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The Catholic Register

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest.—BALMEZ

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Great Irish Scholar—Incidents in the Life of St. Patrick—Chevalier Heney of Ottawa, and Others of that Local-ity, that Old-Timer Once Knew—American Citizens More Liberal Towards Catholics than those of Ontario—An Irish Catholic the Popular Candidate for Mayor of Chicago, and Many Aldermen—A Majority of the Mayors of Massachusetts Cities Irish Catholics.

Mr. John Hurley of Litchfield, Conn., a great Irish scholar and searcher of antiquities, has sent me a quantity of valuable matter about St. Patrick, in which he dwells largely on the Saint's capture and place of birth.

It is said St. Patrick established 365 churches or one for every day in the year, and that he appointed nearly as many bishops. He died about the year A.D. 496. The name Patrick has been spelled in many different ways and is supposed to be of the same origin as Peter.

The German writer, Goeres, states there were 850 saints in the three centuries after St. Patrick's time. Many of those saints could write in two different languages. Greek, Latin and other European languages were taught in the schools.

Patrick's first name was Suckath, but he was afterwards called Cothraige, as he was obliged to work for four masters while a slave. Although Patrick is supposed to be a Roman title from Patrick, the privileged class of all Rome, descendants from the original thirty Patres or Fathers, the name can be traced back a thousand years before Rome was in existence, to the Gaelic Athair, Fathair, and later, Pathair.

It is said that Patrick was seized by pirates. It was Niall Mor or Niall of the Nine Hostages or Kings, who was at that time conquering the Roman provinces of Gaul, when St. Patrick was seized with his two sisters and 200 other boys and girls. One of the Kings of Gaul was already a hostage in his possession.

St. Patrick was not Scotch nor was he born in Scotland. He could not speak the language nor was the Christian religion taught there at the time. In his "Confessions" he says: "My father was Calpurnius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a priest of the town of Bonveny Taberniae. I had lived near a town in a villa called Enow, when I was made captive."

I wish Chavalier Heney many more years of happy life and trust that his generation may be blessed. He came to Ottawa or rather Bytown, in 1841, but I saw the locks two years earlier, having been there on my way westward in 1842.

was usually captured in the army of Niall in his expedition was assassinated by a chief, while sitting on a bank of the River Loire.

St. Patrick in his "Confessions" stated that the place where he was made captive was where his family lived and where his sisters were also. He always said he made his escape from captivity in the North of Ireland and travelled south two hundred miles to get a ship to take him to his own country.

I have read with interest in the Register of last week the report of the meeting at Ottawa, where an address was presented to Chevalier Heney by the Board of Trade. The name of Mr. Heney has been known to me for a long time, and I rejoice at the honor that has been done him.

My land of adoption has mountains more bold And broad rolling prairies with pastures untold; There are green living forests and wide flowing streams, But it is not my Erin, the home of my dreams.

Oh Shamrock mavouneen, green message of love, To my sore heart you come like a balm from above; You are sent o'er the sea by my Aileen's dear hand, To her wand'ring gossamer in the strange distant land.

This country is broad, and there's room for the poor, With thee at my side I'll be lonely no more; Thy smiles shall not fade, thy tears shall not fall, Thou shalt be my nation, my country, my all.

Dear father, St. Patrick, so-garbh aroon, My hungry heart asks of thy goodness a boon; Watch over my Aileen, her patron and guide, Till I cross the wide seas for my fair Irish bride.

The University of Toronto Monthly Magazine for February has a statistical article by S. Morley Wickett, on Canadians in the United States. It is a pretty exhaustive article and shows that the accessions to the United States from Canada have been very large. In fact there are few Canadian families that have not some of their number in the United States.

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BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Cardinals are more especially spreading in the New England states and making an impress upon them so that a Catholic majority in its religious population.

Politically I notice Catholics do not have any advantage in Toronto; in fact they never have had and Mr. Foy is to be congratulated that he is a favorite in the Conservative fold. It is different in American cities, where religious belief cuts no figure in national or domestic politics.

In Chicago this spring, when the city election takes place, the popular candidate for mayor is Judge Edward Dunne, an Irish Catholic, and I suppose half, at least, of the alder-

Archbishop O'Connor visited the Diocese last week. Thursday a conference of the priests of the Diocese was held, his grace presiding. On Friday he visited the school and said he was well pleased with its progress. Alderman Laurence Brennan was too ill to attend last week's council meeting. Mr. M. J. Frawley is on a visit to Washington, D.C. Rev. Father Moyna, of Orillia, has in view the erection of a new Ro-

AT THE IRISH COLLEGE

Cardinal Vanutelli Guest of Honor at a Roman Gathering

Rome, Feb. 5.—The feast of the titular saint of the Church of the Irish College in Rome, Saint Agatha, was observed to-day with special solemnity. It was preceded by a triduo; and first Vespers were sung yesterday afternoon and second Vespers this afternoon at the Most Rev. Robert Seton, titular Archbishop of Heliopolis. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated this morning by the Most Rev. William Giles, titular Archbishop of Philadelphia, and Rector of the English College.

According to immemorial custom, the Very Rev. Rector of the College, Monsignor Murphy, invited a number of his Irish fellow-countrymen and of distinguished personages, Italians and others, to dinner on this occasion. A well-known Irish writer, the late John Francis Maguire, visiting the Irish College in Villegiata, describes his reception there, and it may well fit the reception of to-day. "As this was a festival day," he writes, "combining religion and hospitality, the reader at dinner was allowed to close his book, which was equivalent to a signal that permission was given to speak. The permission was speedily availed of, and one might occasionally catch, amidst the hum of eager voices, the peculiar intonations of every accent of every county in Ireland, as the students chatted and joked and laughed with each other." If one adds to this the sounds of the French and Italian tongues, the picture of to-day's gathering will in this respect be complete.

The guest of honor to-day was His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli, who sat on the right of the Very Reverend Rector. Beside the Cardinal sat Monsignor Edmond Stonor, titular Archbishop of Tiberico; and on the left of the rector the titular Archbishop of Heliopolis, Mr. Robert Seton. Amongst the other distinguished guests were: Mgr. Panici, titular Archbishop of Laodiaca, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites; Monsignor Thomas Kennedy, Rector of the American College; Mgr. Clossi, Master of Pontifical Ceremonies, who accompanied Cardinal Vanutelli in his journey through Ireland; Mgr. Robert Fraser, Rector of the Scotch College; Mgr. John Prior, Rector of the Beda College; Most Rev. William Giles, titular Bishop of Philadelphia, Rector of the English College; Mgr. Long, Bathurst, Australia; Mgr. Corrado; Mgr. Martini, Avvocato in the Cause of the Irish Martyrs; the Very Rev. Father Conner, S.J., Vice-Postulator in the same cause; the Very Rev. Father Thomas Esser, O.P., the Very Rev. Father David Fleming, O.F.M.; Very Rev. Father Crotty, O.P., Prior of St. Clement's; Very Rev. Father Magnius, of the Congregation of St. Alphonsus Liguori; Very Rev. Father Robert O'Keefe, O.S.A.; Guardian of St. Isidoro; Mgr. Clavin, Rector of the Canadian College; Father Cowley, of the Order of Carmelites; Mgr. Laurenti, Vice-Secretary of the Propaganda; Rev. Ernesto Bonajuti; Mgr. Freschi; Dr. J. J. Eyre; Mr. Dease; Cavaliere Aristide Leonori, recently appointed Cameriere Segreto di Cappella Spada to his Holiness Pope Pius X.; Mr. Thomas Kelly, Signor S. Leonori, etc., etc.

On the conclusion of the dinner the Very Rev. Rector rose to speak. The exceptional honors, and the testimonies of affection that had been bestowed upon Cardinal Vanutelli on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate, observed three days ago, lent a special interest and a remarkable fitness to the words spoken by Monsignor Murphy. He referred to the happy event of the Cardinal's Jubilee in words that were feeling and eloquent, and mentioned the universal joy that the commemoration had awakened. Nowhere more than in Ireland and amongst Irishmen was the news more gladly received. The people of that country had the pleasure of meeting the Cardinal when he went to Ireland last summer as the Legate of his Holiness Pope Pius X., and he had returned with an affection for the people which was profound and lasting. "Yes, gentlemen," said the rector, "this feast of the Most Eminent Cardinal we regard as a family feast, for we regard his Eminence as one of our own." This was emphasized by a great outburst of applause, which lasted for a couple of minutes. The Cardinal, continued the rector, had seen and learned the devotion of Ireland to the Holy See and to the Catholic faith. He wore to-day a cross set with large emeralds as a fitting tribute to the nation with whose sons he dined to-day.

In reply Cardinal Vanutelli ex-

pressed the great satisfaction he felt at the generous reception he met with to-day, as always, at this Irish College, and he thanked the Rector for his kindly allusions to the Episcopal Jubilee of a few days ago. He had hoped to celebrate it in private, but kind friends had made it an occasion of expressing their good will and affection for him, and he could not but be grateful to them.

His visit in Ireland had, he said, left an undying memory in his mind. With and in spite of their many troubles he beheld there evidences of a deep and living faith, and an invincible attachment to the Holy See which made a profound impression upon him. The generous and spontaneous character of the welcome he received will always remain with him. And, in conclusion, he accepted the claim of the Rector to be one of them, and to be Irish in feeling and sentiment. These words of the Cardinal were received with unbounded applause.

The Episcopal Jubilee of the Cardinal was celebrated in a special manner on Thursday morning in the great basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, where his Eminence celebrated Mass at 10 o'clock, after which the Te Deum was sung and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The relatives of the Cardinal assisted at the solemn ceremony. The Sovereign Pontiff has desired to take part in the Jubilee festivities, sending to the illustrious Cardinal an autograph letter in which he expresses his Sovereign thanks for all that the Cardinal has done in most difficult times for the benefit of the Church and of the Holy See; and in these joyous circumstances the Holy Father expressed his best wishes to his Eminence and sends him his Apostolic Benediction.

From all parts of Italy, and from other lands, Ireland included, and from the members of the Sacred College, Cardinal Vanutelli has received letters, addresses, gifts, and telegrams innumerable. From Turin where he assisted recently as Delegate of the Holy Father at the solemn feast of the Madonna of the "Consolata," a parchment of honor is to be sent to him, drawn up by Cavaliere Vincenzo Lauricani, His Eminence being quite unable to reply personally and express his gratitude to all those who have sent him their good wishes and congratulations on this occasion, desires that, at least through the columns of the "Observatore Romano," his sentiments of gratitude may reach them.

Separate School Estimates

The members of the Separate School Board, at their meeting at the De La Salle Institute, passed the following estimates, which will be forwarded to the Board of Control at once: Salaries, \$30,690; water rates, \$700; fuel, \$6,500; printing and stationery, \$350; school furniture and supplies, \$3,500; caretaker's supplies, \$300; tinsmith work re stoves, furnaces, etc., \$400; election expenses, \$100; general repairs, \$8,000; insurance premiums, \$1,000; interest 1904 sinking fund \$358 on city debentures, \$2,266; interest \$4,550 sinking fund, \$3,935; on board's debentures, \$8,485; interest mortgage loan, \$1,125; interest city of Toronto re advances prior to collection rates, \$400; bank overdraft 1904, \$8,178; general purposes, \$3,000. Total, \$84,000.

Report No. 2 of the Finance Committee recommending the payment of \$898.87 was passed.

Local inspector Bro. Odo Baldwin presented the report of attendance during the months of January and February. For January the registered number was 4,161; average, 3,541. For February, registered number, 4,170; average, 3,547.

Mr. William Dineen, representative of the Separate School Board on the Board of Education, was given two months' leave of absence.

Members present were: Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G. Rev. Fathers Robbeler, Hand, Walsh and LaMarche, Messrs. M. Powers, J. J. O'Hearn, T. F. Callaghan, Jos. Cadaret, D. A. Carey and A. Cottam. Mr. Cottam spoke on the point of having the monthly attendance of the school for the information of any interested and also to serve as an incentive to a laudable rivalry amongst the schools themselves.

Dean Egan's Lecture

Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie will give a lecture on Reading to the members of St. Michael's Choral Society on Tuesday, March 23rd, in St. Michael's Hall, 206 Church street. All are requested to attend.



The Little Green Leaf (Special for THE REGISTER) ... Oh Aileen, alanna, come over the sea, My fair Irish rose, I am longing for thee; May the sun point the way, may the sea lie at rest, Till thou settest thy foot on the shores of the West.

man Catholic church in that town at a cost of \$30,000. The Dunlop street philosopher says the backbone of winter may have been broken, but there is still time for it to freeze up so the fracture will not be noticed.—Barrie Gazette.

