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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. X. No. 19

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Parliamentary Notes

As your correspondent now writes everything appears like prorogation. During the past week matters were rushed with lightning rapidity, for it had been expected that all the business might be wound up in time to prorogue on Saturday; but the intervening Holy day, Thursday, and an additional amount of unlooked-for matter, as well as the lengthy discussion of Dr. Hoddick's Medical Association Bill, made it clear that the session would have to run into another week. Then the hurry ceases and members began to move about as if it were mid-session. There is also a feeling of fatigue after a whole week of three sittings each day, and while all will welcome the close as schoolboys welcome the long vacation, still none seem anxious to put forth very much exertion in those closing days. It is not yet time to make a general review of the whole session. The time, however, is at hand, and I will attempt to give the readers of The Catholic Register a fair idea of the work that has been done and of the important measures that have become law. From the past of the legislative work now over to the present of the Ontario contest, is but a step, and one easily taken by all who are specially interested in the political future of this Province. And no sooner will the elections be over than the coronation ceremonies—the conferences of which most interest us—will demand our attention. But that is too far in the future for present comment, so I am left with the Ontario elections—a subject that scarcely comes within the sphere of your correspondent, whose duties are, or should be, confined to Federal interests. Still the Federal field offering so little at this particular moment, I may hazard a few words on the Provincial situation.

From what I could glean throughout Eastern Ontario, I do not see that there is any chance for the Opposition to defeat the How Government. Still, it is a very foolish thing for the politically interested to allow "the grass to grow under their feet," for it may become so rank that it might cover their political grave. There is such a suicidal system as that based on over-confidence. To win it is absolutely necessary to fight, to organize before fighting, to keep up the organization during the fight, and to always look at the most favorable situation as if it were uncertain. It will be a keen fight throughout the Province, and one that will likely result in the both parties occupying about the same positions that they do to-day. You will permit me to draw attention to one remark of passage in your issue of last week. It concerns the candidates in Ottawa. I do not participate in your idea that the present Liberal candidates will have a harder fight than would the team as first proposed have had. On the contrary, I believe they have a much better chance of election, under the peculiar circumstances that obtain in this city. Still that is not a matter with which I have anything specially

to do, I merely wish to accentuate the fact that as far as my observation could help me to a conclusion, I am of the opinion that the results of the contest will be favorable to the present Government. It is not to be supposed that the country always acts on the idea that a long lease of power is dangerous. If the country, or the Province, has prospered, and if the Opposition has nothing very radically different and of an obviously better character to offer, there is a tendency that leads the public mind in a direction opposed to that of change. There is always an element of uncertainty in the statu quo. I am not entering into particulars, nor discussing details, nor political programmes, I am simply giving a gratuitous opinion—and am not so foolish as to suppose that every person is obliged to accept my views.

We have an example here in Ottawa of the situation which is color. The present Government is now holding power for a second term; there is absolutely nothing to indicate that it may not remain in power for several parliaments to come. It has the support of the country in all its grand schemes of future amelioration; it has the good luck of being in a position to unfold plans affecting our commerce, our highways, and international trade, and means of transportation and everything that belongs to the future development of our resources. It is obliged to spend large sums for the attainment of these ends, but long before the time comes for the people to pronounce, there will be a sensible benefit felt in the results of such investments; and it stands to reason that the public mind will favor the retention in power of the men who conceived them. All provided nothing unforeseen happens of a wonderful character to change that view or to prove their incompetency to carry on their own work. It is, in a lesser degree, the same thing with the How Government. The development of Ontario seems to be one of the leading planks in the platform; and as long as the party in power is led by men animated with the desires and spirits of the predecessors, it seems only natural that they should receive a continuance of that support and confidence which they enjoyed in the past.

## ARCHBISHOP KELLY.

The Morning Leader's Sydney correspondent says: In the absence of Cardinal Moran the Catholic Primacy of Australia is held by the Coadjutor Archbishop Kelly, who has lately arrived from Ireland and the Continent. At a public gathering a day or two ago, he said he had something to tell Australians concerning the administration of Ireland by Dublin Castle. Sir Redvers Buller, he said, was once sent to Ireland as Under Secretary, the suggestion being that the police were not sufficient, so that he went there to rule by virtually martial law. But he came to know the people, and before long he refused to let the soldiers be used at the free disposal of the magistrates, who themselves were landlords. Archbishop Kelly continued: "I have stated these things on the steps of the Papal Throne. There ought to be an Ireland for the Irish, just as there is an Australia for the Australians. Australia is a Protestant community, but there is a strong feeling that Ireland ought to have the same self-government that the colonies possess."

## PRAYERS FOR THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The following letter was read in all the churches of the archdiocese of Westminster Sunday last: Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W., St. George's Day, 1902.  
Rev. Dear Father—I beg that you will recommend to the prayers of your flock the interests of the Catholic Church in France. The elections will take place in that country on the 27th of April; and as the cause of liberty and of religion will depend upon the result of those elections, we cannot be indifferent to the way in which they may turn. The Catholic Church in England has been all through her history, from the earliest period down to the present day, so closely connected with the steadfast faith and the inexhaustible charity of the Church of France that the Catholics of this country will gladly unite in prayer with their brethren in France upon the occasion of the present crisis. I recommend, therefore, their religious interests to the prayers of the faithful on Sunday next, and, if it be so desired, expose the Blessed Sacrament during the day for the adoration and petitions of your flock. Wishing you every blessing, I am, your faithful and devoted servant,  
Herbert Cardinal Vaughan

## China's Empress Honors Bishop

The following letter is a new and eloquent answer to the attacks directed some time ago against Mgr. Favot, the venerable Bishop of Pekin. It shows in what esteem he is held by the imperial court. A few days before the audience, an account of which we are going to give, he had received the title of mandarin of the first class, a dignity conferred on princes only and most seldom on foreigners. The letter is from the Bishop himself to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It writes:

I am sure you will be pleased to hear of the great honor conferred a few days ago on Bishop Jarlin, my coadjutor, and myself. On the 27th of February, at 10 o'clock a. m., we were received in solemn audience by Their Majesties the Empress Dowager and the Emperor of China.

Escorted by several mandarins who had been sent to meet us, we entered the palace by the western gate where we left our carriages. Twenty mandarins of the first class were awaiting us and ushered us to the apartment of Prince Kwang, who was to introduce us to their Majesties. Clothed in purple cassocks and robes we followed the Prince into the throne room. One end of it, separated from the rest by a barrier, is set apart for the meetings of the State Council; that is where we were received.

Their Majesties were seated on a throne covered with embroidered yellow silk, the Emperor on the left. A little table was before them. Having made three bows we approached the throne, and at once I began to express our gratitude to the Empress and the Emperor for the great favor shown us by granting the audience. I congratulated them on their return to Pekin and thanked them for the decrees enacted in favor of the Christians.

The Empress deigned to answer me. She said: "I perceive that the doctrine you are teaching is excellent, that the Bishops and missionaries are very good men and lead the people to do good. All the mandarins have told me that you are most just, having for so many years decided all questions with a perfect equity and love of peace which have won universal esteem. I have known you by reputation and for a long time have wished to see you. I am very much pleased at having done so."

I answered: "You Majesty has already rewarded our good will and humble efforts with High titles of mandarins, for which we thank you most sincerely. We will continue to exhort the Christians to obey faithfully the laws of the Empire and to live as brothers with their fellow-citizens, as they are members of that family to which the Empress and Emperor are father and mother."

The Empress continued: "I know you are doing all this, and am thankful for it; but in the Chinese as well as in European nations some are good, some are bad. How could it be otherwise, considering the immense population of the Empire? So also among the large number of Christians there might be some poor ones. In spite of your excellent doctrine, your perfect direction and vigilance and your love of peace. Be very careful how you choose them."

I replied: "We take the greatest care, oftentimes detaining for two years those who want to become Christians, examining whether they obey the laws and are of peaceful dispositions; once admitted, if they prove unfaithful to their promises we expel them without pity."

The Empress, interrupting me, said: "I know this, and you are doing very well. You may rely on my protection, and peace will not be disturbed anew."

In the course of our conversation I had informed the Empress that Pope Leo XIII., 92 years old, had asked me about her; so her last words were: "I wish that the Pope may have many days to live full of peace and happiness."

Out of respect for the Empress the Emperor did not speak at length, but both his words and looks were marked with the utmost kindness. The audience lasted about half an hour, the Empress addressing us with a great simplicity in the mandarin language, with which we are sufficiently familiar. Her Majesty seems to be a person of great intelligence and possessed of a keen mind; although she is over 65 years old she looks hardly 50. The Emperor is intelligent, his eye is clear and penetrating and he seems to enjoy excellent health.

