

The Catholic Register

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

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CENTENARY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

Grandest Demonstration of the Church Ever Witnessed on the American Continent—Scenes and Ceremonies Unparalleled—Cardinal Primate of All Ireland Sends Blessing to Catholics of Canada Through "Catholic Register."

(By Our Own Representative, Margaret Lillis Hart)

When the idea of the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the great Archdiocese of New York, was first conceived in the mind of its present illustrious Metropolitan Archbishop Farley, it is safe to say that even he fully possessed as he doubtless was of the possibilities the prospect afforded, must have fallen far short in his mental calculation of the results obtained in the realization. On all hands it is agreed that the celebration held during the past week was the grandest and most impressive ever held on the American continent and the spirit of its meaning and message has gone forth throughout the entire Western World through the medium of the illustrious and comprehensive gathering which took part and the heterogeneous multitude who witnessed it.

The celebration lasted through an entire week. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, crossed the ocean to honor the occasion. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, was present throughout the entire ceremony. America's chief prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, was one of the speakers, the entire hierarchy of the United States and representatives from Canada, besides eight hundred priests and one million two hundred thousand people who make up the Archdiocese of New York, had a share, either by their presence or through their representatives. Every function and ceremony was ennobled and graced by that which is best in the thought and plan of the 20th century, and the aggregate of results was such that its memories shall float down to the people even of another century and serve as cause for emulation for generations unborn.

CARDINAL LOGUE ARRIVES.

The opening note of the festivities was struck when on Saturday, April 25th, Cardinal Logue, the one hundred and fourteenth successor of St. Patrick, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, arrived on the Cunard liner Lucania, and was approached by the steamer Isabel, from whose deck floated the inspiring notes of "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," played by the band of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception. To meet the expected guest, who was accompanied by Bishop Robert Brown of Queenstown, Rev. Michael Quinn, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Armagh, and the Rev. W. F. Brown, secretary to Bishop Brown, were assembled Archbishop Farley and the Monsignors of the Archdiocese. The Men of Armagh were also gathered, four of their number bearing aloft a great banner of their association, and as the group whom they had come to meet came into view, the stalwart company set up a cheer that was taken up by clergy and laity, while the Archbishop and suite stepped forward and gave greeting to the distinguished guests from Ireland. The Cardinal was then driven to the Archbishop's residence, thousands greeting him along the route, but not many receiving formal presentation, in order to give the distinguished prelate opportunity to recuperate after the fatigue of the journey.

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS.

The official programme for the week was:
Sunday Morning—Thanksgiving Mass in the churches, Archbishop Farley preaching at the cathedral.
Monday—School celebration in all the parishes.
Tuesday—Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral at 11 a.m. Cardinal Logue celebrant, Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon, pontifical Mass at 8 p.m., Mgr. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, celebrant; Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis preached.
Wednesday—Mass of the parochial school children at the Cathedral, 11 a.m., Bishop Burke of Albany, celebrant; 8 p.m., mass meeting of the laity in Carnegie Hall.
Thursday—Pontifical requiem Mass for deceased prelates and priests of the diocese in the Cathedral, 10 a.m., Bishop O'Connor of Newark celebrant, Auxiliary Bishop Cusack of New York, preacher; reception to the visiting prelates at the Catholic Club at 8 p.m.
Friday—Pontifical votive Mass of the Sacred Heart in the Cathedral at 10 a.m., Bishop Colton of Buffalo, celebrant, the Rev. William O'Brien Parlow delivered the sermon.
Saturday—Parade of the laity.
SUNDAY, A DAY OF GENERAL THANKSGIVING.
Sunday was a day of general thanksgiving when every one of the 517 churches, and every one of the 186 chapels had its general Communion at the early Masses and its Te Deum at the close. This, too, gave us our first view of the Cathedral. It was known that Cardinal Logue would be present, though no special ceremonies would mark the celebration of the High Mass, and in order to see him pass, the people had gathered and massed themselves along the avenue and about the door. An admission fee was charged, but not until pew-holders were served were others admitted, and it was well after the gos-

pel before the immense crowd had obtained seating or standing, as the case might be. Chairs for some were afterwards placed in the middle aisle, and the side aisles and vestibule accommodated about two thousand. The Cardinal in his scarlet robes was in the sanctuary and Archbishop Farley from the pulpit gave him a gracious and hearty "caed mille failthe," a hundred thousand welcomes. The Archbishop also preached, his sermon being a summary of the history of the Archdiocese, and most luminous and interesting did it prove. His Grace spoke in a rich and beautifully modulated voice, his accentuation, being both clear and impressive, and that he took pride in his diocese and its wonderful story was most apparent. Cards, on which the English words of the Te Deum were inscribed, had been distributed, and at the close the entire congregation joined in the hymn of thanksgiving.

the fact that pastors of ten thousand souls could only be allowed ten tickets to distribute amongst their people.

Many thousands stood for hours outside to see the procession of ecclesiastics entering from the Archbishop's residence, or to catch a glimpse of sound or sight of the glory of the interior. When the processional Cross was first seen at the door of the Archbishop's residence it heralded the grandest and most imposing array of Church dignitaries ever gathered on the land given to the world by the intrepid and pious Columbus. One thousand ecclesiastics, embracing prince, prelate and priest, were in line, and it was three quarters of an hour from the time that the head of the procession entered the main door of the Cathedral until Cardinal Logue ascended the throne.

Though New York's thousands had gathered, the entire streets from curb to curb were kept entirely cleared and the dignified and picturesque passage of church dignitaries was well open to the view of all.

Following the Cross-bearer came tiny acolytes in scarlet cassock and lace surplice. Behind came the guard of honor of the laity, embracing the most prominent of New York's intellectual giants and stalwart Catholics. Next marched the priests of the Archdiocese, eight hundred in number, regulars and seculars, the Franciscans in brown habits and girdles with bare heads and beards, making a picturesque group. Then was seen the beginning of a glorious scheme of coloring as the Very Rev. Monsignor and the Right Rev. Monsignor, the latter the Bishops, fell into line, the

concourse rose and formed walls on either side through which the stately procession marched, the Cardinal giving his blessing in passim. The processionists arranged themselves in the places assigned, the Cardinal Delegate and Archbishop ascending the thrones prepared and the bishops and priests overflowing into the side chapels and pews before the Altar. The Cardinal was vested in the famous vestments valued at six thousand dollars, the work of the White Franciscan Sisters of Italy. The groupings during the Mass were superb, and when the bells in the tower rang out the Elevation the crowds without joined the worshippers within and all united in one Hallelujah of praise to Him from whom all blessings had come and to whom all thanks were due.

The music of the men's choir and orchestra was jubilant and magnificent, in keeping with the occasion. The Papal Benediction was given by Archbishop Falconio at the end of the Mass. Meantime Cardinal Gibbons had ascended the pulpit and delivered the sermon of the day. The text of the sermon we shall publish later. The closing scene in the morning's programme was the deliverance of the messages from His Holiness and President Roosevelt, read by Archbishop Farley from the pulpit.

MESSAGE FROM THE POPE.
To Our Venerable Brother, John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York: Venerable Brother—Health and apostolic benediction.

The recurrence of the memorable events in the history of any diocese is at all times an occasion of joy, and the one hundredth anniversary of the

congratulations and my earnest good wishes for the future of yourself and of your diocese. Sincerely yours, "THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

THE CHILDREN'S GRAND MASS.