WILLIAM HALLEY. Round of the "Forty Hours" The Forty Hours begin at the Church of the Sacred Heart on Friday morning and at St. Paul's on Sunday at the last Mass.

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THE ONE PIANO Heintzman & Co. PIANO Ye Olde Firm of Heintzman & Co. For over fifty years we have been giving experience and study to the perfecting of this great piano.

The Sectional Idea Do you remember the building blocks of boyhood days? How each little block was a perfect multiple of some bigger block? And how each block FITTED IN SOMEWHERE, no matter what its size?

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**The HOME CIRCLE**

**TO REMOVE IRONMOLD.**

Place the ironmolded part, stretched tight, over a basin three-parts full of boiling water, so that the steam may come through the fabric. Dissolve a teaspoonful of salt in a desertspoonful of lemon juice. This answers as well as salts of lemon, and has the advantage of not being poisonous, as is salts of lemon, nor so injurious to the fabric. Dip the feather-end of a quill in this, and rub over the ironmold till it disappears, dipping the material well into the water. Afterwards rinse very thoroughly in plenty of warm water, and then cold water.

**NURSES FOR DOGS.**

In an English paper is found the following:  
The Dogs Protection League is shortly to take on a staff of trained ladies as nurses for pet dogs. There is to be a very strict examination, and those who pass will become duly qualified nurses and will wear a blue serge uniform bearing the badge D. P. L. (Dogs Protection League) in red letters. It is further proposed to establish a fully equipped nursing home for dogs in the West End, with a special wing for poor patients, who will be admitted free of charge. What next!

**"MY ANGEL BOY."**

A mother knelt when stars were paling,  
And her heart knew nought of joy.  
Thus cried she, while her strength seemed failing,  
"Spare me, O God! my darling boy!  
"Oft have his little hands caressed me!  
Ope the fountain of my love;  
Lonely would I be without thee,  
Baby boy, my brown-eyed dove.  
"Cooning, singing, laughing, playing,  
Thou my sunshine ever art;  
Every little word thou'rt saying  
Like a spring, wells in my heart.  
"Must I say farewell forever?  
In this world thou wert my joy;  
In the next I'll never sever;  
There I'll keep my angel boy."  
—Lottie Lussier.

**THE "COURTING-STICK."**

For a man to court or "walk about" a girl in the time of the Puritans was strictly forbidden, and "making love" was only allowed in the presence of the fair one's parents and other members of the family. Even then the lovers had to sit well apart and whisper their soft-nothings to each other through what was known as a "courting-stick." This article was a hollow tube some six or eight feet long, with an appliance at each end for listening and speaking, something like a modern telephone. The mental distress of the young couple at being so near and yet so far from each other can be well imagined.

**WHAT OF THAT?**

Tired! Well, what of that?  
Dust fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?  
Come, rouse thee! Work while it is called to-day!  
Coward, arise! Go forth upon thy way!  
Lonely! And what of that?  
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise—and fall,  
To blend another life into his own.  
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?  
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,  
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.  
Hard! Well, and what of that?  
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,  
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die!  
It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.  
No help! Nay, it's not so!  
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh.  
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry.  
He's near thee, whoso'er thy footsteps roam,  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee Home.  
—Incognito.

**A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.**

"I just can't keep my mind on my work," said a little stenographer to me the other day. "No matter how hard I try to think of what I'm doing my thoughts will wander."  
"You must be in love, my dear."  
I said to her softly, and the tell-tale blush that swept over her pretty face was far from being a denial of my accusation.  
And so it is. We all know that Cupid is a lazy little cherub, prone to dreaming days and nights away in blissful reverie, and so jealously bent on being monarch of all he surveys, that even work receives a cold shoulder, and to continue our daily occupation in the early days of his power is just the hardest thing in the world.  
It is for this reason, and maybe others, that from the moment she falls in love there are many crumpled petals on the little working maid's couch.  
Of course, before Love came there were no flowers at all, and looking back she vainly wonders how in the world she managed to live through the dull gray days before Love came to cheer and make sunshine for her.  
With ears echoing to well-learned tones, a beloved face forever coming between her and her duties, how can the little working girl work as she did before Love glided her sky? And just because she can't, she doesn't,

**CHILDREN'S CORNER**

**SORRY FOR THE QUEEN.**

Once upon a time Professor Wilson of Edinburgh University wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:  
"Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her majesty, Queen Victoria."  
In the course of the morning he had found on his return that some student wag had added to the announcement the words:  
"God save the queen!"

**A SONG.**

All the laughter and the play  
Vanish when you go away;  
All the sorrow and the pain  
Linger till you come again.  
All the fever and the strife,  
All the fretful things of life,  
Fly before the songs you sing;  
I live upon the joys you bring.

Go not, Love, for life drifts fast;  
May-time days are soonest past;  
Winter hath but hoarded cheer,  
Stay! I need you always, dear.

**A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.**

There were six of them, each in a new gown, says the New York "Sun" reporter. It may be that the gowns only looked new to the newspaper man, but at any rate the young women were quite content with themselves and each other as they boarded a Broadway car. They had very little regard for the dull routine and commonplace details of life. The announced intention of all was to transfer to Thirty-fourth street, and to this end the girl in the red hat got six transfers. But the other five changed their minds before they got to the transfer point and declared themselves in favor of a shopping foray. Only the girl with the red hat stuck to the original plan, and boarded the Thirty-fourth street car. To the conductor who came to take her fare she handed the bunch of transfers—the original six.

The conductor looked at her, and on each side of her, and all around her. She was oblivious. Then he said, "Where are the others?"  
"The girl looked up, startled and confused for an instant. Then she spoke with cold dignity:  
"That's all the transfer man gave me," she said.

**THE MISSES AT SCHOOL.**

There was once a school  
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,  
Taught a number of misses that vexed her.  
Miss Chief was the lass  
At the head of the class,  
And young Miss Demanor was next her.  
Poor little Miss Hap  
Spilled the ink in her lap,  
And Miss Fortune fell under the table;  
Miss Conduct they all  
Did a Miss Creant call,  
But Miss Take declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,  
And Miss Lead undertook  
To show her the place where to find it;  
But upon the wrong nail  
Had Miss Place hung her veil,  
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.  
They went on very well,  
As I have heard tell,  
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;  
Miss Conjecture then guessed  
Evil things of the rest,  
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

**THE WONDERFUL WOOD-PILE.**  
"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through mamma."  
"No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes after the wood is burned up," answered mamma.  
"Then I'll be through with it, through with it, mamma."  
"No, I think not," answered mamma, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder.  
"You will scatter the ashes on the corn field, and papa will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help him plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."  
"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old wood-pile."  
"Not quite," said mamma. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of the corn. We may feed them to the pig or to the cow, and that will give us meat or milk."  
"Well, I never knew before there was so much in a wood-pile," said Ted.—New Idea.

**AN INDIAN'S SHREWDNESS.**  
The Indian of the plains, on account of his trained powers of observation, has the qualifications for an excellent detective. Charlevoix has recorded for us a remarkable event which proves this.  
An Indian returned to his wigwam one day and found that a piece of meat had been stolen. He looked around for a few moments, and then set out in search of the thief, asking of every person he met the following question:  
"Have you seen a little old white man with a short gun, who had with him a small dog with a short tail?"  
When asked how he was so sure of the personal appearance of the culprit, he answered:  
"I know the thief is a little man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison; that he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does." His run I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark off the tree on which it leaned. The dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat.  
The Indian finally caught the thief

**FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC**

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**

Placing the little hats all in a row,  
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;  
Washing wet faces and little black fists,  
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;  
Putting them into clean garments and white,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Spying out rents in a little worn hose;  
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;  
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin,  
Who but a mother knows where to begin?  
Changing a button to make it look right,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Calling the little ones all round her chair,  
Hearing them hiss their evening prayer,  
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,  
The Shepherd who gathers the lambs to His fold;  
Watching them listen with childish delight,  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.  
Creeping so softly to take a last peep—  
Silence the token of childhood's sleep;  
Anxious to know if the dear ones are warm;  
Tucking the blanket round each little form;  
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—  
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

**WHO ATE THE RING?**

Harold was having a birthday party because he was six years old, and Aunt Helen and grandma and Miss Nellie, and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little ones to have a splendid time. They played games and sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five, and then Harold knew what was coming.  
Out in the dining room the table was set with mamma's prettiest china, and there were candies and flowers and bon-bons just like a grown-up party.  
Harold was very anxious to have all the children see the table, so he was glad when Aunt Helen said:  
"Now we are going to march to the dining-room."  
Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls formed a long line through the parlor, and out on the piazza. "Just like a long white ribbon," said grandma for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.  
The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic and all the grown-up people were kept busy waiting on the little folks. Playing games makes one very hungry, you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day. Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when mamma wanted to make a little speech she had to ring the tea bell several times.  
"Now, children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it. You must eat them very slowly and carefully, so someone does not swallow it. You must not break up the cakes to find the ring, but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says, 'I've got the ring.'"  
Aunt Helen brought in ice cream made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes and the cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one had said, "I've got the ring."  
"That is very strange," said mamma. "I will ask Mary if anyone took one of the cakes."  
"No, ma'am," said the maid positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining room since I put the cakes on the table."  
"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."  
"So did I!" said a tiny boy, and had to cry too.  
"There! there!" said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you could not have eaten it, so don't cry."  
"I feel bad, too," said another little girl. "I think it must have been in my cake."  
"I really don't know what would have happened just then if papa had not come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause. Though he was in a big hurry, in a few minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.  
"She is sitting proudly on her old bed looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Pess got it?"  
"Yes! yes! yes!" cried all the children.

It has many offices—before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and neck a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.  
The woman who can make a good pudding in silence is better than the one who can make a tart reply.

**THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE**  
**Benedictine Salve**

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

**A FEW TESTIMONIALS**  
**RHEUMATISM**

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says  
King street east,  
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.  
475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.  
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,  
(MRS.) JAS. OSGROVE.  
256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.  
Yours for ever thankful,  
PETER AUSTEN  
198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.  
Yours truly,  
GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.  
Yours respectfully,  
MRS. SIMPSON.  
7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:  
DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.  
Yours sincerely,  
JOS. WESTMAN  
241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.  
Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.  
JAMES SHAW.  
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,  
Yours, etc.,  
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,  
With the Boston Laundry.

**PILES**  
Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits "of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for some in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.  
MISS M. L. KEMP.  
Toronto, April 16th, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., City:  
DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.  
Respectfully yours,  
J. J. CLARKE,  
72 Wolsley street, City.  
Toronto, July 21st, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.  
SHERIDAN,  
34 Queen street East.  
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.  
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,  
Yours, etc.,  
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,  
With the Boston Laundry.

**BLOOD POISONING**  
Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits "of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for some in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.  
MISS M. L. KEMP.  
Toronto, April 16th, 1903.  
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Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.  
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,  
Yours, etc.,  
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,  
With the Boston Laundry.

**JOHN O'CONNOR** 190 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO  
FOR SALE BY  
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.  
J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E.  
And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.

## McArdle's Retirement

(By Allan P. Ames.)

A day came when McArdle made up his mind to retire. Forty years he had toiled for the party, ten years in the ranks, ten in the councils, and twenty at their head.

In those twenty years of supremacy he had never asked nor accepted office for himself. Power was what he sought, and what he got. In city and county he was absolute ruler. He had dictated the nomination of more than one State officer. The representative from the district was his mouth-piece in Congress.

But all this meant work, hard work, and when a man nears seventy life owes him rest. For the first time in a long and busy career rest had begun to appeal to McArdle as an end in itself.

Two events hastened his decision; his sweeping victory at the recent election, and the marriage of his youngest daughter. Her departure had left his home childless. His wife needed him. The crowded years had spared them few hours together. Now he planned for the long seasons of travel, sojourns in distant lands and leisurely rounds of visits at the homes of their married children.

The enemy was crushed, the party harmonious, no time could be given for a change of drivers. But before he laid down the reins a few matters still demanded his attention. For the immediate present, therefore, he kept his intentions to himself. That is, he told no one but his secretary. This discreet and valuable young man—Selden was his name—derived the knowledge through having to take from McArdle's dictation the rough draft of the speech in which he purposed to announce his retirement at the big dinner to be given by the country organization in celebration of its victory at the polls. Neither age nor experience had weakened McArdle's fondness for the dramatic, and he planned to keep his secret up to the dramatic moment when the words left his lips. A doubt of his secretary never crossed his mind. The young man was bound to him by every tie of gratitude and self-interest, and had never violated his confidence.