Their Majesties have made the best impression on us, and we cannot doubt the sincerity of the kind words of the Empress. That audience gives us great confidence for the future.

I believe that on her side the Empress was well satisfied with our visit, since the following day she gave orders to Prince Tsun to write us an official letter informing us that their Majesties had raised my coadjutor to the dignity of the red globe and myself to the higher dignity of the peacock feathers.

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## The Pope and The Coronation

We give below a translation of the letter sent by Cardinal Rampolla to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster:

"Most Eminent Lord—I am happy to inform Your Eminence that the Holy Father, in his desire that Catholics throughout the British Empire may more easily participate in the festivities that will mark the Coronation of His Majesty the King, has deigned to dispense them from the law of abstinence on Friday, the 27th June, and from the law of fasting and abstinence on the Saturday following, which is the vigil of the Feast of St. Peter and Paul.

"But it is the desire of the Holy Father that Catholics should make up for this dispensation by the recital of certain prayers, the choice of which he remits to the judgment of Your Eminence.

"Your Eminence is also authorized to communicate the above dispensation to the episcopate, so that it may be duly brought to the knowledge of the faithful.

"I readily avail myself of this occasion to repeat the assurance of profound veneration with which, etc.

"I am, Your Eminence's humble and devoted servant.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA  
"Rome, 15th April, 1902."

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## THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND

London, May 3.—In the Court of King's Bench to-day, the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Darling and Channell heard the case of the King versus Kennedy, a metropolitan police magistrate. Some time since a rule nisi was obtained calling upon Mr. Kennedy, magistrate at Bow street, to show cause why a mandamus should not issue ordering him to hear and determine an application made to him for a summons by Rev. Charles Stirling, on behalf of the Protestant Alliance, against the Rev. Sydney Smith, Rev. Herbert Thurston and Rev. J. Gerard, who are Jesuits, in Farm street, Mayfair, and are alleged by applicant to have committed offences under the Catholic Emancipation Act, certain sections of which provide for penalties against Jesuits remaining in this country more than six months after the passing of the Act against Jesuits, who might come into this country subsequently, and against those admitted as Jesuits within the country.

Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Hugo Young, and Mr. Denis O'Connor appeared to show cause against the rule on behalf of the Jesuit Fathers, and Mr. Sutton on behalf of the magistrate; whilst Mr. Horace Avory and Mr. Hiron appeared in support of the rule.

The chief point insisted upon by Sir Edward Clarke was that the whole scheme of the Act was a public one, and private individuals could not be allowed to put the Act in force, and therefore he argued the magistrate had rightly exercised his discretion.

Mr. Hugo Young and Mr. Sutton also addressed the court on the same side.

Mr. Horace Avory said the question at issue was the important constitutional one of the right of the individual to institute proceedings for criminal offences, and quoted from Sir James Stephens' "History of Criminal Law" in support of his contention that this right existed in England.

The Lord Chief Justice said their lordships were all of opinion that the private individual might institute proceedings under certain circumstances.

Mr. Avory proceeded to argue that the magistrate had not exercised his jurisdiction.

The Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment, said the magistrate had refused the summons not because the Act was obsolete, but in the exercise of his discretion. He seemed to have taken into consideration, and rightly so, the fact that the Penal Sections had never been put into force, and that the Act was evidently intended only to be put in force, if at all, by the Crown or its representatives. He was therefore of opinion that the magistrate had acted properly, and the rule must therefore be discharged.

Justice Darling concurred, and said the Penal Clauses of the Act were contrary to and inconsistent with the spirit of the age.

Justice Channell also concurred. The rule was therefore discharged.

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Out of respect for the Empress the Emperor did not speak at length, but both his words and looks were marked with the utmost kindness. The audience lasted about half an hour, the Empress addressing us with a great simplicity in the mandarin language, with which we are sufficiently familiar. Her Majesty seems to be a person of great intelligence and possessed of a keen mind; although she is over 65 years old she looks hardly 50. The Emperor is intelligent, his eye is clear and penetrating and he seems to enjoy excellent health.

Their Majesties have made the best impression on us, and we cannot doubt the sincerity of the kind words of the Empress. That audience gives us great confidence for the future.

I believe that on her







CHILDREN'S CORNER

A PLUCKY LAD.

"Good morning—Mr. Wilson, I believe." The pleasant voice gave the speaker a welcome at the desk of the wall florist not always accorded to visitors possessing no business cards. "That's my name, young man. What can I do for you?" The florist looked keenly over the young fellow's face and took note of his sturdy figure and roughly neat clothing. "I am out of work, sir, and ventured to ask to see you personally. I need a job pretty badly. I will do anything—sweep out your office, tend house or drive team."

WHY STAY PALE.

A pity to see pale girls stay pale and dull when it is so easy to get Scott's Emulsion.

One of the best things Scott's Emulsion does is to give rich blood to pale girls.

The result of regular doses of Scott's Emulsion is an increase not only in the red color of the blood and in the appetite but in the good looks and bright manners which are the real charm of perfect health.

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or mean ability. All experience shows that there is nothing in this fact which should dishearten any beginner in a calling. It is not brilliant ability, but resolution and persistence that as a rule win the prizes of life. It is proverbial that "slow but sure wins the race." A tortoise on the right road will beat a horse on the wrong road. Slowness is far less a foe to success than sloth. Quickness of parts often proves a disadvantage, since a boy who acquires knowledge quickly will often forget it as quickly, and again, because he sees no necessity for that strenuous application and dogged perseverance which a dull, slow youth is compelled to manifest and which are the strict means of success in every career.

It is a notorious fact that worldly success depends far less upon the general superiority of one's intellectual powers than on special adaptation to the work in hand. Modest talent, steadily applied, will achieve more useful results and in the end win higher respect than ability of a high order whose temper is too fine for the drudgery and mechanical arts of a profession. The astonishing variety of talents which some men display is often acquired at the dear price of comparative feebleness in every part.

In reading biographies of eminent men one is surprised to learn what great things have been achieved by men who in youth were pronounced dull. Histories of their careers are full of encouragement to timid, self-distrusting beginners in life. Among the illustrious dunces—dull and even stupid boys, but most successful men—were Justus von Liebig, called "Hooley Liebig," by his schoolmates, who, when he replied to a question by his teacher, said that he intended to be a chemist, and provoked a burst of derision from the whole school, yet lived to become one of the greatest chemists of the nineteenth century; Tommaso Guidi, the great painter, the precursor of Raphael—whose works were studied by the latter and by Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, yet who was known as "Heavy Tom" when a boy; Thomas Chatterton, who was sent home from school as "a fool, of whom nothing can be made," Isaac Barrow, a quick-tempered, pugnacious and idle boy at school, but in manhood a celebrated mathematician and preacher, Dean Swift, "plucked" at Dublin University, Richard II Sheridan, the brilliant wit, playwright and orator, but "an incurable dunce" at school; Thomas Chalmers, one of Great Britain's most noted pulpit orators; John Howard, the noted philanthropist, and even William Jones, who, besides writing various legal and other solid works, distinguished himself as a judge in India and at his death, at the early age of forty-eight years, had mastered twenty-eight languages.

Not less illustrious than this roll of dunces were Robert Burns, a dull learner at school, Adam Clarke, "a grievous dunce," as his father said, in his boyhood, the "dull scholar," Napoleon, and Wellington, characterized by his mother as a dunce, who was only "fool for powder," "Useless" Grant, as Ulysses was termed by his mother, and "Robert Clive," "the heaven-born general," as Lord Chatham styled him, who, a dunce at school, was sent to get rid of him as a clerk to India, proud, poor and irritable, but who entered the British army, rose to high command and laid the foundations of that mighty Oriental empire which has been the source of such enormous wealth to Great Britain. Last, but not least—perhaps the most marvelous blockhead of all in the long roll—was Walter Scott, of whom his teacher, Prof. Andrew Dalzell, said that "dunce he is and dunce he will remain," and who, visiting the school when at the zenith of his fame, asked to see its dunce, and when taken to him, gave him a half-sovereign, saying: "There, take that, for keeping my seat warm."