Throughout the entire celebration there was no more beautiful or inspiring feature than that of the Grand High Mass in the Cathedral on Wednesday morning, when the different schools of the city assembled in charge of their teachers, the Brothers, Sisters of Charity and Dominican Sisters. The day was ideal, a perfect sky and light breeze giving a delightful atmosphere for this the children's chief part in the week's programme. In double file and orderly ranks, all displaying the centenary badge and some wearing small silk flags on their shoulders, they marched into the church and without the slightest confusion deployed into the seats until every conceivable spot was filled, and when all had entered it was estimated that seven thousand of the Catholic children of New York were assembled. Nave, organ-loft, side chapels back of the altar—all were occupied, and such a picture as the immense gathering of young, happy faces presented is only seen once or so in a lifetime. The music of the High Mass was sung by the little ones, who had been under training for weeks, and who sang with such unanimity of rhythm and voice that the effect was that of one vast instrument, sweet and powerful, which rose and fell until the arched dome and surrounding atmosphere vibrated and pulsed, in harmony with its soul-singing and movement. The programme consisted of the hymn "Blest is the Faith,"

of the Archdiocese of New York have been as they listened to the history of the marvelous development of their parochial schools as outlined by the speaker. To them all it must have been a story for laudable self-congratulation, to strangers it was matter of interest and wonder. The closing scene was a climax worthy of the occasion. Following the processional cross of gold the double ranks of acolytes and ecclesiastics moved down the steps and through the aisles of the church, while the seven thousand children rose and seven thousand voices joined the organ in the Te Deum of thanks, Holy God, we praise Thy name. Everyone sang, the bishops and priests in the procession whose happy faces spoke of the pleasure the scene afforded, joined in the psalm, and the moving hands of the Cardinal as he blessed the concourse through which he passed, seemed especially happy in their office. All joined in the jubilee of the moment, from the highest ecclesiastic to the tiny acolyte who carried the immense scarlet length of the Cardinal Primate's train, there was not one but contributed to the beauty and inspiration of the scene. After the ecclesiastical train had slowly disappeared, the children dispersed by schools and in an incredibly short space the sacred edifice was emptied.

DECORATIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Where beauty without blemish exists it is difficult to add aught to the pleasure it affords. So with St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, whose artistic interior and chaste proportions have a continental reputation, and to whose permanent attractions it is difficult to lend an increase. Nevertheless the committee in charge had found a means of adding the note of the occasion without in any way taking from the already existing harmony and at the same time giving a temporary distinctive character to the majestic edifice. Between the two graceful spires which crown the facade an immense flag showing the national Stars and Stripes, floated full and fair to the breeze. Around the church, slender tall poles had been erected, and from these at intervals other flags waved. These and the patriotic drapings on the Archbishop's residence and the Catholic College, close at hand, were the only exterior decorative features.

The interior adornments were the most harmonious conceivable, considering the native, artistic beauty of the majestic church. The only colors that met the eye in addition to the stained glass of the two tiers of tall, Gothic windows, were those of green and gold, which spoke of the freshness and purity of the everlasting Church. Those to whom St. Patrick's is familiar will recall its tall, pointed altars of white marble, the delicate carved tracery of which is akin to that of the exquisite frost-work of our Canadian winter. They will recall its lofty dome in which the many arches meet, and the massive fluted pillars which give it support. Today and all days of the centenary week, every pillar carries within the hollows of its fluted surface, heavy ropes of laurel leaves, and from every carved cornice at the apex hangs cloth of gold, the folds held in place by sashes and rosettes of the same. Wreaths of laurel adorn the base of every column, while festoons of the evergreen foliage fall in generous and graceful wavings around the sanctuary walls and organ loft and the same green leaf winds itself about the lattice work even of the windows in the clerestory. The decorations were uniform throughout, drapings of cloth of gold everywhere crowning the hanging or wreathed leaves of laurel.

The primeval beauty of the High Altar, with its statues of purest marble, permitted but of little extra, other than the tall candles in their golden receptacles, but this little was found in the single row of smaller candles rising here and there to an apex, and two golden vessels containing beautiful white blossoms. More white bloom stood in golden vases on the floor of the sanctuary which was covered with a rich green carpet as were also the aisles throughout the church. Thrones in cloth of gold and carved wood, were erected in the sanctuary, and these the chief dignitaries occupied during the ceremonies.

SPOKE WITH ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

The Guardian Angel of the Catholic Register's representative was surely keeping gracious watch and ward on Thursday morning, April 30th, for on that day it was given to her to be the bearer of a message to the Catholic people of Canada from the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland, he who sits in the chair of St. Patrick in the See of Armagh, the one hundred and fourteenth to occupy that exalted position, of which the great St. Patrick was its first possessor. The honor came about in this way. The day previously I had called at the Archbishop's residence and asked the porter if it would be possible to see Archbishop Farley. He said that His Grace had given instructions that none should see him during the entire week on account of the business of the centenary. I left my card and told him that I was from Canada and would not be here after the week, and asked him to give it to His Grace with a request for a few moments' of his time. Promising to do so, the porter told me to come next morning before ten o'clock, as that would be my best chance. At the appointed time I was on hand, and was shown into a reception room where I had been but a few moments when New York's beloved Archbishop, entered. Archbishop Farley, though not tall, is erect, graceful and impressive in appearance. The dark eyebrows and crown of white hair give distinction, to an oval countenance marked by regular features, and the fine, kindly eyes and readily extended hand give gracious and hospitable greeting. After I had knelt and kissed the Archbishop's ring we had a few minutes' (Continued from page 5.)



ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

CARDINAL LOGUE,
ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

(Interviewed by our Representative.)

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Monday was Children's Day and every parish gathered its little ones together in its churches, a holiday being given in the parochial schools, and the Catholic children who attended the Public schools being exempt for the day. The children marched by classes to the decorated churches, where Mass was said during which the children sang hymns prepared before hand and afterwards spent the hours in play and festivity. Everything possible was done to impress the Centenary and its meaning upon the children, the idea being to make the occasion educative from every point of view.

CROWN AND CLIMAX OF CENTENARY.

The crown and climax of the great jubilee of rejoicing and thanksgiving were reached on Tuesday morning, when Cardinal Logue was celebrant of the most impressive Mass ever offered in the Diocese of New York. It was something in which the Church both at home and abroad had a share. His Holiness sent his blessing and the head of the American government congratulations. People of many nationalities were represented. The Irish were by far the most numerous, though the Germans were also many. The English, Scotch, French, Hungarians, Poles, Greek and Bohemian were all amongst the gathering. Long before the hour appointed the square upon which the Cathedral stands was surrounded by a dense body of expectant humanity. Two hundred and fifty of New York's fine body of policemen had the immense crowd well in hand, and wonderful in the matter of order were the results. Only ticket-holders were admitted and though the Cathedral is large the comparatively few who held the magic bit of paste-board may be judged from

purple soutanes, berettas and capes of the visiting bishops catching the rays of the bright sun and veiling with the violet hues of the rainbow. In contrast to this array of purple were the white mitres and copes of the nine suffragan bishops and that of the Metropolitan, Archbishop Farley. A few paces behind came Mgr. Falconio, the Papal delegate, attended by two Monsignors. His Excellency wore cope and mitre of gold, with red lining, and his tall, erect figure was conspicuous even in such a gathering. Cardinal Gibbons was too indisposed to enter the Church before the hour arrived for him to preach, so the next figure in the group was that of Ireland's Cardinal, for whom all eyes had been watching. His immediate entourage consisted of twelve priests and Monsignors preceding and sixteen pages and acolytes following. Before him was carried the Golden Cross with the two bars and the bearers of the red missal and candle followed.

The coming of the Cardinal was the most strikingly vivid note of coloring conceivable. His beretta was scarlet, so was his cope and immense train twenty feet in length, and this was carried by tiny, curly-headed acolytes, they too in scarlet and lace and looking like cherubs from Heaven itself.

The appearance of Cardinal Logue was the signal for a cheer, which echoed along the line while flags—those of Ireland, the Papal standard and the national emblem—waved enthusiastically and in answer the Cardinal smiled happily.

Meantime the thousands within waited patiently and the sound of the welcoming shout from without was the signal for a rumble of drums from the organ-loft, and organ and assisting orchestras crashed into Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," from "Athalia," while the immense

foundation of the Archdiocese of New York, whose development has been extraordinary, must call forth unusual rejoicing, because the constant increase in the harvests of a hundred years bears ample testimony that the highest expectations have been abundantly fulfilled.

It seems proper, in view of these consoling results, that on the solemn centennial celebration of the See of New York we should renew our frequent supplication to God that He may vouchsafe to it a more plentiful supply of His celestial gifts and more copious resources to accomplish things more laudable.