Selden owed much to his employer—more, in fact, than to any other but one. The exception was Brierman, the city treasurer, and his claim arose from the fact that he had secured the secretary's responsible and well-salaried position. Under other circumstances it is doubtful if even these considerations would have outweighed duty to his chief, but even while his flying pencil set down the words he realized their supreme importance to himself and his patron. To him they meant the loss of his place—McArdle in retirement manifestly would have no further use for a secretary; to Brierman they meant even more.

When Selden transcribed his notes he put two pieces of paper in the typewriter with a carbon sheet between them. The first copy thus made he laid in McArdle's desk, ready for his vision. The other he placed in his pocket and carried down to the city hall.

"Well, my boy," said Brierman, with his usual stout geniality, "what is it this morning? Something personal, or official?"

Before he answered Selden closed the door of the private office and glanced around to ascertain that they were the only occupants.

"Personal now, but official pretty soon. The Old Man is going to get out."

"No!" exclaimed Brierman in amazement.

"Yes, he is," said Selden, "and what's more, he intends to leave his vacant shoes for Phelan."

The city treasurer's bulky form half rose and sank back in his swivel chair. "Are you sure?" he asked quickly. "How do you know?"

Selden told about the coming speech. "I have it here in his very words," said he. "The Old Man always gets his remarks on paper long before it's time to deliver them, so he can see how they look. Listen to this."

Thereupon he read the passage near the conclusion of his employer's speech announcing as a worthy successor Thomas Phalen, "the young and energetic leader whose brilliant career you have so lately crowned by election to the highest office in the gift of our citizens."

By the time he had finished, Brierman's heavy, good-natured countenance betrayed all the alarm he had expressed. It also betrayed a slight measure of suspicion. With eyes fixed searchingly on the younger man's face Brierman leaned forward and asked:

"And why do you bring the news to me?"

"Because," replied Selden, calmly meeting his gaze, "I could think of no one who could make better use of it. You have made no secret of your ambition to wear the Boss's shoes some day yourself."

"Yes," said the other bitterly, "it's no more than I deserve. Phalen is a young upstart who has never rendered a quarter of the service I have. But somehow or other he has always had McArdle's ear. Fifteen years ago he was in the high school, and now look at him—holding the office that was all but promised me. If he ever gets to be boss I might as well drop politics for good. McArdle knows I have stood by him faithfully, but this is all the thanks I get."

"Politics is a selfish game," replied Selden sententiously; "but there's one man who hasn't forgotten what he owes you. That's present company. If the secret I've just told you were all I had to offer I shouldn't have come. But I'm here to talk business. If McArdle drops out I drop too. Phalen hasn't any use for me and it would be courting a throw-down to look for a job there. Now I haven't been in this sort of thing long; but I like it, and I want to stay and go on further. You see my motives are not altogether altruistic. If you go up you'll find me hanging to your coat-tails."

"I don't just see what a kid like you can do," remarked the city treasurer thoughtfully; "but if you can show me a way out of this mess you will never regret it. You say you have a plan? Let's hear it."

The city treasurer's office and the quarters of the mayor were both on the second floor of the city hall, though in opposite corners. About an hour later however Selden, making sure that his movements were observed by none of the loungers in the corridor, closed Brierman's door softly behind him and walked briskly toward the sanctum of the city's new chief executive. So important a person as McArdle's secretary did not have to wait long for an audience. A couple of callers were summarily disposed of and Selden was ushered into the presence. The term "audience" and "presence" are used advisedly. Every day since election has seen an increment to Mayor Phalen's dignity and self-importance. No one had remarked this more than Selden. Phalen's greeting was cordial enough, not from any personal regard, as Selden well understood, but because of the personage he represented. Selden accepted a chair and cautiously approached the delicate task before him. Although none knew better than he how completely the mayor owed his election to the backing of McArdle, he began by recalling in a strain of veiled compliment the recent campaign. He spoke of Phalen's popularity with the rank and file and subtly praised the qualities to which he knew that popularity was attributed by Phalen, all of which was flattery of a kind which the young mayor, still unused to his own dazzling glory, harkened with smiling complacency.

"There isn't a young man in the party," declared the eulogist, warming to his theme, "nor an old one either, who doesn't say you deserve it, much as they envy you. Was a chance you have, Mr. Phalen, to pay off old scores and reward your friends. I suppose you won't lose much time in turning the old gang out and giving some of your own pals a chance?"

"Aw, what are you talking like that for?" inquired Phalen. "I'd like mighty well to call the boys under and shake the plum tree; but you know as well's I do that the Old Man wouldn't stand for it. The crowd that's in now are all his friends and he won't let me touch 'em. I had all I could do to get a measly three-dollar-a-day clerkship for my own nephew."

"Of course he told you not to disturb them," said Selden, carelessly. "So would any man in his place. That's one way he manages to stay there. The boss is the man who can haul out the prize packages. McArdle's friends are in office; they're his friends because he put them there, and naturally, they stand by him. Suppose somebody else's friends were in—yours, for instance—wouldn't they stand by somebody else?"

"Young man," said the mayor, with as much anxiety as anger in his tone, "you can't make a monkey of me. No shenanigan now—what are you up to? Did the Old Man send you here to test me?"

"Mr. McArdle knows nothing about my call," replied Selden, unflinchingly meeting the other's scrutiny.

"Then what are you here for?"

"Primarily, in my own interest. I suppose it is no news to you that Mr. McArdle is growing old. He's losing his grip. Sooner or later he will have to get out and let a younger and stronger man succeed him. From various evidences I judge that you would like to be that man."

"Well?" said Phalen, impatiently.

"Well—I don't see why you make me go over all this. You understand the situation better than I, even if it does please you to feign ignorance. You know you'll never have another opportunity like the present. Don't wait until McArdle resigns voluntarily and you find half a dozen others bucking you for his place. Sail in and take it now. You have a weapon that puts the rest of them out of the fight from the start. I mean the power of appointment. Show the gang that you're master and they'll fall in line like a lot of tramps waiting for a hand-out."

"Do you really think so?" asked Phalen thoughtfully.

"I surely do. I haven't been next to the political game long, but I know one important feature of it as it's played in this part of the state—I mean McArdle. No man is a hero to his private secretary. I know just what his strength rests on and how weak he is at present. If he's allowed to remain at the head for another campaign the other side'll win, sure's fighting. Then we'll all be hunting jobs."

He ceased talking, lit a cigarette, and casually watched the smoke-wreaths. A few moments before Phalen's face had been a study, but now his training asserted itself, and he was guiltless of a single emotion. But Selden, who knew him, drew satisfaction from its very blankness. McArdle's secretary had said exactly what he came to say, no more, no less, and he was content to leave his words unamended. So the mayor pursued his train of thought undisturbed, gazing vacantly out upon the little city hall park, while his caller rose and softly left the room.

In addition to being an unusually successful politician, McArdle was a fairly successful man of business. A fortune founded by shrewdness as a general contractor had been increased by happy investments in the real estate and manufacturing enterprises of his native city. Of late years the active management of the contracting business had passed into the hands of his sons, but the head of the firm spent as many hours as ever at the desk in his old office. With but few lapses that office had been the city's real administrative centre for the past twenty years.

It was part of Selden's duties to reach the place before his employer's arrival and glance through the morning papers, for the purpose of marking such news as the latter might wish to read, thereby saving the old gentleman's failing eyesight unnecessary labor. On the fourth day following his interview with Mayor Phalen the secretary arranged the papers on his chief's desk in such order that a heavily loaded article on the first

page of a local daily caught McArdle's eye before he was fairly in his seat.

"What's this?" he ejaculated, snatching up the paper and eagerly reading.

When he had finished the column he turned to Selden. "Mr. Selden," he said, with a calmness that surprised the younger man, "be so good as to telephone the mayor's office and tell him I want to see him at once. And emphasize the 'at once'."

Taking up the instrument at his elbow, the secretary delivered the message. After a listening pause, he replied, "Mr. Phalen says he can't come now; he's too busy."

"Too busy!" exclaimed McArdle, as though doubting his senses. "Too busy! Well, that looks as though there might be some truth in it. Selden, I guess we'll have to pay the busy mayor a visit. It's something I haven't done in years, but if they are afraid to face me I'll show them that I'm not too stuck up nor too old to chase after them."

The two left the office together, but half-way to the street Selden gave a pretext for returning. Sprung to the telephone, he called for the office of the city treasurer.

"Hello, that you, Brierman? Yes, all right. I recognize your voice. This is Selden. Suppose you saw the Advertiser this morning. What does it mean? You ought to know. Think it over for the next ten minutes and then find some excuse for calling on the mayor. Stay there until McArdle arrives. He's just starting from his office with blood in his eye. It will be to your advantage to be on hand when he breaks loose. If you don't see what to do then I'll give it up. Good-by. He's waiting for me. Remember—in ten minutes."

During the ride to the city hall McArdle sat in ruminative silence, which his considerate secretary did not venture to disturb. But as he

# FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

## 23rd Annual Report and Financial Statement

For the Year Ending December 31, 1904.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at the head office of the company, in Hamilton, on Tuesday, March 7th, 1905, the President, Mr. David Dexter, in the chair. The following reports and financial statement were submitted:

### DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1904, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of two thousand two hundred and fifty applications for insurance, aggregating \$3,146,500, of which two thousand one hundred and seventy-seven applications for \$3,010,199.50 were accepted.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$285,979.52, and have now reached \$2,148,773.37, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$3,918,773.37, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,962,935.56, showing a surplus of \$1,955,837.81. Exclusive of un-called guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$185,837.81.

Policies on eighty-two lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$157,040.00, of which \$12,585 was reinsured in other companies. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, with annuities, the total payment to policyholders amounted to \$198,911.34.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded a very satisfactory rate of interest.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress. Compared with the preceding year, the figures submitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of thirteen and a half per cent. in assets.

The assurance carried by the company now amount to \$16,047,806.23, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful to the company's service.

Your directors are pleased to be able to state that the business of the company for the past two months of the current year has been better than in the corresponding months of last year, and that the outlook for the future is very bright.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen,—We have carefully audited the books and records of your company for the year ending 31st December last, and have certified to their accuracy.

The cash and journal vouchers have been closely examined, and agree with the entries recorded.

The debentures, bonds, etc., in the possession of the company have been inspected, whilst those deposited with the Government or banks have been verified by certificate, the total agreeing with the amount as shown in the statement of assets.

The accompanying statements, viz., revenue and assets and liabilities, show the result of the year's operations, and, also, the financial position of the company.

H. S. STEPHENS,

CHARLES STIFF,

Auditors.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1904

#### RECEIPTS.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1905.		
Premium and annuity income	\$ 542,388.83	
Interest, rents, and profit on sales of securities	86,329.51	
		628,718.34

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid to policyholders	\$ 198,911.34	
All other payments	191,620.70	
Balance	238,186.30	
		628,718.34

#### ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

Debentures and bonds	\$ 685,383.82
Mortgages	704,168.83
Loans on policies, bonds, stocks, etc.	410,615.33
All other assets	318,605.39
	\$2,148,773.37

#### LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund	\$1,887,724.81
Death losses awaiting proofs	51,146.00
Other liabilities	21,070.75
Surplus on policyholders' account	185,837.81
	\$2,148,773.37

Assets	\$2,148,773.37
Guarantee capital	870,000.00

Total security	\$3,018,773.37
Policies were issued assuring	\$ 3,010,499.50
Total insurance in force	16,047,806.23

The foregoing reports and statements were received and adopted, on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. Kerns.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents.

caught the flash of the old man's eye and remarked his heightened color. He felt his nerves tingle with anticipation. There had been moments when he had known fears—fears lest the force he had roused might prove unexpectedly strong and unmanageable; but now, as he looked at the firm set of the Boss's jaw and the tightness of his lips, that bore no hint of senile weakness, he felt reassured. The Old Man's better than the best of them yet, he told himself; and settled back in the hard trolley car seat with serene confidence in the issue.

To the apologetic objection of the mayor's clerk that his Honor was engaged McArdle paid scant heed. Striding through the ante-room, he pushed open the door of the inner office and entered unannounced. Selden, at his heels, noted with joyful relief that the mayor's caller was Brierman.

As far as McArdle was concerned, Phalen might have been alone. So single was his purpose that it is doubtful if he even noticed the second occupant of the office. His fiery glance sought and held the eyes of the young mayor, who, as they entered, had turned angrily as though to rebuke the intruder. When he saw who the intruder was the words died on his lips and he straightened up in his chair, while over his face dropped the mask of the trained politician. Without giving him time to speak McArdle addressed him. His voice belied his glance, for it was low, suave, even ingratiating.

