

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

How I Became Prominent in the Labor Movement in Chicago—Made Master Workman in the Knights of Labor—How I Got Acquainted with August Spies, the Anarchist Leader, who was Hanged with Four Others, and was the First American Anarchist—The Haymarket Riot in which Many Irish Policemen were Injured by the Explosion of a Bomb in 1886.

In my contributions to the Register I have been giving my readers a good deal of historical and biographical matter of interest to the Irish race, and for variety sake I now propose to give them some anecdotes relating to myself and mention of adventures in which I have been personally mixed up. The first of these has reference to the labor movement in Chicago and the second to the Haymarket riots in that city in the year 1886, and the part played in it by the Irish police, which I wish placed to the credit of the "Irish in America," in addition to Mr. Herbert N. Casson's article in the "Munsey" Magazine for April, 1906. The story which I here publish is copied from the Chicago "Chronicle" of Dec. 29, 1901, and I hope will be relished by the Register's readers. There are two branches of the public service in the United States in which the Irish have proved invaluable, and in which they have shown themselves heroes. Those are the police and fire departments in which the Irish and Irish-Americans prove themselves most prominent and useful. When the lives of the Heroes of America come to be written they will include many a "Kelly, Burke and Shea," who are not of the fighting class. More especially in Chicago, where great fires are so numerous and disastrous, the heroism of members of the fire department are of almost daily occurrence. Men of no other nationality have won such renown in fighting fires and destruction.

Here follows article from the Chicago Chronicle:
It has been permitted to the present writer to see many things and know many men, and among the latter the first American anarchist.
Circumstances and strong human sympathies caused me to drift into the labor movement in Chicago some twenty years ago. One night two men called at my flat on Clark street, then also occupied by Mr. Kohlsaat and Mrs. Helen Williams, and in a mysterious and stealthy sort of way whispered to me that they had something of an important character to communicate to me and I listened with awe and wonder to their revelations.
One of the men I knew, the other I did not.
"Brother," said the man I knew, "we are a deputation to ask you to take a part in the labor movement that is now going to assume vast proportions; in fact, you are desired to lead it."
"What claim have I," I asked, "to any such distinction? I am not a Knight of Labor."
"That is where you are mistaken," said my visitor, "you are."
"It is very strange that I should not know it," said I. "Please explain."
"Don't you remember one night about four years ago being initiated a member of the Franklin Literary Society at Tammany Hall on the northwest side?"
"Well, hardly; who was there?"
"Harley Rixon was there; Ben Halliday was there, and many others that you knew."
"I have an indistinct recollection of being over there one night, but I have forgotten the name of the organization or association that gave it."

"It was the Franklin Literary Association and that night you were made a Knight of Labor and you are one now!"
"Mysterious are the ways of Providence," said I.

BECOMES A LABOR LEADER.
My visitor proceeded to explain: "The order was then working under the strictly secret system, on account of fear of persecution, but that is all changed now; it is an open organization and there is nothing to conflict with anybody's conscientious scruples in joining it or being known as a member."
"I must confess," said I, "that the system of secrecy heretofore maintained was most perfect when I did not know that I belonged to the order myself. Show me your constitution and by laws and any other documents you have that would enlighten me on the matter and I will consider the proposition. If it appeals to my judgment I will join you."

The documents were immediately produced and I was satisfied.
"You are the man," both men said, "that we want to lead this new movement and you will possess power greater than anyone in Chicago."
"Hope told a flattering tale," and I was always hopeful, but I had no overweening thirst for power. That did not influence me. At any rate, I was invited to a meeting of delegates, where the reorganization proceeded and I was chosen D.M.W.K. of L. I was not the only newspaper man of good standing in membership present there that night, and one or two of them stand at the top of the profession in Chicago to-day.

My labors proved arduous, strenuous, unremitting. Day and night and Sundays the good work went on. To describe some of the scenes I then went through would be entertaining enough—our conflicts with the trade-unionists, our contests with the socialists, our persuasions with the politicians. But we rushed the thing and carried them all for a while off their infirm feet.

MEETS THE FIRST ANARCHIST.

One Sunday afternoon I was called upon to address a meeting of laboring men in a hall or loft on Washington street, who desired to be organized into some protective body of workers. I believe most of them were foreigners and when I looked at them I was almost hopeless that they would be competent to fill the high requirements of knighthood.

"An injury to one was the concern of all," I told them, was one of our axioms. "Labor," I said, "was noble and holy." "Strikes were to be avoided and arbitration instituted in their stead"; "the Knights of Labor were growing so fast that they would soon absorb all other labor organizations." "The new order," I claimed, "was the only salvation for the poor, downtrodden workingman." I do not think one-half of the poor fellows knew what I was saying to them and they were as stolid as a stone wall.

There was a pause. Then a young man arose from the farthest back row of seats and attacked the Knights of Labor viciously. I never saw him before. He said the Knights of Labor were the friends of the capitalists; that they were powerful enough to influence legislation in favor of labor if they wanted to, and that the socialistic labor party was the only true one for workingmen to unite with. His assertions were very wild and far away from the mark. He imputed several improbable statements to one of our speakers who was not then present, but was expected. He repeated his assertions and presently the speaker that he alluded to made his appearance.

ATTACK RAISES A STORM.

"This man is lying," said the new arrival. "I don't know who he is, but I know what he is; he is an irresponsible red-rag socialist." He continued: "But there are socialists in the Knights of Labor and I know them and they believe in our order and are worthy of it, not like this man here, who is irresponsible and irreconcilable."

"I will bet you \$20 you can't prove that," shouted the socialist.
"Show up your money," said the other.
Instantly two \$20 gold pieces were placed in my hand.
"Now for your proofs," shouted the challenger.
"Do you know Bergman of San Francisco?" asked the champion of the knights.
"I do," quickly responded the other man.
"You know he is a socialist, don't you?"
"Yes."
"That's enough." My man then called out the names of two well-known labor leaders who had entered

WITH MORE THAN
\$25,000,000
of carefully invested funds, we are giving our depositors and debenture holders a security from which the element of risk is eliminated.
That this is appreciated by the investing public is evidenced by the fact that during the year 1905 the funds placed with the Corporation for investment increased from \$15,892,546.22 to \$16,799,212.68. Send for pamphlet containing last Annual Report, Financial Statement, etc.
CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION,
Toronto Street, TORONTO

NEW CHURCH AT UPTERGROVE

The new church of St. Columbkille, Uptergrove, was opened and blessed by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, on Sunday, May 27th. The ceremony, which was very impressive, commenced at 10.30 a.m., and the large church was crowded to its utmost capacity.
The following priests were present with His Grace, and assisted in the ceremony. Rev. Father Roach, C.S.B., Toronto; Rev. Fr. Urban, C.S.S.R., Toronto; Rev. James Hayes, Toronto; Rev. James Walsh, Toronto; Rev. M. Moyna, Orillia; Rev. K. J. McRae, Brechin; Rev. M. Cline, Vroomarton.

A large concourse of people assembled and testified their good will by a very handsome collection.
The sermon of the occasion was preached by His Grace the Archbishop.
In the afternoon the ceremony of the erection and blessing of the new Stations of the Cross took place, and the spacious church was again filled. It was indeed a red-letter day in the history of the Parish of Uptergrove, and the people have reason to congratulate themselves on the good finish to their year's work.
The new church, which seats about 500, is 106 feet by 40, having transepts 58 feet wide. It has a large vestry 15 by 30 and a tower and spire 95 feet high. The stained-glass windows, twenty in number, were designed and made by H. E. St. George of London, Ont. The church is newly equipped with seats and a fine altar, made at the Rosenblat Art Works of St. Clement. The total cost is about fifteen thousand dollars.

DECLARES HIS NEW PRINCIPLES.

"I will not tell you," he answered, "what I am not, but I will tell you what I am. I belong to a new party and I am the first and only member of it in yet in America—I am an anarchist."
I jibed him a little about being lonesome and he said that he would not be long so. Herr Most was no doubt his mentor, but that propagandist of evil doctrines had not yet visited America.
I never saw Spies again after that, but I saw his funeral on its way to Waldheim. He had been hanged for his abhorrent convictions and the terrible consequences they led to, but if there be any credit anywhere due to his memory for being the first American anarchist, the distinction is his.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

King Alfonso's Wedding Gifts

King Alfonso's wedding gifts to Princess Ena comprise a golden crown studded with diamonds, a diadem, a diamond necklace, a pearl necklace, a gold bracelet studded with diamonds, brooches and earrings, the whole valued at about half a million dollars.
Because the bull fighters consider wadded saddle clothes dangerous, they will not be used at the corrida to be held in honor of the royal marriage.
King Frederick of Saxony, who is a Catholic, is seeking an ecclesiastical annulment of his marriage to the Countess Montignoso in order to be able to marry again. This will be possible if the countess is willing to declare under oath that her parents forced her to marry him while he was in a somnolent condition, which she affirmed after her flight from Dresden. It is said the case has been submitted to the Pope. In 1902 she eloped with Professor Giron and has since been living in Italy.

RAMBLES IN FOREIGN LANDS

Rome's Seven Hills—The Old and New in the Eternal City—A Glorious Sun's Farewell to Centre of Christendom.

(Elizabeth Angela Henry in Buffalo Union and Times.)

Rome, May 15.—Not until one has threaded his way here and there, up gently rising slopes and down through streets winding in and out along the Tiber's bed, does he get a definite sense of the location of the seven hills of Rome. Meanwhile, quite unconsciously, he is disappointed that the St. Peter's of his dreams does not crown one of these far-famed hills, forgetting in his enthusiasm that the title the Eternal City was given to Rome when Mars and Venus reigned above the hills enclosed by the Aurelian wall—Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Viminal, Caelian and Esquiline.
It is such a small city, geographically, the circuit could be easily covered on foot in a day. But with this measurement its concreteness ends. Within its area is enclosed a wealth of ancient, mediaeval glory which staggers the best-prepared visitor. We reach out to find openings, right and left, unexpected avenues of such historic interest that we grow helpless, realizing our inability to quench a thirst created at sight of the thousands and streams pouring down from classic times into the lap of the twentieth century. Beyond the pagans' wall, across the yellow Tiber, is St. Peter's, that look where we may, pause in admiring wonder where we will, the eye ever seeks, and, finding, rests satisfied, as does a child when seeing its mother's face in the midst of a brilliant throng.

The brow of the Palatine is now in its springtime dress, flowers blooming and the grove of oaks in full leaf. To reach this spot one passes among the ruins of the palaces of the Caesars and houses of the Patricians of the imperial period. So broad and deep are the huge sections of houses and walls left standing it would seem that their owners had built for eternity. Time has been kind to the frescoes in the house where the mother of Tiberius lived. In this, as in the other houses, the windows are built quite close to the roof. From a bend of the hill is a view of the ground where stretched the Circus of Maximus.
But the most interesting view from the Palatine overlooks the Roman Forum, the public square of ancient Rome. Graceful white pillars show where stood here a temple to Vesta, there one to Castor and Pollux and the other gods who delightfully people the pages of antiquity. Close to the Temple of Concord some kind hand had let fall a few flower seeds and a bed of purple lilies is blooming among the broken marble, and at a little distance a blood-red poppy flashes in the bright sunlight. Besides ruins of temples and fountains are deep stone-cased caverns which were shops of divers kinds, and bringing all under a focus one cannot but wonder at the small extent of ground this important center of ancient Rome covered. At one end stand the three great arches of the Basilica of Constantine with the Arch of Titus a few steps away.
From the Forum the Romans went up to the Capitoline to settle matters of state. It was on this hill, the smallest but most important of the seven, where Romulus built his asylum. The tradition of the past is preserved in the Palace of the Senators, where is centered the municipal government of Rome. It is pleasant to ascend a staircase designed by Michael Angelo. This stair leads up to the capitol's handsome piazza where stands a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The statue was once gilded, and there is a tradition which says: "When the gilding upon the horse of Marcus Aurelius recovers it, Rome will fall and with Rome the world."
Crossing the sunlit piazza of the Palace of the Senators, we are at the Church of the Altar of Heaven, erected upon the site of a temple of Juno. Augustus built the Christian church because of a vision, so the legend runs, he had of the Queen of Heaven and the Divine Child. The Franciscan monks were later placed in charge and the fortified monastery

Death of a Former Quebec Lady

The announcement of the death on Sunday, 15th inst., of Mrs. Thomas Malone, of Three Rivers, has been received with a deep feeling of regret in Quebec, where the deceased lady, like her bereaved husband, was born and reared and where she had a large circle of friends and well-wishers. She was the only daughter of our former fellow-citizen, Mr. M. F. Walsh, who for many years filled the positions of our City Accountant and of Secretary of the old Committee of Management of St. Patrick's Church and who was subsequently Private Secretary to Hon. John Costigan as Minister of Inland Revenue and later as Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. She graduated from the Ursulines in this city in June, 1879, and was not only highly educated, but a lady of fine character in every way, unusually bright and intelligent, a loving wife and a tender mother, a fervent votary of the holy faith in which she had been brought up and an Irishwoman to her heart's core. She had not been in robust health for some time past and had been confined to her bed since very shortly after Christmas. She leaves to mourn her premature loss her afflicted husband and three sons, besides her father, who survives her, and two brothers, now resident in the United States. To these bereaved relatives, the "Daily Telegraph" begs to tender the expression of its most respectful sympathy. The funeral and interment will take place here tomorrow afternoon. After a solemn requiem mass in the Three Rivers Cathedral to-morrow morning, the remains will be transferred to Quebec by the C.P.R. train which arrives here at 2.20 p.m. and will be laid to rest in the family lot in St. Patrick's Cemetery.—Quebec Daily Telegraph, 15th inst.

POPULAR PRICES REVAIL
Most every buyer of Hats knows that the prices run about as follows:
\$2 \$2.50 \$3
But the average buyer of hats does not know that all similar prices are not equal values. Now, we import the best selection of Hats that comes into Toronto—and we sell these at the popular prices—leaving all other hat values the best part of a dollar to the bad.
On Saturday nights the Store is open until 10 o'clock. One dollar clearing of odd sizes and samples.
DINEEN'S
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

HAVE YOU A CAMERA?
—WE TEACH—
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY
AT YOUR HOME.
Under our instruction there is no experimenting or wasting of materials and money. You learn to do every step of the work yourself. Success guaranteed. Our \$100 in gold prize will interest you. Write today.
CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT
Central Business College
TORONTO.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
Head Office and Toronto Branch:
8 KING STREET WEST
City Branches
78 Church St. and 522 Queen W.
Open 7 to 9 p.m. Saturdays
Ontario Branches
Alliston, St. Thomas & Walkerville
Savings departments at all branches. Interest added to account or paid twice yearly. One Dollar starts an account. General banking transacted.
JAMES MASON
General Manager

PENNOLINE
BURNING OIL
Rivals the Sun
Canadian Oil Co.
Limited
2-12 Strachan Avenue
Toronto

THE ONE PIANO
That's the expression used by the greatest musicians to mark the exclusive place held by the
Heintzman & Co.
PIANO
MADE BY
Ye Olde Firms of Heintzman & Co.
For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.
Piano Salon: 118-117 King St. W., Toronto

Miss Sybilla's Convert

(By E. C. Shipman.)

"Sybilla! Oh, Sybilla!" called Mrs. Sprigg, "who is that coming up the garden walk?"

"I don't know, mother," she said, glancing between the muslin curtains, "I never saw him before."

"I reckon it is some one who has put up at the wharf for vegetables," suggested Mrs. Sprigg.

But Miss Sybilla did not confirm her in this surmise. She let the curtain fall and turned back to her work.

"Sybilla, it can't be the tax-collector. That man's not coming back for more money!" Indignation mingled with the excitement.

"No, indeed, mother. The taxes are paid and they aren't due for another six months now." Miss Sybilla went on measuring the breadths of gingham. She was terribly matter-of-fact, her mother felt, and emphatically belied her mystic name;

she had been matter-of-fact in her youth when she insisted upon wearing thick-soled, high shoes instead of delicate sandals such as her mother delighted in; she never worked herself into a fever of surmising as Mrs. Sprigg did, she waited until matters solved themselves, and now having attained the age of forty odd and gray hairs, she was still matter-of-fact. Such a solid quality is often a trial to a mother who feels that her years justify her in recurring to the delightful inconsequence of earlier days.

"Well, I'm thankful you've got your father's head for calculating; I never could keep track of such details. In my young days there was always a man handy to look after those things. Well, Lucindy," she added sharply, "why don't you speak up and not stand there with your mouth open like a chicken with the gapes?"

Lucindy was waiting for her breath which she had outrun in her rapid scamper upstairs. She stood just inside the door casting alternate glances from one lady to the other.

"Please'm, a man downstairs wants to see Miss S'villa."

"A man, a man, Lucindy!"

"To see me, Lucindy!"

The sentences were simultaneous, but Lucindy was polite enough to address herself to the elder lady.

"A gentleman, Miss Jane, downstairs on de porch."