Let no one, therefore, despair of success because he thinks he has little ability. He may be mistaken, but if not, his own talent, if carefully cultivated and strengthened, may win for him an enviable success. If he is dull, his dullness may be but temporary, like Oliver Goldsmith, he may be one of those plants that flower late. Like Stephen A. Douglas, when he was studying law, he may be slow in grasping a principle, but, as with "the little giant," when it is once grasped it may be his own forever. The author of "Self-Formation," a work full of inspiration and ripe wisdom, which, when published

in 1837 by Charles Knight, fell almost dead from the press, but which I wish could be read by every young man who cares for self-culture, goes so far in the following stirring passage as to say that if he were to begin life anew he would actually prefer to start as a dunce rather than as a genius. "Above all else," he says, "away with the cabalistic nonsense of the prerogative of the man of genius, the predominance of the natal star. If the plea of inability to rise above his nature is good for the dunce, it is good for the knave also. For myself, I declare solemnly that if I were to begin life anew, without any other experience than the certainty, such as I now hold it, of intellectual quasi-perfectibility, I should choose to begin it as a dunce rather than as a boy of genius. The certainty that I have spoken of would sustain me and animate me and move me in my endeavors to improve myself from the lowest to the highest rank, and I should have all the pleasure of the pursuit—an inextinguishable pleasure in such a region—together with the conscious anticipation of success, the assurance of the crowning glory."—William Matthews in Success.

Dickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said "er to fall." It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

THE WANDER-SPIRIT. (By Charlotte Becker) When the Earth is warm with 'promise, And the springtides overflow— The old Wander-Spirit calls me Over all the world to go. Everywhere I feel its bidding. Everywhere its mysteries— Laughing from the blowing blossoms, Singing from the budded trees. Down the dikes I hear a whisper Spells that change the twilight's gray. Into one vast snare of beauty, Luring solitude away. And, as children in the sunset, Long to seek the pot of gold— Eager for the far-off treasure Their slight hands may never hold. So I long to reach the secret Of the distant, unknown ways, Where the Wander-Spirit's vassals Reap glad harvest of the days.

WOMAN'S TRUE GREATNESS (Written for The Register) If women would but realize that the highest, holiest station they can occupy in this fair Dominion of ours, is being queen of the hearth and home, and mother of men and women, born and bred with noble and lofty aspirations for the well being of the race, a great deal that we hear of "their want of scope" and "proper sphere," etc., would die a natural death. God Himself gave to woman her mission in this world—that of maternity—I do not mean the mere bearing of children, I mean the perpetuation of the human race. What a mighty trust! What government be it ever so kindly disposed, would in trust to her such a responsible charge? God and nature have given to woman the very first opportunities of sowing in the hearts of men the seeds of uprightness, truth and honor, and if woman fails in her mission it is largely due to her own unfitness for the responsible and honorable position of "Mother."

Cecil Rhodes and Loyola (From The Messenger for May) Grateful as the comparison between Ignatius of Loyola and John Bunyan in The American Catholic Quarterly Review for April may seem the comparison between the Saint and Cecil Rhodes, which some of our newspapers are at present attempting, and which, according to Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, was suggested by Mr. Rhodes himself, is much less to the purpose indeed it serves no purpose at all, except to emphasize the contrast between the two men. All who are familiar with the plan and scope of the society founded by St. Ignatius, know that he did not limit his view to a British-American or other racial federation, but to a world-wide union of men seeking to establish not merely an empire, or to express Mr. Rhodes' idea precisely, an oligarchy of this world, but the universal kingdom of Christ. He wanted no secrecy, no accumulation of wealth, no monopoly of power, on the contrary, he required his followers to renounce these very means and to cut themselves off by vow from the possibility of spending in pursuit of them the time and energy they were sworn to devote to the spiritual welfare of men. Least of all men did he and his followers subscribe to the maxim which seemed to be a first principle in the philosophy of the British Imperialist, that the end may justify unlawful means, and last of all would he be so suggest to men such an unworthy motive as to pool their wealth in a vast commercial enterprise simply to be rid of the annoyance of thinking to which of their incompetent relatives they would leave their ill-gotten or inherited wealth. Ignatius had his day dreams, but like all truly great men, he labored until he made them realities. Like the great mine owner, he had, indulged in visions of worldly greatness to be achieved by feats of arms and by loyal service in the empire which in his day seemed destined to be of paramount importance among the nations, yet, noble as this ambition might be, he recognized the fact that but too often it is used as a pretext for the selfishness and injustice which are at the root of all the evils of society, and accordingly he resolutely enlisted himself in the service of Christ as a means of working more effectually for the peace and welfare of the world incidentally.

Mr. Rhodes' "secret society," organized like Loyola's, supported by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something, may serve to show how men who are keen to appreciate the value of material things and the possibilities of mental cultivation, allow themselves to be deceived by hearsay and traditional prejudices about religion and its higher spiritual creations. No doubt the fortunate winners of the Oxford scholarships founded so generously by Mr. Rhodes may strive to make his dream a reality, and it is not improbable that some of them will, how his first recruits were obtained in the University of Paris and, like so many of their predecessors in Oxford they may recognize that it can do immensely more for the peace and welfare of the world than the secret society dreamed of by the man who precipitated a war which has cost his country twenty times more than his own vast fortune.

HOW TO GROW CARNATIONS The carnation like a sunny situation and should be free from the immediate neighborhood of taller plants. A little soil and ashes may be scattered between the rows and work into the soil with benefit to the plants. They should be cultivated thoroughly during the summer and abundantly supplied with water. Carnations, from seed grown in the open ground, will not give many flowers the first season, being properly a biennial, but should be well protected during winter, and the following summer will give quantities of flowers until cut down by frost. The plants that have been grown in pots should be shifted into larger pots from time to time as the pots fill with roots, disturbing the ball of earth as little as possible, weak liquid manure may be given once a week after the plants are in four inch pots, increasing the amount somewhat as fall approaches and buds appear. By November the plants should be in four or five inch pots and ready to bloom. Buds that appear during summer should be removed and the strength of the plant reserved for winter blooming. A sunny window in winter, where the temperature will not rise much above 55 degrees, is most congenial to the carnation, the usual air and temperature of the living room being much too warm and dry for them. A room away from direct heat, that is one that receives its heat from another room, suits them admirably and this room should be thoroughly aired every day, care being taken to protect the plants from draughts while this is being done. A screen that can be pushed between the plants and the open door is a great convenience and protection.—J. D. Bennett in May Pilgrim.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT when you are leaving home to buy "The D & L" Menthol Plaster. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, headache, stitches. Avoid every thing said to be just as good. Get the genuine, made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.



THE WANDER-SPIRIT. (By Charlotte Becker) When the Earth is warm with 'promise, And the springtides overflow— The old Wander-Spirit calls me Over all the world to go.

THE GARDEN OF WILD FLOWERS May is the month when everyone wants to make a garden. In the back yards of happy homes you will see the children working intently with miniature hoe, rake, and shovel, or peering with rapt interest into their open packets of seed. Now is the time to make a wild garden. A wild garden is not a garden run wild; it is a place where wild flowers are cultivated. This idea comes as a surprise to many people. "Why, I don't know that wild flowers could be cultivated!" they exclaim. They do not stop to think that every cultivated plant must be a wild flower somewhere, or at least have a wild prototype. The next question is, "Are there enough American wild flowers to make a garden of them?" The answer is, "There are hosts of them."

God Himself gave to woman her mission in this world—that of maternity—I do not mean the mere bearing of children, I mean the perpetuation of the human race. What a mighty trust! What government be it ever so kindly disposed, would in trust to her such a responsible charge? God and nature have given to woman the very first opportunities of sowing in the hearts of men the seeds of uprightness, truth and honor, and if woman fails in her mission it is largely due to her own unfitness for the responsible and honorable position of "Mother."

Gratitude is the fairest blossom that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none so fragrant, while its opponent, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

THE WHOLE STORY IN A LETTER: Pain-Killer (FRANK PATTS) From Capt. F. Lora, Police Station No. 5, Montreal: "We frequently use FRANK PATTS' Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, foot lock, sciatica, neuralgia, and all affections which fall men in our profession. I have no hesitation in saying that FRANK PATTS' is the best remedy I have ever used."

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White Label Ale Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF. The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

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Poor people can stand a great deal when winter is taken out of their lives.



The Catholic Register

Published every Thursday by THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK P. CRONIN, Editor and Manager.

Telephone, Main 439 THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1903

A FEARFUL CATASTROPHE!

The most appalling volcanic upheaval of which we have any record or knowledge is reported from the group of the Lesser Antilles off the eastern coast of Central America.

When the appeals on the hustings are thus addressed to personal considerations, it is right that papers like The Register, having no leaning in party issues, should be heard.

Let us take for example the office of the Provincial Secretary and the personality of the man who fills it. Hon. Mr. Stratton has been especially prominent before the Legislature.