"Mr. Mayor, for the first time since the party we both profess to serve came to its own in this city I get my first hint of an important political event through the daily papers. The Advertiser this morning says that you have written to Joe Andrews and Johnny Timerson demanding their resignations. Is it true?" Phalen shifted his feet and sat, if

THIRD MONTH			
31 DAYS		March	
		S. JOSEPH	
			1905
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTIMENTS	
1	W.	v.	Of the Feria. S. Simplicius, Pope.
2	T.	w.	Of the Feria. S. Lucius, Pope.
3	F.	v.	
4	S.	r.	
Quinquagesima Sunday			
5	Su.	v.	Quinquagesima Sunday.
6	M.	v.	Of the Feria.
7	T.	w.	S. Thomas Aquinas.
8	W.	v.	Ash Wednesday.
9	T.	w.	S. Francis of Rome.
10	F.	r.	Crown of Thorns of Our Lord.
11	S.	v.	Of the Feria.
First Sunday of Lent			
12	Su.	v.	First Sunday of Lent.
13	M.	w.	S. Gregory the Great.
14	T.	v.	Of the Feria.
15	W.	w.	Ember Day. S. Zachary, Pope.
16	T.	v.	Of the Feria.
17	F.	w.	Ember Day. S. Patrick.
18	S.	w.	Ember Day. S. Gabriel, Archangel.
Second Sunday of Lent			
19	Su.	w.	S. Joseph.
20	M.	w.	S. Cyril of Jerusalem.
21	T.	w.	S. Benedict.
22	W.	v.	S. Catherine of Genoa.
23	T.	r.	Lance and Nails of Our Lord.
24	F.	r.	Most Holy Shroud of Our Lord.
25	S.	w.	Annunciation of B. V. Mary.
Third Sunday of Lent			
26	Su.	v.	Third Sunday of Lent.
27	M.	w.	S. John Damascene.
28	T.	w.	S. Sixtus III, Pope.
29	W.	w.	S. John Capistran.
30	T.	v.	Of the Feria.
31	F.	r.	Five Wounds of Jesus.

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two years you'll be mayor because the law allows you; but they'll be the liveliest two years you ever knew. I had intended to get out of politics and seek the rest to which my years and service entitle me, but there's another good fight left in me yet, and you'll get the benefit of it. I'll crush you to a greasy spot. I'll hound you out of the party. I'll make you remembered in this State long after I'm gone as an object lesson of political suicide."

He paused, panting for breath. Brierman, who had remained at his elbow, now took him gently by the arm.

"Come, McArdle, let's go," said he. "No use wasting any more words on that skunk."

"Wait a moment, Brierman," replied the old man in a milder tone. "Phalen, you hope to be the next leader. You couldn't be if you played your sneaking tricks for the next hundred years. But I'll show you who will. When I'm gone Mr. Brierman will see to smothering any spark of your fool's ambition that may remain when I'm through with you. Two years from now he'll be here in your place and you'll be on the street. That's all. Come on, Brierman."

McArdle and Brierman passed out together, the latter with his fat hand still drawn protectively through the old man's arm. Selden followed with unobtrusive modesty, befitting his youth and station.

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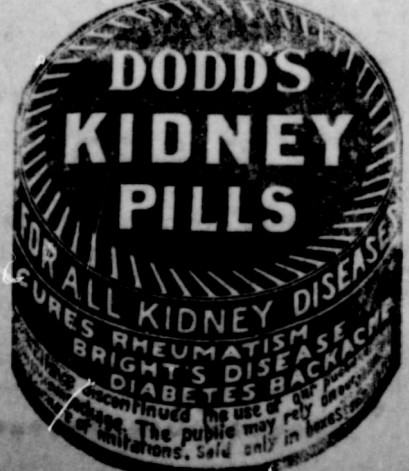
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Neutral or Udenominational Schools Are not the Public Schools of Canada

In a letter to The Montreal Witness a correspondent says:

Since the speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the Autonomy Bills of the new provinces of the west, there seems to have arisen a certain agitation on the subject of separate schools. Some of the papers say that the educational clauses of the Autonomy Bill mean the domination of Canada by the Province of Quebec and the union of the state and the Catholic Church. They also say that it is the end of the public and national schools. If this controversy is continued there is no doubt that a very deep gulf will be made between the two races that predominate in our country.

Why should we not look at this question of separate schools in the calm manner with which the Anglo-Saxon race is credited when facing critical situations, instead of speaking of the domination of the 'Romish' Church, of Quebec, or of priestcraft? Why should we not deal with this question with the same broadness of view that we would have in dealing with the fiscal question or any other question which interests Canadians?

There seems to be a misconception of the meaning of the words 'national or public' schools. I have always understood that national or public schools were schools for the benefit of all the people of the country, not schools only according to the views of those who are in favor of having no religious teaching in the schools, nor schools of those who are in favor of having religious teaching according to Protestant views, nor schools of those who are in favor of having religious teaching according to Catholic views, but a system of schools which will permit those who believe in religion in schools and those who believe in not having religion in schools to send their children to these schools.

We must remember that the population of Canada is 40 per cent. Catholic and 60 per cent. Protestant. We must also remember that Catholics believe, and conscientiously, that they cannot send their children to schools in which there is no religion, or to schools in which the religious teaching is not according to their faith. Their objection to schools in which there is no religion taught is as strong, and perhaps stronger, than their objection to schools where the religious teaching is not according to their faith. Their objection to neutral schools is as strong, if not stronger, than the objection of those who believe in neutral or Protestant schools is against Catholic schools.

To well understand the point of view of the Catholics, the majority of this country have to put themselves in their place. Let us suppose for a moment that Canada, instead of having been abandoned by France to England in 1763, with a population of 60,000 Catholics, had been abandoned by England to France, with a population of 60,000 inhabitants. Let us further suppose that the same guarantee of protection to the institutions and religion that was given by England to Canada in 1763, had been given by France to the Protestant population. Let us further suppose that the Protestant population of Canada had entered Confederation in 1867 under the same conditions as those which were given to Catholic Canadians. Quebec would be seven-eighths Protestant, and the Catholic population in Canada would be about 60 per cent. What would the Protestant minority say if the Catholic majority tried to force on that minority a national system of schools which would impose the Catholic religion as the spirit of the teaching of those schools? The

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Protestant minority would certainly rebel against this condition of things. They would say, and they would be right, that the Catholic majority should remember that the national complexity of Canada was not purely Catholic, but was also for a great part Protestant, and consequently in creating a system of national schools this particular complexity of the population of the country should be taken into consideration. That it would be unwise to force upon the minority the religious views of the majority, not only unwise but unjust, and it would also be unjust to deprive the minority of the right of receiving its education, and consequently its formation, in a spirit which would be according to the ideas of this minority.

I know that the answer to this will be that the majority of this country do not want to impose upon the minority a religious teaching, but all that is wanted is to have a system of schools without religion, and from this it is concluded that all would be on the same footing. To this the only answer to make is that all would certainly not be on the same footing, and the reason is obvious. The Catholics say it is against their conscience to send their children to schools in which there is no religion taught, and as I have said before, their objection on this ground is as great as would be the Protestant if compelled to send their children to Catholic schools.

All those who are so fierce in their attack upon the system of separate schools are also very loud in speaking of liberty of conscience and liberty of the press. They all say that it would be against the principles of liberty if the government were to interfere in the question of the public press (the educator par excellence) and pass a law by which the editors would be obliged to view all questions without being influenced by their religious teachings. If parents of children have not the right to choose the way in which their children should be educated, who, then, should have the right to do it? Because I am of the minority and my neighbor is of the majority should he have the right to direct the education of my children? If I honestly, though mistakenly, think that a certain system of education will make my children unworthy citizens of this country, should my neighbor have the right to say, because he is of the majority, that my objections should be ignored? Why, this is against the first principle of liberty.

Everybody admits that childhood is the time of life at which every human being receives the impressions that will form and educate him. Everybody admits that parents have the overwhelming responsibility in the formation of the character and conscience of their children. The consequence is the parents should have the liberty to educate their children according to their religious beliefs. If the people of Canada would think seriously for five minutes of the influence of education on the children and would view the question according to their ideas, and would also view the question according to those who differed from them by putting themselves in the place of the others, there is no doubt that this question of national schools would be settled to the satisfaction of everybody.

How could a system of schools be national if the system is established against the ideas of forty per cent. of the population? What this forty per cent. asks is not that the other sixty per cent. be subjected to their own ideas, but they think that those who are in favor of schools with religion should have their schools and those who are in favor of common schools may also have them, and what they ask they are ready to give. If my neighbor thinks that the education of his boy should be non-religious let him have the liberty to give that education to his boy. If my other neighbor thinks that the education of his boy should be Protestant let him have the liberty to educate his boy according to his ideas, and if I want to give my boy a Catholic education might I not have the same liberty as my two other neighbors?

In the name of what principle of liberty could my neighbor, who is in favor of common schools, impose on me the obligation to have my children educated according to his ideas? Is it because he belongs to the majority? Then it would mean that the majority of the Province of Quebec should have the right to impose on the minority the Catholic system of schools because the majority believes in it. If it is not because he is of the majority, in the name of what principle can I be subjected to the principles of others to which principles I am absolutely opposed.

Religion is the salt of education. It would not satisfy those who like to have more or less salt in their food to tell them that as they cannot agree as to the quantity of salt wanted they cannot object to the food given them because there is no salt in it. It may be a question of more or less, but if you want to be just to everybody you should permit them to use as much salt in their food as they like. If their taste wants that salt it is because it is necessary to their constitutions.

All Christians believe that all the acts of man should be directed by his religious belief. If this is true how much more should all the impressions of the child received in his early education be inspired by religious belief. There is nothing that necessitates as much the attention of every instant to the education of children. The impressions they receive would be either for their good or for

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their evil and the consequence is that there is nothing that can be induced in the formation of children.

There are no neutral books ever written. When a man writes he is influenced consciously or unconsciously by his religious belief, and everything is set forth by him according to his religious or irreligious mind. There is no book containing any ideas, which is not either religious or anti-religious. There is not a teacher who is not in his teachings influenced by his religious ideas. I know that there are a great number of good Catholics who would prefer to send children to a school presided over by a Protestant of almost any denomination who is so honest, sincere and zealous in his religious belief as to render impossible for him to devote thirty-six hours a week to the education of children without impressing them consciously and unconsciously with his religious beliefs, rather than to a school presided over by one so weak and feeble in his belief as to be able to impart none.

There is no doubt that one of the evils of the present situation is that it happens that the Prime Minister of Canada is a Catholic. If the Autonomy Bill had been introduced, with the same clause as to the educational part of it, by an administration headed by a Protestant Prime Minister, those who are opposed to Separate Schools would not be as bitter and as unjust as they are. Men like Sir John A. Macdonald went further on this question of Separate Schools than did Sir Wilfrid Laurier the other day.

It would have been perhaps wiser, for the future of Canada, to delay the Autonomy Bill until there was an administration presided over by a Protestant. It would have taken from the present controversy this apparent argument that the Separate School clause was put in the Act because the Prime Minister is a Catholic.

One of the arguments of those who are opposed to Separate Schools is that the public money should not be given to any religious body and should not, therefore, favor any religion. There is absolutely nothing in that argument. The money is not given to a religious body. It is purely and simply put at the disposal of a certain class of people for the purpose of education under certain conditions. Just the same as a certain part of the public money is put at the disposal of a certain part of the people who are in favor of common schools for the purpose of education.

The sixty per cent. of those who are in favor of common schools have no more right to sixty per cent. of the money voted for educational purposes to educate their children according to their own ideas of education, than the forty per cent. (Catholics) would have the right to forty per cent. of the money voted for educational purposes to educate their children according to their ideas. The Catholics of this country pay forty per cent. of the taxes, and if the majority has the right to use public money to educate their children according to their ideas of education, the minority has also the right to use their share of the public money to educate their children according to their ideas. In reading different papers opposing Separate Schools we would think that the Catholics of this country are not paying any taxes to the public treasury, that they are not citizens, that they have no right to see in what way the money would be spent as to educational purposes.

A cartoon of the 'World' of Saturday represents an American settler coming to the North-West and astonished by the fact that he is obliged to pay taxes for Catholic schools. This is untrue and unfair. The settlers of the North-West are not all Protestants. The Catholics pay their share of taxes, the proceeds of which are devoted to education, and it is trust money appropriated according to their views. If the American settler wants to send his children to common school the taxes that he pays will be used for the common schools. If in one district there are sixty children for a Catholic school and forty children for a common school, sixty per cent. of the public money will go to the common school and forty per cent. to the Catholic school.

