife. "Why, my dear fellow, why?" asked the Archdeacon, with a hand on his parishioner's shoulders, his eyes twinkling into the dour face. "Be sure the Maker of us all has the finest sense of humour of us all."

Mr. Hodgson looked shocked. "Where is your warrant, Mr. Archdeacon," he asked in a dismayed voice, "for what I must call a most extraordinary remark?" "My dear fellow, can you doubt it? Look at the elephant, look at the pig, look at the pug dog! There you see the Creator in his frolicsome mood."

No one could have been more reverent than the Archdeacon, but his intention was not apparent to Mr. Hodgson, and so another black mark went down against him. Then there was that matter of the reredos. The Archdeacon was nothing if he was not an archaeologist and a man of taste. His attempt to beautify a church which was depressingly cold and bare by a simple and inoffensive altar-screen, provoked such a storm as is yet remembered in those parts. The Archdeacon bowed his mute dignified head before it, unheeding his George's strong counsels.

"There must be something for me to do here," he had said, "for my Master would not have sent me, so I shall stay, dear, unless I am forced to go."

Because he was a great lover of peace, as great as Anthony Barnard had been, it distressed him at times to feel that he was a suspected person with his congregation. At other times the gay sweetness of his disposition, the exceeding happiness of his home life, enabled him to forget the disagreeable fact for a time. Also his sense of humor came to his help in a minor crisis of life. He often laughed where he could have wept. Indeed, although he kept the fact from all but an elect one or two, his sense of humor sweetened his exile from that gay old beautiful shabby city of which Ballycushla was desperately jealous, where a man's opinions might have room to stretch themselves. Regarded through eyes of benign laughter, there was something to be said for Ballycushla, apart from the fact that

it lay in a blue Irish valley, ringed around with bluer hills.

While the suspicious eyes of his flock were upon him he was sharing with Alison Barnard some of Rolfe's sayings. It was a sudden transition from grave to gay, for Alison asked him about Mrs. Lang's absence, and he had been explaining that she had not been over-well, yet would have come if he had permitted her.

"I'm afraid our hostess only half believed me," he said with his wistful half-laughter. "But George is not really strong. Those overgrown young creatures seldom are."

"I shall drive around to call upon her on my way home," said Alison. "If you can assure me my visit will not be troublesome. And won't you accept a lift, Mr. Archdeacon?"

"I'm afraid I mustn't. I have a sick girl to see on my way home. There are some people in Ballycushla who really accept my ministrations. But, my dear child, I've been talking to you too long. It is not fair to the others, it really isn't."

"I'm afraid I'm too fond of my own pleasure. As for George, you know she loves to see you."

"I'm afraid I've been keeping you too long," said Alison, looking around at the groups from which they somehow seemed isolated. "You must go and be polite to your parishioners. And as for me, I want to see my little cousin, Tessa. You don't happen to see her anywhere?"

"Little Tessa is not here. In fact she is in disgrace with her mother. Mrs. George Barnard was telling me just before you arrived."

"In disgrace? Tessa? Why, what has Tessa been doing?" The Archdeacon lowered his voice. "You'd never guess it unless you happen to be in the child's confidence which may well be. My dear, your small cousin has been discovered in the act of writing poetry!"

"Is that so bad?" Alison lifted her eyebrows in a whimsical humor that showed how it was that she and the Archdeacon were in sympathy.

"Her mother thinks it very bad, disreputable even. She considers it the worst possible form of idleness. I think I gave her pause by mentioning that people were sometimes paid for poetry. 'Ah, but Tessa's never would be worth anything,' she said in a startled way. If you want to see the little culprit I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were to find her behind that window in the gable up there."

"I have fancied I have caught a glimpse of a wistful face up there once or twice."

"Poor Tessa—I know my way to her room. I think I can find it. And now, you must go and talk to Mrs. Moffat and Lady Smith, or I'll have a melancholy account of you to give to poor Mrs. Lang."

The groups moved aside to let Alison pass. It was plain enough that she was not of them. On the way, as it happened, she encountered none of her cousins, and she was enabled to slip into the big empty house, and up the stairs to the little garret which Tessa, that odd stray in the family of the George Barnards, had made her own.

Tessa did not hear the knock at the door, since a brass band was playing on the lawn outside; and Alison, coming in unannounced, found her kneeling on the window seat looking apparently at the sky or the range of blue hills beyond which lay Ireland.

The room ought to have been very pretty from its shape, and the ceiling beams which came so low that one had to stoop under them; but it was disgraced by a glaring red paper, on which several oblong marks of a deeper color seemed to speak of pictures which had once hung there but had been taken away.