For these reasons, and as a mark of special honor, it affords us great pleasure to tender to you and to your devoted flock our heartfelt congratulations. For assuredly you and your loyal brethren have rendered many distinguished services to the Church and to the state, and we cherish the hope that these, our words, may be an incentive to persevere in that vigilance and zeal of which you have thus far given such signal proof, and thus bring glory to America and stand as an example for the entire world.

As an augury of heavenly favor and an evidence of our good will, we most lovingly impart to you and to your faithful people the apostolic benediction.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, the fifth day of April, 1908, in the fifth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS X., Pope.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Roosevelt's message was as follows:
"My Dear Archbishop—Let me take occasion, on the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Diocese of New York, to extend to you my heart-

the Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei, according to the Ratisbon Edition of the Vatican Chant. Every child had the words and musical score before him, and every child sang intelligently and with enthusiasm. A choir of boys in the organ loft alternated with the choir in the body of the church, and the immense concourse of singers, probably the largest ever assembled in the United States, and certainly the largest ever heard in New York, was under the control of Rev. Father Kane of the Cathedral, who directed from the pulpit, and had auxiliaries in the wings and other points in the church, and whose directing hands were seen to move in unison from every point of outlook. A score or so of other priests were amongst the children throughout the church. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, D.D., Bishop of Albany, and the sermon was delivered by the eloquent and impressive Dominican, Very Rev. J. Raymond Meagher. In the sanctuary the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland, the Archbishops, Bishops and Monsignors, had place, while dozens of the visiting priests banked themselves at the sides of the great marble altar, their black cassocks forming a striking setting for the stately white altar. That the Primate of Ireland was impressed and touched was evident even without his message to this effect afterwards delivered by Archbishop Farley. At times while the children sang the Cardinal turned and surveyed the animal scene, taking in with many a full long look pictures that will remain with him forever.

The sermon appropriate to the occasion was taken from the text, "Suffer the children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Proud, indeed, must the prelates, priests and people

HOME CIRCLE

GREETINGS FROM HEAVEN.

(By Father Cheerheart.) There never was maiden but one in this world...

MASSAGE.

(Western Watchman.)

Although massage has become very popular of late years, both as a form of medical treatment and as a means of eliminating wrinkles and preserving a beautiful and youthful complexion, it is as old as civilization itself.

The word massage, which is derived both from the Greek and Arabic means "to knead or handle; to press softly."

As early as 1,000 B.C. Homer speaks of weary war heroes being rubbed and anointed, to rest and refresh them.

With those who are not suffering from physical ills may feel but little interest in the curative powers of massage, there is one point which appeals to the majority of women and that is facial massage.

The following is the proper method of massaging the face: Gently bathe the face in warm suds made with some fine, pure soap and without drying, apply massage cream liberally.

When the face is undergoing the massaging, fine particles of a soft substance adhere to the fingers: this corresponds to the waste matter that is rubbed from the body during a Turkish bath.

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KINDNESS.

The occasions for kind actions are manifold. No one passes a day without meeting with those fortunate opportunities. They grow round us even while we lie on a bed of sickness, and the helpless are rich in a power of kindness toward the helpless.

Cherry Roily Poly.—Sift together two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in with the tips of the fingers one tablespoonful of flour. Mix with milk to a soft dough, turn out on a floured board and roll out in a long sheet one-half inch thick.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

Let no woman who values her good appearance neglect sleep. Sleep the advent queen. A fair quota of restful sleep is one of the greatest aids to beauty.

HINTS TO THE HOME DRESS-MAKER.

A six-inch steel gauge graded to eighths of an inch will be found more convenient to manipulate than paper or cardboard and absolutely accurate.

Shoe laces make convenient draw strings for any kind of bags and require no bodkins to put them in. White ones are nice for fancy work bags or white laundry bags, etc.

Nothing affords more help to those who sew than the small wire fasteners used in fasteners to hold papers together. Two placed along a seam, moving the one in front of the other, as reached, does away with basting, saves time and thread and obviates that tedious part of the work, removing the basting.

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RECIPES.

Ham Fritters.—Hard boil two eggs for half an hour, then shell and mash to a fine paste. Mix with an equal quantity of boiled chopped ham and pound to a paste; add a high seasoning of salt and pepper and the yolk of one raw egg. Cut stale bread in thin slices, put together in sandwiches with a thick filling of the paste, then trim off crusts and cut in pieces two by four inches in size.

Curried Sweetbreads.—Slice two large onions and two artichokes, put them in a saucepan with three ounces of melted butter, and set over the fire to cook until brown. Mix a tablespoonful of rice flour and the same amount of curry paste, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a cupful of brown stock and a pinch of salt; turn into the saucepan and let simmer for half an hour. Take up and strain through

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA That which is the hardest to win is the most worth winning. If you have deprived yourself of some pleasure in order to save money, that money will be more valued by you than any gift money you may receive, and you will think twice as long before spending it.

a wire sieve, return to the saucepan with a pair of blanched and chopped sweetbreads. Let simmer very gently for two hours. Serve on a heated dish and garnish with a border of rice and serve hot.

Olive and Radish Salad.—On a platter arrange two light cup-shaped lettuce leaves for each person and in these leaves put a border of radishes cut in thin slices, and in the center put a tablespoonful of shredded olives. Cut through the olives lengthwise to the stone in long thin slices. Mix one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of pepper, six tablespoonfuls of oil and three of vinegar at the table and pour it over the salad as it is served.

Cherry Roily Poly.—Sift together two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in with the tips of the fingers one tablespoonful of flour. Mix with milk to a soft dough, turn out on a floured board and roll out in a long sheet one-half inch thick. Spread with one quart of pitted cherries, sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of sugar and roll up. Pinch the ends together and lay on a greased pie plate. Steam forty minutes. Measure the juice drained from the pitted fruit and add to make one cupful. Then add one-quarter of a cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little water. Drop in a small piece of stick cinnamon and cook ten minutes, removing the cinnamon before serving.

Tapioca Custard.—For this use the smallest size of tapioca and soak in water sufficient to cover for several hours. For three tablespoonfuls, measuring before draining, allow one quart of milk. Drain the tapioca, add the milk and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca looks clear. Beat together the yolks of three eggs and one-half of a cupful of sugar, add to the tapioca and stir until it thickens, then add the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Mix and stir for two

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A Fair Alternative The Rt. Rev. Msgr. O'Hare, of Brooklyn, is trying to get Professor Goldwin Smith either to specify his objections to the Catholic Church or else to cease making general attacks upon her. In a letter sent recently to the New York Sun, Msgr. O'Hare says:

"Let Goldwin Smith state his viewpoint or ideal of Catholicity and let him compare it with that idea and show where in it has failed to substantiate its claims and forfeit its right to be heard by the human race to whom it makes its appeal. Let Professor Smith show wherein, in spite of what he calls the efforts of Papal autocracy, Catholicity does not represent Christianity, either in spirit or in teaching."

"On the other hand, if, as he claims, he is in sympathy with Catholicity and his only war is with the Papacy as an institution or with the improper (?) development of that institution in the past, then let him unfold a plan of a Catholic ecclesiastical institution with a Papacy according to his own ideas or with the Papacy left out."

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The Children's Page

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES" Little Jesus, wast Thou say...

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray, And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?

And didst Thou feel quite good in bed, Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

And did Thy Mother at the night Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?

And didst Thou feel quite good in bed, Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

A MAGIC GARDEN. Gertrude and Fanny played on one side of the fence...

Jessie and Alice had a set of paper dolls that came from the city. They were beautiful dolls...

Gertrude and Fanny liked their dolls very much, and they had lots of fun making clothes for them...

"They always have nicer things than we do," said Gertrude one day. "Yes," said Fanny...

"I just wish we could astonish them," they were not jealous or cross over the matter...

It was not long after that that Gertrude and Fanny received a letter from a cousin who lived several miles away...

"I just wish we could astonish them," they were not jealous or cross over the matter...