Another argument against Separate Schools is that by the Constitution certain moneys coming from the public lands are to go to the public schools. Some say that consequently this money cannot go to Separate Schools. As I have said before, Public Schools are not the schools of sixty per cent. of the population, but schools for one hundred per cent. of the population; otherwise schools cannot be public; they can be the schools of the minority, but they are not the schools of the people. By Public Schools we should understand those schools which are used by all the people, and for which there is public money given. For instance, where there are only common schools helped by the Government the common schools by the fact that they are used by everybody become public schools. Whereas in the Province of Quebec, there are Catholic and Protestant schools that receive public money, those Catholic and Protestant schools from the public schools of the Province of Quebec.

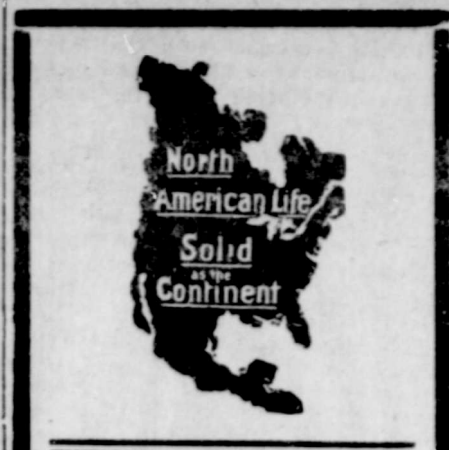
What is meant by the constitution is that the money coming from public lands should be given to the schools that exist under the law for the benefit of the public, and the consequence being that if the public system of schools is the system of Separate Schools these schools are entitled to the money destined for public schools. CANADIAN.

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A.O.H. And Catholic Education

At the last regular meeting of the county board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Resolved that we the representatives of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of York County unreservedly endorse the principle of religious teaching in our schools and most emphatically reaffirm our determination to support and continue such a system even though it entail the greatest sacrifice upon us.

"We hail with delight the fact that many of the most intelligent of our Protestant fellow countrymen have declared in favor of the principle of Christian instruction in our schools, freedom of conscience, and justice, equity and fair play to all which in a measure reconciles us to the vituperation and abuse periodically hurled at our church. "And be it further resolved that while we are firm believers in provincial rights and would heartily accord the fullest enjoyment of liberty to every rational being on this earth, yet we deem it no injustice or hardship to the newly intended provinces to have the rights of the Catholic minority safeguarded.

"Therefore we exhort Sir Wilfrid Laurier to stand firm as adamant and insist upon the adoption of the principle that Catholic parents have the right to inculcate Christian morals and charity into the minds of their children at their schools in place of military jingoism and nonsense that we have seen so frequently exhibited in Toronto of late years. "Be it further resolved that copies of this resolution be at once forwarded to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the press for publication."

Ireland Dispensed on St. Patrick's Day

The Pope has granted a dispensation, motu proprio, by un solicited concession, from fast and abstinence on St. Patrick's Day for all Ireland—prouto Hibernia. The festival this year not only falls upon a Friday, but on the Friday of Ember week, or of Quarter Tense. The dispensation has afforded great pleasure to the Irish Bishops and people.

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An increase of business to the extent of 2,177 policies for \$3,010,499.50, and of assets to the amount of \$285,979.52, making a total of \$2,148,733.37, exclusive of guarantee capital, were the features of the twenty-third annual report of the Federal Life Assurance Company at the shareholders' meeting in Hamilton on Tuesday. The surplus shown was \$1,055,837.81, and the surplus to policyholders, exclusive of unallocated guarantee capital, \$185,837.81. During the year 82 policies matured to the amount of \$157,040, of which \$12,585 was reinsured. The company's funds have been carefully invested in first-class bonds, mortgage securities and loans on the company's policies, amply secured by reserves. For the past two months the business done has been in advance of that of the corresponding period in 1904. Mr. David Dexter was re-elected President and Managing Director, and Lieut.-Colonel Kerns and Rev. Dr. Potts, Vice-Presidents. The detailed statement will be found in another column.

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**VAN RENSELAER WIGGIN  
DIPLOMAT**

(Continued from page 6)

times and gave him much money for the go-betweens who had done their work so well. Also he cloaked himself in the dark borrowings which his friend motioned him to do, and, having brushed a furtive hand across his pocket to make sure his revolver was there, he followed his conductor out into the street; on through the narrowest of narrow ways, around unnumbered turns, and for distances that seemed interminable.

It would be incorrect to leave the impression that an occasional twinge of anxiety did not take something from the warmth of Van Renselaer's blood. Ibn Musa's plans for the future conduct of the affair were of the vaguest. The outcome would be as God ordained; an attitude not quite satisfying to the occidental mind.

The latter could not but feel the need of some sort of notion as to just what its proprietor had to do, and it is a high tribute to his courage that, despite this lack, no wish for the chance of retreat crossed his mind.

At last they stopped before a low door in a whitewashed wall, and Abdullah hissed softly, and then again.

The door swung inward, and Van Renselaer saw against the gloom beyond a female figure veiled to the eyes and with finger pressed to her lips.

The blood leaped in his veins. Then he realized that this was doubtless but the attendant through whom the meeting had been arranged. Abdullah was whispering in his ear that he would await him for an hour, lounging against the shutter of a sweat-meat shop they had passed some moments ago.

If he did not come in an hour, Ibn Musa would know it for the will of Allah that he should never come, and would flee from Fez forthwith, lest the slaves spoke under the torture.

All this was not especially cheerful, however oriental, but Van Renselaer smiled gratefully, pressed his friend's hand and saw the closing door divide them, perhaps forever. This new conductor grasped the hem of his bournous and led him back through what seemed a neglected garden, with uneven pavement, dilapidated fountains and an overgrowth of small trees, large bushes, pathetic flowers, arrogant weeds and long grasses that sprang from between the stones.

A second wall, covered with vines, lay across their path, but they passed through it under a horseshoe arch into a veritable Garden of Lindaraja, no; they had not passed under the arch, or of they had, Van Renselaer nevertheless stood alone. His guide had vanished into thin air.

A momentary chill struck through him. His hand slipped into his pocket and touched the butt of his revolver, and the touch helped to steady him. The moonlight streamed down upon masses of well-ordered tropical vegetation and the colors of many great flowers showed weird and fantastic amid the play of lights and shadows. A small kiosk lay a few steps before him, in the middle of the garden, and toward it he now bent his steps. Sweet odors—musk and spikenard—came to his nostrils.

Then, as he stood before the entrance, a veiled figure seemed to rise out of the darkness, swaying slowly in the moonlight. His heart stopped beating; he started back involuntarily. The form of his beloved seemed to fill all space between the pillars. Her arm rose and her veil fell aside. The next moment a mountain of flesh sank slowly upon Van Renselaer's bosom.

What hideous nightmare was this? Was it a fiction of sleep? Was it enchantment? The sylph of the litter hung upon him, two hundred and fifty pounds at the very least, that gurgled guttural words of love. Heavy, sickening perfumes enveloped and seemed to overpower him.

Suddenly lights shone in a building that loomed beyond; harsh voices called to each other in evident excitement. The weight lifted itself from his shoulders and he looked into a face, dull white, painted, a full moon indeed. Its owner began to wobble sideways in evident flight. Hurrying footsteps came to his ears.

Then Van Renselaer Wiggins turned and fled madly, incontinently, unchivalrously, bounding over obstacles in form that would have made the intercollegiate hurdles record fade far into the dim.

He did not know where lay the horses' arch in the first wall or the street gate in the second, but the fortune of the Wiggins led him to both. Doubtless he could easily have cleared the walls just then had it been necessary. The pursuing footsteps were lost in the distance. He dashed up the street toward the shop of the sweetmeats merchant, and seizing Abdullah, dragged him on, scarcely slackening his speed in the effort.

Safety soon crowned such a gait. They halted panting, and looked at each other.

"She—the woman there," gasped Van Renselaer, "was like a house."

"Yes—truly," murmured Ibn Musa, "Allah smiles a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me I begrudged to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!"—Selected.

At the shadow of victory, had promptly announced his purpose to set out for home the following morning, alleging the illness of his secretary as an added reason for unceremonious adieus; and the Sultan sent doctors and sweetmeats and presents to Van Renselaer, and Van Renselaer jollied the doctors and threw the sweetmeats carefully away and sent other presents back, and departed with speed, fearing equally lest their generous host, hearing of things, might send him the bowstring of Amich.

The steamer ploughed her homeward path, and still Van Renselaer Wiggins bowed at the shrine of present beauty. If for a moment now and again, his mind floated back to a slender wrist and great dark eyes behind the curtains of a litter, why should Miss Dash know or care? If his troubled vision, piercing into a segment of the future, saw a wick, wide-awake face and fast-moving hands behind a hole in a plate of glass, how should Miss Blau feel it or comprehend?

It was the good old Governor that met him at the pier; the son whose glory was now of the house of Wiggins; and, as they rode homeward to dinner and Mrs. W., it was the good old Governor who broke the news to Van Renselaer most sympathetically, how Miss Mae Stoffmeyer had proved, after the light manner of girls, that indeed made the heart grow fonder—of somebody else—and had wedded some vague Westerner and gone to Montana or Arizona or somewhere.

The Governor did not state how much it had cost him, directly or indirectly, to sharpen and aim the shafts of Amicos. He spoke remissively and feelingly of Van Renselaer's last love.

"She was a nice girl, Van; a good stimulating wife for any young chap, but I'm afraid we'd have had some trouble to make your mother see it. Women have their own notions about such things, and they're not diplomats like you and your old dad. Perhaps it's just as well it turned out as it did."

And Van Renselaer, wise in his ignorance, could not but feel that perhaps it was.

**Jimmy's Mother's Bonnet**

"I want you to put jes' as many violets on as you ken for twenty cents, right there in the front, so't they'll stick up an' look kind o' stylish."

It was a thin, sickly-looking little boy that spoke. The young girl behind the counter smiled, but there were tears in her eyes as the grimy fingers undid the ungainly newspaper bundle, and took out a rusty black straw bonnet, which had seen a great deal of service.

"It's fur my mother," he continued, "an' git it done for me by the time I take my papers down to the office and git back?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl; "only don't hurry too much. What is your name?"

"Jim," answered the boy; "an' I want 'em for twenty cents. I'd wait for it a couple of hours if I had to."

He passed out, whistling cheerily. The clerk opened her shopping bag, and, taking out a bottle of shoe polish, she began applying it vigorously to the faded straw.

"Are you really going to try to fix up that old thing?" inquired another clerk, "and take your noon hour, too? Catch me! Why didn't you give him the violets and let him go? Twenty cents' worth—humph!"

"Indeed, I am going to fix it up for the poor little fellow," was the earnest reply. "Just think, Mary; I suppose he's saved up twenty cents for weeks! I'm so glad I happened to get this blacking this morning. You can't tell the bonnet when I get through with it—see if you can!"

She hummed a happy little song as she put on coat after coat, deftly turning the straw up here and down there.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, as the proprietor of the store entered, "will you give me thirty-five cents' worth of violets at wholesale? A poor little boy has brought me his mother's bonnet to trim, and I want to add a few violets to what he has ordered, and make it just as pretty as I can."

"Indeed I will," the proprietor answered, "and good measure at that!" And so it came about that the poor black bonnet was transformed into a beautiful "shiny" one, with bunches of violets peeping out here and there from the ribbons so cunningly arranged that the worn, faded parts could hardly be discerned.

"Oh, you don't mean it! You do not mean that my mother's bonnet, an' all fur twenty cents?" exclaimed Jim, coming back just as the finishing touch was being given. "Oh, what lots o' violets! How did you get it so shiny? Oh, she'll be just tickled to death!"

It was a wonderfully happy little boy who gazed from the bonnet into the clerk's face.

As the door closed behind him, one who had been a silent spectator of it all went up to the young girl, and, laying her hand on her shoulder, said, "This has been a lesson to me, my dear—a lesson that I can never forget. Out of the abundance with which the Lord has blessed me I begrudged to the poor and needy within my gate. Please God, it shall never happen again!"—Selected.

**Don't You Think So?**

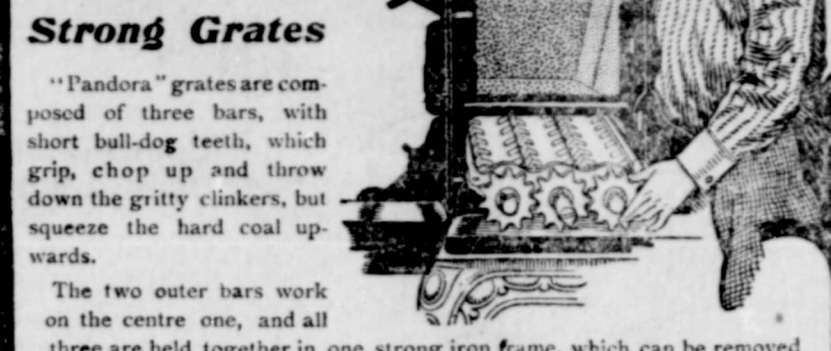
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**A True Story**

Near Falun, in Sweden, a peasant woman lately died at a very advanced age, in whose life occurred a stranger, sadder episode than often falls to human lot.