"That's something like! Anybody would take you for a field hand, Lucindy, instead of the great-granddaughter of my father's own body servant, one of the politest negro men I ever saw. 'Gen-tle-man' is the word, Lucindy."

"Yass-m. 'Gen-tle-man,' Miss Jane."

"Why didn't you ask the gentleman into the parlor?"

"He 'clar he wouldn't come, Miss Jane, so I ast him to take a cheer on I brung him a pa'm-leaf fan." Lucindy felt during her recital a comforting conviction that her mistress could find no field-hand behavior here.

Miss Sybilla had gone to the little dim, mahogany-framed mirror to smooth her shining hair; she looked steadily at the grayish locks, or at the brooch beneath to see that it was straight and did not glance at her large, cheerful features. Then she went out of the room composedly.

Mrs. Sprigg, sitting in her great chair, felt more fluttered at the thought of the stranger downstairs; she bobbed up to take a glance at the rows of little white curls falling from under the cap on either side of her face and pulled up the ruffle of lace around the neck of her white gown.

As Miss Sybilla stepped out on the porch, a gentleman, sitting on one of the side benches in the shadow of the vines, rose and took off his broad-rimmed hat with a deferential bow.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, madam," said the stranger in his turn. "A fine morning," they both sat down.

"The weather is delightful," answered Miss Sybilla.

"And one of the prettiest views here I ever looked at, madam, and I have seen some of the finest sights our American continent affords."

Miss Sybilla looked at him with some interest. He differed slightly from the St. Mary's type; he was more expansive, more exaggerated, with an air of provincial cosmopolitanism, if one may say so, about him, although an unprejudiced observer would have found, I think, a St. Mary's basis to the man. The heartiness in his voice was also on his bluff, middle-aged face.

"Our view is very nice," again observed

Many Women Suffer

UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Diseases." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Diseases? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

as stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

served Miss Sybilla with her accustomed moderation.

Who of us can forget that view—the green lawn sloping under its locusts to the waters of the bay, a long slope well planted with flowering shrubs and soft to the foot with its thick, close-shorn, homely grass; beyond, almost as far as the eye can reach, a vast, unquiet, shining plain of bluish silver water?

"I called to see, madam, if you could show me through the church to-day?"

Miss Sybilla brightened perceptibly; above her independence, above her delight in farming, above her unaffected pride in her own ancestry, rose superior her pride and delight in the church, where she was sexton and where more than once at Benediction when no boy was handy, she had swung the censor outside the altar-rail, as correctly as an acolyte.

"Certainly," she said, "if you will kindly wait a minute while I get my hat."

She ran upstairs more lightly than the agile Lucindy and came into her mother's presence a little flushed with haste. Mrs. Sprigg let a beam of approval brighten her blue eyes.

"Who is it, Sybilla, child? Not a photographer, I hope. I won't have a picture of the house taken while those chimneys are uneven. They have been uneven ever since they were built, a hundred years ago, but I won't have a picture taken. You may as well tell him no."

"It is not a photographer, mother; it is a gentleman who wants to see the church. I don't think he lives about here."

"To see the church! Well, I reckon he can't live about St. Blaise's. Why didn't he wait till Sunday?"

"I don't know, mother," Miss Sybilla was trying on a huge, black hat, known as "sundown," because of its edging qualities.

"Mercy, child, don't wear that fright!" urged her mother. "Do, pray, Sybilla, put on your hat with the black lace and yellow roses."

"Why, mother, just to cross the fields."

"Certainly. You're going with a gentleman, remember."

"He wants to see the church, mother. He won't know whether I wear lace or straw."

She went out and presently Mrs. Spriggs saw them crossing the meadow to where the church lifted its spire airily from the flat expanse of field. St. James the Less was not an imposing building, but it was new and had Gothic windows (a late American Gothic, in pine), and a spire, besides other points that were as unusual in the square, evangelical churches of the county as its ritual was different. Miss Sybilla, in addition to her duties as sexton, was man-of-all-work for St. James'. If the churchyard presented an appearance of having triumphed over weeds and broomsedge, it was owing to the efforts of Miss Sybilla, together with the wielding of Uncle Jason's scythe.

If the fence and tree-trunks dazzled one's eyes in the hot sun with a coat of brilliant whitewash, you knew that Miss Sybilla, her sunbonnet on her head, and brush in hand, had spent Saturday decorating the beloved domain.

The stranger stepped apologetically about the building trying to soften his footsteps to a semblance of Miss Sybilla's hushed gliding. The brilliant summer light was chastened by the papered windows (artfully deceiving one into the belief they were stained glass) and tinted the white walls delicately with color; the altar stood withdrawn into its recess and clear of all its ornaments which were laid away until next Sunday. The visitor looked with awe at the crucifix on the top of the little Gothic tabernacle, genuinely interested and holding his hat against his breast boyishly enough. He clumsily irritated Miss Sybilla's swift, reverent genuflection and was absorbed in her softly spoken explanations of the stations, or about the organ, which the Archbishop had given them; he even peered up into the belfry to see the dark open mouth of the bell yawning over him, till something of pride rose in his guide's breast at her own powers of conversation.

When they had come out into the yard, the chirp of the birds, the droning of the insects, even the rustling of the leaves seemed too noisily cheerful. The visitor put his hat on and smiled at the wide, green landscape; he resumed his ordinary expression and turned to Miss Sybilla.

"You have a mighty nice little church here. I've seen 'em some, thing like 'his in California."

"You have?" she tried to keep the pride out of her voice. She knew it was as pretty as any church.

"Yes, I am very glad I saw it, for I don't mind confessing, now you have been so kind, that I made a bet I could see it on a week day."

The reaction was too great; Miss Sybilla sank down upon the church steps.

"A bet! A bet about the house of God! Don't you know that the church is a consecrated, a holy place?"

She was white with indignation, whether at the trifling with herself or the church she did not clearly know then.

"Indeed, Miss Sprigg, I oughtn't, perhaps, have mentioned the fact to a lady—I have always thought a bet a very harmless little thing, and my brother-in-law, a good fellow—"

"You have done a very wicked thing, I consider," she interrupted, "and I was very wrong to show you the place. Don't you know that this is a sacred spot, where men come to pray, where children are baptized, where people are married, and where the last blessings are given to the dead?"

She let her hand fall into her lap and looked up at him very bitterly. He hung his head.

"I wish you would let me explain, Miss Sprigg," he said, scraping the turf with his embarrassed foot.

"Explain! You cannot explain more fully. I know what a bet is—it is pure gambling. That is what it is!"

"But, Miss Sprigg—," he began.

"Don't try to soften it, sir," she said, severely; "if a church is not a sacred spot to you, it is to me, and I have been more shocked than I can say. I shall content myself with saying good-morning, sir, hoping that you will some day look into a church with a vastly different intention from to-day."

She made him a majestic bow and walked down the steps. He followed close behind her, dismay written on his florid, wholesome face. At the gate he began again, humbly.

"Indeed, Miss Sprigg, I beg your pardon; but it was a very innocent little bit of a bet. However, my brother-in-law Calderwell has lost a new saddle by it."

Miss Sybilla stiffened instantly on detecting a faint note of triumph.

"A bet, sir, is a bet, and it is all gambling."

He was gratified at the sound of her voice, even such a frosty sound as that, and took heart enough to say:

"I won't, madam, I vow I won't use that saddle!"

"Don't add swearing to your gambling, sir. I wish you good-morning."

And Miss Sybilla marched across the meadow, holding her shoulders very erect and letting her frock trail over the stubble instead of holding it up thriftily as was her wont, for it behooved the Spriggs to be thrifty—a new dress was not to be had every season.

But in spite of Miss Sybilla's disdain she was destined to see every Sunday near the right hand aisle, the large figure of the man, Mr. Alexander Brewer, as she found him to be named. At first, it distinctly angered her, the sight of those square shoulders and thick gray hair; she used to stiffen her back perceptibly and walk to her pew holding up a very haughty head upon which reposed her black lace and yellow roses. The yellow roses would quiver with sympathetic indignation too. It was almost as vexatious as the Latin pronunciation of the choir which Miss Sybilla (her own pronunciation was not above reproach) drilled into it on Saturday, only to hear poured out on Sunday with a strong Maryland tide-water infusion. And Father Yorke, who, if he couldn't sing, knew a discord when he heard it, invariably asked after Mass, who had sung G instead of C, and each member as invariably refused to take upon himself the responsibility.

Meantime, during the week, they heard, as one does hear in the country, as from the air about, that Mr. Alexander Brewer was the rich brother of Mrs. Calderwell, that he had gone away from St. Mary's when very young, and now came back from Oregon, having made his fortune there; that he was a bachelor, and was desirous of settling in his native county.

Mrs. Sprigg was interested hugely. She made Miss Sybilla describe him again and again, and wanted to know all he had said and why he had not called since. But Miss Sybilla was discreet and made her descriptions as short as possible.

"Mercy, child! you might as well go into a convent at once. Don't you know how he looked?"

"He is rather portly, mother."

"I hope he is at his time of life, and as comfortably well off as he is. A pretty figure he'd make thin! I knew his mother intimately. Maria Brewer, and I would like to know what her son looks like, but young women, it seems, have no eyes nowadays."

A further surprise was in store for Miss Sybilla. One Saturday morning early, as she came from the church where the children sat in attentive, miserable rows (it was Father Yorke's day for examining them, which that hard-worked missionary priest had to snatch when he could get it), she saw looming up at one end of the pew Mr. Alexander Brewer. His ruddy face was serious as he bent over the little, dog-eared catechism he had borrowed from the nearest child. Her heart beat for a moment with sincere respect for his earnestness and simplicity. He looked at her quietly as she walked along surveying her charges, for Miss Sybilla was also superintendent of the Sunday school, but he did not explain his appearance. There he sat as the questions came along the shuffling embarrassed line.

"What do you mean by grace?"

No answer. Father Yorke shook his head and repeated his question, but there was still a profound silence.

"By grace I mean a supernatural gift of God bestowed on us through the merits of Jesus Christ, for our salvation," supplied Father Yorke, adding, "That was very badly said, very badly said. Sybilla, these chil-

dren will never be ready for confirmation next spring."

Half a dozen pairs of eyes looked expostulation at Miss Sybilla, but the mouths below did not open even in protest. The shyness of the little rustics would not relax; to Miss Sybilla alone they could have repeated their questions "word for word without the book," now the combined presence of their pastor and Mr. Brewer was too much for them. Wise Miss Sybilla! who began the preparation at least a year in advance, so that the sheer force of knowledge cured their dumbness. The questions went on down the pew sometimes answered, sometimes not, as the child was able to find his tongue, till one was flung at Mr. Brewer, and Father Yorke, lifting his spectacled, absent eyes, found they rested on a broad, cloth-clad chest, and was obliged to lift them higher.

"Why, what is this?" he asked, a little bewildered.

"I came for instruction, sir," answered the other, "I understood it was to be had in the Sunday-school."

"I am glad to see you, Sybilla, you never told me of this gentleman in your report."

"I didn't know, Father Yorke." A distinct flush was mounting to Miss Sybilla's face. "This is Mr. Alexander Brewer, who has only lately returned to St. Mary's."

So Miss Sybilla found herself with a special pupil on her hands, a docile and tractable one, who had only one drawback, that what he apprehended so perfectly one week seemed to have vanished by the next. Perhaps all would have gone smoothly had not Miss Sybilla, in her zeal, undertaken to initiate him in Church history; at least the defect did not appear till then. He was genuinely moved by the stories of the martyrs and the catacombs, but the list of popes seemed to weigh upon him. He studied conscientiously the names and dates, yet when Miss Sybilla bent her brows upon him with an inflexible query as to certain great characters among them, every name fled except the first and last.

"To which of the popes is out beautiful chant attributed, Mr. Brewer?" Miss Sybilla would ask in a short, business-like tone.

"To which of the popes? Ah—ah—," stammered Mr. Brewer, "it couldn't have been the first one, could it, Miss Sybilla?"

"The first one, Mr. Brewer!" Rigid disapproval arched Miss Sybilla's eyebrows by way of emphasis.

"Oh, no, no; of course not," he hastily corrected himself, "I ought to have known. It must be our present one, Pope Leo the—"

"Now consider, Mr. Brewer, do!" urged Miss Sybilla, "our Gre-go-rian chant."

"Gre-go-rian chant," repeated the pupil still unlightened, "now let me see."

At this point a fifteen-year-old girl who had been bobbing up and down in great impatience mouthed half audibly to Miss Sybilla:

"Pope Gregory the Great."

"That is correct, Rosa," said her teacher as severely as ever, "but it was not your question nor did I call on you. As a punishment for your impolite behavior, be prepared to stay after the others have gone and repeat the chapter on the articles of the Creed."

As for poor Mr. Brewer he looked at Rosa with a mixture of admiration for such attainments and of compunction for her punishment. There is no knowing how many more fragments of history he might have had to learn had not Father Yorke changed unexpectedly on the scene as he was blundering among the list of popes.

"Tut, tut, Sybilla!" was his comment, "Mr. Brewer will have plenty of time afterwards to learn that. There are more essential things just now. I'll examine him a little," and the kindly gentleman took up the examination which resulted in pronouncing Mr. Brewer ready and fixing the day for his baptism.

On the morning before that event he walked up Mrs. Sprigg's garden path as he had done six months ago. His face was thoughtful and preoccupied for he considered that he had a duty to discharge. He did not notice the autumn change in the trees and flowers nor how the leaves of the sheltering vine over the porch had vanished save a few which hung like vivid scarlet shreds; behind him the level, shining floor of the bay was dulled by an imperceptible mist which softened almost to effacement the sharp blue lines of distance. Lucindy appeared in answer to his knock, grinning and in her chronic state of breathlessness. She knew him now as did the others of the household, and wished him a good morning as politely as the most well-bred servant in St. Mary's county. He presented his compliments to Mrs. Sprigg and desired to see Miss Sybilla; he would wait for her on the porch as the morning was mild.

"Yaas sah," and Lucindy sped away showing a pair of very flat heels in her swift retreat.

Miss Sybilla was washing the breakfast china at a table in the dining-room, a task she left to no one.

"Please'm, Mr. Brewer's out on de porch," announced Lucindy, "he say give his compliments to Miss Jane and he want see you, Miss Sybilla."

"Why didn't you ask him in, Lucindy?" Miss Lucindy was wiping her hands in some agitation.

"He wouldn't come in; I ast him."

"How is my hair?" asked Miss Sybilla smoothing its satin folds.

Lucindy rolled her eyes up to Miss Sybilla's height.

"Hit's jes' glass, Miss S'villa."

"And, Lucindy, don't you touch that china till I come back. Now mind!" was the final command as Miss Sybilla opened the door.

"No'm," Lucindy murmured guiltily, she was meditating that very minute the delight of fingering the delicate, fine stuff her mistress had never yet entrusted to her hands.

Miss Sybilla walked out in stately leisure upon the porch, but inwardly she was quaking; Mr. Brewer had not since his offence called upon her alone, what could be the occasion to-day, she wondered.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, madam," Mr. Brewer bowed humbly.

"Beautiful weather," she remarked.

"Beautiful, indeed," he answered. There was the customary silence for a second and Miss Sybilla was about to inquire concerning his health and his sister's health, according to the rural code which is, apparently, as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when Mr. Brewer began with some hesitation:

"I came, Miss Sybilla, to ask your pardon for—for the wager I made last summer. I apologize most deeply," he looked at her earnestly.

Miss Sybilla's face crimsoned, then tears came into her eyes, tears that increased every minute.

"At first I could not understand how I hurt you, it seemed such a little thing," he went on, "but now I see, it was an insult to your devotion and reverence, not to you personally, and it was coming to understand the force of that piety and reverence that made me wish to enter the church."

Miss Sybilla's tears came in a gush now.

"Oh, Mr. Brewer," she sobbed, her words muffled by the handkerchief, "you must not ask my pardon, it—it is I who beg you to forgive. Oh, I have been wicked; wicked—than I ever thought I could be. I made a personal affair of that—that bet. Not that I don't think betting harmful; I do," coming out of her handkerchief to enforce her principles and giving Mr. Brewer a glimpse of reddened eyes.

"My dear Miss Sybilla!" he said, distressed beyond measure at the outburst his words had occasioned.

"Yes; I have been heartless and full of pride," Miss Sybilla sobbed on. "I even hardened myself against your humility, which, let me say it here, Mr. Brewer, I reverence and admire. I said to myself it was for effect and I determined to punish you and tire you out. It was partly that which made me give you such hard lessons. Can you forgive me?"

"My dear madam, I have nothing to forgive, nothing. I came this morning to tell you that it was your example of reverence and strong sense of right that put me where I stand now."

"Don't say that, sir," she interrupted, "I have had a wholesome glimpse into myself. I have seen that I have absolutely no humility—none at all. I don't know what it can be unless it is having authority over so much, the farm, the Sunday-school, mother, old Uncle Jason, Lucindy and all of them. It has bred sternness and pride in me. I've been almost un-Christian. Will you forgive me?"