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"I just wish we could astonish them," they were not jealous or cross over the matter...

said Gertrude, with an emphatic shake of the head, "to have something that Jessie and Alice wonder about?"

"We'll let you keep our paper dolls all day if you tell us about your magic garden," they said.

Gertrude and Fannie looked into each other's eyes a moment, and then they turned and answered, "All right."

The paper dolls were brought, and as they were handed through the fence Gertrude said, "We just dip the blossoms in ammonia. You can see the color change. Our cousin wrote about it, and we thought it would be such fun."

But almost before they had finished, Jessie and Alice were running toward the house to start a magic garden of their own—J. D. Cowles, in Youth's Companion.

Boys and girls can have lots of fun playing the following game and will find some of the questions are not very easy to answer, either.

Which tree would we prefer on a very cold day? Fir.

Which tree suggests the thoughts of the ocean? Beach.

Which tree might very properly wear a glove? Palm.

Which tree is a tale teller? Peach.

Which tree never is barefooted? Sandalwood.

Which tree can best remember numbers? Date.

Which tree has passed through fire? Ash.

Which is the most ancient tree? Elder.

THE TRACK-WALKER'S DAUGHTER. A frown was on Margaret Carew's face. It should not have been there, for she was only sixteen years of age...

Margaret stood and gazed up at Mt. Hope, snowcapped and radiant in the morning sunshine, and something of its strength and calm entered into her heart.

"I just won't rebel!—and father so brave," she murmured resolutely. "He's getting stronger every day, and it isn't as if we hadn't the mountains and this glorious air."

But alas for Margaret's resolve! A minute later the sight of Mr. Burton, superintendent of the Ouray Mine, who passed her riding on his black horse, brought the frown back to her face.

"What business has one man to ride and another man just as good—and father is as good as Mr. Burton—to walk, walk, walk through the days!" she cried bitterly.

In this vein did Margaret's thoughts run all the way up the mountainside to the little section-house near the railroad, where she was bearing her father's dinner to him.

Every day in the week, save Saturday, Mr. Carew carried his dinner along in a pail, but on Saturday it was Margaret's pleasure that her father should have a hot dinner.

Usually the self-imposed duty was an agreeable one, for Margaret thoroughly enjoyed the bracing walk, and the little visit at the end with her father.

He was always so appreciative of the little surprises the basket held for him; and very often he had a souvenir for his daughter in the form of a bit of agate or a specimen of unique ore the miners had given him.

But this morning Margaret was out of tune; a sore spot in her sensitive nature had been touched—and not even the knowledge that her father was a college graduate and "back home" had held a high position comforted her.

There were times when Margaret felt proud thinking of how her father had in following his physician's advice to go West in search of health, bravely accepted the humble position of track-walker, because it offered a living for others, and perhaps health for himself and her.

Sometimes Margaret said to herself: "He's the best father a daughter ever had, and I'm going to try to be the best daughter." Usually Margaret was brave and patient and cheery, as was her father.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of his intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

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

not help thinking how many, many times her father had traveled backward and forward over the same route, and always with his eyes open for the slightest thing that might possibly cause an accident.

"I must be on the lookout, too," Margaret said to herself; and the next moment gave a cry of alarm as the top of the curve was reached, she looked down at the unexpected sight which met her eyes on the other side.

Here, indeed, was that which threatened delay, if not danger, to the Durango train. A rock and mud slide had come down from Summit Hill and stopped square on the railroad track.

Margaret hurriedly drew near the scene; here the rails were covered with a soft slush of mud and water, thirty feet or more long and several feet deep.

At first Margaret thought it would be impossible for her to gain the other side, and Summit station, but she knew that her father would have recognized no such word as fail in a like situation, and neither would she.

Struggling and staggering, finding a foothold on this piece of rock or that, Margaret persevered till, mud stained from head to foot, she at last reached the other side. The remainder of the way to the station a second and lesser curve, was then traversed, and a report of the slide conveyed to Peter Noonan.

In a very short time a gang of men were at work, while the flagged train waited.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parnee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action.

A trial of them will prove this. The Rev. Albert Knapp, a distinguished member of the Dominican Order, nominated as Archbishop of Trinidad in succession to the late Archbishop Flood, O.P., is an Englishman, and was formerly a member of the Church of England.

When the Snow Falls. A girl who had borrowed an older sister's locket without the formality of asking permission, wore it to a friend's. She put it into her purse on her way home, that it might not attract attention as she entered the store. When she stole upstairs to restore the borrowed locket to its customary place, she found that her purse was missing.

There was nothing to connect her with the disappearance of the gold locket, unless she had been honest enough to make a frank and full confession. And this she could not bring herself to do. The mystery was discussed in the household for weeks, and at length was accepted as one of the problems for which there is no solution. And the girl who had sometimes considered confessing her fault, at last dismissed the idea from her mind.

The winter passed and the spring grew near. One day the delivery man, coming up the walk, stooped and picked up a small object which the melting snow had left partially uncovered. "Any of you folks lost a purse?" he asked.

The girl who had opened the door for him looked hard at the little object, much the worse for lying under the snow all winter.

"Why, it's Esther's purse!" she cried. "I didn't know you had lost your purse, Esther." She opened it and her gold locket dropped into her hand. The mystery was plain. The girl who had deliber-

ated confession had put it off too long. Now her wrongdoing in borrowing her sister's locket, and the far greater wrong of concealing its loss, was glaringly revealed.

This is not a rare instance. No wrong can be concealed forever. "Murder will out," says the old proverb, and that is not the only sin which comes to the surface. Our wrongdoings may be hidden for so long that

we shall be lulled into a false security, but sooner or later, in this world as a rule, but surely in the next, "every hidden thing shall be made known." Do not wait for the melting snow to leave to bare the proofs of your guilt. Do not wait for the passing years to expose your sin and the false part you have played so long. No fault is so great that concealment does not make it worse.

Companies WESTERN Assurance Co

A. D. 1851 Assets.....\$3,284,180.06 Liabilities.....\$816,749.43 Security to Policyholders.....\$2,467,430.63

Income for the year ending 31st Dec. 1907 \$3,299,884.94 Losses paid since organization of the Company \$48,934,205.34

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

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health. The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy. The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nervetroubles, "during change of life."

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

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

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It's our new brew—just like the famous light beers of Germany. Brewed of choicest hops and malt—and stored until fully aged. "Pilsener" is the newest of the O'Keefe's brews and it bids fair to be the most popular. Try it.

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We give our customers the benefit of the numberless practical tests made in years gone by. Of each kind of vegetable we select the best for all purposes. If you plant these thoroughbred strains there will be no disappointment in either the quality or productiveness of your garden.

Our beautiful ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE is FREE for the asking. Write for it at once.

J. A. SIMMERS, SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS TORONTO, ONT.

ated confession had put it off too long. Now her wrongdoing in borrowing her sister's locket, and the far greater wrong of concealing its loss, was glaringly revealed.

This is not a rare instance. No wrong can be concealed forever. "Murder will out," says the old proverb, and that is not the only sin which comes to the surface. Our wrongdoings may be hidden for so long that

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You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than EPPS'S A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold. COCOA Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb Tins.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN is authorized to collect among our Toronto subscribers.

TORONTO, MAY 7TH, 1908.

"HAIL, MARY."

The month of May may be appropriately called Nature's "Hail Mary." Its every feature, its tender leaves and opening blossoms, and early flowers, and gentle sunshine, and soft, life-giving rains, suggest the personality of her to whom, and the occasion on which, the Archangel Gabriel addressed the words of this prayer.

With Mary, however, came the dawn of a brighter day. In her Heaven saw once more the sinless beauty of earth before the Fall. Eden presented nothing as fair as she was.

All this is borne out by the words of a prince of the heavenly court. He salutes Mary as "full of grace."

MERRY WIDOW HATS. "All things work together unto good." It is interesting to find that even the vagaries of fashion sometimes wander within the circle of these words of the great Apostle.