Old Marta, as every one of recent times called her, was a village beauty in her far distant youth, and had a lover named Olaf. The best Swedish copper comes from Falun, and Olaf was one of the hundreds of sturdy young fellows who worked in the mines. He and Marta were to be married on a certain festival of St. Lucia. Two days previous to this great event Olaf started on the trip down into the mine which should be his last before his wedding.

In the black miner's dress—often these poor fellows' burial clothes as well—Olaf, in the early, dark morning, called out joyfully as he passed under Marta's window, "Don't forget Thursday!" As if the radiant, happy girl was likely to forget her wedding day!

Then her lover went down into the black mouth of the mine and never again saw the light of day. In one of the cruel, frequent accidents that jeopardize miners he was swallowed up, and it became useless to attempt the recovery of his poor lifeless body.

Marta, in dumb, fearless grief, finished with a black silk handkerchief with a red border which she was hemming for a wedding gift to her lover, and carefully laid it away in lavender with her bridal clothes. Years passed, but she never had a word or smile for the score of young fellows, any one of whom would gladly have taken poor Olaf's place. Half a life-time, half a century, spun its long length away. Startling events occurred in the great world outside—the cruel Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, in Russia, the emancipation of the serfs, the terrible Civil War of America, the triumph of Germany over France.

All these things troubled little the miners digging in the darkness at Falun, and to Marta, faithful through all her long life to the lover of her youth, they mattered not at all.

The time came when a new opening was needed in the mine. Digging down in the dark burrow, the men came upon the dead body of a young miner lying in the refuse and vitriol water. The vitriol had preserved form, features and clothing so perfectly that the young man appeared to have died but yesterday, or have fallen asleep at his work.

They carried him up to the light of day, but no one recognized him. Fifty odd years weeded out most of the friends who could remember us if, after that interval, we were to return from the dead. At last Marta, a shrunken old woman upward of seven, leaning on a crutch, came forward and looked down on the fresh, youthful, dead face. With a cry of joy she threw herself on the lifeless body.

"He is my lover—my Olaf, whom I have bewailed for more than fifty years, and the good God lets me see him once more in the bloom of his youth before my old eyes close on this world!"

Few there were present who looked dry-eyed upon this touching scene. In her lover's coffin the wayworn old woman laid the handkerchief bordered with red which she as a girl had worked for him, and beside his open grave she said, in a voice that seemed to have recovered the sweetness of youth, "Sleep well, my only beloved, till I come."

She lived nearly a score of years longer, and in her hoary age, when other senses were dull and dead, the memory of her lost love still burned like a star in the dark night—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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**Van Renselaer Wiggin, Diplomat**

(By Duffield Osborne.)

The name of Van Renselaer Wiggin could hardly have adorned the diplomatic list of any country that holds its foreign service a profession. This, on its face, shows the advantage of being a citizen of a land where everybody is as good as everybody else to the extent of being able, by the magic of election or appointment, to fill any position as well as the next fellow. With such truths in mind you will understand how the facts worked to the end.

Abijah Wiggin had made money—no end of it—in pork and Chicago. Later, he came to New York to spend it and get an adequate quid pro quo. He was a witower then, and "Society" graciously consented to waive a few things and accept him. It did better. It married him into an inopaculous and distant branch of an unexceptional family, and, in the course of time, Van Renselaer Wiggin appeared upon the scene and grew and cut a swathe of ex-ceding breadth.

He began by going to Harvard and he stayed there just three months. Then he concluded that he liked business better, and brought his six-foot of bulging brawn back to New York, to the deep regret of the athletic authorities of his inchoate alma mater. He didn't like business—quite well enough, to injure his health by too much work between meals, and he soon found many and more or less original ways of employing his hours.

That the ways he chose were not wicked or disreputable was to his credit, considering the possibilities. There were golf clubs and horses and yachts and automobiles and several dozen kinds of loafing, and girls—Van Renselaer Wiggin had a peculiarly soft spot in his heart for girls, and his candor and flower-bills are said to have been record-breaking. His taste was distinctly catholic, but nobody bothered much about it until one day, having graciously tipped his twenty-fourth year, he informed Wiggin, Sr., that he contemplated a matrimonial alliance with a most beautiful, cultured and refined young person, who officiated as cashier of a "Kidd's Restaurant."

He felt that his innate sense of appreciation qualified him as judge of the first attribute, his sojourn at Cambridge of the second, and his recognized social position of the third; but, somehow, his arguments were not convincing to the head of the house of Wiggin.

He reasoned with Van Renselaer, and Van Renselaer explained how far love soared above reason. Then Wiggin, Sr., intimated, with a delicacy hardly to be expected, that it was not complimentary to ask some woman to marry one until one had accomplished something in the way of establishment.

This was a new idea to Van Renselaer. The necessity of self-establishment had never occurred to him, but, despite his exceptional opportunities, he was no fool, and he caught the inference. Naturally the shock was severe, but love does not balk at such obstacles. He announced his readiness to work for himself—and he, and Abijah Wiggin showed his appreciation of the resolve by volunteering to find the employment.

Van Renselaer was far too confident that "the Governor was a good sort" to suspect hostile diplomacy. Turning to the job at a point some time prior to its conference with the line-line of Wiggin, Jr., it appears that, about a year before, he had leased His Gracious Majesty, the Sultan of Morocco, to do unpleasant things to certain of his subjects. Possibly the subjects deserved it, but since several of them were prepared to swear that they had once contemplated becoming citizens of the Great Republic beyond the seas, why, of course, the incident assumed international proportions, and it devolved upon the President of the United States to appoint a special commissioner to Morocco under penalty of losing the Moorish-American vote.

He appointed the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Strothers, who had been besieging the White House for a year with so many letters of endorsement from leading citizens of Bald Ridge, Kentucky, and thereabout that there was no room in his valise for a return ticket. The Hon. Strothers had struck for a first-class mission, and dropped gradually until a fourth-class post-office would have been acceptable—only, having sat in at the national table-game where people knew how to play it, he had not reached the point of quite weakening on his bluff. Therefore he accepted the special mission to Fez with most patriotic self-sacrifice and most profound if unexpressed exultation.

Naturally, he needed a secretary, if only to support the dignity of his post, and here is where the lines come together.

Abijah Wiggin had, in the course of his career, been helpful to many men. Usually the sacrifice on his part was trifling, if existent, but big fellows often know where there is money to be found, and wise big fellows realize the value of retainers whose obligations and hopes combine to make them faithful. One can never tell just who is going to be in a position to be useful, and inexpensive personal favors often count for much more than spectacular public benefactions.

Therefore when Abijah Wiggin learned that the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Strothers was about to sail for Gibraltar, he not only suggested the appointment of Van Renselaer as secretary to the new diplomat, but he backed his suggestion with a strictly private offer to pay the secretary's salary out of his own pocket.

Probably the special commissioner would have granted the request in grateful remembrance of past favors, but the salary proposition enclined it, and thus Abijah Wiggin was enabled to announce to his son and heir the brilliant future that opened before him.

Van Renselaer was not enthusiastic. Curiously, it had never occurred to him that the promised "career" might involve banishment from home and Miss Mae Stoffmeyer, and while the position looked covered to a better and much less three-year whaler, still he could not but suspect that the Governor had scored.

The whole thing, however, had assumed such shape that refusal seemed ungrateful and cowardly to the last degree, and then the Governor was a deuced good sort, and he seemed so wrapped up in "the splendid opening that his strong influence at Washington had secured," that Van Renselaer hadn't the heart to disappoint him. Especially did he feel this when his father spoke so pleasantly of Miss Stoffmeyer, and of how wise it was for young people to separate for a while at that particular point of their engagement, if only to realize how necessary they were to each other's happiness. Mr. Wiggin had even gone to the extent of lunching at the Kidds establishment one day and of meeting the young lady, when Van Renselaer paid the check, and making several agreeable but non-committal remarks to her. Possibly the old man realized how convenient such an introduction might turn out to be. There were interesting things he might find occasion to say to Miss Stoffmeyer during Van Renselaer's absence; and, as they walked away, arm in arm, he suggested the wisdom of not announcing the engagement to Mrs. Wiggin until the return from Morocco. Of course men could talk such things over rationally, but women were apt to be prejudiced and, well, it might take a little time and diplomacy to bring Mrs. W. to see it all as they did.

"Diplomacy, my boy," he enforced with a most friendly wink. "That's what we're sending you across the pond to learn."

Therefore Van Renselaer Wiggin became a diplomat and he and the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Strothers sailed, and Abijah Wiggin and Elizabeth Boorace Van Renselaer Wiggin saw them off with resignation and with tears as seemed meet to each.

Miss Stoffmeyer did not see Van Renselaer off, because Wiggin, Sr., suggested that, all considered, it might not be diplomatic.

The voyage from New York to Gibraltar is not apt to be eventful, and although the Mediterranean steamers of the North German Lloyd are well laden with feminine beauty—beauty possessing an inherit affinity for the South and sunshine and flowers and green things—Van Renselaer Wiggin preserved a commendable constancy. Not that he made himself a recluse. He was too receptive a nature for that; but his steamer affairs progressed only the merest shade beyond what such situations demanded in common politeness. Van Renselaer Wiggin was conscious of his own virtue in this respect.

Then came the trip over to Tangier, and then the arduous but most entrancing journey to Fez. The Arabian Nights had wrapped him once more in their luminous veil, and, though the culture was barbaric and the Orientalism decadent, yet the illusion bore its dreamers far from twentieth century conventionalism—back into the turbulent license of a most picturesque past.

By the time the white walls and minarets and towers loomed up upon the horizon, and their horses, snuffing provender and rest, forgot to tempt whip and spur, New York had faded away, until Abijah Wiggin and Miss Mae Stoffmeyer seemed to dance sarabands through some former and vague incarnation.

This is the magic of the East. Its reality is more depressing, as Mr. Thomas Jefferson Strothers soon learned, when he sought to advance the object of his mission.

There were formal delays ere his presentation was accomplished, and that was hardly the beginning. The Sultan was most amiable, and his hospitality took shape on lines that seemed to forebode a negotiation of years. Evidently the first thing, from his point of view, was to get acquainted—not merely superficially, but on a basis of heart to heart friendship. All allusions to business he waived gravely aside. That would be settled quite as to his guest's satisfaction by a long line of officials, who would take it up in rotation. In fact, he would see that it was so settled, but meanwhile his pleasure in the society of his American visitors brooked no interference from dull duty.

He feasted them, he gave barbaric games and weird music and spectacular dances in their honor; he organized grand hunts, he even suggested a special massacre of a certain tribe of his subjects who were a little behind in their taxes, and he seemed pained when the Hon. Strothers showed lack of interest in such entertainment.

Altogether the special envoy fell deeper and deeper into ennui and disgust as the days and weeks and months slipped innocuously by; grew irritable and blustering and prayerful, all of which showed that he was not both in the manner of diplomacy, despite the inference of national traditions. You see there was never a big gun could carry to Fez from the sea, which weakened the backing of bluster and irritation, while, as for the most pathetic prayers, His Majesty was well-immune.

Here was where Van Renselaer Wiggin bore everlasting witness to the stock from which he sprung. He may not have been—he might never have been—a diplomat in the European sense, but he had the one quality that goes further in diplomacy than cunning and many years of training. He could make friends, and he could make them out of the most unpromising material.

There were dignified old Moors in the city of Fez who held it part of their ritual to spit at and curse fluently such "Christian dogs" as might pass them along the narrow streets. Even the special envoy, he plunged gaily into their sports, enjoyed it when he failed, and was gently depressing when he began, as the motto did, to catch on. Really, there was no holding out against such a magazine of good spirits and insistent sociability, so the people of Fez, being human, succumbed.

He was "the mad infidel." That was how they compromised with their consciences; and when he began to pick up a vocabulary of stray Moorish words and signalized the acquisition by such unparadonic insults as inquiring about the health of his friends' wives, even then they graciously refused to understand his inquiries, and calmed their injured feelings with the soothing narghileh.

As for Van Renselaer, he frankly liked it all. He thought of Miss Mae Stoffmeyer occasionally, and still congratulated himself on his constancy. There were even stray pangs of regret, once in a while, when he pictured her making brisk and dreary change through all the long days, waiting for him, her far-away lover, to hear her triumphantly into that social sphere which her character and beauty so well fitted her to adorn.