"Will you forgive me?" he asked, in his turn, smilingly.

"If you insist upon my repeating the words, I will do so; I forgive you."

"My words are only a repetition too," he warned her. "I have nothing to pardon, I forgive you."

They shook hands and he went away while Miss Sybilla stole upstairs with such a very deep flush and a look of agitation that they bred the liveliest and most pleasurable curiosity in her mother, who chanced to catch a glimpse of her. Lucindy, having waited in vain, washed the china contrary to orders and was delightedly surprised when Miss Sybilla, at dinner, said not a word of disapproval, but remarked to her mother that Lucindy was growing very neat and really fit to be trusted.

St. James the Less is the most improved church in St. Mary's coun-



Refreshing Sleep. 11

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. There are two members of my congregation who have used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with great benefit and I myself have taken it and proven its efficacy in quieting my nerves and giving me refreshing sleep.

REV. J. C. FREEMAN, O.C.C.

VICTORIA MINES, Cape Breton. The cause of my trouble was an old and severe case of twenty-nine years standing. My stomach was so deranged that I was completely used up since about a year, my heart first giving out, so that I could hardly turn in the bed without the greatest excitement. I could not sleep and could not bear to see anyone, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic gave relief and sleep.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle by any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

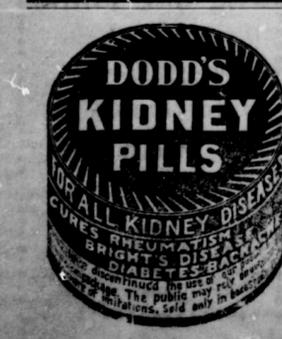
KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO. LTD., TORONTO; THE WINDGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

ty. Besides being rebuilt in brick, it has an ample churchyard well set with trees, some beautiful new statues and delicately sculptured Stations; it has real painted glass windows, and a fine organist from Baltimore, who, by dint of daily classes in Latin, has been able to introduce a more correct pronunciation among the choir. The choir, too, has changed; for when I was last there, at Easter, a train of surprised boys sang the triumphant words of the Gloria in Excelsis with fresh and vibrant voices. But these innovations, pronunciation as well as music, are, I believe, frowned upon by the more conservative parishioners of St. James. Mrs. Sprigg, I knew, says that boys' voices are only fit for shouting at play, and that as for her, the chanting sounds rather dull, and if it hadn't been Alexander Brewer's choice, she would speak her mind rather more frequently. It is no noticed, too, that there are thick volumes of Church History in the library which are seldom troubled by the frequenters of that neat little room; indeed I think it is chiefly the donor who consults them to read ever now and then with zest the long list of Pontiffs, although he does not attempt to pronounce the names aloud. The saddle, won in Mr. Brewer's never-to-be-forgotten wager, was bestowed upon Father Yorke's young assistant, who had to ride often and far between his three mission churches, and Mr. Alexander Brewer himself is universally acknowledged to be the good genius of St. Blaise's Bay. It is he who finds work for the poor in winter upon his great farm; it is he who first took up the idea of a mission among the barbarous oystermen; it is he who is ever good tempered and cheery in the worst of times. They whisper—the long winter evenings in the country encourage such whisperings—that Miss Sybilla will some day marry her "convert," but no one has yet dared mention it in her presence and, as before, Uncle Jason and Lucindy feel the weight of her authority. Her mother, however, acknowledges frankly that it would set her mind at rest if there were some one else than Uncle Jason about the place to depend on in case of fire or thieves and any how to look after Sybilla when she is gone.

"CANCER, ITS CAUSE AND CURE."

Send 6 cents (stamps) for this little book that tells of the wonderful cures made by our painless home treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Calendar for May 1906. Includes days of the month, days of the week, color of vestment, and feast days such as SS. Phillip and James, Apostles, S. Athanasius, Finding of the Holy Cross, S. Monica, S. Pius V., Third Sunday After Easter, Patronage of S. Joseph, S. Benedict II., Pope, Apparition of S. Michael, S. Gregory Nazianzen, S. Antoninus, S. Alexander, SS. Nereus and Companions, Fourth Sunday After Easter, S. Stanislaus, Bp. and M., S. Pashal I., Pope, S. John Baptist de la Salle, S. Ubaldu, S. John Nepomucne, S. Venantius, S. Peter Celestine, Fifth Sunday After Easter, Rogation Day, S. Felix of Cantalice, Rogation Day, S. Paschal Baylon, Rogation Day, S. John Baptist de Rossi, Ascension Day [of Obligation], S. Gregory VII., Pope, S. Phillip Neri, Sixth Sunday After Easter, S. John I., Pope M., S. Urban I., Pope, S. Boniface IV., Pope, S. Felix I., Pope, M., Octave of the Ascension. Prize Books THE LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. W. E. BLAKE, Altar Furnishings, 123 Church St., Toronto. LONG DISTANCE PHONE N. 2452.



.....The HOME CIRCLE

GIANT'S COFFIN UNEARTHED.

Workmen frequently come upon curious things in their street excavations, but it is not every day they disturb the last resting-place of a famous giant.

Their picks and shovels grated against the leaden coffin of Patrick Cotter O'Brien, whose immense stature of eight feet three inches made his name a household word a century ago.

There is no mistaking the identity of the coffin for the plate thereon bore the following quaint inscription:

PATRICK COTTER O'BRIEN,

Whose name was Cotter, But he called himself O'Brien, Whose stature was 8 ft. 4 in. He died on Sept. 8th, 1806. Aged 46.

Patrick, it appears, was as gigantic in graces as inches. A native of Kinsale, Ireland, local history records that his manners were amiable and unassuming and the inflexible integrity of his conduct through life, united to the calm resignation with which he awaited the approach of death, proved that his principles were strictly virtuous.

It is said that O'Brien hated the idea of exhibiting himself, and he directed that his body should be so buried as to cheat the grave robbers that gave additional terror to death in those days.

Accordingly, his friends provided a leaden coffin and had it interred at a great depth, iron bars being placed in the sides of the rock to render removal impossible.

The local authorities at Bristol are proud of their find, and it is thought they will resist any overtures from the Green Isle to recover the remains.

FOLDED HANDS.

(Ola Moore.)

Dear folded hands, so worn with care, So quiet on the pulseless breast, Will any burden need you there, If heaven is a place of rest?

Yours was the never-ending task, Born of a never-ending need, Our selfishness it was to ask, Your sweet unselfishness to heed.

No tears to dry, no wounds to bind, No sufferer to tend and bless— Where will those eager fingers find A need for all their tenderness?

RUDE.

"Well," said Mrs. Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw!"

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Bliss Carman in Smart Set: It is a common frailty of the spirit to deplore our accumulating years and look with envy on the luxuriant carelessness of youth, as if experience and culture and the enrichment of memory were not almost the only true wealth.

I have known persons, two or three, of so rare a character that time did not seem to touch them as it passed. By some blessed miracle of nature they appeared immune from all deterioration or impairment, and undisturbed by difficulties, unbattered by address, unharmed by any calamity or toil.

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

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

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

DRINK MORE WATER. Nerve specialists say that all people with nervous diseases suffer from what is called desiccated nerves,—an

insufficiency of fluid in the various tissues of the body.

Many people, especially business men, neglect to drink water during the day, either because of pre-occupied minds, or because the only water obtainable is not always filtered or pure. A habit of not drinking water is thus gradually acquired, until, after while, the tissues cease to call loudly enough for liquid to force us to heed the call, and the nerves cease to be as responsive as they once were.

Now, when we take into consideration the fact that every motion of the body, every movement of a muscle, even of an eyelid, every pulsation of the heart, every effort of the brain, is weakened by the destruction of the tissue cell life, and that this destruction is caused by a chemical combustion of coal, and that this used-up matter must be gotten rid of, we get a little idea of what a tremendous part water plays in keeping the millions and millions of cells in the tissues washed out, and in keeping muscle and bone and nerve and brain tissue clean and pure.

A well known physician says that water plays a three-fold service in the body: "It feeds it, washes it, and carries away the cinders of its waste matter. Through the want of water we are exposed to many and great dangers—the tissues become dry, the blood thick, its flow is sluggish, and the retained waste of the body sets up a condition of self poisoning."

Some physicians say that the average person should drink three quarts of liquid a day, but only a small part of this with meals.—Success.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effective in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

THE VALUE OF FRIENDS.

In one terse sentence Emerson thus epitomizes the value of friendship: "A friend makes one outdo himself." Outside one's own power to make life a victory or a defeat, nothing else helps so much toward its success as a strong, true friendship.

The friend whose thought runs parallel with mine, who sympathizes with my aspirations, recognizes my strength as well as my weakness, and calls out my better qualities and discourages my meaner tendencies, more than doubles my possibilities. The magnetism of his thought flows around me; his strength is added to mine, and makes a wellnigh irresistible achievement force.

The faculty of attracting others, of forming enduring friendships in whatever environment one may be placed, is one whose worth in the struggle for existence can hardly be overestimated. Apart from its spiritual significance and the added joy and happiness with which it illumines life, friendship has a business value, so to speak, which cannot be overlooked.

SOME DON'TS AND SOME DO'S.

Don't undervalue yourself. Don't call attention to your own defects. The better way is to correct them.

Don't waste time in self-pity. Don't lose your temper. Self-control and civility oil the hinges of the day. Don't pose as if you expected sympathy.

Don't think about your looks. Don't mix friendship with business. Don't be perfunctory. Some girls work as if work bored them. This is a fearful blunder. Not altogether honest either, is it?—Christian Age.

Torpid Liver Cause of Fevers

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

Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Imperial Bank of Canada

Proceedings of the Thirty-first Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, Held at the Banking House of the Institution, in Toronto, on Wednesday, 23rd May, 1906.

The Thirty-first Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held in pursuance of the terms of the Charter at the Banking House of the Institution, 23rd May, 1906.

There were present:— Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Honorable Robert Jaffray, D. R. Wilkie, Elias Rogers, J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Cawthra Mulock, Honorable Richard Turner (Quebec), Miss Hannah Robinson, E. B. Osler, M.P., Clarkson Jones, Ralph K. Burgess, Honorable Richard Harcourt, J. F. Junkin, A. E. Webb, Major Napier Koefer, W. Gordon Jones, T. R. Boys, A. A. McFall (Bolton), William Black (Cobourg), W. C. Crowther, A. Foulds, Frank Beemer, M.D. (Hamilton), Rev. T. W. Paterson (Deer Park), Henry Goodrichman, Alexander Nairn, Charles A. Pilon, David Wheenan (Campbellville), Richard Foster (Bowmanville), C. B. Bingham, Cecil Merritt (London, England), Wm. J. May (O. Lewa), A. C. Morris, A. P. Burritt, Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., James Bismell, R.C. Edward Hay, E. H. Temple, John Stark, Edward Archer, H. C. Boomer, Stuart Playfair, J. G. Ramsey, John W. Beatty, Andrew Snipe, W. W. Vickers, F. G. Logan, Lyndhurst Ogden, R. N. Cooch, Thomas Winstley, Charles O'Reilly, M.D., George R. R. Cockburn, C. C. Ross, Harry Vigon, R. D. Perry, W. T. Jennings, H. S. Mara, C. H. Wethey, Ira Standish, W. Cecil Lee, W. Gibson Cassels, O. F. Rice, E. Chantler, John Flett, E. S. Ball, R. W. Thompson, Wm. Jephcott, J. J. Bell, T. Mortimer, J. H. Eddis and others.

The chair was taken by the President, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and the Assistant General Manager, Mr. E. Hay, was requested to act as Secretary.

Moved by Prof. Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S., Seconded by Andrew Scapple: That Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden, Mr. R. H. Temple and Mr. W. Gibson Cassels be and are hereby appointed Scrutinizers. Carried.

The Assistant General Manager, at the request of the Chairman, read the report of the Directors and the Statement of Affairs.

THE REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting to the shareholders their Thirty-first Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1906, giving the result of the business of the Bank for the financial year (eleven months), which ended that day.

The net profits of the year after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmaturing bills under discount, for the usual contributions to the Pension and Guarantee Funds and providing for Provincial and other taxation, amount to \$535,786.20, which has been applied as follows:— (a) Dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum have been paid amounting to \$335,406.23 (b) Bank premises and furniture account has been credited with 100,000 00 (c) Profit and loss account has been increased by 100,379 97

The premium amounting to \$927,741.50 received on new capital stock, the issue of which was authorized on the 18th June, 1902, and which was allotted to shareholders on 30th June, 1905, has been transferred in bulk to Rest Account, which now amounts to \$3,927,741.50, and will be further increased to \$4,000,000 when the balance due upon the subscribed shares has been paid in.

Branches of the Bank have been opened during the year at Cobalt, Fonthill, London and Ridgeway, in the Province of Ontario, also in the City of Quebec, in North Battleford, in the Province of Saskatchewan, and in Banff, Calgary, East and Red Deer, in the Province of Alberta. Suitable premises are now under construction in Winnipeg and in Edmonton to replace existing structures, which have been found insufficient for our requirements.

Since our last meeting the Bank has suffered a great loss in the death of its President, Mr. T. R. Merritt, who was one of the founders of the Bank, and a Director since its start in business. Mr. Merritt became Vice-President at the first meeting of Shareholders in 1875, and continued in that office until he succeeded the late Mr. H. S. Howland as President in the year 1902. Throughout this long term he was devoted to the welfare of the Bank, whose success is largely due to his watchfulness and care. The vacancy on the Board created by Mr. Merritt's death has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Peleg Howland, a son of our first President. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Vice-President, was elected to the office of President, and the Honorable Robert Jaffray to that of Vice-President.

The policy of the Board in appropriating a considerable portion of the profits of the year in reduction of Bank Premises Account is one which they hope will be appreciated and approved of by the shareholders.

The capital of the Bank was increased in 1902 by \$1,500,000, making it as at present \$4,000,000. The development of the Dominion since then has been phenomenal, calling for increased banking facilities. Your Directors hold the same opinion to-day as they held in 1902 and believe that any additional capital required can be most readily and most economically furnished by the Institutions which are already firmly established. Your Directors have therefore decided that a further addition to the Capital of the Bank is advisable and a by-law will be submitted to you for your approval authorizing an increase in the capital by the sum of \$1,000,000 to be used in such amounts and at such periods as the Directors may determine.

The change from semi-annual to quarterly dividends which has been adopted during the past year will, we trust, also meet with the approval of the shareholders.

A by-law will be submitted for your approval providing for the remuneration of the President and Directors, and increasing their number from eight to eleven. The Head Office and Branches of the Bank have all been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors have pleasure in bearing testimony to the faithful and efficient manner in which the staff have performed their duties.

D. R. WILKIE, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Table with columns for Dividend No. 61, 62, 63, Transferred to rest account, Written off bank premises and furniture account, Balance of account carried forward, and Total Profit and Loss Account carried forward.

REST ACCOUNT.

Table with columns for Balance at Credit of Account, 31st May, 1905, Premium received on new Capital Stock, and Total.

LIABILITIES.

Table with columns for Notes of the Bank in circulation, Deposits not bearing interest, Deposits bearing interest, Deposits by other Banks in Canada, Total liabilities to the public, and Capital Stock (paid up).

ASSETS.

Table with columns for Gold and Silver Coin, Dominion Government notes, Deposit with the Dominion Government for security of note circulation, Notes of and cheques on other Banks, Balance due from other Banks in Canada, Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom, Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries, Dominion and Provincial Government securities, Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign, or Colonial Public securities other than Canadian, Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada, Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in United States, and Total.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE FIRST SOAP BUBBLE.

(From Grace Litchfield Jacob's "The Invention of Soap Bubbles" in June St. Nicholas.)

It was, the most beautiful land imaginable, for the sky was blue with cloudlets sprinkled here and there in snowy scaps, and the flowers never faded, but were always fresh, bright and fragrant.

It seemed only natural, therefore, that when a wee princess was born to the good king, she should resemble a sweet tiny flower, with her sunny brown hair and great blue eyes softly fringed with long, dark lashes. They called her Pansy, and from her birth the dear little Princess gave no one any trouble, nor caused any disturbance in the royal house.

Now her father's kingdom was a large one, and difficult to manage; for in those days the age had come when people began to make inventions, bringing them to the King to earn money and make themselves famous; but their ruler was not always willing to hear them and grant requests made to him by foolish people who knew no: how to invent something which would be of use in the world. For one particular invention, however, the King paid a large sum, and that one was a pipe. The King began to like smoking, and the rest of his subjects quickly followed his example, the country soon embraced this new diversion.

The little Princess was, of course, very much interested in the invention, as the King kept her with him most of the time, and Pansy liked nothing better than to be allowed to enter his private study, there to examine with curiosity the pipes which fairly lined its walls—pipes of wood and clay, and others with amber mouthpieces, or silver and gold handles; however, her own little play pipe pleased our Princess best of all. It was a very plain little one of clay, with only the moulded figure of a fairy on the bowl, but it was so clean and white and pretty that she had begged her father to let her keep it.