The disturbance has not been confined to the French colony. The British island of St. Vincent contains a volcanic mouth, called La Soufriere, which has also been belching forth fire and steam.

St. Pierre was a beautiful as well as an historic city. It was the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, whose statue graced one of its leading squares.

In the meantime the world will wait in awe for details of the disaster. It is to be hoped that no community will spare its means to aid the sufferers from a horror that dreads the mind and terrifies the understanding.

The Register believes that if there is one member of the Government more than another who deserves the approval of an increased majority at the hands of his constituents, that

A MODEL CABINET MINISTER.

The contest now in progress between the Ontario political parties is one in which men rather than issues are concerned. This is not only the case in point of fact, it is the definite intention of the contestants.

That the popular valuation of the campaign has been complacently accepted by the leaders themselves is sufficiently evident from the Government battlesign, "Remember Ross," and the counter solicitation of the Opposition, "Don't forget Whitney."

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THE DECISION

We have read the two column judgment of the Lord Chief Justice of England, touching the legal status of Jesuits in the United Kingdom under the Catholic Emancipation Act.

The origin of the case was in the police court of a London magistrate, to whom a lot of cranks known as the Protestant Alliance, made application for summonses against Fathers Sydney Smith, Herbert Thurston and John Gerard, on the charge that they were Jesuits.

But to think that it was the "joyal North," Belfast no less, that deserted the Empire first! Surely Capt. Mahan and the anti-Rome rulers are barking up the wrong tree when they croak only about the discontented element that inhabits the south and west.

There is no doubt of the serious side of Mr. Morgan's achievement. It not only threatens British commerce but actually controls it. The Imperial Government may assert itself to keep British trade under the imperial flag, but such a policy would involve an expenditure larger than the billon and a half that the Boer war has already cost.

AN INDECENT TRICK. An Ottawa Methodist minister, named Salem G. Bland, tried to create a public sensation on Sunday last by publishing from his pulpit a letter which he had received from the late Principal Grant. The letter read: "Thanks for your utterance on the paltry attitude of the Government and Opposition. And there isn't a single man in Parliament who has the pluck to utter the real voice of Canada. It is doubly necessary for men who would otherwise keep quiet to speak out. I felt keenly the beggarly way in which we sent our last poor contingent; but the answer of the Government to Chamberlain's invitation to discuss matters of general interest was worse, and yet not a man on either side to speak out. The pulpit refrains too much from dealing with national affairs."

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS. The rebalancing in the French elections was held last Sunday, and the result is again favorable to the Government. This matter of rebalancing is at least something for which the French deserve credit. Where a clear majority of the voters has not been polled by the highest candidate, a second election is necessitated. It was a foregone conclusion that the first balloting having shown a Ministerial majority, the figures would not be upset by the second election.

CAPTIVATION OF BELFAST. Capt. Mahan, late of the United States navy, is still struggling desperately to destroy the traces of his Irish extraction. It was not enough that he developed Anglomania of a severe type. He has now taken up the discussion of the domestic policy of Great Britain and advises Englishmen to keep Ireland down. In an article in The National Review, he says that as Ireland lies across the ocean of Great Britain to the outer world it is the one spot which British dominion will certainly select when they wish to strike a vital blow at the Empire.

J. Pierpont Morgan is of the same mind. Mr. Morgan has undertaken to finish the task of the Hoers and "stagger humanity" by putting England out of business. He has tormented an Atlantic shipping combine, which, at one fell stroke, makes an end of British supremacy on the sea and transfers the altitudes of practically all the subsidized mail carriers to the State of New Jersey. There is a place in London and the King himself is said to be alarmed the small boys down in the banks of the new sovereign State, all the way from Sandy Hook to Patterson, are singing the refrain:

Rule New Jersey, Rule New Jersey, Rule New Jersey rules the waves.

Mr. John P. Morgan has struck this vital blow at England's maritime power on Irish soil. Belfast capitulated to him before the King or his advisers in London, heard a whisper of the invasion. Harland & Wolff, the greatest shipbuilders of the world, have made a treaty with Morgan that they will build ships only for his combine. The Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, Privy Counsellor to the King, a representative of the "joyal North," has actually sold the "old flag" and run up the Stars and Stripes over the city of Belfast. The cable despatches of Monday declared that King Edward is considering the advisability of expelling Mr. Pirrie from his Privy Council. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been offering His Majesty such consolation as he was able to give, not in the shape of a library this time, but in the way of philosophic advice. "It is the dividends that tell," says Mr. Carnegie. It is true.

THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN. Catholic Times: There has been some evidence in the daily papers showing that the ultra-critical and sceptical attitude of British Protestant writers on the subject of relics is undergoing a change. A number of the newspapers have in fact been somewhat disposed to accept the genuineness of the Holy Shroud of Turin, whilst a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Thurston, publicly expresses the opposite view. According to Dr. Paul Vignon, an eminent French scientist and a teacher of zoology at the Sorbonne, who has been carrying on investigations, the results of which have just been made known by M. Delage, his colleague at the Sorbonne, the shroud bears upon it, traced in hues of brown, a double impression of the figure of Our Lord, the outlines of the face and back having reproduced themselves with wonderful exactness. Dr. Vignon's researches have been such as led him to believe that they corroborate certain well-known details in the Gospel narrative. On the other hand, Father Thurston, S. J., in letters to The Times, points out that the Abbe Ulysse Chevalier, a loyal Catholic and a scholar of distinction, claims to have proved to demonstration that the linen winding sheet exhibited at Turin is a spurious relic manufactured in the fourteenth century and that Pope Clement VII. allowed it to be exhibited only on condition that it was clearly explained to the people that it was not the true Winding Sheet, but a representation of it. Father Thurston evidently agrees with the Abbe Chevalier.

At the St. Patrick's Day gathering in Sydney, Australia, Mr. Barton, the Premier of the Commonwealth, attended. Dr. Kelly, Cardinal Moran's successor, was one of the speakers. He told his hearers of what is going on in Ireland. He recalled the incident of Sir Redvers Buller's evidence about the National League being the "salvation of the people." "I am not sure," the Archbishop proceeded, "that I am not doing an impudent thing in mentioning the name of Sir Andrew Ross. But I am anxious to give my authority for my statement. I knew Sir Andrew Ross—knew him to be an honorable man, and one who had raised the Irish po-

possibility. Mr. Ross is not the man to raise a demagogic cry against the interests of Canada like the Ottawa minister with the Yankee name, who has made a dead man's brief letter his excuse. Principal Grant was a man of unstable opinions. His thoughts were impulsive and subject to quick change. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Barton have need for harder leads in dealing with the Jingo proposals of Mr. Chamberlain and his school, to bring the colonies back under the old discarded system of imperial militarism.

THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT. Since the days of the late Egerton Ryerson there was not in the whole of Canada an exemplar of the clergyman in politics to compare with the Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, whose death, after a long and painful illness, was announced last week. While Dr. Ryerson made his way in the field of politics by an aggressive force, Dr. Grant's chief characteristic was persevering suavity. His voice was invariably heard in whatever direction public opinion was going, and though occasionally late in catching up, he was never missed from the side of the majority at the finish. This is not said in any sense of fault-finding or criticism. Principal Grant's public career was simply ruled by his impulsive desire to promote harmony of opinion upon questions that threatened bitter discussion and division. If he calculated at all it was upon the creation of a balance of opinion that would promote settlement. This, of course, is the same as saying that he was a man without prejudices. And indeed he was. He was frequently known to change his view, but one abiding conviction he had was against race friction. For this alone he deserved the place conceded to him as a leader of men in the Dominion. He inherited from his own race his faith in pulpit politics. The amazing thing, perhaps, was that he never tried to get into Parliament. He had no strong opponents, certainly no enemies, and could more easily have found a constituency than other ministers who have adopted politics as the active business of life. It was with genuine and general regret the public heard some time ago that Dr. Grant was critically ill, and it is with the same feeling all classes have heard of his death, which is a distinct, if not an irreparable loss to the University which he built up.