Such contemplations, however, tended to melancholy, and Van Renselaer was hostile to melancholy both by temperament and by philosophy. Was he not devoting himself to his country's interests—that great Republic, whose children must never fail her in such patriotic sacrifice? It was hard, but inevitable, that Mae should bear her share of the burden, in the delaying of her hopes, even as he, Van Renselaer, had put his love bravely aside until his works might prove him worthy to enter upon his heart's heritage.

And then something happened. Van Renselaer was strolling in the cool of the afternoon along one of the more retired streets of the Moorish capital. Being retired, it was even more narrow than the narrow thoroughfares. High walls, windowless and once white, seemed to compress it interminably. For five minutes he had not met a soul and the din of the market-place had died away in the distance. Suddenly, the shuffle of feet came to his ears, far off at first, then nearer. He stopped and, in a moment, a strange procession swept around the turn just ahead.

First came two muscular negroes, equipped with efficient-looking whips, with long lashes of flat leather. Van Renselaer gathered round in the manner that they claimed right of way. He flattened himself against the wall, and they passed at a slow trot, scowling. Evidently he was expected to do even more than stand aside and smile agreeably.

Then followed an elderly and very stout black in a most gorgeous costume. The pace was too hot for this dignitary to waste much time upon Van Renselaer, but he grunted something that sounded disparaging. After him, a closed litter swung by on the necks of four slaves, who ran heavily, with eyes fixed upon the ground, as if the burden they bore were no light one; and then a crowd of litter-bearers, scorning its weight, romped gaily along.

By this time Van Renselaer had caught the notion that he was not to stare, and, though the certainty of the first litter vibrated gently as it passed, there was little temptation to offend Moorish etiquette until the second was directly in front of him. Then—perhaps it was only a puff of wind—one of the curtains seemed to be thrown back and, for a single instant, he saw, reclining upon cushions of silk and damask, an angel straight from Paradise. To be sure, all he caught was a fore-arm exquisitely modelled in very light brown and resting on its elbow to sustain a daintily small head with a pair of great languishing black eyes burning over a snowy veil. They looked straight into Van Renselaer's for a fraction of an instant, and Van Renselaer's tender heart melted then and there and forever. Did the eyes or hand signal to him ever so slightly, or was the coyness, but a start of agitation? The curtain fell in place, the litter had passed, and four soldiers who brought up the rear of the company were glaring at the stranger and clutching their yataghans as if doubtful whether to stop and administer rebuke.

Later Van Renselaer came to realize that the episode of the fluttering curtain had not caught their notice, since the street was very narrow and they came several paces behind. It was merely his own evident interest in the litters themselves that excited disapproval; this, as I say, he came to realize later. For the moment, his head might have been severed from his shoulders without disturbing the ecstasy that thrilled him. He would have died as in a trance.

Fortunately for the comity of nations, he lived. The soldiers doubtless concluded that the Christian pig knew no better, that delay to kill him would necessitate their having to run very fast to overtake their charges, and that no especial harm had been done anyhow.

Ah, how little these blinded heathen comprehended the thing that had happened! That Van Renselaer Wiggin, secretary to the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Strothers, special commissioner of the President of the United States of America to His Imperial Highness the Sultan of Morocco, had seen with his own eyes and loved in his heart of hearts (from which the image of Miss Mae Stoffmeyer had inconspicuously vanished)—whom?

He gazed long after the cortege. He gazed long at the corner of white wall around which it, at last, disappeared. This, then, was what fate had held in store for him!—a consuming passion for a daughter of the palm. He wondered vaguely what the views of his father would be on the subject, but he did not care very much. It was all too overpowering, too soul-filling, to admit any consideration of parental prejudice. There were empires to be won on the Sahara, there were graves, and then so cheerful a person as Van Renselaer Wiggin thought of graves you could begin to realize how hard he was hit. One dream chased another through the tumbling surf that had been his mind. Would he become a Mohammedan? He admitted wearily that he would, if apostasy was necessary. Then he shook himself mentally dry and walked back to his lodgings, and, as he walked, determination took shape. This was the time he meant to win—at any cost, but whom? and how?

Contrary to traditional symptoms in desperate affairs of the heart, his appetite showed no signs of reflex action. He ate well and he thought hard all through the evening meal, and if the nervousness of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Strothers was left for this once unvanquished by his companion's buoyant spirits, surely that is but a light charge to lay to young love.

Van Renselaer thought. Identification was necessary first of all, and who so sure to identify as Abdallah ibn Musa, collector of the imper-

ial customs (and his own perquisites); a man of high eminence and guileful tact, of notorious piety and infinite information concerning his neighbors, and, above all, one of the most firmly attached of Van Renselaer Wiggin's new-made friends.

The collector of imperial customs and the secretary of the American commissioner sat facing each other. Coffee had been served and they drank together in dignified silence. Also they smoked. The secretary sat cross-legged like his host; from all which it may be seen how admirably Van Renselaer had progressed. I am in doubt as to whether Wiggin, Sr., and Miss Mae Stoffmeyer would have been more astonished or more gratified could they have peeped in upon the illumined scene.

Alas for Miss Mae and for the constance of man! In her case, at least, full knowledge could have brought no measure of gratification. Here sat the lover who had so bravely surrendered the light of her presence that he might become worthy of the presence of her light—here sat he, a prey to the weird enchantments of the East, seeking the aid of a turbaned heathen to win for him a trousered bride.

Van Renselaer Wiggin had told his tale with a fervor and enthusiasm that won pardon for a degree of vagueness. Abdallah had smoked and listened, bending his head gravely from time to time. Nothing in his demeanor showed that the story interested him or appeared strange in his sight, unless it was the deepening of the shadow in his big, dark eyes, or the flash that shot through them once or twice.

At last Van Renselaer ceased speaking and began to smoke in silence. He had learned enough of Moorish etiquette to understand that this was the thing to do until his host might be pleased to express his views.

Perhaps it was five minutes before Abdallah ibn Musa took the narghileh from his lips.

"Was the Christian dog eager to send his soul to Eblis before its time and his head to blacken over the palace gate?"

That was what Van Renselaer gathered was the gist of his friend's comment.

He answered that, as he had lost his heart so irrevocably, the rest made really very little difference to him; in fact, that he had a sort of notion a man couldn't lose his heart with any credit unless he lost his head too.

Ibn Musa smiled grimly. One reason Van Renselaer liked him was that he had more sense of humor than most Moors. Also he had given indications several times of what the American diagnosed as quite an occidental spirit of sportiness. He stroked his beard reflectively.

"Did his altogether despicable and ultimately doomed companion realize upon whom he had cast his audacious eyes?"

Van Renselaer admitted that he didn't, and added that he didn't care the Moorish equivalent of a tinker's dam.

A something in Abdallah's nature seemed to respond to the last sentiment. He smiled less grimly than before and, fixing his eyes on Van Renselaer, he asked him to say what he considered fitting punishment for a Christian dog who dared to gaze unblinded at the light of no less glorious a radiance than the favorite wife of his, Ibn Musa's, all-conquering master; the blessed of the Prophet, the Prince of the Believers, the Shadow of God upon Earth, the thrice benignant and just and terrible Sultan of Morocco?

Van Renselaer sat aghast, and, starting as Abdallah had intended his disclosure should be, his lip curled with something like scorn at its obvious effect. Van Renselaer had been accurate when he thought he discerned what he termed "sportsmanship" in his friend's character. Evidently the Moor, while both expecting and desiring to put an end to the absurd pretensions of the foreigner, had little patience with timidity. He did not quite understand, and it was natural enough that he did not. As I have said, Van Renselaer was a pretty decent sort of chap in several ways.

At last he gathered himself together.

"The favorite wife of—of the Sultan?" he asked vaguely.

Ibn Musa bowed, the scornful smile still curling his lip.

"How many has he?" asked Van Renselaer.

Ibn Musa raised his hands and elevated his shoulders slightly.

"The blessed Emir-ul-Eumennin had not confided to him a matter which it would be so obviously indecent to consider or discuss, and his servant valued his reputation and his head much too highly to seek knowledge in such fields.

"But he has more than one?" persisted Van Renselaer.

"Surely, most surely; many more," said Ibn Musa, started out by the contempt by so ridiculous a question.

Van Renselaer leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes," he said. "That's what I've always understood about His Majesty. You say my girl is his favorite. Does that mean she's the first one he married?"

Ibn Musa looked hopelessly mystified by this line of examination.

"By no means," he said at last.

"There were doubtless wives in the imperial harem who outranked the effulgent Amineh in seniority. She was Van Renselaer's pre-ut feelings burst into a prodigious sigh and his face brightened.

"That's all I want to know," he said. "I don't believe in chasing after another chap's wife, but if the old reprobate had a wife living when he married Amineh, or whatever her name is, why I hold she isn't his wife at all, and he deserves to lose her all right and he's going to."

It is more than doubtful if Abdallah ibn Musa even began to grasp the line of Van Renselaer's logic. What he did gather was that the romance was on again, and he at once reinstated his friend in his good opinion as to a thoroughly game sport.

He went on to detail, in a perfunctory way, the hopelessness of the quest and the almost certain ruin it would bring, but Van Renselaer was at himself again and snapped his fingers at peril. Abdallah need not get himself in any trouble; in fact, he must not. All Van Renselaer wanted was a few tips that would surely not involve the Moor, and he could bet his last cent wild horses wouldn't drag names from the son of Wiggin through

perial customs (and his own perquisites); a man of high eminence and guileful tact, of notorious piety and infinite information concerning his neighbors, and, above all, one of the most firmly attached of Van Renselaer Wiggin's new-made friends.

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**J. E. SEAGRAM**

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Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

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Certainly are missing one of the luxuries of life. No table is complete without it. Phone for sample Park 55e, or send card to 420 Bathurst street.

he be unfortunate enough to get caught. Then Abdallah told his story at length—at very great length—which, reduced to its lowest terms, came to this:

There was no God but God, and Mohammed was his prophet. In that moment of the street the fair Amineh also had been seen and loved. The interest of her tiring story had been won by the discreet emissary of Ibn Musa, and suitable tales of the many beauty and wealth and power and passion of her infidel adorer had been poured into her ears, until mutes and bowstrings and headsmen lost all their terrors. She would grant this lover an interview, come what would. He should look upon her unveiled.

Van Renselaer was not very clear in his mind whether the poor girl was not laboring under an impression that he was the Sultan of America, whom the fame of her beauty had inspired to journey to Fez in disguise in order to snatch her thence to adorn the throne of the world. It all sounded a little bit that way, as Abdallah told the story; but the interview, at least, was to be a verity, and, were his love dead, which it was not, or the perils ten times as great as they assuredly were, he would have harbored no thought of withdrawal.

Therefore he thanked Abdallah many

(Continued on page 7.)

**HE MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID**

Ex - Reeve's Rheumatism Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Was so Crippled that He Could Hardly Get Around and Could Get No Relief from Doctors or Medicines.

Dresden, Ont., March 13.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Rheumatism slick and clean." Mr. W. G. Cragg, the well-known merchant and ex-reeve of this place was the speaker and he evidently meant every word he said.

It was the inflammatory kind of Rheumatism I had and it crippled me up so that I could hardly get around to do my work in my store. I had the best doctors and everything in the line of medicines I could get out of, but nothing even gave me relief.

"Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and six boxes cured me completely." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the Kidneys are right they will strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood and the Rheumatism will go with it.

SPRING TERM FROM APRIL 3RD.

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts. This School is making a remarkable record this year for placing its students in good positions. College open the entire year. Enter now. Catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

In and Around Toronto

OPENING OF FORTY HOURS.