One day the Princess was being washed, for even princesses can get dirty after a morning's romp, and, after her little hands had been dried, she dabbed the pipe around in the soapy water. "I can smoke like daddy," cried the child, laughing gaily as she raised the pipe to her lips and blew through the hollow handle. To her surprise there came from the mouth of the bowl a beautiful filmy ball, through which gleamed colored lights, and showed a distinct reflection of the room, the window, the garden beyond, and the wondering face of little Pansy, as she blew and blew; while the bubble grew larger and larger, so soft and quivering with the air's slightest motion, so beautifully round and transparent, that the Princess, in her delight and surprise, took the pipe from her mouth, laughing aloud with glee. But her smiles changed to tears, as a moment after the soap bubble, rising and floating gently in the air before her, suddenly vanished away.

Never before had Pansy or her attendants seen a ball of water filled with air. The little Princess, in her disappointment at its loss, began to weep loudly. Her sobs, which no one could stop, brought the King from his council chamber across the open court yard, and, raising his little daughter to his knee, he tried to quiet the child. Could he not, and would he not, give her anything she might desire? Finally the royal nurse prepared some soapy water, dipped in the fairy pipe, and blew once more. Again that soft, enchanting nothing appeared, and, waving to and fro again vanished as a puff of wind came through the open casement from the balmy air outside. Before the little Princess had time to cry out once more, the King followed the maid's example to please his little daughter, and Pansy, finding it as easy to blow her bubbles as to weep over their strange disappearance, curled her eyes and pushing back her dries ran out into the garden with her dear plaything. For hours she blew and tossed the bubbles up into the sunlit air, delighting in their graceful, swaying motions, and their bright colors, as they reflected grass and flowers in beautiful harmony.

THE BIRDS.

(From "Nature and Science" in June St. Nicholas.)

The course of flight is a distinguishing character of many birds. The grouse rises gradually while flying in a straight course; the woodcock rises to a height of several feet, or even yards, then flies straight away; the cuckoo's flight is also in a straight line, but peculiarly arrow-like, being graceful and silent, the long slender tail and body of the bird still further suggesting an arrow. A number of the birds, notably the brown thrasher and the song sparrow, progress in short flights, as from bush to bush, with a queer, eccentric or bobbing motion as if their flapping tails were a great hindrance. A Wilson snipe flies in a zig-zag line; a goldfinch in long undulations or bounds. All of these and many other ways of flying can be indicated by dotted lines in the notebook, supplemented by such words as "sailing," "rapid," "slow," "heavy," or "graceful" flight, and "rapid," "slow," "silent" or "clattering" wingbeats; the wings of the grouse hum, those of the woodcock and the mourning dove whistle.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time in watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true flycatchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk, just as we know other things by their gait or even by the wings of many different birds; make peculiar sounds whereby, we may know the birds even if they themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color, or the shape of its bill and feet; for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance; and so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.

LUCY'S DEFECT.

She is not blind—she is not deaf— She's straight—and, strong, and pretty.

We think her so—we know her mind Is clear, and quick, and witty. And Lucy is a pleasant child; Her grandmama says of her, "In warp or woof you'll not a trace Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has A goodly share conceded, Yet something is amiss; her friends All see how much 'tis needed. Grandpa allows she's true and good, And owns he loves her dearly; And were it not for this defect He'd think her perfect—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart There isn't much the matter; But Lucy's ever busy tongue Will chatter, chatter, chatter. Her brother Bert, this very day, With a boy's bluntness told her, "My little sis, the thing you lack Is just a good tongue-holder."

ERRORS OF SPEECH. Do not say "yourn" and "hish" instead of "yours" and "his." Do not say "I saw yez" instead of "I saw you."

Do not say "yesr" and "yesm" instead of "yes, sir" and "yes, ma'am." Do not say "I have went here" or "I have gone there."

Do not say "feller" instead of "fellow."

FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE. Moo, moo! What can I do For my little girl of three? I will eat the sweet grass, I will give her a glass Of my milk for her tea; Moo, moo! that's what I'll do For my dear little maiden of three.

Mew, mew! What can I do For my little girl of three? I will catch all the mice, And they shall not come twice To the cake, you'll see; Mew, mew! that's what I'll do For my sweet little maiden of three.

Bow, wow! I will go now With my little girl of three; I will make a great noise; I will frighten the boys, For they all fear me; Bow, wow! that's just how I'll guard my sweet maiden of three.

Neigh, neigh! Out of the way For my little girl of three! I will give her a ride, We will canter and glide O'er the meadowy lea; Neigh, neigh! that's just the way I'll help my sweet maiden of three.

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

Table with columns for Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances, Overdue debts (loss provided for), Real Estate (other than Bank premises), Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank, Bank premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, and Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager. E. HAY, Asst. General Manager. The several Motions submitted were carried unanimously. The Scrutinizers appointed at the meeting reported the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Honorable Robert Jaffray, Wm. Ramsay of Bowland, Elias Rogers, Wm. Hendrie (Hamilton), J. Kerr Osborne, Charles Cockshutt, Peleg Howland, Wm. Whyte (Winnipeg), Cawthra Mulock, Honorable Richard Turner (Quebec).

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. D. R. Wilkie was elected President and the Honorable Robert Jaffray Vice-President for the ensuing year. Toronto, 23rd May, 1906.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUB. CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN Editor.

T. E. KLEIN Business Manager

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

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

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates

Transient advertisements 1 cent a line. A liberal discount on contracts. Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.

When changing address the name of former Post Office should be given. Address all communications to the Company.

Joseph Coolahan is authorized to collect among our Toronto Subscribers.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1906.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

To-morrow we begin the month of the Sacred Heart. We do not say this as if June were the only month in the year which belongs to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Far from it; every month should be His, and every year of our life. All that we can regret is that the months speed by so fast we find we can do so little for our Lord. Then our resolutions break down, and more time is taken gathering them together again; so that the year closes without us doing anything like what we had intended to do. Our years belong by so many titles to our Divine Master that they terrify us as we look upon their receding shadows. We gave so little of them to Him, and so much of them to selfishness, and pleasure and the world. Fewer years ahead of us and more than ever to do—that is the disheartening part. We would lose courage altogether, if Holy Mother Church did not help us out. So at the beginning of June she calls upon her children to be especially devout to the Sacred Heart during the thirty days of this balmy month. It is a devotion of gratitude—gratitude to the Sacred Heart for the graces bestowed upon us all through the Incarnation. It is a devotion of love—a poor, slight return for all the burning love of that Divine furnace, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the embodiment of God's infinite charity, the symbol of all the eternal sacrificing love of God for man. It is a devotion of reparation—in atonement for our carelessness, in atonement for the want of faith and love towards that Heart which has loved all mankind so much, in atonement for the blasphemy against His Majesty as the consubstantial Son of God, and in atonement for the irreverence shown our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. We cannot do much. But we can, and should, do a little. To unite our weak, miserable heart to that Sacred Heart, to ask for greater sorrow for sin, to pray for a little sharp suffering, to love fervently and dwell more constantly in the Sacred Heart; these are some of the devotions we can easily practise in honor of the Sacred Heart. How quickly will the thirty days pass. May they draw us nearer to that dear wounded Heart in whose light and love we hope to dwell through all eternity!

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

As far as results can have a meaning, the two ballots of the French elections have been as unsatisfactory as ever a popular voice could express itself. In fact the French Government is returned with an increased majority. Now what does this mean? Here is a government which broke the Concordat, separated the State from the Church, thus putting upon the people the support of the Church; this government is upheld in its policy by a vast majority of the voters of the country. To us it is inexplicable, or as difficult of explanation as an earthquake. It may do to say the good people did not vote, or were divided, or were indifferent as to which side held power. Other excuses may be advanced such as threats by the Government, a feeling that it is more polite to be on the side of success, and that clericalism meant death to republican institutions. There were many dead votes polled and frauds of other kinds. Some, if not all, of these, played a part in the late elections. But even so, it aggravates the case. There is in this matter no use of comparing France and French electors with England and English electors. To make any comparison there must be a standard unit. And in the present instance none is available. In France the Government not only controls the ordinary civil service, but it controls the mayors and officers of

all the towns and villages throughout the Republic. In France the ballot is not secret, but traceable, so that voters may easily be brought to task. Then the Bloc or anti-clerical party, now in power, have thoroughly hammered it into the heads of the working men that to put them out of power is to haul down the tri-color and hoist a royalist standard. But politicians could not succeed if they were not supported. Their support is a bad press—cheap, cleverly written, unprincipled, filled with insinuations and suspicions of the worst kind. All this does not explain a nation voting away its Church. In England we have a government with an overwhelming majority voting a bill of education—and immediately the whole country is aroused. A battle-cry goes forth which rallies Catholics and Anglicans together. The Catholic spirit is dead in France—that land of chivalry, faith and missionary zeal. The Church cannot live on the past. Its spirit is in the immortal present. The glory of France, as of all other countries, is to conquer the present apathy and overcome the present deplorable unaccountable indifference. There is more honor in fulfilling such a duty as voting properly than in a thousand of French sons seeking martyrdom. There is more glory to a country in a well-directed interior policy than in extension of territory. Peace at home is greater than victory abroad. And what peace can there be when religion is warred against, and her devotees driven into exile? The question remains unanswered: How has France got into this condition? The Church has lost its hold on the French people. Such a proposition is too general to be absolutely true. The Church has lost its hold upon the voting classes in France. That is nearer the truth. Why so? It dates from the first French revolution when the ordinary classes went out under the guidance of Voltaire and Rousseau principles from the Church; when these people stood on one side, a cynical sneer upon their ignorant life, and the clericals on the other side—then did the parting take place. Since that time no union has brought them together. Evil teaching has prevailed. The union is farther away than ever. In spite of the zeal and prudence and devotion of a noble clergy and a large number of excellent lay people these two forces, the clergy and the anti-clericals, stand apart suspicious of one another and quarrelling when by uniting they would make for the peace and strength of their common country. The blame is not so much to be attached to the clergy. But be the blame where it should, the disunion is a scandal to the whole Church and a ruin to the French nation.

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Few natural problems are so interesting as the question of life itself. What is life? Whence is it? Is it organic, or may an inorganic sample of a living thing be looked for with the probability of finding it? A new volume treating upon the subject is therefore no novelty, for men turn the scope of investigation towards the unknown and in the direction of what is interesting and useful. The author, John Butler Burke, claims not to have discovered the origin of life; but he points somewhat indefinitely to the dark unknown where, he thinks, the ultimate solution may be found. What is the difference between living matter and dead matter? Is it merely structural? Or given the structure must we admit a new principle—a principle which demands the structure as a condition sine qua non, but which is not a direct effect of the structure, a principle over and above the merely mechanical arrangement of the elements? When an author in a large volume acknowledges he has not solved the question, it can hardly be treated with satisfaction in an ordinary newspaper article. Our answer to the problem is that the principle of life is other than the arrangement or structure. Having briefed this let us proceed with our brief review. Mr. Burke claims that we have arrived at a stage when a method of structural organic synthesis of artificial cells is secured, which is like life, but which he admits is not life. It is the borderline between living matter and dead matter. What will bridge that gap? Is it mere structure? dead matter arranged in a special way? That cannot be admitted; for otherwise all is life—every particle of matter would teem with life. With the mechanical theory of life inert matter becomes an absurdity, an impossibility; all is movement, flux and life. The distinction between living and dead matter is a real continuous difference in the great order of visible creation. Its initial point is somewhere in that hidden corner which the microscope of analysis has not thoroughly searched. Its line of action reaches on to where the brain cells reveal and also conceal the feelings of transmitted sensations. Life is found

in the minute protoplasm; and in the complex structure of man's bodily frame. Everywhere it tells the same story and rings with the same refrain of a higher self than can be found in its mere mechanical habitation. Nowhere is it identical with matter as such. As the master of the house is greater than the house, so is life—the simplest, lowest life—greater than the mechanism of the structure in which it dwells. It coordinates this structure; it modifies it; it gives a purpose to its being which it otherwise would not possess; and it gives this structure an activity which is an index to its essence and which carries this mechanism to the higher order of self-moving beings. In all this there is the supposition that matter exists. If it be claimed that existence is a living force or activity, then all matter lives. But taking life as extending to those things which move themselves, then we have a continuous distinction between living and dead matter.

Mr. Burke claims that the doctrine of spontaneous generation was accepted as a fact during the Middle Ages. Hardly. Nor is the fact that it was maintained by a few of the schoolmen any evidence that it was an accepted theory of the ages of faith. If later physiologists are agreed that there is no well authenticated instance of spontaneous generation, it is not likely that men of earlier years would testify to one, for their judgment tended the other way and their means of observation were not nearly so perfect. Let us not quote Middle Ages, for their whole trend is in the opposite direction. Whence are all development and life? Virchow says that "as the motion of a projectile is not from its own inherent power, nor the force of its impact from its own material properties, nor the course of celestial bodies from their form and organization, neither can the phenomena of life be fully explained by the properties of their component matter." He has proved that every organism proceeds from a central cell which exists only as generated by a pre-existing organism or parent of some kind. "There must have been," says Virchow, "a beginning of life, since geology points to epochs in the formation of the earth when life was impossible, and when no vestige of it is to be found." So long as logic holds sway in the realms of judgment and the rocks have a history at all, so long must life be sought from life. Types may have perished and races may die in turn. There never was the complete silence of death in the ringing grooves of changes. Nor will the earth ever become a universal grave. Mr. Burke maintains himself that spontaneous generation cannot be demonstrated, for the reason that in no experiment can we be sure that all forms of life have been destroyed. Neither synthesis nor analysis will produce life. It is found that all the forms of protoplasm which have been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen in very complex union. When chemically resolved into these four elements is it protoplasm still? Can you by a chemical process reconvert them into protoplasm? No. It will not do to object that all chemical analysis is upon a dead subject and not a living one. The material elements are all there. Why has it ceased to perform its vital functions? Whilst living it resisted chemical action and death. When it yielded to chemical laws it was dead. Chemical analysis will throw no light upon life. Life lies beyond the reach of material analysis. It is a form. And as all motion must seek its principle from a first mover, so must life seek its origin from life—from the First Mover, the Giver of all life, the Creator of the Universe.

Death of Madame Riel

One of the notable characters of the west, as well as one of the landmarks of the past, died on Saturday, 19th inst., in the person of Dame Julie Lagimodiere Riel, mother of Louis Riel. Madame Riel was 86 years old and was born in St. Boniface, her parents being the first white settlers of western Canada. She was married there 64 years ago, and her long life was characterized by unwavering faith in the unhappy son, which even the harshest criticism could not assail. Sorrow over his tragic end in paying the penalty of treason was the only cloud of her declining years. She had ten children, and one of her boasts was that in all her long life she had never been attended by a physician. Three children, two sons and a daughter, survive.

Redemptorists Win Thirty Five Converts

As a result of a mission lately given at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Atlanta, Ga., by Fathers Klauer and Scholly, of the Redemptorist Mission House at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., thirty-five converts are now receiving instructions preparatory to their baptism.

Cardinal Callegari and the Poor

Cardinal Callegari, Bishop of Padua, who died on April 13, left before his death very full instructions. He wished the physician to be especially thanked for assiduous and affectionate care; he gave detailed instructions as to his burial and obsequies. His will was short. In it he ordered his body to be embalmed, and his funeral to take place with the rites observed in the case of poor people. He mourned that he had nothing to leave to the poor, but said he had done all that he could in life. He left some trifling souvenirs to the seminary and a bequest to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. His remains were laid at rest with those of his mother and aunt in the chapel of the Arcella, where St. Anthony of Padua died.

Joseph Callegari was born at Venice on Nov. 4, 1841, in the parish of Santa Maria del Giglio, as was Blessed Gregorio Barbadigo, whom he was to succeed as Bishop of Padua. After studies in a private college, the young Callegari entered the diocesan seminary at barely nine years of age. He was a model student, and in 1857 donned the clerical attire. At twenty-one he had completed his studies, so half a year later, in 1864, he received the priesthood from the Patriarch Ramazzotti. He taught in the seminary until in 1880 he was appointed Bishop of Treviso. Taking possession of his see in May, 1881, he had the glory of enjoying the services of the present head of the Church as his diocesan chancellor. Many monuments of Monsignor Callegari's zeal remains at Treviso, but more at Padua, to which he was translated as Bishop after a few years. Not the least of this is the memory of his heroism as Bishop in the cholera of 1885. For his conduct he received the silver medal of well-deserving toward the public, and knighthood of the Order of Orange and Nassau. He never left Padua, but in the early winter of 1903, his old friend and admirer being Pope, he received the honor of which he was so worthy, becoming Cardinal-Priest of Santa-Maria in Cosmedin. Already he had possessed the dignity of Domestic Prelate, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne and Roman Count. From the time of his elevation to Cardinalate he figured very much, as, for example, when he pontificated at the centenary commemoration in Treviso of its old-time Pope, the Blessed Benedict XI. He was of a charming character, gentle, kindly, learned, and loved at Padua by all, without distinction of political color.