Alison had once visited this room in the company of the adoring Tessa, and then it had seemed less bare. The place looked prim and cold, no books, no flowers, none of the pretty things which a girl is accustomed to have. There was certainly a change for the worse.

(To be Continued.)

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The very thought of the usual development of kidney disease is enough warning to anyone to take prompt action and there is the testimony of thousands to point you to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the most effective treatment.

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The sorrow which we feel when we see in print that our words or acts have irritated those we would willingly give our life to serve, is a sorrow only known to those who have felt the pang of heart and mind.

It is a good thing to know that the hearing ear is always closed to the speaking tongue. Why not say so face to face, then the tongue would have long since been silent. One sometimes speaks a lot to show that their heart is as open as of old to those it loved so well, and will love, as far as God permits, until death.

True love grows stronger through suffering and trials, as Our Lord's did in the darkest moment on the Cross. Let us be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and to the sacred professions of friendship.

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"I can forgive, but I cannot forget." "It is only another way of saying, 'I will not forgive.'" A forgiveness ought to be like a cancelled note, torn in two and burnt up, so that it can never be shown against a man. There is an ugly kind of forgiveness in the world—a kind of hedgehog forgiveness shot out like quills. Let us try to forgive all and every one from our heart, as it is the only way to Heaven.



Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

The Church in Newfoundland

Lately the annual pastoral letter of His Lordship Bishop Howley was read in the Catholic Cathedral. Its references to church repairs are as follows: During the past year the repairs of the Cathedral have been continued. The ceilings have been entirely renewed, after the model of Roman Basilicas, the whole forms a united design following the architectural lines of the building.

At 9.30 Feb. 23rd the 302 electric lamps which embellish the new adornments of the Cathedral were lighted to test them, and the effect as they shone out brilliantly illuminating the surroundings, was bewilderingly beautiful.

Mr. P. J. McCarthy, assisted by his pupils, will give a musical entertainment at Easter. The "Old Homestead Quartette" will again be heard in some old favorites.

The winter has been the worst as regards frost for the past twenty-five years. The St. John's harbor has been frozen solid several times, and the steamers had great difficulty in forcing their way in or out.

There have been employed between sixty and seventy persons during the year in the factory, so that a very large amount paid out of our funds has really been earned by the people.

We herewith submit the Treasurer's account for the year, which we trust will prove satisfactory, not only to the Society, but to our patrons, and to the latter, before concluding, we again wish to express our sincere appreciation for their contributions, and we earnestly look forward to a continuance of their assistance when again appealed to.

JOHN J. BURKE, President. WM. F. TRELEGAN, Secty.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY IN ACCOUNT WITH TREASURER.

Table with financial data: To amount received from all sources \$1,941.61; By amount expended for labor, net making, etc. \$545.50; By am't expended for coal and general relief 1,247.63; Bal. due Society 32.09

M. J. SUMMERS, Treas. List of officers for 1904: J. J. Burke, President; M. Malone, Vice-President; C. W. Ryan, Asst. Vice-President; M. J. Summers, Treasurer; W. F. Trelegan, Secretary.

The following have been appointed collectors: Messrs. J. Burke, J. J. Bates, W. Comerford, P. J. O'Neil, M. Malone, J. Dwyer, J. T. Martin, C. W. Ryan, J. Crowell, J. Malone. The 98th annual meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society brought the largest attendance on record.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

yet inflexible determination urged her on, an inspiration for her associates, a blessing for those who profited by her exertions. For the past few years the deceased has been practically and per force relieved from active duty.

IN THEIR FRUITING

always cheerful, ever ready with advice and counsel. Only during the past few weeks had death been expected, and on Sunday afternoon, surrounded by a devoted and loving sisterhood, and fortified by the rites of the Church for whom her life's work had been given, Mother Xaverious passed the portals of death into the Great Beyond.

MIGHT BE PREPARED

outlining the noble deeds performed by the departed Mother Xaverious. During a period of well nigh thirty years, the writer has known, and been more or less intimately connected with the work of the deceased.

STRATFORD

The Catholic Separate Schools of this city intend issuing at the end of each month a report showing the standing of the pupils of the fourth class, the senior room. The following report for February will be read with much interest by our readers:

Rev. Father Edmund Crook, for many years connected with St. Patrick's Church, but broken down in health, left for England, where he intends to reside in future. Before his departure he was presented with a purse of \$100.