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THE HOLY SHROUD OF TURIN. Catholic Times: There has been some evidence in the daily papers showing that the ultra-critical and sceptical attitude of British Protestant writers on the subject of relics is undergoing a change. A number of the newspapers have in fact been somewhat disposed to accept the genuineness of the Holy Shroud of Turin, whilst a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Thurston, publicly expresses the opposite view. According to Dr. Paul Vignon, an eminent French scientist and a teacher of zoology at the Sorbonne, who has been carrying on investigations, the results of which have just been made known by M. Delage, his colleague at the Sorbonne, the shroud bears upon it, traced in hues of brown, a double impression of the figure of Our Lord, the outlines of the face and back having reproduced themselves with wonderful exactness. Dr. Vignon's researches have been such as led him to believe that they corroborate certain well-known details in the Gospel narrative. On the other hand, Father Thurston, S. J., in letters to The Times, points out that the Abbe Ulysse Chevalier, a loyal Catholic and a scholar of distinction, claims to have proved to demonstration that the linen winding sheet exhibited at Turin is a spurious relic manufactured in the fourteenth century and that Pope Clement VII. allowed it to be exhibited only on condition that it was clearly explained to the people that it was not the true Winding Sheet, but a representation of it. Father Thurston evidently agrees with the Abbe Chevalier.

At the St. Patrick's Day gathering in Sydney, Australia, Mr. Barton, the Premier of the Commonwealth, attended. Dr. Kelly, Cardinal Moran's successor, was one of the speakers. He told his hearers of what is going on in Ireland. He recalled the incident of Sir Redvers Buller's evidence about the National League being the "salvation of the people." "I am not sure," the Archbishop proceeded, "that I am not doing an impudent thing in mentioning the name of Sir Andrew Ross. But I am anxious to give my authority for my statement. I knew Sir Andrew Ross—knew him to be an honorable man, and one who had raised the Irish po-

possibility. Mr. Ross is not the man to raise a demagogic cry against the interests of Canada like the Ottawa minister with the Yankee name, who has made a dead man's brief letter his excuse. Principal Grant was a man of unstable opinions. His thoughts were impulsive and subject to quick change. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Barton have need for harder leads in dealing with the Jingo proposals of Mr. Chamberlain and his school, to bring the colonies back under the old discarded system of imperial militarism.

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force to a high state of profecy — and I may be excused for repeating to you what Sir Andrew once said to me. He said that he never took part in any evulsion in which right was not on the side of the tenant. I have stated these things," continued Archbishop Kelly, "on the steps of the Papal Throne. There ought to be an Ireland for the Irish, just as there is an Australia for the Australians." And he declared that if the King was in a position to act as a wise king should in regard to Ireland, he would call in John Redmond and John Dillon to form a native Government to solve the Irish question. "It was noticeable," says the Sydney correspondent of one of the London papers, "that Mr. Barton, himself a Protestant, frequently cheered the Archbishop's remarks, which have been quoted widely and with approval throughout the Colonial Press."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE A VALUABLE BOOK on Nervous Diseases... Koenig Med. Co., 9 Franklin St. Chicago

GRAND TRUNK "ALWAYS THE" Buffalo Express

Leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m. Daily South Parkdale 9.06 a.m. In The Favorite Train between Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Eastern Points

Hotels Empress Hotel

Corner of Yonge and South Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.50 per day. Single Beds from the Union Station every 15 Minutes. NICHOLAS COSETTE - PROPRIETOR.

First Communion PRAYER BOOKS—White, from 25c to \$1.00 each. ROSARIES—Imitation Pearl and Pearl, from 25c to \$2.50 each. Certificates, Medals and Badges. BLAKE'S Catholic Book Store 206 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO Phone Park 222

THE haste to get rich often leads many a person who has money to invest to speculate in bonds and stocks ground out by speculators during good times when everything is on the boom, and which, when times are hard and the investor is most likely to need his money, must be sold at a great loss. We would advise you not to speculate with this class of stock but to invest your money in the Debentures of the Standard Loan Company, which bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable half yearly; interest coupons are attached to debenture made payable to bearer.

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Typewriters All makes, rented \$2.00 to \$5.00 per month. TORONTO.

TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tenders for Clearing Right of Way," will be received at this office until noon, Friday, the 23rd day of May, 1903, for the clearing of the first two sections of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, extending twenty miles northward from North Bay, Que. Plans and specifications of the work may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the Chief Engineer at North Bay, or at the Department of Public Works, Ontario. Tenders will not be considered unless made in the form supplied for this purpose by the Department of Public Works, and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering. An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works, for \$500, must accompany the work order. The check will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract for the work at the rate and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted cheques thus sent in will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted. The Department does not bind itself to accept any tender. P. R. LAMCHORD, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Toronto, Ontario, 7th May, 1902. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1902

SEALED tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received up to noon on MONDAY, MAY 25th, 1902, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, under the following conditions: London, Hamilton and Brockville Asylums and Central Prison, as noted:— Asylum for Insane, Toronto. Hard coal—1,250 tons large egg size, 200 tons small egg size, 500 tons soft coal—500 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

Asylum for Insane, London. Hard coal—2,600 tons small egg size, 200 tons large egg size, 500 tons soft coal—500 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings, 15 tons stove size.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston. Hard coal—1,200 tons large egg size, 200 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 500 tons hard screenings, 500 tons soft screenings, 15 tons stove size.

Asylum for Insane, Hamilton. Hard coal—3,575 tons small egg size, 475 tons stove size, 145 tons chestnut size, 500 tons large egg size, 500 tons soft coal—500 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings. Of the above quantity 2,000 tons may not be required until 1st January, 1903.

Asylum for Insane, Mimico. Hard coal—1,800 tons large egg size, 120 tons stove size, 165 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 50 cords green.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Hard coal—800 tons large egg size, 90 tons small egg size, 15 tons stove size, 14 tons nut size.

# REMEMBER ROSS

—ON—

# MAY 29TH

Your Vote and Influence respectfully  
requested for



**L. V. McBRADY**  
Reform Candidate for EAST TORONTO



**W. B. ROGERS**  
Reform Candidate for SOUTH TORONTO

**RE-ELECT** The Party of Progress  
The Developers of New Ontario

# BUILD UP ONTARIO



HER ONLY LOVE

(By Miss Blanc)

What kind of a girl? Tell me about her... Well, there were four... you'll see...

"I caught many others like that in newspapers, by chance, forgetting the beginnings and the ends. I kept out the parts I needed—for instance, just enough to imagine the ocean or to fancy I really saw the butterflies...

Her expressive eyebrows contracted slightly, her lips parted hesitatingly. "Yes, perhaps... once... I was no longer very young. But it would have separated us. I didn't want to..."

And I understood that it was only one more sacrifice made to the idol. This idol's name was Aimee, a tiny idol, the most fragile one ever surrounded by adoring and fervent ones...

While her tears still continued to flow under the majestic crape head-dress she now wore, Madame Ferou no longer remembered her former objections to science, she had been told that education paid...

"She neglects herself too much; but, after all, how could she, at her age and with such a face, have a proper taste for dress?" thought Aimee, every time Louise tried a new dress on her.

"All habit," mused Aimee, with her hands in her maid. After a difficult examination, Aimee's over-strained, over-excited nerves felt the effort—she became anaemic. The physicians advised sea-bathing, and Louise thought she would go mad when she recognized that these were beyond her means.

"Another hysterical woman!" It is so easy to say that. The day when there shall be none but well-balanced minds in the world it will all be over for all kinds of berism. That hysterical woman was, however, perfectly able to control herself. She choked down her jealousy, her humiliations, she never confessed them to a soul, never acknowledged what a terrible blow the departure of her sister had been to her.

"As if all children were not alike," mused Madame Ferou, incredulously. "It's all your fancy. It won't do her much good going to school all the time! It would be better to train her to take my place little by little, now that I'm not able to do housework for others."

"Housework!" retorted Louise indignantly. "No housework, nor dress-making! She's above all that. Don't you see that she's always at the head of her class? Her teachers say that she learns all she wants to without any trouble. Such a good, reasonable, studious child! She'll... Yes, you'll succeed, my treasure! She would say to her little sister, 'And in reality the latter had made up her mind to succeed. She had a firm will and a character to match the tender, foolish, and passionate things that Louise said to her wearing her a little as being exaggerations to which it would have been impossible for her to respond, but...'

ter—how long those days and nights seemed to Louise!—the providential agent returned, bringing good news. "Madame thought the person might wait, but would like to see her." And then only did Louise confess that she had spoken of her sister.

"Now listen to me, my girl," said the old woman, very plainly. "I'll be frank with you, this may spoil everything. They'll be afraid that the teacher has not learned good enough manners on a workman's family, and all the more as your father..."

Louise bought and made up all the family mourning, paid all the funeral expenses, and nursed her mother, who had taken to her bed and would not be comforted now she was no longer beaten.

"Yes, the future belongs to me! It is a great satisfaction to owe nothing to anyone but yourself! I can well say that I have made myself whatever I am!"

"She thinks everything can be learned from books," said Louise to herself, the only time I ever discovered a certain bitterness in her thoughts.