Ireland's Oldest Man Dead

George Fletcher, the oldest man in Ireland, died at Pomeroy, County Tyrone, on April 21, aged 118 years. The descendant of a race of Scottish Calvinists, Mr. Fletcher was born and reared a Catholic—his mother was a Donnelly—and he remained a fervent and sincere Catholic throughout his long life. He was a man of regular, almost abstemious habits. In his young days he was fond of sport. Singing and dancing were accomplishments of which he boasted, and he was the best shot in his native glen—an accomplishment that would not have endeared him to the "authorities" 100 years ago in Munster or Westmeath. In those far-off days—when Henry Grattan was still comparatively young, when the events of 'Ninety-Eight were but things of yesterday, and long ere Napoleon had reached the zenith of his marvellous career of conquest at Austerlitz—the young George Fletcher of Pomeroy could jump 20 feet with the greatest ease. Year after year the old man lived on among his own people. Children and grand-children and great-grand-children grew up around him, and generation after generation passed away before his eyes. He was a citizen of a free Ireland; he was a contemporary to some extent, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, John Keogh and Richard Lalor Shiel, and all the men whose names had passed into history before our fathers left school. And the end came, calmly, peacefully and happily among his kith and kin.

The Imperial Bank of Canada

The shareholders of the Imperial Bank of Canada held their thirty-first annual meeting yesterday, the president and general manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, in the chair. There was quite a large attendance of shareholders. The report submitted by the board of directors showed that the net profits for the year ending April 30, 1906, amounted to \$535,786.20. Out of this amount dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$335,406.23, were paid. The premium received on new capital stock amounted to \$927,741.50, which amount was transferred in total to rest account. The board of directors has been increased from eight to eleven, and Mr. Wm. White of the C.P.R., Winnipeg; the Hon. Richard Turner, Quebec; and Mr. Cawthra Mulock of Toronto, have been added to the board. The bank have adopted the payment of quarterly dividends, instead of semi-annually. The report is an excellent one, and shows that great care and economy has been exercised by the officials of the bank during the year.

Mrs. Mary McKittrick

An Irish woman living near Uniontown, Pa., celebrated her 108th birthday on last St. Patrick's Day. Her friends gave her a party and to prove her spryness the old woman danced on that occasion. She has ten children, two of whom live in this country.

What Rome Owes to Erin

(The Catholic Standard and Times.) Rome, May 2.—In the Kirby Memorial Hall, Irish College, on last Thursday, His Grace Dr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, delivered a lecture on Rome's debt to Erin to the Hibernian colony in Rome and the students of the American College. Right Rev. Dr. McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth, occupied the chair. Our account of the Archbishop's lecture, though not quite verbatim, practically covers all His Grace said: "I feel delighted," said Dr. Ireland on rising, "to speak within the historic walls of the college founded by Luke Wadding. I look back to the days when to be a student of the Irish College was to be a candidate for martyrdom; to the days when young men left Ireland by stealth and came here to Rome for a clerical education, and returned home ordained to work until called to the martyr's crown. "I see before me students of another college which has not the same historic associations as those surrounding the Irish institution. Yet its students are animated by the same spirit of self-abnegation and martyrdom which has characterized those from Ireland. "The Irish College has many glories, many of which are due to Rome. In the name of Ireland I pay a tribute to Rome for the hospitality shown to Irish refugees. She has always been a kind friend to the persecuted stranger. But while we do this we must evolve what Ireland has done for Rome—for if there is Erin's debt to Rome, there is also Rome's debt to Erin. "What is Rome? She is not a city built upon the bank of the Tiber, nor the capital of Latium. She is the Holy Catholic Church spread through nations. Rome formerly ruled by her legions and pro-consuls; now she rules by Christ's teaching. "There are some lands which, though of small size, have taken a great part in the Christianizing of the world, but there is one land above all which may well claim to be first in spreading the Gospel. It is a little island, so small in comparison with its name and the achievements of its sons, that it is difficult for one unacquainted with it to form an idea of its littleness. And yet what work Ireland has done for Christ's empire! Take away the result of labors wrought by Irishmen and you leave a void—an immense vacuum—in the Catholic Church. "The people of Erin were endowed by Providence with a spirit of poetry, of enthusiasm and a desire to see the world. Patrick came and, finding their souls well-prepared ground for his teaching, implanted the faith so deeply in them that to root it out now from the Irish character you must tear up every fibre of its nature. Impelled by their enthusiastic natures, regiments of priests and monks left Erin, wandering over England, Scotland and the Continent; and the result is that almost every country of Europe has an Irishman as a patron saint. Ireland herself was one vast network of churches, schools and monasteries, to which scholars eagerly flocked from all parts. And when they could not come to her, she went to them, as the libraries of the European cities attest by their treasures of old Irish manuscripts. "Thus it was not until the sixteenth century, when the Catholic Church grew weak in several countries, that Erin's work really began. If she had then lost the faith, oh! how much should now be wanting to Rome's empire! But Ireland kept the old faith. She remained faithful by a miracle, due to the simple providence of God, as we must admit after examining the terrible trials and persecutions she had to overcome. And then the dispersion of the nation commenced. It began by the disbanding of the Irish regiments over Europe, America, Australia. They brought with them strong, living faith, which they propagated and made respected. "Yet Rome's debt to Erin was destined to increase tenfold when Irish emigration really commenced. The history of Irish emigrants flying from their foes is terrible. Harassed by woes and perils, poor in worldly goods, but rich in the sign of the cross, they never faltered. And wherever they went, either in America, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, they built churches and called for priests. "At the Vatican Council," pursued the Archbishop, "I heard Cardinal Manning say: 'All the fathers of this council are children of St. Peter. But leaving out St. Peter, there is no other saint in heaven who can claim so many children as can St. Patrick.' "His Grace, after referring to the part taken by the Irish race in building up the Catholic Church in Australia, New Zealand and the Indies, went on to speak of the Church and the Hibernian element in America. He did not claim the Irish had done everything for Catholicity in America. That country has been aided by the French from Canada, the English Catholics of Maryland, sturdy Germans, Bavarians and Slavs, who brought with them their strong faith. All these elements had much, but it must be conceded the emigrants from Ireland took a foremost part. When they came America had few Bishops, few priests; they built churches and convents; they got their priests and aided them unstintingly to build up the kingdom of the Crucified, and to-day the Catholic Directory declares what an immense debt is due to Ireland by Catholic America.

His Grace enlivened his conference by many anecdotes illustrating the universality of Catholic blood and the influence of the Hibernian in various countries. Towards the conclusion Dr. Ireland expressed his opinion

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
(Maple Leaf Label)
Absolutely Pure
COWAN'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
CAKE ICINGS, Etc.
Used in Every Household

MAISON
JULES & CHARLES
SEND FOR
OUR NEW CATALOGUE



OF
Gent's Toupees and Wigs and Parisians Pompadours. Over 1000 sent by mail, all over Canada since 1905. Are famous for their strong make.

GREY HAIR RESTORER
Instantaneous, harmless, 10 different shades. 1 box \$2.50. 2 boxes \$4.00. Sent by mail. Write for catalogue.

431 YONGE STREET
TORONTO
Telephone Main 2498

Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Nav. Co., Ltd.

Steamer Lakeside
Leaves Yonge St. Wharf 3.45 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for Port Dalhousie, making direct connection with Electric Railway for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Returning leaves Port Dalhousie 9 a.m., arriving at Toronto 11.45 a.m.

For excursion rates apply to
JOHN PAUL, E. H. PEPPER,
Gen'l. Pass'r. Agt. Gen'l. Agt. Yonge St. Wft.
St. Catharines, Ont. Toronto, Ont.
E. F. SHELXAS, Gen'l. Mgr., St. Catharines, Ont.



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

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

BELLS
Steel Alley Church and School Bells 25¢ each for Catalogue.
The C. S. BELL Co. Hillabore, O

Priest's Housekeeper
Wanted immediately. Good wages for suitable person. Address C. B. Catholic Register.

This is the Time to Organize a
Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

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

WHALEY ROYCE & CO. Ltd.
Western Branch
326 MAIN ST.
Winnipeg, Man. 154 YONGE ST.
Toronto, Ont.

Luxfer Prisms
For more light.
Ornamental Windows
For beautifying the Home.
Memorial Windows
For decorating the Church.
Send for information. See our Sample Room.

Luxfer Prism Co., Ltd.,
100 King Street West, Toronto

that juster laws now existing in Ireland will keep the people from emigrating. Still, this should not prevent her priests and nuns from bringing the light of the Gospel to the heathen, and thus fulfill the sacerdotal destiny of Erin, the island of saints and scholars. A vote of thanks, proposed in Irish and seconded in English, brought the proceedings to a close.

JOTTINGS

The Ben Greet players of Shakespeare will be in Toronto on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, June 6th, 7th and 9th, afternoon and evening.

London, May 26.—The Prince and Princess of Wales started to-day for Madrid, where they will represent King Edward at the wedding of King Alfonso.

Rev. John J. Macdonell was ordained to the priesthood, by his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, in the Cathedral at Ottawa. He celebrated his first Mass at St. Catherine's Church, Greensfield, on Sunday week.

The convention of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers' Workmen which had been in session in Buffalo or several days, has adjourned. Michael Donnelly of Chicago was re-elected President. The next convention will be held in Louisville, Ky.

Francis McCarthy, inventor of the McCarthy wireless telephone, who was injured in a runaway accident in California, is dead. He was 18 years of age. His brother, who is 24 years of age, and his executor, will carry on the work.

At the reception given Sherring by the St. Patrick's Club, Hamilton, a presentation on behalf of the club was made by Rev. Father Donevan. The presentation consisted of a diamond locket, inscribed with his name, the date and the name of the club.

The various parishes in Spain will have a busy time on Alfonso's wedding day. There is a rush of betrothed couples of the poorer classes to be married on the same day as the King. In one parish alone the banns of forty couples have been published. This is typical of the other parishes.

Peterborough Examiner: His Lordship Bishop O'Connor and Rev. Father McColl, have returned from Hamilton, where they attended and participated in the Golden Jubilee celebration of the Diocese of Hamilton. They report the gathering as one of the greatest in the history of Catholicism in the Province.

The Golden Jubilee of the sisterhood of the Diocese of Hamilton was celebrated in St. Joseph's convent. His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, who extended his visit to the city in order to participate in the function, celebrated Pontifical Mass in the convent chapel at 10 o'clock, being assisted by Rev. Father Mahony, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral.

Thursday, May 24, was the feast of the Ascension and a holy day of obligation, when the church services were held at the same hours as Sunday. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were Rogation days, and were observed with the chanting of the litanies and solemn processions.

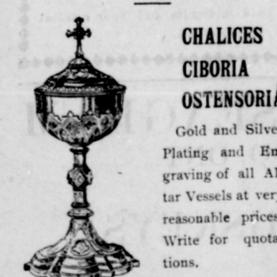
Miss Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress, whose achievement in "Zira" has put her in the front rank of living emotional artists, has just secured a comedy of New York society, entitled "The Golden Butterfly," which she will produce next season. The author is Miss Edith Maeveane, a daughter of the well-known Harvard professor of that name.

On his way home Sherring was given a reception at Loyola College, Montreal. He was welcomed by Rev. Fathers O'Bryan and Kavanagh and by Mr. McMahon, a student from Hamilton. On leaving the cheers of the students followed the champion a long distance and he is said to have found the event amongst the most enjoyable of his trip.

Miss Marguerite E. O'Connell, B.A., of Peterborough, has just received her degree from Queen's University at Kingston. Miss O'Connell as a pupil of the Congregation de Notre Dame took highest marks at the Entrance examination, winning two scholarships. Since then her course has been a brilliant one and she graduated as specialist in English and Moderns, standing next to the medalist in German.

They Wake the Torpid Energies. — Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

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



CHALICES CIBORIA OSTENSORIA Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSIONS Supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758. J. J. M. LANDY 416 Queen St. West, Toronto

Exposes Their Folly

In a communication to the Trenton (N.J.) "Times," Rev. Aloysius Pozzi, rector of St. Joachim's Italian Church, of that city, exposes the folly of the sectarian organizations now engaged in a proselytizing campaign among his fellow-countrymen. No honest man, says the priest, can bear in peace to see how conditions are sometimes misrepresented and put under the public eye in a false light. "A committee," Father Pozzi continues, "has sprung up lately to work with heart and soul to provide the Italians of Trenton with a new church as the Protestant meeting house on Butler street is not large enough to accommodate the great crowds that go there on Sundays and week-days. A new building is necessary. 'It is laughable.' The way in which the announcement is made puts me in mind of the corporal who had four soldiers under his command, full of fight. He pointed out to them a big castle and said: 'Do you see Monte Carlo?' 'Yes, we do.' 'Very well, march in fours and take it.' In heaven's name, where are all these Protestant Italians who crowd the little meeting house on Butler street? Whoever happens to pass on Butler street, let him search for a congregation * * * and if it is found that there are more than twenty-five or thirty persons, I am much mistaken.

"It is no use, my dear brothers; you must not forget that the Italians will be either Catholics or nothing. You know it. Why, then, do you make so much fuss? Yes, the Italians will be either Catholics or nothing. And even if some stray away from the Church, it is only for a time, perhaps induced to it through their need, presents, or from ignorance or curiosity. But as soon as sickness comes you will see at their bedside the Catholic priest. Many of the Bibles you have given the Italians have been brought to me by the people whom you claim to belong to your congregation and crowd your meeting-house. From 1899 eighty persons, you say, have been admitted into your membership. Yes, I believe it, if you include the children who flock to your meeting-house at Christmas time to get a hat, a cape, a pair of shoes or stockings or a handful of candy. I don't deny that once in a while you may see something like a crowd of Socialists and other people of that kind when you have some unfortunate ex-priest, as you did a few weeks ago, to vomit forth insult against that Church to which he is not worthy to belong. All these characters flock to hear a brother, or when you put up the little circus tent and have the moving pictures and other theatrical representations.

"Ten per cent. of the Italians of Trenton Protestants? Well, are you jollying, or what? It is a shame to publish such a false statement. It is an outrage. We must not fool the people; we must be honest. Such falsehoods, however, are not believed by serious people. Only bigots can rejoice at such fancy statements. "The Italians are Catholics, and they have their church. Leave them alone. Our church is big enough, and can accommodate 1,200 people. Mind your own business; and if you wish to convert people, convert your own people, the thousands of them who are nominal Protestants and belong to no church. We have given you whatever faith you have. We Italians were Christians and had our churches when you Anglo-Saxons were still barbarians and clothed only with the skins of wild animals, and when your only roof was either a cave or the blue sky.

"Have you money to give away? Give it for some other purpose more worthy and useful than this. Support better your own ministers and churches instead of erecting a new building which will be empty. Never mind the Italians. They know how to take care of themselves. Go to the library, read the book written by Mr. Lord, 'The Italian in America,' and then you will know who we are.

"Would you like to see what I am doing for the Italians of Trenton? Come to my church Sundays, where I have three morning services and one evening service, besides the Sunday school at 2 o'clock. In the year 1905 I baptized 195 children, and from January the first up to date—that is in four months and eight days—91 children have been baptized. You can have an idea of them when I state that since Easter Sunday, in less than a month, eleven marriages have been solemnized in the Catholic Church of St. Joachim. Italian priests are here to minister to all Italians, and it is a shame for the Protestants to interfere with their work.

"The money spent to support the Italian Protestant Mission is money thrown away. These ministers do not convert, but pervert the Italians, and stir up hatred among them. This is devil's work, and if the only fruit that can be reaped from Italians becoming Protestants is hatred, it is far better to leave them alone. We have enough evils in society. For the sake of our common country, do not create any more.

"It would be much better to help the Italian priests who are laboring here. It is now to advocate my cause that I write, but to suggest how to do good if you really wish to do it. "What I have done here by the grace of God in five years is known to all good men of Trenton. How much more could I do had I only a little more assistance.

"It is not in a spirit of bigotry; my mind is not so narrow and my heart is far too large for anything of that kind. I condemn only what is wrong, and propose what is just and what is really good for the Italians of this community and good in general for our beloved country."

When Alfonso Marries

The official program for the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain, and Princess Ena of Battenberg is as follows: May 29—Introduction of the foreign princes to the Princess at the Prado Palace. In the evening, theatricals. May 30.—In the afternoon, signing of the marriage contract at the Prado Palace in the presence of the grandees of Spain and the foreign princes. May 31—At 11 o'clock in the morning the wedding in the Church of St. Geronimo by the archbishop of Toledo. June 1—At 8.30 p.m., banquet attended only by the members of the Spanish royal family and the foreign princes. June 2—In the afternoon the battle of flowers. In the evening, state performance at the Teatro Reale. June 3—Service in the morning in the palace chapel. In the evening, state ball. June 4—Bull fight. June 5—Excursion to Aranjuez. In the evening, torchlight procession. June 6—Banquet to Spanish officials. June 7—Banquet to the Diplomatic corps. June 8—Official reception, and in the evening ball of the municipality.