At 10.55 on Thursday evening, March 3rd, fire was discovered in the rear part of the premises of Mr. P. J. Kelly, merchant tailor and gent's furnisher, better known as Kelly's Clothing House. The fire had gained considerable headway before being discovered, but the fire brigade quick-

ly succeeded in obtaining the mastery. As the premises are situated in a block of the best business houses in the city, it was providential that it was so successfully mastered.

Mrs. J. J. Schnitzler and son Cletis, Church street, are visiting friends in Waterloo. The members of St. Joseph's Branch No. 13, C.M.B.A., of this city, have decided to issue by means of individual subscriptions from their Branch, an amount sufficient to purchase a beautiful and valuable window which they purpose donating to the new Catholic church which is to be built in the city.

BISHOP DOWLING TO THE IRISH SOCIETIES

Pastoral Advice With a Proper Favor of Love for Ireland Hamilton, March 11.—Yesterday in celebration of St. Patrick's Day the Catholic societies of the city attended St. Patrick's church. The societies gathered at 9.45 at their various quarters and marched to the church, where Bishop Dowling celebrated pontifical high mass.

First came the local branch of the A.O.H. under the leadership of County President, W. J. Malone; C. Shields, president, and William Williamson, secretary. C.M.B.A. branch 31 and officers—J. A. Cox, president; Charles Robertson, secretary; E. A. Shane, marshal. C.M.B.A., branch 56—John Maloney, president; N. J. Fitzpatrick, secretary; J. J. Bucke, marshal.

The bishop extended a welcome to the societies on their annual pilgrimage, as a representative of St. Patrick, the patron saint of the Church, and one whom the societies must venerate. It was a privilege to be long to one of the societies, but there was a greater society than any one established by Jesus Christ—the Church.

He desired the members of the societies to work in harmony with their chaplains and to never undertake a public entertainment without the approval of their pastor. He desired them not to undertake anything of a similar nature that might bring a blush to the cheek of their pastor or bishop. Any restriction which might be placed upon them in this respect would be for their own good.

A school which enjoys a well-earned reputation for thorough and practical work, and through which it draws a patronage extending from Yukon to the West Indies, and from British Columbia to Newfoundland may be fitly termed a famous school. Such a school is the well-known Central Business College of Toronto, which is without any doubt the largest and best equipped business training institution in the Dominion.

Resolution of Condolence

At the last regular meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 1, A.O.H., the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas it has pleased our Divine Lord to remove from this world of sorrow the beloved mother of our dear sister, May Mohan, therefore he it resolved that the members of this Auxiliary do extend to our beloved sister and family in this their hour of affliction, the love and sympathy which our sisterhood aims to inculcate in the hearts of its members, and we pray that God in His infinite mercy will comfort and sustain them in their sad affliction.

Resolved that these resolutions be inserted in these minutes, a copy tendered to our dear sisters, and a copy sent to The Catholic Register for publication. MAY E. MALLON, Rec. Secy.

DEATHS

McGOVERN—At his late residence, 14 Baldwin street, on Wednesday, March 9th, John McGovern, aged 63 years. Time Has Tested It.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives; that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Houle of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, married woman, deceased, notice is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 38 of Chap. 129, R.S.O., 1897, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Elizabeth Houle, deceased, who died on or about the nineteenth day of December, 1903, are required to send by post or deliver to the undersigned solicitor, for The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, or to the undersigned administrators, on or before the first day of April, 1904, their christian and surnames and addresses with full particulars in writing of their claims, and statements of their accounts and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them duly verified by statutory declaration.

And take notice that after the said first day of April, 1904, said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having only regard to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and the said administrators will not be liable for said assets, or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by them or their said solicitor at the time of such distribution. Dated 23rd February, 1904. THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, Limited. T. P. COFFEE, Manager. JOHN T. LOFTUS, 712 Temple Building, Toronto, solicitor for the said Administrators.

In the Surrogate Court of the County of York

In the matter of the Guardianship of the Infant Children of Hugh Finn, late of the city of Toronto, in the County of York, gentleman, deceased. Take notice that upon the expiration of twenty days from the Tenth Day of March, 1904, an application will be made to the Surrogate Court of the County of York, by Mary Ann Reilly, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, seamstress, to be appointed guardian of Irene Marguerite Finn and William Leo Finn, who reside at the said City of Toronto, infant children of Hugh Finn, gentleman, who died a widower, on or about the second day of February, 1904, and without appointing any guardian of the said infants, the said Mary Ann Reilly being the maternal aunt of the said infants. Dated at Toronto this 7th day of March, 1904. HEARN & SLATTERY, 46 King St. W. Solicitors for Applicant.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting 3 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

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

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry, under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent contemplated in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead. (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

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

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