The most beautiful of all devotions, that of the Forty Hours, opened at the Cathedral on Sunday at the High Mass. His Grace, the Archbishop, presided and the celebrant of the mass was Rev. Father Rholeder, with Rev. Fathers Murray and Ryan as deacon and sub-deacon and Rev. Father Whelan as master of ceremonies. The purple on the altar and the unaccompanied mass and responses sung by the choir and boys in the sanctuary, were reminders of the penitential season of Lent, the spirit of which ran through the entire ceremony. The rules and regulations for Lent and the epistle and gospel of the day were read by Rev. Father Whelan after which the Archbishop preached from the 6th Chap. of St. John, taking for his text, "As the Father has sent me, and as I live by the Father, so also the bread that cometh down from heaven, he that eateth Me shall live forever." Before entering upon his discourse His Grace expressed the pleasure he had experienced at witnessing the large number who had approached Holy Communion at the early Mass; this was the way to begin Lent; by approaching the sacraments often, it would be found that the season would pass not only profitably but easily. His Grace also adverted to the coming feast of St. Patrick, which for the people of the Irish race should be and was one of the greatest feasts of the year, but which at the same time should be kept in the spirit most pleasing to the Saint in whose honor it was kept. This year the day falls on Friday and his Grace reminded his hearers that it was not only Friday, but an ember day, and that the only way to properly observe the Feast was to comply with the regulation regarding abstinence from flesh meat on such occasions. He also told them that at the Mass on St. Patrick's Day, which would be a high mass, and at which there would be a sermon in honor of the occasion, he expected a large number to be present. The mass would be at nine o'clock. His Grace then preached a full and explanatory sermon from his texts, showing that as in olden days, when our Lord preached the first sermon on the Real Presence, many turned from Him and "walked with Him no more," so it is in our own day. As in olden days many refused to believe what to their finite intellect was incomprehensible, so it is to-day. They forgot that God's ways are not our ways; they forgot, too, that it is not our place to ask "how can this man give us his flesh to eat and his blood to drink?" The Catholic Church alone pronounces the grand Creed, and the devotion of the Forty Hours is the time during which we walk with God in faith, in loyalty and love. If we so walk with our Divine Lord here, concluded his Grace, we shall assuredly walk with Him hereafter in company with his Blessed Mother and all the angels and saints. At the conclusion of the mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession round the church, the canopy being supported by four members of the congregation. Besides the cross-bearer, acolytes, Christian Brothers and sanctuary boys, the junior branch of the boys League of the Sacred Heart, all wearing their pretty red badge, and carrying long, lighted wax tapers, took part, while immediately preceding the Blessed Sacrament, a number of very small boys carried dainty baskets from which they scattered flowers across the path along which the Sacred Host was borne. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given and the Litany of the Saints sung. The altar and sanctuary were beautifully prepared for the occasion; large palms and cut flowers were generously displayed and these together with the many electric lights and burning wax tapers were grandly effective. The Devotion at the Cathedral closed on Tuesday evening.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The spirit of the day so dear to every Irish heart is in the air and we in Toronto share largely in the exuberance of the time. The Feast of St. Patrick brings to the Celtic heart emotions that nothing else on earth can produce. Emotions of joy at the coming of the day, an exultation of spirit at belonging to the race which honors it and a feeling of unalloyed pride in its history. In spirit we cross the broad ocean that divides us from the dear little Isle and we see it as the boy Patrick saw it when he first touched its shore. Then as now it had a history, a history grand and unique. Though unchristianized it was no land of savages; the day of an uncivilized Ireland if it ever existed, is long lost in the dim obscurities of the beginning of time. When Patrick first saw her she had her philosophers learned in the deepest lore of the ages; her poets sang in the sweetest numbers and her minstrels ever struck their harps with the touch of a master hand. Though they knew not the true God, their instincts rose always far above the sordid things which attracted the heathen of other nations, and nothing less mighty than the luminous and great sun in the heavens attracted them as worthy of veneration and worship. All this we recall with pride. We remember, too, that Patrick on returning to France from the place of his exile, the land he had learned to love, prepared to return again to the people who now claim him for their own. Thirty years he spent in preparation for his work. He meant to tell them of the true God. He had learned their tongue; he knew also that to teach this great nation he should come prepared with all knowledge for they were no barbarous people. So he

came to them with a plenitude of understanding and the credentials of an accredited ambassador of Christ and the people received him with that hospitality which is still the distinctive trait of the nation. We remember that our forefathers accepted Christianity without a sword being drawn from a scabbard or a drop of blood being shed in defence of the Cross which heralded its approach. Then come up before us the colleges and schools, the cloisters and cathedrals which arose as accompaniment to the triumphal march of the true religion, and looking further we see with pride that over the broad surface of the earth, that somewhere in every city and hamlet are some, those of our own land who have carried there the glorious gospel and blessed tidings of peace. We recall that through centuries of persecution and tears Ireland has never lost her right to the title given her in early days, that of the Island of Saints. Some years ago the present Archbishop of Ottawa addressed a Toronto audience and looking upon them he said: "Indeed and truly you are a princely people. To you is due the fact that today thousands scattered all over the American continent profess and keep the doctrine of Christ." This was a tribute from one not of our race, which for our encouragement we may recall with pleasure and pardonable pride. These and many similar are the suggestions which float in the atmosphere of the halo surrounding the day dedicated to Erin's patron saint, and on the day itself we shall wear the little shamrock and wear it with pride, and every voice and tongue shall join in singing welcome, and caed mill; falthe to the always honored St. Patrick's Day.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

A statement of the progress so far made in the erection of the new church at St. Patrick's was read from the pulpit on Sunday. Much has been done in the short time that has elapsed since the work was begun. Several houses situated on the land have been moved and repaired and are now rented. The foundation of the church and the basement are about completed; the whole cost of the work so far accomplished is paid for, about \$30,000. During the few months that have gone by since the last general meeting of the parishioners \$7,000 has been contributed, \$5,000 of this being cash contribution and \$2,000 from the monthly collections. The standing of the parish with regard to the work was considered very satisfactory and encouraging.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT AT MASSEY HALL.

It is expected that a grand rally will be made at Massey Music Hall on St. Patrick's Night and that everyone of the five thousand seats which the hall is capable of affording will be occupied. The fine programme prepared, in which a chorus of four hundred of the children of our city homes will take part, together with the names of the artists who will appear throughout the evening are guarantees of the treat in store. Voted to this is added the name of Judge O'Neill Ryan who comes all the way from St. Louis, Miss., to address the gathering, the entertainment seems to leave nothing that could be desired. The names of those who will contribute to the musical part of the programme are: Miss Agnes Curran, soprano; Miss Nellie M. Corbett, mezzo soprano; Mrs. Annie Harraves, soprano contralto; Mr. Arthur V. J. Leitheuser, baritone; Mr. Frank Carton, tenor; Mr. F. V. McGuire, baritone; Mr. Bert Harvey, refined singing comedian; Master J. Edgar Glynn, wonderful boy soprano, and Mr. T. Sullivan, piper. Miss Angela Tone Breen will be accompanist and Mr. M. J. Kelly will have the direction of the different musical events. The committee in charge are Messrs. Jno. Travers, H. McCarthy, P. W. Falvey, M. J. Ryan, G. Moore, Jno. Patton, J. O'Connell, M. Lacey, E. Kerr, A. T. Heron, M. J. Lenehan, Jno. Sullivan, P. Crotte, P. M. Kennedy, J. Smith, M. J. Kelly, J. J. McCauley, chairman; G. J. Owen, corresponding secretary; H. E. Richard, financial secretary; Dan. Madden, treasurer.

MISS F. R. BARTLETT.

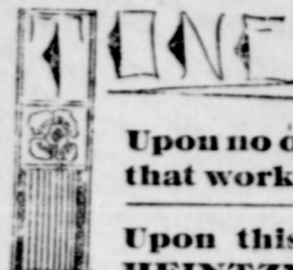
At the residence of her mother, 16 Saultier street, on the 12th inst., the death occurred of Miss Francis Ruth Bartlett, eldest daughter of the late S. J. Bartlett. The deceased young lady was only in her nineteenth year and her loss is deeply lamented. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's church to St. Michael's cemetery on Tuesday, the 14th inst., Rev. Father Canning, P.P., officiating. R.I.P.

CAMPBELL—MURPHY.

Among the weddings immediately preceding Lent was that of Miss Annie Mabel Murphy, second daughter of Mr. Richard Murphy, 591 Dufferin street west, Toronto Junction. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Walsh, P.P., and the bride was given away by her father. She was charmingly gowned in brown peau de soie touched with real lace and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Rose Murphy, a sister, who was attired in roseda eolienne over tulle and carried pink roses. Thomas Lister of Toronto Junction was groomsman. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left for Buffalo on their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at Toronto Junction. The bride received many handsome presents and Mr. Campbell was presented with a fine Morris chair from the Waverly Club of Toronto Junction, of which he is an honored member; he was also the recipient of a very handsome present from the Heintzman Piano Co., in whose employ he has been during the past seven years. Mr. Campbell is a son of Mr. Frank J. Campbell, sr., who learned his trade with the above company and has been continuously in its employ for the past twenty-seven years.

VESTMENTS Chalmes Ciboriums Statues, Altar Furniture. DIRECT IMPORTERS W. E. BLAKE, 502 Queen St West, Toronto Can.

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos.



Upon no other pedestal can be reared that work of art, "The Perfect Piano."

Upon this pedestal the GERHARD HEINTZMAN Piano looks down upon competition.

Sweet as a harp are its notes, and clear as a silver laugh of childhood. For tone the piano "PAR EXCELLENCE."

Our new City Salesrooms are at 97 Yonge Street, Toronto. We are offering special values in entirely new Gerhard Heintzman Pianos. Call, or write for particulars, to

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited 97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Hamilton Warerooms: 127 King Street East.

THE MUTUAL LIFE Assurance Co. of Canada

35th Annual Report for the Year 1904.

Table with 2 columns: INCOME and DISBURSEMENTS, and 2 columns: ASSETS and LIABILITIES. Total net surplus is \$1,049,400.71.

Net Surplus Over All Liabilities on Government Standard of Valuation \$1,049,400.71

J. M. SCULLY, F. C. A., AUDITOR. GEO. WEGENAST, MANAGER.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors have pleasure in submitting their 35th Annual Report, showing the transactions for the year, and the Financial standing of the Company as at December 31st, 1904. The business of 1904 was most gratifying in all respects, large gains having been made in Income, Assets and Surplus.

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.—The volume of new business exceeds that of any former year, being 3,452 Policies for \$5,048,168, all of which, except \$30,000, was written within the Dominion. The total assurance now in force is \$40,476,970.58 under 27,742 policies, the net addition for the year being \$2,889,419. While many of our native Companies are seeking business abroad, some of them in distant parts of the world, it is thought by your Directors that good Canadian business is preferable to foreign business, which is secured with less certainty as to its quality, and at excessive cost.

INCOME.—The total income was \$1,725,308.90, being \$1,373,364.69 for premiums, and \$351,944.21 for interest. The gain over 1903 was \$164,238.87.

DISBURSEMENTS.—The payments to Policyholders amounted to \$521,615.34, and consisted of Death Claims, \$220,304.50; Endowments, \$160,053; Purchased Policies, \$52,394.54; Surplus, \$83,183.40, and Annuities, \$8,679.90. The claims by death were exceptionally light, being \$51,404 less than last year, and only 41 per cent. of the amount expected.

THE EXPENSES AND TAXES were \$300,807, being 17.4 per cent. of the total income, or about 1 per cent. less than in 1903.

ASSETS.—The cash assets are \$7,794,008.35, and the total assets \$8,220,530.45, showing gains of \$905,450.05, and \$937,372.05 respectively. The funds are being invested in the same classes of securities as heretofore, principally in Mortgage loans on farm and city properties, Bonds and Municipal Debentures. The latter are taken into account at their book value or cost, which is considerably below their market value. The demand for money was active during the year, at better rates than for some years past, resulting in a slight advance in the rate of interest earned, viz. 5.09 per cent. Payments on mortgages for interest and instalments of principal were well met, though in the case of our Manitoba loans they were not quite as satisfactory as in former years, due to the partial failure of the wheat crop. The interest and rents overdue at the close of the year were but a small portion of the receipts, being only \$13,740.19, most of which has since been paid.

LIABILITIES.—The liabilities were again computed on the Combined Experienced Table with 4 per cent. interest for all business up to January 1st, 1900. From that date to January 1st, 1903, on the Institute of Actuaries' Table with 3 1/2 per cent., and thereafter on the same Table with 3 per cent.

SURPLUS.—After making provision for all liabilities the surplus on our own standard is \$772,072.87, being an increase of \$170,920.20 over 1903, and this after distributing amongst Policyholders \$83,183.40. On the Government standard of reserves, namely, 4 1/2 per cent. for business to January 1st, 1903, and 3 1/2 per cent. thereafter, our Surplus is \$1,049,400.71. The earnings for the year were \$254,103.60.

On behalf of the Board. ROBERT MELVIN, President.

The various reports having been adopted, the retiring directors, Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, A. Hoskin, Esq., K.C., Hon. Mr. Justice Garrow and E. P. Clement, Esq., K.C., were unanimously re-elected. After a number of able and thoughtful addresses had been made by members of the Board, prominent Policyholders, the Manager, the agents and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin President; Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., First Vice-President, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

(Booklets containing full report, comprising lists of death and endowment claims paid, of securities held, and other interesting and instructive particulars are being issued and will in due course be distributed among policyholders and intending insureds.) Waterloo, March 2, 1905.

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.