Well did the mother of the Baptist understand the significance of the prayer which Gabriel commenced and she completed, when she said: "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"

spired by the Spirit of God—we have ample justification for all the honor the Church shows to Mary during this beautiful month specially set apart for devotion to her. And we will repeat this prayer with a new understanding and tenderness if we bear in mind the occasions on which it was first uttered.

A MARVELOUS RECORD.

The celebration of the Centenary of the Diocese of New York places before the world a record of progress and prosperity for the Church, which in point of shortness of time and spiritual and temporal development, has probably never before been equalled.

This success was attributed by Archbishop Farley in the course of his address at the close of the ceremonies at the Cathedral on Tuesday morning, to two things, viz., fidelity to Faith and the liberty given by religious toleration.

The Archbishop here practically admits that St. Augustine was sent by Pope Gregory I. to convert England to Christianity.

There is no need to consider the hypothesis that St. Paul personally preached the Gospel in Britain. This has indeed been asserted by Anglican divines, but there is absolutely no historical evidence of the truth of such an assertion.

It is to be hoped that this happy discovery of the uses to which fashion's freaks may be turned at times will set some enterprising genius to experiment on "Merry Widow" hats and see if they could not serve as a model for street car fenders or some

Table titled 'HOW SAVINGS GROW' showing interest accumulation over 20 years for various rates (1%, 2%, 3%, 4%, 5%, 6%, 7%, 8%, 10%).

We shall be glad to open an account with any sum from ONE DOLLAR upwards. The dollar deposit is as welcome as the largest.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation 14-18 TORONTO ST., TORONTO

other accident-averting invention. What a pity that Tenfeldsdroch is not alive to utilize this incident in his famous work on philosophy of clothes.

The Non-Continuity of Anglicanism.

(Rev. George R. Northgraves.) Archbishop Sweatman of the Anglican Diocese of Toronto preached on Sunday, April 26, at the dedication or opening of the new building of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the city of Toronto.

He stated that there are going on at the present moment certain negotiations which are calculated "to establish friendly relations between the Scandinavian and some other continental churches and the Church of England, so that it seems that God is preparing for the Church of England the distinctive glory that she should be the reconciler of the divisions of Christendom."

COMMUNICATION "NEEDS OF PERU" AND TOM PEPPER. Editor Catholic Register: In the Free Press of April 9th an item appears under the title of "Needs of Peru," telling about the exploits of one "Rev. George Smith," a returned missionary from that far-away land.

Back Combs. Our back Combs for ladies are not only good, but they are new. The designs are beautifully chaste and artistically shaped.

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We stock only the best of Catholic Literature. Books—Catholic in Authorship, Matter and Tone. Works—Theological, Liturgical, Devotional, Historical, Biographical, Fictional.

Civic Grants to Catholic Charitable and Benevolent Institutions

The Board of Control recommended and the City Council adopted the following increases to our Roman Catholic institutions. House of Providence from \$8,500 to \$12,000 annually; Sunnyside Orphanage from \$3,000 to \$3,300 annually, and a special grant of about \$900 for better fire protection for this Home in the way of water mains, services and hydrants.

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR \$1.00.

We want 200 readers of this paper to send us \$1.00 and we will forward them \$2.00 worth of home or church decorations, including the following: One dozen carnations, 1/2 dozen American Beauty Roses, 1/2 dozen Chrysanthemums, 1/2 dozen peonies, 1/2 dozen China Asters, 1/2 dozen bunches of Crystallized roses and 1 silk flower candle holder with green foliage.

TENDERS

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned at Ottawa, and marked on the envelope, "Tender for illuminating oil," will be received up to the 11th day of May, 1908, for the delivery of 136,000 Imperial gallons, more or less, of lighthouse illuminating oil, according to specification for the reason of 1908.

Specifications and forms of tender can be procured from the Collectors of Customs at Petrolia, Sarnia and at Department here.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit cheque equal to 5 per cent. of the total amount of the tender.

Papers copying this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid.

F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

Department of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, April 27th, 1908.

COWAN'S Maple Buds

Cream Bars Chocolate Wafers Croquettes Milk Chocolates are delicious confections THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

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Up-to-date means clean, spruce, natty, quick, sharp. The old way of putting on a new suit and wearing it until it was not fit to be seen, is gone.

Up-to-date people have their clothing cleansed, brightened, cared for. KEPT NEW.

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The number of Underwoods used in Toronto is 2544; The number of typewriters of all other makes combined, used in Toronto, is 2514; And that is the story of the Underwood's success.

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generally, cannot be surpassed in Canada. Write us first.

W. E. BLAKE 123 Church St. Toronto

CENTENARY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

(Continued from page 1.)

conversation His Grace, asking how we are getting on now in Toronto, because he knew we had had some trouble there. I told him things were much better in that respect than formerly, though even yet we had not the same freedom in many ways, as in New York. I spoke of the events of the celebration, and I added, pardon me, Your Grace, but it was beautiful to see you at Carnegie Hall last night, with your people; it was truly and really beautiful. O, yes, the Archbishop replied, I would not be anywhere else but with my people. His Grace spoke of Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, whom he knew well and of the great centenary just closed, and which he hoped and felt would be an inspiration to all who had witnessed it.

I congratulated him on his magnificence, and he said, yes, there had been nothing equal to it, he believed, on the continent, and that the Press had been most kind, giving it as much prominence as the Centennial of '76. As I rose to leave I ventured a request that had been in my mind throughout the interview, but which, owing to the value of time, I had not dared to proffer. Would it be possible to have a moment with the Cardinal? Here the Archbishop's kindly thought came out fully. He is upstairs just now, and I don't like to bring him down, he said, but in a half hour or so he will pass through on his way to say Mass at Holy Cross, and I'll ask him to see you then. Just remain here and you'll see him. Needless to say I remained.

Meantime another great piece of fortune came to me. I had been almost equally anxious to meet Cardinal Gibbons, America's honored Prelate, but had not dared to ask so many favors, but this wish of my heart was gratified nevertheless. As I sat in the spacious reception room with its marble busts and paintings in oil, amongst which was a full length portrait of the present father of all Christians, and as I admired the beautiful palms, which perhaps in honor of the week adorned the apartment, Cardinal Gibbons passed the door on the arm of the Archbishop. That is, he would have passed had not the kind heart of His Grace divined my thought, and turning into the room he said: Here is a lady from Canada, and his courtly mind suggested the addition: An estimable one, and she is anxious to see both Cardinals. The fragile figure with the ascetic and refined face below the white hair crowned with the little red cap, turned, and the sweet smile that came with it was as something waited from Heaven. Kissing the ring and a murmuring of thanks was all there was time for. His Eminence being on his way to his carriage, but that little was a privilege and honor always to be remembered.

CARDINAL LOGUE SENDS BLESSING TO CANADA.

Shortly afterwards the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland came down the broad staircase on the arm of his Vicar-General, Very Rev. Father Quinn. A lady who had been waiting in the reception room, the two Dominican Sisters, one the Mother of a house, were also waiting His Eminence. These I allowed to precede me. The lady claimed relationship and received recognition. "I remember your father well," said His Eminence, as he placed a pair of beads in her hand, after giving her his blessing. The Sisters, too, received a word of greeting, and then it was my turn. "This is the lady from Canada," said Father Quinn, as I advanced and knelt to kiss the ring of the Irish Cardinal from across the sea. She wants you to say something to the people of Canada. Father Quinn continued. Yes, I said, I want Your Eminence to be kind enough to give me a message for our newspaper, the Catholic Register, for the Catholic people of Canada. What shall I say? he asked, and as he really seemed to hesitate, I said: Send them your love; let me tell our people that you love them. Yes, I can say that, he said. Tell them I love them all, but he added in a partly humorous, partly serious, tone, "with the proviso that there is no heresy amongst them." It was evident that he was wondering if the Modernism of the day had found any roots in Canada.

Father Quinn was by this time as enthusiastic about the Canadian people as I, and he said, "Now what else could the Cardinal send? Could-

he send them his blessing?" Yes, I said, turning to His Eminence, if you will be kind enough to give me your blessing I'll take it from you to all the people of Canada. With that I knelt, and for a moment there was silence save for the murmured words of benediction. And in this way did the Catholic Register become the holder of an embassy from the great Irish Prelate who sits on the episcopal throne of the See of Armagh.