"Another hysterical woman!" That women ought to have had all the care of her own household, a husband and children, a natural life, without excessive ambitions. She has reached for the unattainable, and has broken her neck.

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Equal ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Office: Land Security Chambers, 2, W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

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SCOTT, SCOTT & CURLE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. Supreme and Exchequer Court Agents. OTTAWA, ONT.

Rowley's Portraits. Secured the Gold Medal at Paris Diploma. Now on view at the studio, 43 Spadina Ave.

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Architects ARTHUR W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT. 170 Spadina Ave. Telephone Main 200.

Financial MONEY TO LOAN ON City and Farm Properties; builders' loans, lowest rates. R. W. WHITMAN, Manager, Toronto.

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C. J. MURPHY, H. L. HENRY. OFFICIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Etc. 100 Queen's Quay West, Toronto.



# LORD HUNTLEIGH

OR A  
MODERN NEMESIS  
(By Margaret Kelly)

## CHAPTER XI.

Osborne Clive was shut up in his study in Wimpole street meditating on fate in general and its unkindness to him in particular. Before speaking to Nurse Dorothy on the subject nearest his heart his love for her had been warm and deep, but since obstacles had arisen in the course of that love it has been fanned by these obstructions (as is so often the case) into a white heat. His was real love—the love that only comes to us once in a lifetime, and which, if rejected or set aside, leaves a scar upon the heart which even old Time himself cannot efface. Such being the case, he was not going to allow himself to be baffled by trifles—it must be something serious indeed which would keep him and Dollie asunder. He had a certain faith in his own intuition that she was all he believed her to be, notwithstanding her assertion as to her possessing a history Mr Clive was not a novel reader—in fact, outside his profession he knew singularly little of the great world in which he lived. The woman from whom he had derived most of his notions of women was his mother, whose memory he now loved and revered as that of a saint, and his chivalrous nature was apt to endow all other women with a reflection of the graces and virtues he had seen in her. Thus he had no doubts or misgivings about Dollie and after thinking out the question arrived at the conclusion that her "past" could not be such as to prevent the carrying out of his designs. Her people perhaps were not his equals in social position. He recalled the scene in which he had witnessed her kissing the old man—probably her father, he conjectured—at the hospital door. The obstacle would, however, be as nothing to him. What did he care? His love was not to be barred by distinctions of caste. What a mere mockery and travesty of love was that which first sought to know whether the beloved was one degree higher or lower in the social scale—or, worse still, whether the gold of the loved one weighed more or less in the balance! Osborne Clive had a soul above such calculations—though he could never have loved where goodness and refinement were wanting. Beauty and education were recommendations, as the advertisements say, but not absolute essentials. Having disposed of the question of social equality, he had yet to deal with Dollie's own statement about events in her past life, and now there also troubled him the likeness between her and the child adopted by Mrs. Clifton. He began to repent of his promise to Dollie not to mention the affair of his love to her without her permission. But Providence was kind to him. He had gone through a day of hard work which had culminated in the performance of three very tiresome operations. The last of the three patients was one from Nurse Dorothy's ward, and Mr. Clive fully expected to see her in charge. He liked her to bring his patients up to the "theatre," she was so very useful in controlling and soothing them before the giving of the anaesthetics. To-day he was much annoyed, as this patient of Nurse Dorothy's was wretchedly hysterical, declaring, as soon as she found herself in the presence of the house surgeon and others that she would not have the operation performed at all. At another time our surgeon would have shown himself possessed of an unlimited stock of patience; so it came as a surprise to his confidantes, attendants and nurses alike, when he turned round quickly, with unwonted severity of manner, and said: "Come, come! Let us have an end of this nonsense. Is it to be done or not?" Then, evidently astonished at his own warmth and as though to palliate somewhat the effect of his words, he added half peevishly, half warmly: "Why isn't Nurse Dorothy here?" "She is not on duty this afternoon," answered the nurse who was in charge, rather haughtily. At last, weary in mind and body, Osborne Clive's labors were over for the day. He was passing through the corridor, out of which opened various reception and committee rooms, etc., when it occurred to him to go into one and write a letter which he could post on his way to Wimpole street. With the characteristic energy and haste with which he always set about doing that on which his mind was bent, he opened the door of the room nearest to him, and had advanced almost to the table which was placed in the middle before he became aware that the apartment was occupied. Before he had time to retreat after an apology Mrs. Clifton came towards him, and then his heart began to beat wildly as he saw that Nurse Dorothy was also of the company.

"Are you in a desperate hurry, Mr. Clive? A doctor's life is very terrible I think. You are always rushing from pillar to post. Do sit down for a moment and talk to me. Baby and I have come to see Nurse Dorothy before we go away into the country. Of course you know Nurse—she is one of your staff."

Doctor and nurse greeted each other with polite formality, the quicker politeness of their hearts only giving inward evidence of their feelings.

Mr. Clive's sojourn was a very short one. With the excuse of pressure of business he soon made it convenient to take his leave, and with heart and brain in a whirl he found his way home, where he could not rest until he had despatched a letter to Nurse Dorothy. It begged her to release him from his promise made on the occasion of his last interview with her, and also made a renewal of all his former overtures. It was couched in such delicately worded phrases, and was yet so full of kindly love, that as Dollie read it her heart went out to the writer absolutely.

But the past enshrouded her like a dark cloud through which no ray of light could pierce, and as she re-read the letter her tears fell upon it thickly and bitterly. She could do nothing she felt, and was at present even incapable of answering the letter. She must think matters over, she could hardly be responsible for anything she said in her present mood.

Providence was still kind to Osborne Clive. That very morning he met Dollie. She was pale and listless, for mental anxiety soon betrayed its presence to her. He was standing at the door of his own room when she passed at the end of the corridor. A brother surgeon had just left him and was going in Dollie's direction towards the left wing of the hospital. Suddenly he turned round—he had forgotten to give something to Mr. Clive. He saw Dollie close behind him.

"Dear me, Nurse, what a Godsend you are! Might I trouble you to give that to Mr. Clive? I am in such a desperate hurry—ten minutes late now, and not as young as I used to be."

He was a stout, plethoric looking old gentleman, and Dollie felt that it would indeed be no light task for him to mount the stairs again, so, with her usual gentle smile, she took the small parcel carefully, though the hot blood had suffused her cheeks and brow at the very mention of Mr. Clive's name.

"So many thanks!" panted Mr. Elderson as Dollie turned back towards Mr. Clive's sanctum. The surgeon saw her coming, and with a feeling of agitation which he could not conceal he turned to his desk and began to arrange some papers.

"Come in," he said, in answer to the formal tap; and then, taking the parcel from Dollie, said "The idea of Elderson forgetting that! He is most absent-minded. But I am glad that it gives me an opportunity of speaking to you. Have you five minutes to spare?"

"Not more," replied Dollie, and then added quickly: "Let me thank you for your very kind letter, Mr. Clive, but I cannot say anything more than what I said on a former occasion."

"That you have a history?" inquired the surgeon in matter-of-fact tones as though diagnosing a case, "and you think the history would not be agreeable to me?"

Dollie acquiesced with a meek bow of her stately head.

"Could you not tell me the history?" Osborne Clive spoke in his most gentle tones and looked up pleadingly into the dark eyes, "I am asking too much," he went on, taking in his own one of Dollie's hands. "But let me ask someone else about it. You chain me down in every way. I have said that I will have you and your history—I cannot have you without. You won't allow me to do this, so what can I do? When the history does come out, it will be something not worth making one bit of fuss about. Let us speak to some one you know—your father."

He hazarded this last shot, for he had only surmised that old Christopher was her father.

Dollie lifted her brown eyes, that were luminous amidst the gathering tears as stars veiled by the thinnest of mists.

"You may if you wish it," she said slowly, "but I shall forfeit your friendship and regard through your efforts to give me your love."

"Rather they will be increased a thousand times," replied the surgeon raising Dollie's hand to his lips.

She withdrew it tremblingly and said slowly: "Wait till you have seen my father."

"Until then I am happy to wait—and I shall not have to wait long. I think your five minutes is up now, Nurse."

He waved his hand playfully as he dismissed her and a load seemed to have been lifted from his heart, for the frown began to be smothered away, and the grave surgeon finished his work that morning singing little snatches of the various songs which he had heard in the drawing-rooms of his friends.

When next day they met, Mr. Clive was in possession of all the facts relating to Dollie's deception by the man who had called himself Dudley Leigh, for he had interviewed Christopher Brownedge after telling the old man of his intentions.