The death of Gabriel Dumont, Riel's first lieutenant, occurred the same day as that of Madame Riel, mother of the unfortunate Louis Riel.

RAMBLES IN FOREIGN LANDS

(Continued from page 1.)

stands the church which incorporates the house where Senator Pudens and his daughters entertained St. Peter.

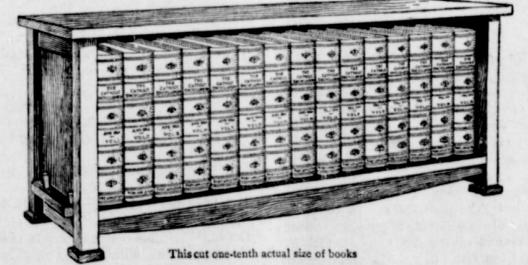
We have reached the seventh hill of Rome, the Caelian, which is divided from the Palatine by the Appian road. Up through a winding walk, shaded with trees, then a high flight of steps, and we are at the church from which went St. Augustine to carry the gospel to England. Gregory the Great then sat in Peter's chair. As I entered the atrium two beggars were receiving bread and meat at the door of the monastery founded by the saint who every day entertained twelve poor men at his table. One day a thirteenth came, and when he turned to go the face St. Gregory saw was that of Christ. The sacristan led me across a court whose ancient walls were overrun with roses, to three small old buildings, chapels that once formed part of the palatial residence of the family of Gregory. Among the treasures was the marble table, and it is said that in the Lateran is kept the little whip with which the founder of Gregorian music was wont to keep his refractory choir boys in order.

The Rome of to-day takes in the Pincio, the ancient hill of gardens. It is the most charming spot in Rome, beautiful shaded walks which invite a ramble among the busts and statues of the great of every age that gleam snow-white against the luxuriant foliage of trees and hedges, while fountains tinkle a perpetual music. Every evening about two hours before sunset Roman society visits the Pincio Hill in carriages, while energetic foreigners walk about and wait for the glorious sight of a sunset in Rome. All too soon the time comes, for with the going down of the sun I say good-bye to Rome. Slowly, lingeringly, it sets to the left of St. Peter's, and as it sinks throws up a dash of golden color; a row of slender pines feigning a far-off hill on the Campagna comes into clearer view, and then the Eternal City lies bathed in the tender dove-gray of twilight.

J. CARD, GIBBONS, Baltimore, Md. "The need of such a work has long been recognized."

THE APOSTOLICAL DELEGATE, Washington, D. C. "The object which you have in view, of presenting to Catholic and non-Catholic readers in a concise form, authentic statements and accurate information about all important subjects connected with the organization, teaching, and development of the Catholic Church is most praiseworthy and deserving of our commendation."

Most Rev. P. J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia, Pa. "I wish the great project a success, as it calculates to meet a pressing want."



This cut one-tenth actual size of books THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA In 15 volumes, 1/4 mor., 8vo, 12,000 pages, 15,000,000 words, 2,000 illustrations and maps

EDITORS Charles G. Herbermann, L.L.D., Editor-in-Chief Edward A. Pace, D.D., D.D. Conde B. Pallen, L.L.D., Managing Editor Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., John J. Wynne, S. J.

- DEPARTMENTS Art Philosophy Science Apologetics Biography Church History Education Liturgy Archaeology The Saints Civil History Literature Patrology Scripture Theology Canon Law Architecture Sculpture Ethics Epapcy Religions Missions Clergy Religious Orders Daily Statistics Catechetics Hierarchy Sociology Bibliography Music Painting

Most Rev. JNO. M. FARLEY, Archbishop of New York "Your arrangements for publishing the Catholic Encyclopedia fulfil a desire I have cherished over twenty years. The work is planned on the broadest possible lines, with a board of editors and numerous contributors thoroughly representative of the best scholarship in every part of the world, the Encyclopedia will be eminently Catholic in scope and spirit. "It augurs well for the interest of religion in English-speaking countries that we are to have a work which will be an aid to much useful and oftentimes painful controversy and a source of valuable information for all serious readers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic. "You are fortunate in having a business organization in which the public can have entire confidence. You may rely upon me always for whatever assistance I can give in this enterprise. "Whilst wishing you and the editors associated with you God-speed in the work, I think I can predict that you will meet with so much encouragement and cooperation on every side that your success is already assured."

A Catholic Encyclopedia in English is an imperative need of our time. In the past century the church has grown both extensively and intensively among English-speaking peoples. Their interests demand that they should have the means of informing themselves about this vast institution, which has been a decisive factor in shaping the progress of the world among civilized nations.

Apb. BÉGIN, Quebec: "You are assured of the cooperation of men eminent for their learning and perfect orthodoxy; this is the first essential in producing a work treating of the Science of Religion and Christian Apologetics, a work where all can find a clear and exact statement of the doctrines, practices, organization, and history of the Roman Catholic Church."

A Great School! ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. Students from British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba on the west to New Brunswick on the east are in attendance this year. Distance is no hindrance to those who wish to get the best. Our graduates are always successful. Our facilities are unsurpassed. Commence now. No vacations. College open entire year. Magnificent catalogue free. W. J. Elliott, Principal, COR. YONGE and ALEXANDRA STS.

SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO Sole Manufacturers P. J. CARROLL & CO. Dundalk, Ireland Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by T. E. KLEIN 117 Wellington St. West TORONTO

The Emperor Francis Joseph as a Catholic (Ben Hurst, in Donahoe's for May.) Regularity of life and plain food combined with much exercise have been the main props to the Emperor's hale longevity. He is astir every morning at five o'clock, and, shortly after on his knees at the daily Mass, which he never omits; then to his frugal breakfast, after which the business of the day begins. The priests of Vienna, and the workmen, whose avocations demand their presence in the streets at that early hour, watch for the light in the well-known window of the Burg, and never fail to find it all through the winter season. Sometimes it is a little earlier, but seldom later, and often when the weather is milder the beloved figure itself may be seen leaning out of the window for a moment to drink in the morning air. In spite of his advanced age, Franz-Josef has not yet modified his rule of life, laborious to a degree. His fidelity to the transaction of state business is as indefeasible as his adherence to his devotions, and who-ever has had the privilege of witnessing these, carries away the ineffaceable impression of a good man and a true. The Emperor's strict observance of the solemn ceremonies of Church feasts is well known. Last year it was supposed that the aged monarch would yield to the wishes of his ministers and the advice of his physicians to refrain from assistance at the public procession of Corpus Christi owing to the danger of exposing himself uncovered to the rays of the burning sun—but the citizens of Vienna had a pleasant thrill on seeing their heretofore, branz-headed, there as dearest, Franz-Josef will be indeed an invalid when he ceases to pay this public homage to the Monarch of monarchs.

BRASS RAILINGS, 2nd DESIGN This is one design of our brass altar railings. We have others, write for list of them and ask for our prices. DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS, Co., Limited 22-26 Dundas St. London, Ont.

IMPERIAL COAL THAT BURNS TO A WHITE ASH NO SLATE NO CLINKERS DELIVERED PROMPTLY AT LOWEST MARKET PRICES. ONCE USED - ALWAYS USED. PHONE NORTH 2082-2083-1807 THE IMPERIAL COAL CO.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM \$18.25 TO BOSTON Going May 31st to June 11th. Returning until June 18th. The only through car service route. Through pullman sleeper Toronto to Boston. Home Seekers Excursions \$32.00 to \$32.50 Tr points in Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan. Via North Bay, June 5, 19th, June 3, 17th Via Sarnia and N.N. Co., June 4, 20th, July 4, 18th. Returning Within 60 Days. For tickets and full information call on agents. J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

THE O'KEEFE Mantel & Tile Co. 97 Yonge St. Gerhard Heintzman Building. DRESS WELL First, then talk business and you'll get a hearing. Don't buy expensive new suits—let me redeem your old ones. FOUNTAIN, "My Valet" Cleaner and Repairer of Clothing 30 Adelaide West. Tel. Main 3074. THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

WRITING IN SIGHT Strong, Durable, and Most Widely Used. UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. Limited All makes rented and sold on instalment

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION When away on a VACATION your mind will be relieved if you know that your Silverware and other valuable articles are in a place of safety. The Toronto General Trusts Corporation's vaults are both fire and burglar proof and its rates are moderate. Office & Safe Deposit Vaults, 59 Yonge St., Toronto

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

Unrivalled By Rivals COSGRAVE'S None Superior ALE Peertless Beverage. COSGRAVE'S From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength. COSGRAVE'S A Delicious Blend of Both HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken. ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS Cosgrave Brewery Co. Td. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY Sea Side Specials Friday June 8-15-22 Will Leave Montreal 7.45 P.M. For Murray Bay Riviere du Loup Cacouana Bic Rimouski Little Metis

Through Sleeping Cars Montreal to Riviere Ouelle Wharf to Murray Bay. Montreal to Little Metis.

HER DELIVERANCE

When Gillian came into the old family lawyer's office that soft June morning, that astute gentleman discerned at once that something unusual was the matter. The beautiful young face was quite white and there was a gleam in the blue eyes that was not good to see.

"My dear child," exclaimed the senior member of Benedict & Carroll, rising to grasp her hand, "what is it?"

Gillian took a seat opposite. "Matter enough," she replied, in a hard tone. "Mr. Benedict, I've come to tell you that it is all of no use. Stephen and I will have to separate. Why should we try to pull together?" she added. "He cares no longer for me, I am convinced. If he does, his actions run counter to it. If it isn't his club, it's an appointment after dinner. He is never at home, and I can't eat my heart out longer in such loneliness. I wouldn't say a word, but it used to be so different. Oh, the beautiful eyes were full of tears. Why do men lead us to believe that the honeymoon will only fade into deeper joys? It's so cruel to us. No," she went on, "we rarely spend a moment together nowadays. If I plan an especially nice dinner, he never comes to it. At breakfast he is deep in his paper. His evenings are spent away from home.

"Mr. Benedict," the rich young voice faltered, "I grew up in your household. You've always stood to me in the place my own dear father would have occupied had he lived. I come to you first in my unhappiness. I tell you frankly, if this is what married life means I will have none of it.

"It has come to this. I cannot longer bear Stephen's indifference and neglect. Help me to get away from him and—"

The old lawyer rose and paced the floor. His fatherly, kind face had upon it a look of pain.

"Oh, these poor rich people!" he exclaimed. He stopped to lay a hand on Gillian's shoulders. "My dear child," he added, "I would help you if I could, but don't you see that even if you should be free the old life can never be restored? Stephen may neglect you; I suppose he does, yet you are his wife, Gillian," he went on. "If Stephen and you had both been poor, it would have been a thousand times better for each of you. Money gives you license to go your separate ways that poverty renders impossible. The young mechanic who comes home Saturday night and lays his weekly earnings in his wife's lap is, after all, a man to be envied. His chance of happiness is far better than that of the man whose future, so far as finances go, is assured. There is no talk of 'affinity' there. When he has a half holiday he spends it with his family on the porch or on a trolley. His Sunday is his paradise—his wife his good angel—his home his heaven. Well, well, perhaps Providence in the divine order of things, has decreed it. At any rate, the divorce court doesn't pass in judgment upon the poor as it does upon those of the higher class.

"Gillian," he asked suddenly, "what are you planning for the summer?"

"The Rossiters want me to join them at Old Point Comfort," returned Gillian, listlessly, "but I haven't really promised."

"And Stephen?"

"Oh, Stephen," said Gillian, with a bitter smile, "informed me yesterday that he had planned to go for a two months' hunting trip up to Wigwam Gulch. This is the 1st of June. If I go with the Rossiters I dare say we will not meet until the last of September."

The old lawyer regarded the pretty, unhappy young face with all a father's solicitude.

"Wigwam Gulch! Isn't that the place Stephen bought a year ago?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes."

"No doubt there's good fishing and hunting there?"

"The best; that is why Stephen keeps it. When he first bought the place he did ask me to go over with him and spend a month, but I was engaged to the Atwoods, who were at White Sulphur Springs, so I could not."

"That is just where you young wives make the first fatal error," went on the senior partner, earnestly. "My dear, do you know the only recipe I give to young wives to preserve the peace in the family? It is this: Make yourselves indispensable to your husbands. Never let anything interfere or take you from your husband's side. If you do the rift widens imperceptibly at first, but afterwards it becomes an impassable gulf. Gillian, will you do as I ask in just one respect?"

"A hundred if you say so," returned Gillian, springing up. "Dear Mr. Benedict, can I ever forget what you have been to me?"

"And I want to be more," was the almost solemn reply. "I want to save you from future misery if I can. I am convinced, too, of one thing. Perhaps you do not realize it yourself, but, Gillian, you still love Stephen; therefore, my child, if I could arrange a separation it would only make you more unhappy. No, my dear, your lot is cast with his. Bear with him until it is dissolved by the only tribunal that can sever it. I'm a poor advocate of divorces, Gillian. In nine cases out of ten the evil can be remedied, but young people are apt to demand much, to give little, to grow restive, and consequently, as the day must follow the night, the relations between them become strained.

"No, my dear, I see no deliverance for you. And now for my request. I want you to ask Stephen to-night if he will take you with him on this hunting trip over to Wigwam Gulch."

"He would refuse," replied Gillian, with bitterness.

"Never mind, ask him again," was the old lawyer's reply.

"And it's ten miles from the post-

Which are You Going to Use? WOODEN SHINGLES METAL SHINGLES. Separate catalogues for Walls, Ceilings, Sidings, Roofs, etc., beautifully illustrated. FREE-if you say what you are interested in, and mention this paper. THE METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO. LIMITED PRESTON, ONT.

office and there are absolutely no privileges," protested Gillian. "So much the better. You have been benefited with privileges, Gillian. Too much money again. If Stephen were a poor man and you were obliged to safely depend on what he could earn for you, you'd be living in accord this moment.

"You always were a housewifely little soul, Gillian. Don't you remember the little cakes you used to make me when you were a little girl, and the cup custards, too, whenever I was sick?"

Gillian's eyes filled with quick tears. "I remember it all," she answered, "and I would love to do things for Stephen now if it were necessary. Do you know, I often long to go into the kitchen and mess around just as I used to years ago."

"You can turn the talent to account on this trip, then," smiled the old lawyer; "and listen, Gillian, you go with Stephen on this trip, and if you find, after a month's trial, that you are really of the same mind, I'll agree to help you."

Gillian rose slowly. "Agreed," she said. "For your sake, Mr. Benedict, I'll humble my pride and ask Stephen to take me with him. If he refuses—"

"Let us pray that he will not," returned the old lawyer, solemnly. "Now, if you must go, good-bye, and God bless you."

Mr. Stephen Brandon looked across at his wife that evening with unusual interest. She wore an evening dress of some soft white material, but she had taken off her jewels. Save her wedding ring, the beautiful hands were devoid of ornament. She looked singularly sweet and girlish.

"I suppose you're slated for the Rossiters?" he asked, carelessly.

Gillian flushed. Now was her time. "No," she said. "I had planned to go with them, but I've changed my mind. I think—if you will agree to it, Stephen—I'll go with you on that trip to Wigwam Gulch. You asked me once, you know?" (With a pitiful little smile.)

Stephen Brandon looked at her. "I did ask you," he answered, coolly, "but that was before you had learned to dispense so easily with my society."

Gillian flushed hotly. "There are two sides to that, Stephen," she replied. "You threw me on my own resources, leaving me alone as you have, but we won't go back of things; only this once don't refuse me."

"On your own head be it, then," returned he, turning to his office. "I suppose you are aware we go by wagon, camping out five nights on the road, and that the house is only a two-roomed cabin? You will have to take a cook."

"I'll take no one," returned Gillian, decisively. "I'll do the cooking myself."

"Whew!" whistled Stephen, looking at her again. "Well, then, I'll be as generous as you are. I'll leave my man. But don't take too much plunder; it's a mountain road, and luggage counts."

"I'll remember," said Gillian; "and may I really go, Stephen?" rising and standing wistfully by his chair.

"If you must, but know this, Gillian, whatever comes of it, it is your own planning."

"I'll not forget," she replied, as Stephen rose and left her.

"I guess this as good a place as any to camp for the night," remarked Stephen, as he drew the horses to a halt. It was a few days later, and this was the first night out on their way to Wigwam Gulch. "Hold these lines while I reconnoitre a little. Yes," after a few moments' survey, "this will do finely. Sit still and I will soon have a fire going."

Gillian, clad in a blue percale dress and white linen hat, watched the tall, athletic figure until a clump of trees hid it from sight. A little feeling of pride stirred in her heart. "How handsome he is," she thought, involuntarily, "and, after all, he is mine, mine."

He came back in a moment laden with some wood. A brisk fire was soon burning.

"What shall we have for supper?" he asked.

"Cold beans, rolls, ham, preserves, honey, and I'll make coffee," rejoined Gillian, interestedly.