The bestowal was not surrounded by any great pomp, but it came direct from the anointed hand and warm heart of Ireland's greatest churchman, and to every Catholic home and hearth it now goes forth—this message of benediction and love from Ireland's Cardinal, he who sits in direct succession on the very throne of St. Patrick, Ireland's great Apostle.

The Cardinal then asked about our country, saying he hoped to get into a corner of it himself before leaving. "I must see Niagara Falls," he said. And Toronto? I enquired. "No," he said, doubtfully, "but Montreal; I must go to Montreal."

A few words more, and the interview was at an end. His Eminence hurrying to the waiting carriage, accompanied by Father Quinn, who smiled a bright and genial good-bye.

The Cardinal is low-sized and his head always droops forward. He is sixty-seven years of age, grey, with long, prominent eye-brows. His eyes are bright and at times humorous. These, together with his healthy complexion, give him on close acquaintance a more youthful appearance than is discernible at long range. He has already become very popular and during all the ceremonies he was the chief centre around which all the rest circled.

AT CARNEGIE HALL.

The chief gathering of the laity was at Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, and it was during the addresses of some of the speakers that enthusiasm reached its climax. Carnegie Hall, though neither as beautiful nor large as Massey Hall—it seats only 2,700—was made attractive with bunting and an artistic display of the Stars and Stripes. The boxes, which had been sold at from \$25 to \$150, were occupied by well-known citizens priests and their friends being by no means rare. Admission to other parts of the house was by ticket and here, as elsewhere, the chief work of the hundred and fifty police on duty was to keep the crowds of non-ticket holders out. On the platform the bishops and priests collected until a great gathering, five hundred or more in number, had assembled. The entrance of Cardinal Logue, wearing his scarlet robes, accompanied by Archbishop Farley and the Delegate to the Philippines, in their soutanes, purple cloaks

and sashes, was the signal for a rousing welcome, the audience rising and waving handkerchiefs, while "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" composed by Emil Rey in honor of Archbishop Farley, very artistically sung by a German choir. The speakers were Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, chairman; His Grace Archbishop Farley, Hon. John J. Delaney, Cardinal Logue, Hon. Paul Fuller, Dr. Jas. J. Walsh and Hon. W. Bourke Cockran. I give these names, not that all are known to Canadian readers, but to give an idea of the calibre of the men who represented New York.

While all received applause the reception given Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Farley was overwhelming. The Cardinal showed himself quite a wit, especially when he said that though it would perhaps be an easy death to be killed by kindness, still he hoped the process of treatment he was then undergoing would soon cease, the kindness he was receiving on every hand being almost too much. He spoke of the Irish at home and abroad and while he rejoiced at the prosperity the Irish have met with as seen in New York, he sounded the note of warning—the only safe-guard to be found against deterioration is that of adherence to the Faith.

That Archbishop Farley is the idol of his people was evident by the reception given him when he rose to speak. Cheer after cheer went up, while handkerchiefs and flags waved and it was some minutes before he was able to begin. And a very picturesque figure was New York's Archbishop. His purple cloak rising and falling with every graceful gesture enveloped him like that of some Roman of old, and never did Keen or Willard present a more gracefully pictured Richelieu or Cardinal than did Archbishop Farley at Carnegie Hall, as in eloquent words he thanked his people for their reception and rehearsed the story of the diocese.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran retained his reputation as the "Silver-tongued" orator. Rather heavy in repose, the strong face and form more with the emotions of his subject and in the climaxes the great voice is raised and the entire body works in harmony with the thought expressed.

The other speakers were every one fine, and at the points in the speech of Hon. John J. Delaney in which he expressed the fealty of New York to Ireland and to the Throne of St. Peter, the speaker reached the most lofty point of enthusiasm conceivable. The addresses were interspersed by musical selections, and the entire demonstration showed the high, intellectual plane upon which the Catholics of New York stand at the close of their first century of existence.

SUNDAY CEREMONIES AND FUNCTIONS.

To dwell on the details of every ceremony and function would be impossible. At Pontifical Vespers on Tuesday evening a similar glory of ceremony was seen to that of the morning. To keep out all but ticket holders the police threw themselves like a string of beads completely about the church. At every Mass of the week eloquence, faith and piety were broadly discernible, and the enthusiasm abated not in the slightest until the crowds dispersed after the forty thousand look part, and which uncouth thousands witnessed. The Catholic Club gave a dinner at which three thousand guests were served, including all the distinguished visitors from far and near. The Archbishop entertained, the ladies had receptions, and the Countess Leary feted the visiting prelates. Streets were decorated, nothing was missed and none were forgotten.

MEETS ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

It was I, the luxurious Murray Hill Hotel that we met Archbishop Ireland. This time I was accompanied by Miss O'Brien of our staff, and His Grace gave us the most cordial reception possible. We had been directed to the general reception room, but the Archbishop led us to a more private apartment and waving us to comfortable seats, immediately entered into conversation. It is only necessary to see St. Paul's noted prelate to understand his power and popularity. The courteous is portrayed in every move and the strong features are framed into a most wonderful smile, that illumines the whole countenance and never seems to be quite hidden. When His Grace laughs the corners of his mobile mouth go up and the quiet enjoyment with which he enters into anything that strikes his sense of the ludicrous is contagious and everyone laughs with him. His face, with the eyes that through long lashes seem to look beyond and under every surface, is that of one who knows the weaknesses as well as the strong things of life, and while seeing and pitying is tolerant to all.

We spoke of many things. We reminded His Grace of Toronto's disappointment some years ago when it had been announced that he would speak at the Pan-American Congress, and Massey Hall was crowded as perhaps never before nor since, when the people on the street-cars told one another they were going to hear "Ireland," and at which he failed to appear. I never promised, said His Grace. I was invited, but it was only an advertisement. He said he knew Toronto's prelate, Archbishop O'Connor, and recalled a visit of a few years ago, with Archbishop Lynch at a kind of "hermitage." We suggested that probably this was the present day "Grove." On learning that Toronto had a population of over 300,000, Archbishop Ireland's face expressed great surprise. It is a big city, a big city, he said. He in-

quired how many Catholics we had and when on a venture we said thirty or thirty-five thousand, his countenance fell. Then you are only a minority, Toronto is a Protestant city, he commented. We were obliged to agree with him, but added that the Catholics of Toronto were far from being behindhand, that they were a fine type of their religion. I know that, said His Grace. We have many of them in Minnesota, and I have always remarked that Ontario Catholics are intelligent and have been well instructed, remarkably so, and I have always thought that the priests of Western Canada must instruct their people intelligently and well. We have a little colony from Wolfe Island, continued the Archbishop, and in this respect they were conspicuous. They knew the ceremonies by heart; one could not help but remark it.

We happened to say something about the "Palace" and at the word the smile broadened and the Archbishop said: "You are very pretentious in Canada. You call the Archbishop's house the Palace; here we call it simply the Archbishop's residence. We laughed too, mentally comparing the plain house which we term the Palace with the palatial apartment in which we were seated, with its marble floors, Oriental rugs, florid electric lighting and other Arabian Night accessories. The Archbishop, too, asked about the foreign population of Toronto, and speaking generally, said that foreigners everywhere should have their own church and priests of their own nationality. He expressed wonderful sympathy for those people and when we commented on this, he said, O well, I know; I know how lonely they are, how knocked about and how unless they have a priest of their own country to look after them they will inevitably be lost to the Church.

Our interview, though by no means short, His Grace repeatedly assuring us of his pleasure in seeing us, came all too soon to an end, and as we bade Archbishop Ireland good-bye, we felt that a wish of years had been most pleasantly gratified. We had seen and talked with the greatest prelate of the West.

MAGNIFICENT PARADE.