At first Christopher had eyed the surgeon askance, for since his relations with Dudley Leigh he put no trust in apparent gentlemen who professed to seek the hand of his daughter. But he could not long withstand the honest, straightforward simplicity with which our surgeon stated his case, and at last, after subjecting him to a severe cross-examination (which would have done credit to his master, Marchion, Q. C.), and scanning his features as intently as though he were able to read his character and disposition there, he said: "Well, you seem to be a nice little sort of young man, and since there's been no real marriage already, willing to do the right thing as far as I can tell, but somehow," and here the old man passed his hand over his forehead in a dazed, bewildered fashion, "somehow I don't seem to trust no one now."

"I am sorry your opinion of mankind is at so low an ebb," answered Mr. Clive gently. "Perhaps had I gone through your 'experience' I might have even a worse one. But believe me, Mr. Brownedge, there are yet some decent, good-hearted people left in the world."

"Aye, aye, lad," returned Christopher, dropping into a familiar style of speech as Osborne Clive's genial manner made him feel more at home, "and I don't doubt but you're one of them, and you'll be good to my little girl, my little Dollie."

Mr. Clive took Christopher's hand in his and shook it warmly.

"You may trust me," he said. "I shall be as good to her as even you could desire. Her happiness shall be my chief care—or rather, furthering that happiness shall be the great joy of my life."

Osborne Clive was happy that day as he left Christopher Brownedge.

CHAPTER XII.

"Well, you lucky boggart! But it's always the way—fellows who can make their way in the world easily enough are always favored by Dame Fortune, whilst poor miserable dogs who have the hardest work to live that even never get a life out of the mire of poverty here I am, grinding out an honest living day after day, year after year, and the Fates mean to leave me to it. But you—you have only just started when you are drowned with briefs, as good as promised the wheelsack, and now a fairy godmother turns up and leaves you a fortune. I declare it's a shame!"

Felix Woodford and Mr. Marchion were slowly threading their way through the crowded Strand from the Law Courts. Marchion had just heard the news that his friend had inherited a large fortune from some maternal great-aunt of whose very name he had been hitherto ignorant, but who had seen him as a baby and had always remembered the fact that he had not cried when she lifted him in her arms, as most babies did, for she was not a very prepossessing creature even in those days.

"You give us a first-rate supper on the strength of it?" continued Marchion.

Felix smiled and promised the supper.

"Don't smile in that woebegone way. Why, man, you might be a paid mourner, an undertaker's assistant, or something of that sort, instead of a rising barrister just come into almost a quarter of a million."

But Felix was lost in his old dream of "what might have been," and was full of angry impatience at the good fortune which, he reflected, had come now only to mock and taunt him.

"Good gracious, Marchion," he said, almost irritably, "money isn't synonymous with happiness."

"Ah, well, it stands for a good lot of happiness all the same, so don't deceive yourself. Money maketh man nowadays, and not manners—as it used to be in my copybook days. But there are things that even money cannot compensate for, I grant you."

"Such as—?" inquired Felix languidly, as they ascended the stone stairs that led to his rooms.

"Such as love," was the unexpected answer.

Felix felt an uncomfortable certainty that he was blushing.

"What do you know about love?" he asked, with an attempt at indifference.

"What don't I know?" exclaimed Marchion. "Mine is the old story of something like your own—of blighted affections, rejected love, and a broken heart. My heart, however, is not merely broken—it is crushed into pulp. That is why it seems so non-existent. One can't expect a heart of the consistency of pulp to fulfil its functions properly."

Marchion had thrown aside his hat and established himself in the one rocking-chair that his friend's room boasted, and was preparing to light his cigar. He spoke in tones half tragic, half comic, but there was a pathetic softening about the lines of his mouth and a strange wistfulness in his eyes that placed him in a new light before Felix Woodford. He seemed now to understand something of Marchion's wild recklessness, his happy-go-lucky attitude, his sublime indifference, in fact, to all things mundane. He looked straight into the blue eyes and said feelingly: "I am awfully sorry, old boy—I am inwardly, and be continued gazing wondrously at Marchion. Perhaps it was the words of sympathy, or perhaps the tone in which Felix uttered them, or perhaps it was a reminiscence of the dead past, but whatever it may have been, something touched

a chord of the crushed heart, and instantaneously and involuntarily there came a sudden swelling in Marchion's throat and dim mist in his eyes. Hastily he dashed the unbidden tear aside.

"Oh, I say, Woodford, what a fool I am! Don't look at me! I think I must be going 'off to a bit'."

"Your crushed heart is evidently mending up a little—beginning to make itself felt, at all events," smiled Felix.

And then Marchion laughed, and blamed his folly and idiocy for this display of feeling.

"I had no idea of coming up here and making confidences to you. It is wonderful what depths of intimacy we can sink into, isn't it? Oh, by the way, I knew I had something to tell you. What do you think? My old man—Christopher, you know—has found his daughter."

"Ah! Everything comes to him who knows how to wait," answered Felix, between the puffs of his cigar.

"Yes, and that's how it is for you have got the £200,000. Now, my turn will be next."

"And what is the daughter like? Have you seen her? Are you going to lose the old man?"

Felix asked his questions in rapid succession.

"First, what is she like? Second, have I seen her? Well! I take the last first, and answer 'Yes.' As to the first query, she is a beauty—a stunner. One might almost sympathize with the fellow who ran away with her."

Marchion drew several long whiffs reflectively.

"Where is the fellow?"

"That's the question, the problem that old Chris is trying to solve, and which I hope devoutly he never will, for there will be a tremendous reckoning up. But I must tell you the rest of this romantic story. The girl thought she was married to this scamp, who, however, told her that she was mistaken and deserted her some time ago. However, she is about to make a good match—with whom, do you think? No less a personage than Mr. Osborne Clive, the eminent surgeon."

"Whew!" whistled Felix. "She must be all right. I know he is a good fellow—true as steel—very clever, too. I should have thought he could have married almost anyone."

"Chacun a son gout"—and Clive is not to be sneezed at. She can hold her own with anyone."

"And you factotum—what of him? His position is rather infra dig. for Clive's father-in-law."

"He intends to stick to me, but of course I don't know how his daughter and Clive may influence him. It would be rather an anomaly, wouldn't it?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction," meditated Felix aloud.

It was shortly after this that Felix met Lady Huntleigh at her father's house.

"Papa has been telling me," she said, "that good fortune has been attending you lately. I am so pleased! Won't you sit down here? It seems an age since I spoke to you."

Felix sank into the lounge at Sybil's side. He had not yet recovered from the shock of finding himself the possessor of his great-aunt's thousands, and was in a strange mood of bitterness and disappointment; yet he owed himself brutally selfish to think so much of his own griefs as he noticed the change which had come over Sybil since he had last seen her. She was more than ever fragile and transparent looking, her eyes larger and unnaturally brilliant; her smile, but the ghost of that bewitching one which had formerly made such havoc amongst hearts. His heart smote him sorely if he were unhappy she was doubly so.

"I suppose we shall see more of you in society now. Surely you won't spend so much time in those musty law-courts?"

"Society has very little attraction for me. I think rather that being now provided with a moderate competence I shall go and rusticate in the Sandwich Islands or some other spot equally far removed from civilization. I am growing to hate London especially. It spells nothing for me but disappointment. I declare that a little further acquaintance with it will transform me into a subject for melancholia."

They talked on for some time, filling up the conversation with the veriest commonplace.

The next day Sybil and her husband were lurching tete-a-tete Lord Huntleigh was in one of the moods which he reserved for his wife alone—a mood in which bad temper, sulkingness and brutality vied with each other for predominance.

"I wish you would keep away from Park Lane, I am sick and tired of hearing your people moaning about you. It's downright absurd. Here I am with heaps of engagements on my hands and I am supposed to take you down to the Riviera for the good of your health. Your father is an old dolt—and you are thoroughly spoiled."

Alario's face grew red with passion as he concluded his speech; for he had worked himself up into quite an injured frame of mind.

Sybil regarded him as one might regard a seven-headed monster. Wonder, horror, and disgust were depicted upon her countenance.

"How dare you speak in that way of my father being his back?" she exclaimed—restraining from adding the words which rose to her lips—"what on your selfish—if not worse—amusements."

"That's right. I like to see you showing a little spirit. If you go over to Park Lane now while that color lasts they will change their minds about the Riviera," Alario replied, tauntingly.

The color that he scoffed at had died away almost before he finished speaking, and had given place to a deathly pallor. Sybil stood up and faced her husband—pretending to laugh under such circumstances as these was a farce.