"Good," was the answer. "Come, my girl." He lifted her lightly from the seat, and the impromptu feast was spread.

"Did ever coffee taste like this?" said Gillian, with a sigh of content, sipping hers from her china cup.

"It's the air," Stephen answered. "Do you know I've always rather envied old Abraham, living in tents the way he did. If I had my own way to make, I believe I'd be a cattle man, changing my tents to suit the pastures."

"I wish you did," thought Gillian, almost involuntarily and with a sigh. "What's the matter?" demanded her husband, regarding her with a keen eye. "Sighing for the Rossiters?" "I hadn't thought of them," she replied. "Here, Stephen, let me give you some more coffee."

sleepy," she said, smiling a little. "It's strange, too. I'm used to late hours. If you don't mind, Stephen, I'll creep into the wagon."

"The air again," rejoined her husband, "and don't mind me in the least."

She hesitated a little as she stood beside him. Somehow the great world of nature lying about them drew her toward him. "Kiss me good-night, Stephen," she said, shyly, as she stood there, and Stephen, drawing her to him, pressed his lips to hers.

"I shall sit here for a while and write," he said.

When he, too, came into the wagon a half hour later her regular breathing showed him that she stood in need of an early rest. The lantern was burning dimly, suspended from aloft. By its uncertain flickering glow he could see the beauty of the perfect features. A forgotten wave of tenderness swept over him as he stood over her. "I wonder what put it into her heart to come with me?" he mused. "And I always thought she did not care."

"Well," said Stephen a few days later, as Gillian surveyed the cabin at Wigwam Gulch, "what do you think of it?"

Gillian laughed. "It's fine, Stephen," she answered, "and just look at that view. Did you ever see anything grander?"

Stephen came over to her side. There before them rose the mountains, veiled in purple mists. The plains, green as emerald, stretched in boundless waves and billows at their base. "It is grand, isn't it?" he said, gravely. "Somehow one's life seems small and petty beside such grandeur. Well, little wife, where shall we put things?"

Gillian's heart bounded. "Little wife!" She had not heard the dear title since the first season of her married life, three years before. It was "Gillian" now. Was it possible that the old blissful times might come back?

She arranged the little cabin herself with more painstaking care than she bestowed on the management of her great house in the city. Singing, too, as she went about her humble tasks of dish-washing, bed-making and sweeping. Stephen heard her clear voice above the strokes of the broom: "John Anderson, my Joe, John, we climbed the hill together."

And his keen face softened as he listened. They had brought only the necessary things, the few dishes, furniture and cooking utensils that would make them comfortable, but she had taken care to bring Stephen's big chair and her own little low one. The two chairs occupied different territories at home. Stephen's chair stood in the library, hers in her own particular sanctum upstairs, but now they stood socially side by side.

A vase of sunflowers graced the rude mantel, a rich Oriental rug covered the floor, the table linen was exquisite.

She had an appetizing supper when Stephen came home that first night, tired and hungry. Her dress was simple and worn with the grace that marked everything she put on.

Stephen started when he saw the home-like room. "This is a metamorphosis, Gillian," he cried. "You are not going to wash these dishes alone," remarked Stephen as they rose from the table.

"But you're tired," protested Gillian.

"No more than you are. Here, give me that dish towel."

They grew very merry over the little clearing up. When it was over they went out of doors. "Sit by me," said Stephen, lighting his pipe. And again there was in his voice that new tenderness.

Together they watched the moon rise over the pine trees. In the days that followed Stephen grew to watch, at the end of the day's sport, for the slight girlish figure in the plain dress.

After a while she came out to meet him. "Did you have good sport?" she would ask.

"Fine, but it's good to get home, Gillian."

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles.

A PIKETOWN ROMANCE

Old Peter Cummins was "deown with rheumatiz." Consequently he was very peevish. He badgered and bullied all who came within hearing of his stentorian voice, from his youngest daughter, Martha, to his meek, pale-faced old wife.

He found fault with his old hired man to such an extent that the latter "quit," leaving the plough in the furrow in the back lot, and went in search of a place where, as he expressed it, he "could chaw his hash in peace, an' not be cussed at whenever he went in earshot of the house."

The hired man had not been a rapid worker, and as Peter had been ailing for weeks his farm work was in a very backward and chaotic condition. The ploughing was no more than half done, the potatoes were not planted, the corn ground was not "fitted" and it was already the middle of May.

The farm hands for miles around had been at work for weeks. There was not one to be had for love or money.

It looked as though Peter Cummins would have to worry through the season work as best he could without a hired man.

Under the circumstances Peter did not improve either in health or temper.

"Drat the rheumatiz!" cried he. "If I could only git about I'd hitch up old Jerry an' drive till I found a hired man—an' one good for suthin, too. But here I am tied down—bound an' gagged—with this pesty rheumatiz. Ow, wow, wow! wot a twinge that air was!"

Although Peter was, in a certain sense, bound to the chair, he was very far from stating the truth when he said he was gagged, as his wife, his daughters and every chance passer-by could have testified.

Although ploughing and planting was at a standstill on the farm, the dairy work went on as briskly as ever, with Miss Susan Cummins as general manager and Miss Martha an able assistant.

The 17 cows were milked bright and early every morning; the milk was "set" in large shallow pans, and the cream, at the proper time, was churned, salted and "worked" into the sweetest of golden butter.

This was not considered hard work by the tall, broad-shouldered, rosy-checked, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Susan who at 19 years of age was as strong, healthy and cheerful as a girl well could be.

Martha, two years younger, although equally as light-hearted as her sister, was different in many ways. She resembled her mother, who, when a "gal" as she often told her daughters, was considered a great beauty.

Martha had inherited her mother's coal-black hair and eyes, creamy complexion and slim, slender form. She was very pretty, and not a farmer boy for miles around but loved the ground she walked on—especially when she tripped over a portion of her father's fertile soil.

The Cummins homestead would have been fairly overrun with admirers of the two girls (for there were many who liked the robust Susan's style of beauty), but for one thing. They one and all had a wholesome fear and dread of Peter's rasping, ear-piercing, fog-horn voice. He also, when not down with the "rheumatiz," wielded with much dexterity and accuracy a No. 10 cowhide boot.

So, because of the voice and the boot, the girls, though greatly admired, had no "steady company."

The nearest approach to it was the

And then would come the supper hour and the stillness of the night as it crept over the mountains. As they lived longer the simple life at Wigwam Gulch the coldness and restraint, the bitterness that had risen like a wall between them these last years melted into nothingness.

"Our time is up to-morrow, Gillian," said her husband one evening. They were sitting on the step, as was their fashion. "Aren't you glad?"

"Glad? No."

Gillian's voice trembled. Reaching out in the friendly twilight, she found her husband's hand. It closed upon hers reassuringly.

"Have you really—enjoyed it?" asked Stephen, incredulously.

"It's been heavenly. I've—I've had you all to myself."

"Gillian!" Stephen Brandon put his hand beneath his wife's chin, raising the exquisite face until the eyes were on a level with his own. "Gillian, do you mean, really mean that under all your coldness you care for me?"

"Care!" Gillian's voice broke; "too much. I thought you had ceased to love me, Stephen, and so I grew hard and bitter."

Stephen Brandon's face darkened with pain. "Child child," he cried, "we nearly brought our married life to shipwreck by our obstinacy and assumed indifference. Assumed, because both of us have cared through it all. Gillian, tell me to-night, and I'll never doubt you again, do you really love me?"

Gillian crept closer in the darkness. "Better than my life," she answered in solemn tones. "Oh, Stephen, we may fight against the fact all we may—I have, but it's all of no use. Neither of us can be independent of the other. I did not know it fully until Wigwam Gulch revealed it to me."

"Blessings be upon Wigwam Gulch, then," returned Stephen, pressing her to him. "Oh, Gillian, since I know you love me, I hate to leave it."

"We will come back," said Gillian, "every year together."

"Yes, together," replied Stephen, huskily; "together, little wife."

three calls Hiram Stubbs had made on Susan. On his first visit Hiram was very anxious, apparently, to secure Peter's advice as to what he had better do with his "nine-acre lot—seed it down or plant it again."

Peter, being of a cheerful mood, for a wonder, expatiated and dwelt on the delightful subject at such great length, and Hiram, to propitiate him, gave him such marked and undivided attention, that Susan remained unnoticed, save at such rare intervals as Peter went to the door to expectorate. On these occasions Hiram rolled a prominent pewter eye toward the damsel and made a hurried and whispered observation on the state of the weather or solicitously inquired as to her health.

The youth's second visit, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a recipe for a spavin liniment, passed off in much the same way.

When Hiram, in his store clothes, presented himself at the kitchen door of the Cummins homestead for the third time there was a coolness in the reception tendered him by the old husbandman that should have warned him of breakers ahead.

Peter, being tired and cross, retired early, and the young man, not to lose any precious time, at once commenced edging his chair toward the blushing and expectant damsel.

He reached her side as soon as could be expected under the circumstances, and had just succeeded in partially surrounding her buxom form with an arm by no means too long when the two were thrown apart as by an electric shock. They had heard the following words, uttered in a tone of voice that could be heard a full mile:

"Hi, there, Susar! Send that air-tow-headed fool hum, an' mog your boots tew bed. Dew ye hear?"

It was well understood that when Peter said a thing he meant it. He was not only handy with his No. 10 boots, but was a very muscular man and a noted "rough and tumble" wrestler.

In fact Peter stated no more than the truth when he said: "I kin down anything within ten mile in Piketown, with one exception—thet's the rheumatiz."

He was also a great worker, being able to "out-hoe, out-mow, out-chop an' out-eat" any man that he ever had in his employ.

"Martha," said Susan, a day or two after the hired man had taken his departure, "we are out of sugar, molasses and spice, and you'll have to go to the village with some butter and do some trading."

Of course Martha was perfectly willing to do so.

She would not only have a pleasant ride, but would also have the pleasure of seeing Joe Smith, who "clerked it" in Piketown's one store.

Accordingly, after packing a few dozen eggs in oats and placing several rolls of golden butter in an earthenware jar, "old Jerry" was hitched up, and Martha, with a great flutter of ribbons and rustling of skirts, climbed into the old buggy-wagon and started for Piketown.

She reached the village without mishap, did her trading, and after conversing for some time with Joe Smith, headed old Jerry for home.

She had left the village about two miles behind when she saw a young man trudging along ahead of her in the dusty road, a dilapidated carpet-bag in hand.

He seemed to be foot-sore and tired, and as Martha was a kind-hearted little thing, and as there was plenty of room in the big, coffin-boxed buggy, she asked him to ride.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and Martha found herself seated beside a broad-shouldered, trim-built young man, perhaps 25 years of age. His curly chestnut hair was closely cropped, and his sandy moustache had been recently trimmed. His dark and flashing eye proclaimed him to be a quick-tempered individual, while his square, massive jaw denoted determination, if not obstinacy and pugnacity.

"Have you walked far?" queried Martha, after old Jerry had joggled on some distance.

"About 15 miles," was the reply. (Continued on page 7.)

GOLD MEDAL FOR ALE AND PORTER AWARDED JOHN LABATT AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

SOMETHING EXTRA "THE TOMLIN LOAF" MANUFACTURED AT THE TORONTO BAKERY 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, to 438 Bathurst St. FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE ARE YOU ONE? H. C. TOMLIN, Proprietor

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO

HOUSEKEEPERS See that you are well supplied with EDDY'S WARES And you will escape a great deal of annoyance, you would otherwise experience with a "2 in 1" or a "3 in 1" WASHBOARD AND AN EDDY FIBRE TUB and PAIL Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced.

JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

Legal

JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON
DAY & FERGUSON,
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

LEE, O'DONOGHUE & O'CONNOR
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

M'BRADY & O'CONNOR
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

HEARN & SLATTERY
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

LATCHFORD, McDOUGALL & DALY
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

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

Architects

ARTHUR W. HOLMES
ARCHITECT
10 Bloor St. East, TORONTO

Roofing

FORBES ROOFING COMPANY
Slate and Gravel Roofing; Established fifty years.

F. ROSAR
UNDERTAKER
240 King St. East, Toronto

Late J. Young
ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER

McCABE & CO.
UNDERTAKERS
222 Queen E. and 649 Queen W.

E. McCORMACK
MERCHANT TAILOR
27 COLBORNE STREET

Dr. E. J. Wood
DENTIST
450 Church St. Phone North 3458

MEMORIALS
GRANITE and MARBLE MONUMENTS
Most Artistic Design in the City

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
Church Bell and Chime Bells

ROBERT McCAUSLAND
LIMITED
86 Wellington St. West

Memorial Stained Glass Windows
References: St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

Companies

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE and MARINE
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONT.

INCORPORATED 1851
CAPITAL \$1,500,000
Assets for 1905 \$3,460,000

DIRECTORS
Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President

WM. A. LEE & SON,
General Agents
14 VICTORIA STREET

ATLAS ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

ESTABLISHED 1808
CAPITAL \$11,000,000

TORONTO BRANCH, 24 Toronto St.
A. Waring Giles, Local Manager

WM. A. LEE & SON
General Agents
14 Victoria Street, Toronto

ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND
ASSETS 62,000,000 DOLLARS

PERCY J. QUINN
Local Manager
JOHN KAY, Asst.

WM. A. LEE & SON
General Agents
14 Victoria Street, Toronto

FIRE INSURANCE
New York Underwriters' Agency

Established 1864
Policies Secured by Assets of \$18,061,926.87

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

WM. A. LEE & SON,
Toronto Agents
Phone M. 492 and 508 14 Victoria St., Toronto.

FARM LABORERS
Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau

THOS. SOUTHWORTH
Director of Colonization
TORONTO

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH

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

JAS. J. O'HEARN
PAINTER
has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental

FAIRCLOTH & CO.
ART and STAINED GLASS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
64 Richmond St. E., Toronto

Educational

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

St. Michael's College
IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses
Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates.

TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE:
Board and Tuition, per year \$160
Day Pupils \$100

St. Joseph's Academy
ST. ALBAN ST. TORONTO
The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies.

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

THE STUDIOS are affiliated with the Government Art School, and awards Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas.

THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, and for Junior, Leaving, Primary and Commercial Certificates.

School of Practical Science
TORONTO
The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto.

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION
1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architecture, 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

LABORATORIES
1-Chemical, 2-Assaying, 3-Milling, 4-Steam, 5-Metrollogical, 6-Electrical, 7-Testing.

Calendar with full information may be had on application.
A. T. LAING, Registrar.

Church Bells
Memorial Bells a Specialty.
McIntosh Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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

Entry must be made personally at the local office for the district in which the land is situated.
HOMESTEAD DUTIES: A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land for 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 this act as to residence upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
APPLICATION FOR PATENT should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector.

Before making application for patent the settler must file a six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.
WEST MINING REGULATIONS.
Coal.—Coal lands may be purchased at \$10 per acre for soft coal and \$20 for anthracite. Not more than 320 acres can be acquired by one individual or company. Royalty at the rate of ten cents per ton of 2,000 pounds shall be collected on the gross output.

Quartz.—A free miner's certificate is granted upon payment in advance of \$1.50 per annum for an individual, and from \$10 to \$100 per annum for a company, according to the place, may locate a claim 1,500 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is \$5. At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in lieu thereof. When \$100 has been expended or paid, the locator may, upon having a survey made, and upon complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 per acre. The patent provides for the payment of a royalty of 2 1/2 per cent. on the sales of PLACER mining claims generally at 100 feet square; entry fee \$5, renewable yearly.

A free miner may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior. The leases shall have a dredge in operation within one season from the date of the lease for each mile. Rent is \$10 per annum for each mile of river leased. Royalty at the rate of 2 1/2 per cent. collected on the output after it exceeds \$10,000.

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

"Fact is, I'm looking for a job. Do you know of any one around here who would like to hire a man for a few months?"
"Why, yes," said Martha. "Papa's hired man has left him, his farm work is in terrible shape, and he is sick. I am quite sure he will hire you. You, however, will find him very cross. He is always that way when he is ill."

"Oh, I shall not mind that in the least," replied the young man, cheerfully. "I am out of a job and out of money, and under the circumstances would work for Lucifer himself. May I inquire your name?"

"My name is Martha Cummins. And yours—?"
"Is Robert Sharp?"

At this moment old Jerry turned into the Cummins door-yard and sedately walked up to the kitchen door. Martha, with the assistance of Robert Sharp, unloaded her purchases, and taking Jerry by the bridle, started for the barn.

"Let me be your hostler," said the stranger, stepping forward. "You go into the house and I will attend to the horse."

The young man soon returned to the house and was ushered into the old farmer's presence. As Peter was greatly in need of help, and Robert Sharp was greatly in need of employment, a bargain satisfactory to both was soon struck.

Within a week he had the ploughing all done and a part of the ground ready for planting. The old husbandman's mind being thus placed at rest, he soon got the better of his rheumatism and went to work with a will.