The parade which marked the closing scenes in the great Centenary was a magnificent showing numerically and spiritually of the Catholicism of New York. Did space permit an entire page might be devoted to its many features. Forty thousand representatives were scheduled to take part, but this number was far exceeded in the reality. Representations from all the parishes and societies were in line, every deputation displaying the badges and flags which told of their standing. Immense banners of the Stars and Stripes preceded every body of men, and fine bands furnished inspiring national and religious airs. The priests of every society or parish headed their men, looking handsome and happy, wearing in addition to their usual dress silk hats and white gloves. As every well known priest appeared the lines of massed spectators cheered and waved the multi-colored flags, while the objects of their greeting

smiled and raised their hats in acknowledgment. It was quite evident that every priest in New York was a prince in the eyes of his people, and the admiration given was doubtless deserved, for without strenuous effort in the ecclesiastical ranks the display offered would have been altogether impossible. A stalwart Soggarth headed a body of about three hundred, all colored, and the sight drew forth generous enthusiasm.

A grand stand seating fifteen thousand was erected about the Cathedral and from this the chief ecclesiastics, with their attendants, together with the women and children fortunate enough to obtain tickets, viewed the great procession. As for the rest, miles of packed, though orderly, humanity lined the squares and avenues, or banded themselves on the high flights of steps that front the large stone houses. The police, mounted and on foot, were masters of the situation, and nothing occurred to mar the closing feature of the memorable week. While from the point of pretentiousness the parade was imposing, it was still more impressive as a demonstration of the magnificent strength the Church has attained in

New York, ranking it as perhaps the largest diocese in the world.

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NOTICE Tenders for Chain for Marine and Fisheries Dept. TENDERS. THE time for receiving tenders for Chain Shackles and Swivels required by the Marine and Fisheries Department for which tenders have been invited to be received up to the First of May, will be extended up to the 15th day of May next. Revised Specifications can be seen at the Office of the Agents of the Marine Department at Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.E., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Montreal, P.Q., and Quebec, P.Q., and at the Department, Ottawa. Ottawa, 23rd April, 1908. F. GOURDEAU, Deputy Minister.

Page Lawn Border PAGE FLOWER GUARD. THE PAGE ACME LAWN FENCE is built of heavy high carbon, hard steel spring wire, heavily galvanized and soaked in rust-resisting white paint. It is the strongest, staunchest fence—only one without a soft spot of light wire in it. Stronger than three twisted strands of No. 12 wire. SEE HOW DEEP THIS Our imitators have copied us in nearly every way—even to painting their fencing wire, but they have not copied the PAGE quality. There is the rub—they could not do that and sell for less. Remember, you can't beat price and quality too. FOR SALE AT 19c A FOOT BY Robert Simpson Co., Samuel Hobbs, 1434 Queen West. George Mathewson, 734 Queen St. E. F. H. Moses, 359 Broadview Avenue. W. C. McFarlane, 391 Parliament St. J. C. McFadden, 763 Queen St. E. George Plumb, 171 McCaul Street. T. W. Slean, 544 Bloor Street W. G. F. Frankland, 1696 Bathurst St. W. Rice, 874 Bathurst St. John Castor, 628 Queen St. West. Humphrey Hardware Co., 364 Queen St. W. J. Samuels, 279 Queen Street West. J. Hewitson, 902 Yonge Street. Pinder's Hardware, 75 Dundas Street.



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THE WHISPERER

Lord Cashel and Miles Keon, the Whisperer, were foster-brothers. They had drawn the milk from the same bounteous peasant breast, and there was a brotherly feeling between them for all that my lord was Earl of Cashel, and Miles Keon a peasant boy.

Miles was a little fellow, lean and agile, and as brown as a nut. My lord was a big, fair, kindly young man, one that the ladies found it as hard to resist as the horses did the Whisperer. It was said that Mary Keon loved the fair child she had suckled at least as well as she did her flesh and blood. Be that as it may there was no jealousy in Miles Keon's heart child or man towards the foster-brother who had left him hungry in babyhood.

Always Miles was at his lordship's heels, from babyhood, through boyhood, and in manhood, if they were sometimes separated in the body, they were not in heart. They had had a happy boyhood together. My lord was an orphan, and his guardian lived in London, and was well content to shuffle off the personal care of his ward on Mr. Spence, the rector, who taught him Latin and Greek, and saw that he did not lack training in the manly arts.

Perhaps, after all, the most important part of Lord Cashel's education was learnt in the woods, in the company of Miles Keon, and on the mountains and the waters. Miles had a wonderful way with the wild creatures. The same gifts that made him a Whisperer brought the birds to feed from his hand and the hares creeping about his feet. The rector would stand for him to stroke their coats, and the eagle that builds on Carrigdu had seen him approach the nest that was like a charnel house with the bones of lambs and such innocent creatures, and had spared to strike him dead. They said the fishes would come to the top of the water when he played upon his lute. There was something—Mr. Spence said it was a gift of great love—that struck down between him and the animals the barrier of fear and enmity that has stood since the fall of man.

Where Miles could go my lord could not follow; but he learnt secrets in the woods that he would never have known in any companionship but that of Miles Keon.

Miles was a man before it was found he had the power of the Whisperer. He was employed at that time about Lord Cashel's stables at Ballaghadamore. He always went riding with my lord, and had a general power of supervision over the stables and the kennels, for my lord Cashel hunted the Muskerry country.

Once it was found that he had the gift, he was in great request in three counties, and my lord put no barrier in the way of his exercising his power with the horses. Usually, to tame young, unbroken colts was his business, and it was remarkable that he never used the whip on them; but sometimes he was sent for to tame an incurably vicious horse, and it was then his real gift came out.

He would enter a stable where a kicking, roaring devil was playing havoc with all around him. At the first low caressing note of his voice there would be quiet, and a few minutes later he would come out, leading a horse in his right mind. Was it the whisper in the horse's ear that wrought the marvel? The Whisperer kept his secret. But he would often say to those he heard talking of the wickedness of a man was to blame somewhere: "for it stands to reason," the Whisperer would say, "that the animal was created without sin, and it was only with man that sin entered the world." He was a bit of a theologian, and a pious boy in his way.

Lord Cashel had been visiting somewhere in the Bog of Allen, and the day he returned he came with a cloud of care on his brow. No sooner had he eaten and drunk than he sent for Miles to the stables. Fortunately no one had come for the Whisperer for a couple of days back.

His lordship sat in his private room awaiting for him. The carpet was

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too humble and simple to believe she could ever care for him.

The Blackbird arrived a few days later. His guard looked as exhausted as if they had been in charge of a tiger, and were full of sullen anger against the horse. They had spent anxious days and watchful nights on the road, and there was a long bill for my Lord to pay for damages caused by the Blackbird's tantrums.

The Whisperer was riding with my Lord when the horse arrived. The two rode into the stable-yard to a scene of wild hurly-burly. They were trying to get the Blackbird into his stall, about twenty of them armed for terror of dim with sticks, and forks, and broom handles, or anything they could find to their hands to defend themselves in case he should try to kill them. One fellow had the rusty blunderbuss that had hung behind the harness-room door for more years than anyone could remember. Two stout fellows were hanging on to ropes round the horse's head. The Blackbird was rearing on his hind legs, kicking out and making furious rushes at his tormentors. His beautiful coat was covered with sweat, and steaming. His eyes and nostrils were full of blood, and he was half screaming and half sobbing.

At the sight my Lord uttered a shout of rage and pain that made the stable-helpers momentarily forget their terror of the horse. He flung himself out of the saddle like a madman, and rushed into the middle of the group insensible of the danger to himself. But, quick as he was, the Whisperer was quicker. My Lord was caught and pulled back with a force and violence born of terrified love, and the next thing he saw was the Whisperer holding on to the horse's head-collar and shouting to the men at the ropes to let him free.

Twice he was swung from his feet as the horse reared; twice he was flung back on the stones of the yard with violence, but he held to his grip, quite unconscious that my Lord, struggling to be by his side, was held back by his old huntsman and a couple of grooms.