"You are a wretch, Alario Huntleigh. If there were anything of the man in you, I might hate you. As it is you are too pitiful and despicable a creature to waste such strong feelings on. How I ever imagined I loved you has become a mystery to me. It was nothing but a blind infatuation of which I am now paying the penalty. As for going to the Riviera with you—pray don't disturb yourself about it, as I have not the faintest intention of accompanying you."

"Hercules again," said Alario, devoting himself to the contents of his plate with a pretence of nonchalance. "When will you learn that the role of tragedy queen does not become you, and is without effect on me? You need not go to the Riviera, of course, but I shall go, and this evening, too."

"I shall not go," Sybil repeated, as she swept out of the room, leaving Alario, notwithstanding his assumption of coolness, so infuriated that he scarcely knew how to contain himself.

The fact of the matter was that he had been annoyed at the suggestion of Mr. Margrave that he should take Sybil out of town for a few weeks, but reflecting that discretion was the better part of valor, he had gone to Lady Garston and laid his case before her. She had solved the difficulty immediately by saying, in her false, silvery tones:

"It is hard to send you into exile like this, but suppose Charles and I come, too, would that make it any better?"

"Do you mean it?" asked Alario. "I am for ever indebted to you," he added, heaving a sigh of relief.

She meanwhile turned to Sir Charles and said a little loudly and raspingly, her voice was always rasping when she raised it, and Sir Charles was deaf, so she was obliged to raise it when addressing him:

"Charles, we are going to Monaco."

"Some tobacco, did you say, my dear," inquired Sir Charles, hastening forward and evincing just a tittle surprise at the request.

"Don't be an idiot, Charles," snapped the wife, impatiently. "I said, we are going to Monaco—do you understand now?"

(To be Continued.)

## THANKS FOR BOTH

### French Gentleman Graciously Expresses His Own and His Wife's Gratitude.

A Strong Letter Written with the Noble Purpose of Trying to Benefit Someone Else.

St Hippolyte, Que., May 12.—(Special)—Mr. L. A. Paquin of this village has written for publication the following letter. In it he speaks for both himself and his wife. The letter reads:

"After much suffering I had become unable to work. I had Kidney Trouble which gave me great pain.

"My wife had used a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for a similar trouble sometime before, and as they had completely restored her to good health I made up my mind to take a treatment myself.

"I was not disappointed, and I can now say that I have tried and proved Dodd's Kidney Pills to be the greatest medicine in the world.

"We are now both quite well, and able to do our work as well as ever.

"We have found Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a remedy, which saves us the pains and trouble which we so often see in others, who are languishing and incapable of attending to their work.

"We keep Dodd's Kidney Pills constantly on hand, and use them occasionally if we feel the slightest indisposition. We have used altogether between us six boxes.

"Perhaps I should explain why I write this letter. It is because I feel there may be many others who have not heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, or who having heard, have not yet given them a trial, and to such I would say 'Give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial and you will agree with my wife and me myself that there is not any other such medicine to be had."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Paquin and his good wife, they will do for any man or woman who suffers from Kidney Disease in any form.

## Politics in Ottawa

Retirement of Mr. D'Arcy Scott. Mr. D'Arcy Scott, after receiving the Liberal party nomination in Ottawa, has written the following letter to the press, which explains a self.

Ottawa, May 6th, 1902.

Robert Stewart, Esq., Acting President Ottawa Reform Association, Ottawa.

My Dear Sir—As you are aware, on Thursday last, the first instant, I received a majority of votes over Mr. Bingham at the Liberal convention, and was chosen a one of the party candidates in the approaching provincial election. I would have received a much larger vote had it not been for the strong influences that worked against me, and for the fact that the gentleman who nominated Mr. Bingham pledged the latter to abide by the decision of the convention, which I have since learned was unauthorized. After the result of the ballot was announced, a motion was carried making my nomination unanimous.

I am therefore one of the properly chosen standard-bearers of the party in the city, and have the right to go to the polls as one of the Liberal candidates at the approaching election.

For reasons for which I am in no way responsible, division has unfortunately occurred in the ranks of the party, and unless the situation is remedied, not merely one, but both the seats for Ottawa may be lost to the Liberal party. The state of affairs is very much to be regretted.

While as I have said, I have the right to be the candidate, and am in no way to blame for the present difficulty, I recognize that the present is not a time when one should stand obstinately for one's rights, when self-abnegation is required for the sake of the party, and I am willing in the interests of Liberalism to make a personal sacrifice. I beg, therefore, with the consent of my friends to place my resignation in your hands, as the official head of the Liberal party in the city of Ottawa, in the hope that some decision may be arrived at which will tend to unite the party in this city, and enable us to present a united front to the enemy on the 28th.

I need not attempt to conceal from you the ambition I had to be the party standard-bearer on this occasion. My desires were well known to you, and most of the prominent men in the party in this city. With a fair field and no favor I feel satisfied I would have been elected to represent this city in the Legislature of the Province of Ontario.

A deputation of my friends called upon me on Saturday to confer on the present situation, and it is with their advice and consent that I write you this letter. While the gentlemen on the deputation came from nearly all the wards of the city, and thoroughly represented the different elements in the party who were supporting me, it was not as large as I would like to have seen it, but I understand time would not permit a larger gathering to be convened.

I do not tender my resignation on account of any influence that might be brought to bear upon me, or with the hope of gaining any reward whatever. I desire to make it perfectly clear that I take the present step prompted by one, and only one, motive, and that is the best interests of the Liberal party.

I feel satisfied that with a united effort we can undoubtedly win the two seats in Ottawa for the Liberal cause.

I have one regret that I feel justified in mentioning in this letter, and that is the disappointment to my friends. For reasons which I cannot by any means attribute to my personal ability, I have received spontaneous and very enthusiastic support from a large number of the best workers in the Liberal cause in the city. The young men in the party especially have been most generous to me. I hope these good friends will appreciate that I am prompted solely by the desire to secure the triumph of Liberalism, and that they will join with me in a united effort to elect whoever shall be the party standard-bearer in the approaching contest.

It may be asked why, if I am now willing to retire, I did not do so prior to the convention. There were several good reasons for my not doing so. My friends thought, and apparently reasonably so, that I would carry the convention, and it was also expected that Mr. Bingham would abide by the decision therein expressed. This probably would have been the result had it not been for certain gentlemen who were determined that Mr. Bingham was to be a candidate whether he received the endorsement of the party or not. In addition to this I had given a pledge to the Reform Association that no matter what happened I would go to the convention in spite of any influence that might be brought to bear upon me. I gave this pledge after having been assured by the Hon. Mr. Latchford in his office in this city not much more than a month ago, that neither he nor the Ontario Government would in any way interfere in the local contest for the Liberal nomination, but would leave the party entirely free to select its own candidates. Bearing in mind this assurance, and events which happened after I had received it, and prior to the convention, I did not feel disposed to make the situation too easy for the gentlemen who were advising Mr. Bingham. Now my position has been vindicated.

## PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST

PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me what I ask for—the one Painkiller, Perry Davis', I know it is the best thing on earth for summer complaints. So do you. Thank you. There is your money.

The time comes when one feels the need of the slumber of death, as, at the end of a toilsome day, one feels the need of another sleep.

The world estimates worth at so much per annum; God, by intrinsic value, witnesses it by generous deeds and heroic sacrifices.

Provided we attain at last to the truly heroic and Divine life, which is the life of virtue, it will matter little to us by what wild and weary ways, or through what painful and humiliating processes, we have arrived at it.

If we will not let the world—either the aggregate of material things or society with its maxims and ways—hinder us from the noble life. If we will not allow it to prevent, but use it to aid us in seeing God, in loving Him, in doing our duty for His dear sake, then, however solitary or sad or unsuccessful our life may otherwise have been, we have conquered, and all else is defeat.

The Christian's work necessarily antagonizes the world, for its aim is to destroy the works of the devil, but we should seek to perform our duty in such a manner as to win the confidence of those about us, and their help in our work. Christ is hated for the good He does. His holiness is a standard too high for the world, and the ungodly world would destroy Him. His works of mercy as a rebuke to the selfish world, and it denounces them. His hostility to evil calls forth the enmity of the workers of evil.

THE MATERIALS USED IN "THE D. & L." EMULSION are the finest the market affords regardless of expense. Taken in cases of wasting disease, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd. manufacturers.

Life is a combat and not an unlimited liberty of enjoyment, life is the struggle of the Divine Element, which would fain reconquer its place glorious struggle, which ends peace and liberty upon the ruins of bad inclinations and degraded instincts.

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