As has already been stated, Peter prided himself on the fact that he had never had an employee who was able to do as much work in a day as he could.

It had always been his custom to "trace it" with every new man he hired.

When, after a more or less close and exciting contest, his antagonist either tacitly or openly admitted his defeat, Peter would say:

"Wal, yew dew wat ye kin. Yew can't hev more uv a cat than her skin an' it hain't tew be expected that yew or any man in this part uv the kentry, kin keep his end up with old Peter. Dew wat ye kin."

One evening, having fully recovered his health and strength, Peter said to Robert Sharp:

"I'm goin' down tew Picketown this evenin' tew buy me a new hoe. Tew-morrow, yew know, we air tew plant the Green lot tew w'ite flint corn. Yew gw tew bed arly an' rest jess all yew kin, fer yew'll hev to git right tew the front tew-morrow, an' don't yew furgit it."

Bright and early the next morning the two men started for the "Green lot," the hired man carrying a bag of seed-corn, while Peter flourished two bright new hoes.

Said the farmer, as soon as the lot was reached:

"'Tis jess a-goin tew make this new hoe fly tew-day. This piece has got tew be planted afore night."

With these words, having filled to overflowing his planting bag with corn and his mouth with tobacco, he struck out at a terrific rate of speed, the hired man following after.

The sun having just arisen, Peter had discarded his wide-brimmed straw hat, and for greater freedom of movement, had thrown his suspender from his right shoulder. This latter useful article of wearing apparel having become detached in front, streamed out behind like the tail of a kite. His long gray hair was blown about his swarthy face, his blue-checked shirt, filled with wind, puffed out like a balloon; his tan-colored overalls bagged at the knee; and his mammoth boots, pushed along through the soft, sandy soil, made a shallow canal on each side of his row.

Firmly grasping in one big hand his new hoe, and in the other no less than half a pint of corn, Peter puffing and blowing like a locomotive, worked himself across the field at a high rate of speed.

Looking behind him occasionally, the exulting husbandman would yell:

"Come on. Come on. Thought you knew how to plant corn. Git a git on ye. Git a git on ye. Haw! haw! haw!"

At the end of the first "bout" the hired man was several yards behind, and Peter, in a high state of exultation and perspiration, took a double shuffle on a fence board which chanced to lay upon the ground nearby. He then took a "chaw of tobacco," refilled his planting bag, spat upon his hands, and, seizing his new hoe, struck out with renewed vigor.

"I guess I'll let out a link or two this bout, said the sandy mustached young man to himself.

He did so and not only passed the hitherto invincible one, but kept the lead until the dinner hour sounded.

Yes, Peter had at last found his match—and a little more. Although he struggled manfully and well, and received the assistance of many chews of tobacco, although he shoved his sleeves far above his elbows, removed his boots and rolled up his tan-colored overalls; although he wielded his new hoe with a desperation born of despair, and paid no attention as to whether he dropped one or twenty kernels in a hill, he at length had to own himself out-planted, beaten, vanquished. He did it in these words:

"This tarna new hoe hangs out tew much."

Robert Sharp could not only out-plant Peter, but he could, and he did, out-pace, out-mow and outchop him. One would naturally suppose that the farmer would have been greatly pleased with so able an assistant. He was not, however. He disliked the young man because he had taken from him his prominence as a worker.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood. The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and soon to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

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

pleased with so able an assistant. He was not, however. He disliked the young man because he had taken from him his prominence as a worker.

It was soon known for miles around that Peter Cummins had at last found a man who was his superior at all kinds of husbandry.

The old tiller of the soil grew to hate his vanquisher.

The young man's presence was a constant reminder to Peter of the many defeats he had suffered at his hands.

And so he began to cast about for an excuse, good or bad, for discharging him.

He found one sooner than he expected. One moonlight evening in August, Peter paid his nearest neighbor a visit, and, coming home through his back lane at about 9 o'clock, came spat upon a couple seated on a log beneath the wide-spreading branches of a chestnut tree.

The young man's arm encircled the maiden's slim waist, her head rested on his broad shoulders, and their hands were clasped.

As they were deeply absorbed in taking an astronomical observation, the presence of a third party was for a moment undiscovered.

Then Martha, lowering her eyes from the man in the moon to the man on the earth, saw and recognized her sire. Robert Sharp saw him at nearly the same instant.

"Martha," roared the irate husbandman, as though his daughter was a mile away, "yew mog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, neow, git. As fur yew (turning to the hired man), yew come with me an' I'll pay yew off, and then, yew tarna cuss, git off'n my farm. Yew're nuthin' but a pesky, no-account tramp anyway. If I sarved ye right I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

Peter started toward the young man as though he really intended to bring into action his noted No. 10.

Why didn't he do so? Perhaps he saw a glitter in Robert's dark eye and an ominous clinching of his sun-burned hand that convinced him that "discretion was the better part of valor."

Robert Sharp went to the farm house, received his wages, and thrusting his few belongings into his old carpet-bag, left the Cummins homestead, as Peter thought, forever.

Before taking his departure he asked to see Martha for a moment, but the request was greeted with a stentorian "No!"

Susan, however, bade him a cordial farewell and slyly slipped into his hand a tightly-rolled piece of paper.

The next day after dismissing his hired man Peter went to Picketown, and falling in with some old cronies, did not leave the village until nearly 10 o'clock at night.

When within about a mile of his home he met a rapidly driven wagon in which was seated a man and woman.

Although the woman was heavily veiled and the man pulled his hat well down over his eyes, the old farmer at once recognized his younger daughter and his former hired man.

"Whoa!" roared Peter, swinging his horse across the road, thus stopping the further progress of the evidently eloping couple.

"Whoa! Wot does this mean, you tarna tramp? Git out uv the wagon at oncet, Martha, an' come with me. D'y'e hear? Come, neow, mog yer boots."

As the young lady made no move preparatory to obeying the order, but, on the contrary, clung hysterically to her companion, Peter, in order to enforce his command, leaped from his wagon and approached the other vehicle.

No sooner had he done so than Robert Sharp, freeing himself from Martha, jumped to the ground, seized the husbandman by the collar of his snuff-colored coat, pulled him forward, pushing him backward, and tripping him with lightning-like rapidity, threw him with such force as to make the ground fairly shake.

"Bob," shouted Peter, holding his hand out toward the young man, "yew kin hev the gal in welcome. D'y'e hear? In welcome! Y'e're wot'y'e hear. Any man that outplants, outthoes and outnows old Pete Cummins, an' tew cap all, slams him on his back in the way yew hev, is wot'y'e of the best gal within 10 miles uv Picketown."

The week following the above related incident, Robert Sharp and Martha Cummins were married.

The wedding festivities were of a high order and on a very elaborate scale.

The supper went beyond anything in the culinary line that had been known in that vicinity within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant."

The Picketown full string band was in attendance, and Peter, resplendent in a white shirt with a very high collar, a long-tailed black coat, blue jean trousers and newly tallowed boots, danced a breakdown with a vigor and abandon unknown to the rising generation.

The boys all "danced till broad day-light and went home with the girls in the morning."

Peter is very fond of his son-in-law and permits him to do nearly all the farm work and a share of the planning.

He is willing at any time to lay a wager that "Bob Sharp—my son-in-law—kin outplant, outthoe, outmow an' out-trass any man within 10 miles uv Picketown."—Thos. Burke.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

A Golden Rose for Princess Ena

London, May 5.—The Pope, it is announced from Rome, will present Princess Ena with the Golden Rose, a high distinction reserved for Catholic sovereigns whom the Pontiff wishes to honor.

The last English royal persons to receive the Golden Rose were King Henry VIII., who received the honor from three Popes, and his daughter Mary, who received it from Pope Julius III.

In Spain preparations for the ceremony in June have already been commenced, and the Alcalde de Calahorra has addressed all the Alcaldes of Spain an invitation to participate in subscribing towards a fund for the purchase of a crown as a wedding present to their future Queen.

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

Head of the Jesuits

Rev. Ruggaro Freddie, S.J., has been made Vicar General of the Jesuits and will act as the head of the order until a successor to the late Father Martin is appointed. Father Freddie's life work has been the reformation of boys and youthful criminals.

The election of a Superior General for the Jesuits will probably not occur for some time. First will come the proclamation by the Vicar General of the date of the convention which is to choose the head of the order. Each of the twenty-three provinces has two delegates besides the provincial or head of the province. There are in the United States two Jesuit provinces, and consequently the United States will send to this convention, which will meet in Rome, six delegates. It will be a large convention. In addition to the sixty-nine provincial delegates, there will be enough ex officio delegates to bring the membership of the convention up to about 100. The time of the meeting will probably be several months distant.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, eruptions, flesh worms and humors.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly discolored, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment? There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

EMPRESS HOTEL
Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets
TORONTO
TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY
Electric Cars from the Union Station Every Three Minutes.
RICHARD DISSETTE - PROPRIETOR.

In and Around Toronto

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE PIC-NIC

That the popularity of the annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence is far from being on the wane was manifested by the numbers who turned out in thousands upon the 24th, to visit the grounds and aid by both presence and purse in the great work of the day.

Everything about the institution was in its usual apple-pie order, the bright sunny windows adorned with flowering plants and evergreens, showing everywhere the care and taste of deft womanly hands.

Below is a list of those who assisted at the different tables: St. Peter's—Manager, Miss H. Fleck. Assistants—Misses N. Bradley, B. McDermott, M. Ryan, M. McGregor, J. Rush, T. McDermott, H. Hick, L. Carpenter, B. Ryan, J. Hick.

St. Helen's—Manager, Mrs. M. Henderson. Assistants: Misses J. Kedden, A. Henderson, M. Hartnett, L. Gracey, A. Flannery, W. Harkness, K. Bolan, E. Glynn, I. Halliday, M. Quinn, F. Hinnant, T. Callinan.

St. Joseph's—Manager, Mrs. J. McIlmurray. Assistants: Misses L. Gloster, O. Kew, T. Crowan, M. Murphy, K. Crowan, L. Luke, Messrs. E. Croak, J. Delaney, K. Murray, K. Holland, B. Murphy, A. Bowles, L. Gluster.

N. O'Brien, G. Monaghan, H. Christman, Messrs. F. Wickett, T. O'Connor.

St. Patrick's—Manager, Mrs. Wall. Assistants: Misses K. Flaherty, E. Coughlan, M. Kehoe, A. Higgins, Messrs. Maughan, Ryan and Rev. Father Urban.

The committee in charge of affairs generally consisted of J. W. Mogan, C. J. McCabe, R. McCabe, E. Rosar, J. Hurst, J. Toban, J. Doyle, W. Currie, T. Sullivan, M. Cooney and W. Ryan.

At St. Francis on Sunday evening a large and most attractive procession took place in honor of the Blessed Virgin. A special feature was the clear and devotional singing of the processionists who sang several hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

SILVER JUBILEE OF MR. AND MRS. T. DOHERTY.

On Wednesday, May 23rd, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Doherty of 19 Henry St., celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their wedding. The happy day was begun with High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, sung by Rev. Father Urban, C.S.S.R., and Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, together with their nephew, Mr. Dickson of Clyde, N.Y., receiving Holy Communion.

PIPER SULLIVAN AND HIS PIPES

In Piper Sullivan, who played on the Irish pipes on the occasion of the meeting in honor of Douglas Hyde, those who are interested in the movement of the Celtic Revival have one who can become an important factor in the work, if he is only utilized as thoroughly as he may be.

RECEPTION AT HOLY FAMILY CHURCH.

A reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and the crowning of the Blessed Virgin's statue, marked the last Sunday of May in the parish of the Holy Family.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD COMMUNITY.

Amongst the names of those prayed for at the Masses on Sunday, was that of Sister St. Ann, a member of the Community of the Precious Blood. The deceased Sister was the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Morgan of St. Patrick street, and before entering the Community, was a well-known and highly-esteemed member of St. Patrick's Parish.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Holy Name Society in connection with St. Francis Parish was held on Monday evening. About one hundred members were present. Rev. Father McCann, P.P., was in the chair and Rev. Father Canning of St. Joseph's addressed the meeting on many points connected with the aims of the Association.

DEATH OF MR. H. O'CONNOR.

Mr. Henry O'Connor, for twenty-five years foreman of the civic yards, in Frederick street, died at his home, Water and Front streets, on May 24, after a short illness. Mr. O'Connor, who was a brother of the late William O'Connor, champion oarsman of the world, was widely known in the east end. He was a member of the Don Rowing Club and of the Catho-



Royal Household Flour

THE success of pastry depends upon the flour. Bread and pastry must be more than merely appetising; they must be wholesome, digestible, nourishing.

is made from spring wheat only. It is milled by the newest and best machinery. It is purified by electricity.



Use it and you get bread not only light, crisp and appetising, but also wholesome, digestible and nourishing.

You will better your baking by buying Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour from your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Montreal.

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

tiful floral tributes were received at the house, including one from the mailing room of The Globe, and a standing anchor from the directors and the staff of the paper. The chief mourners were the sons, daughters, and sisters and brothers of the deceased. The six sons were the pallbearers.

DEATH OF J. P. BELLISLE.

The sad drowning accident by which a son of Mr. and Mrs. Bellisle of St. Francis Parish came to a sudden and untimely end, has raised general sympathy for the members of his family, who up to the present have not even the melancholy satisfaction of looking upon the form of their dear, dead one.

He was a recent graduate of the School of Practical Science, though the results of the examination which made him such were unknown to him, as he had left on his trip before the results were known. The promises of a bright future were all before him, when called away to what it may be confidently hoped was something brighter than that which any worldly career can offer.

NEW HOME FOR INFANTS.

A new home for infants is about to be begun on the grounds of the House of Providence. The new building which will be four stories high, will face on Sackville street. It will accommodate about 200 children.

STONE WILL BE LAID.

The corner-stone of St. Peter's new church will be laid by His Grace the Archbishop, on the afternoon of Trinity Sunday.

Flowers of May

The trailing arbutus is often called the Mayflower, but there are many other claimants to the title. These early beauties are nearly all pink and white, like the orchard blossoms. Pink azalea, arbutus, wild pink, star flower, mandrake, wood lily, saxi-

St. Patrick's Table

Among the many booths to be seen on the House of Providence grounds, as usual, St. Patrick's was first and foremost. No sign was needed to have this particular booth indicated, but the "Green Flag" told of the Parish which has chosen for their patron the Apostle of the Emerald Isle, and everything round the tent was also a mark of St. Patrick's.

DIED

MALONE—Of your charity pray for the soul of Mary Clare Arne, wife of Thomas Malone, daughter of Matthew F. Walsh (Ottawa), who departed this life at her husband's residence, 141 Laboulette avenue, Three Rivers, Que., on the 13th inst. May she rest in peace! Interment at Quebec on the 16th inst.

NEW AND FINE

The NEW O'KEEFE "PILSENER" LAGER is the finest beer O'Keefe ever brewed. And when you recall all O'Keefe's famous Lagers, Ales and Porters, it's easy to see why we are so proud of this new brew.

O'KEEFE'S Pilsener Lager

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."

1906 ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB TORONTO

SPRING MEETING May 19th—June 2nd.

ADMISSION TO GRAND STAND \$1.00

A Regimental Band in attendance

WM. HENDRIE, President.

W. P. FRASER Sec'y-Treas.

fragr. ginseng, elderblossom, dogwood, mountain laurel, spring cress—these are but a few of the pale May flowers. The wake-robin and wild columbine are vivid red, the wild violets and blueets are purple and the bluebells and forget-me-nots have the rarest of all floral colors—sky blue—Moore's "bit of heaven itself."

Father Ryan, writing in Southern June time, declares Queenly May upon her way Robs half the bowers Of all their flowers, And leaves but leaves to June.

There are plenty of flowers in our later June, but the May flowers have a delicate beauty that is all their own. People who are not familiar with the wild flowers are too ready to call them weeds, but flower lovers will take pains to learn the name and habits of every plant.

The common dandelion (French, dent de lion, "liontooth," from its sharp-edged leaves) is uncommonly useful. We do not know that "the first gold buttons on the green vesture of earth"—in other words, the yellow flowers of the dandelion—are more than merely ornamental, but the milky juice is used as an ingredient of most "spring medicines," an infusion of the root is a valuable tonic and the root roasted and dried is a well-known coffee substitute.

Plants are often turned to curious uses. The Creoles peel the twigs of the dogwood and use them as toothbrushes. It is said that the dazzling whiteness of the Creoles' teeth is due to a dentifrice in the sap of the dogwood. Ginseng (a greenish-white May flower) is valued in China for its root. The Chinese pay enormous prices for this plant, and ginseng collectors are always sure of turning the little roots to cash account.

Celestials fancy that they can ward off old age by drinking plenty of ginseng tea.

MICHAEL DAVITT. Michael Davitt, the Irish leader, is reported as very low. Small hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Advertisement for 'We Will Cure Your Rupture Or Give You Back Your Money' by The Lyon Mfg. Co. Limited. Includes text about the Air Rupture-Cure and a small illustration of a heart.