Suddenly the horse trembled and came down on his forefeet with a crash. It happened so suddenly that no one could tell the moment when his passion was quelled. The Whisperer was now stroking his disordered coat, and murmuring against his ears with a sound softer than the wind in the leaves in summer. The horse was still trembling and turning wild eyes of fear on the man, but every minute he grew quieter. When a few minutes had passed Miles led him in to his stall, and presently, when my Lord followed, he found him rubbing down the beautiful coat, humming between his teeth after the fashion of grooms, while the horse, as quiet as Brown Bess, the mother of many foals, stood turning grateful eyes upon him.

"A miracle, Miles, a miracle!" cried my Lord. "Good God, what an escape! If the accursed fool had injured him! Every man of them goes to-night!"

"They are not to be blamed," said Miles. "They are not cruel by nature, but the fear makes them mad. They are like the dumb beast."

After this the Blackbird's reformation seemed to be an assured thing. True, Miles was never long absent from him, and the friendship between the man and the horse was a beautiful thing to see. That the Blackbird had been wicked and had done evil only made the man's pity the greater. As he stood currying him, he used to think upon the sufferings the horse must have had to endure. He had belonged to old Carden of Kilmannan, a fire-eater and a bully, and reputed the cruellest man of a day when people were not particular. It was told of him that he had burnt a young mare to death because she had a trick of stopping with him. He had secured her by stakes to the ground, and had lit a fire under her, and had kept her there roasting till even his own tools had turned on him, Lacy, a drunken groom, having fetched a pair of horse-pistols and put the beast out of her misery in spite of him.

Miles had heard this and many another story, and could guess that the Blackbird had been tortured to the utmost extent compatible with keeping him alive and sound in wind and limb. And his pity for the creature was like a flood in his heart that he could hardly endure.

Now with tender treatment and a quiet life the beauty and value of the horse showed themselves day by day. He looked like a creature of air and fire, too fine to be held on earth. Who could believe that he, gently whinnying for his friend in his absence, or standing with a caressing head in his breast, when he had come, was the Blackbird of terrible reputation?

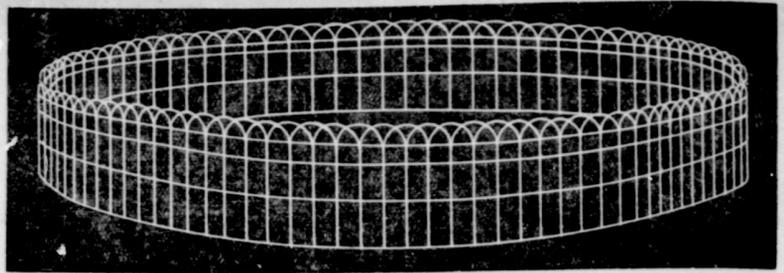
My Lord's spirits went higher every day. Every morning he was out to see Miles exercising the horse, and as many times he swore that the Blackbird had never been equalled in the history of horseflesh.

"We shall make his Grace dance to the tune of fifty thousand, Miles," he would say, rubbing his hands.

It was autumn when the Blackbird came to Ballaghadamore, and in May the great race was to be ridden. A match between the Duke of Wharnccliffe's Pegasus and Lord Cashel's Blackbird for fifty thousand guineas

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a side was bound to make a bit of a stir, even though it was to be run under the shadow of a purple Irish hair. Then a whisper had been circulated in one of the gossiping fashionable sheets in London that there was more at issue between the gentlemen than a mere matter of horseflesh or gold guineas, and so fashionable circles were doubly interested in the matter.

The Duke was at his house in the neighborhood in the early spring of that year, which was 1798. Lady Mabel, who had not yet had a London season, or a Dublin one for the matter of that, was with her mother at Shelton. Her ladyship guarded the child like the apple of her eye, foreseeing the time when all Europe should ring with her beauty. She would have been just as well pleased if suitors had held aloof, and given her girl time to grow. Even the Duke's strawberry leaves stirred no elation in her breast. How much higher did the woman look? To the royal blood itself perhaps, for her pride would have preferred not to yield her girl till conquering beauty had at least one campaign, and had seen noble hearts and noble names lie before her thick as autumn leaves.

Meanwhile Lady Mabel was what a shut bud is to the rose. She sat by her mother as meek as the Virginella nel Tempio of a Florentine painter; and Beauty brooded above her moonlight face like a star. It was "Yes, your Grace," or "No, my Lord," no more than that, in speech softer than silver. But it was this very exquisite promise of growth, this still maidenhood, that rapt the hearts of the two men towards her.

Her mother would have sworn that she had no preference, that the beginning of a separate will was hardly forbidden my Lord Cashel the door. But then Wharnccliffe had had no rival, and the pleasure that the contest between the two was to her would have ceased.

But once as the two gentlemen sat fingering their snuff boxes and making fine speeches with the slightest threatening of hate and jealousy beneath, and while the elder lady laughed and applauded the combat of wits, Lady Mabel bent her eyes an instant on Lord Cashel. For the minute the Duke was paying a flowery compliment to her mother, and neither was looking. It was for the merest shadow of time, but the gaze was so full of sweetness and joy in him that the man's senses reeled with the delight of it. He turned a little pale, and soon afterwards took his leave, but as he rode homeward he shouted and sang in the spring evening, and the song was an old one:

"O my Love, my Love is young,
Meanwhile more momentous matters than horse racing were stirring the country. In the spring of that year the leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested, and immediately the land was in the throes of premature rebellion. The enrolling in the country about Ballaghadamore had not been general, and the terror and trouble were proportionately less there than in other parts of the country. But a few arrests were made, and among the first to be taken was the Whisperer. It would seem that in his faring up and down the country on his business he had had the opportunity and had used it for purposes of organization, and it was not his fault that the countryside was not in such a blaze as was Kildare, or Wicklow, or Wexford.

He was spirited away one night at the dead of the night from his little room above the Blackbird's stable, and it was only the next morning that Lord Cashel heard what had happened. He was in the utmost despair, and sat with his head in his hands two hours by the clock. Then he sprang up, and, calling for his horse, rode hard to Wharnccliffe Tower. The Duke, who was not an early riser, was just finishing his morning cup of chocolate. My Lord burst in on him, hardly waiting to be announced.

"I am come to tell you," he cried, "that our match must be off."
"Not so far as I am concerned," said his Grace, coolly; "but my Pegasus is the better horse."
My Lord cursed the Duke's horse for answer. Then, he went on, more quietly:

"My Blackbird's mount is in the county jail among the croppies, and he will let no one else ride him."
"Ah!" said the Duke, contemplating his handsome calf in its silk stocking, "many a better man is in like case. There is poor Edward Fitzgerald, with a festering shoulder, to keep him company in his cell. Ah, Cashel, what a man!"

"Worth many of you or me," said my Lord shortly. "But our match, Wharnccliffe?"
"Ah, our match. I don't want to die till I beat you or yield to you. And they say there will be many a pair of bright eyes to wish success to the colors of one or the other of us."
"But I tell you my Blackbird will never go to the post without his

mount. He would not budge an inch, or he would break his back or his rider's."

"Tut!" said the Duke contemptuously. "What good is a mere peasant in this bog that it should interfere with the sport of gentlemen? Musgrave will lend him to us for the race. You'll guarantee that he'll ride your race and not give Blackbird his head and show the law a clean pair of heels?"

"He'll ride the race," said Lord Cashel with conviction.

"Then consider the matter done." Captain Musgrave, the Governor of the County Jail, was a gallant officer, more at home in the field than in the keeping of rebels. However, a wound in his knee had finished his soldiering for ever, and he had had to accept the veteran's lot while not much over thirty, and the government of a jail rather than fields of renown. He had but the slightest acquaintance with the young beauty of the county, and it was with a deep sense of gratification that he received a note from Lady Mabel the morning after the prisoners were lodged in jail.

"Would Captain Musgrave so far please a woman," it ran, "as to let her maid who bears this, have speech of a friend, one Miles Keon, now lying in His Majesty's jail in Captain Musgrave's keeping?"

"I wish she had asked me something less easy," said the soldier, as he gave orders that the bearer of the note should be admitted to see the prisoner.

Miles was sitting with his head in his hands on the foot of his low pallet. Of his own danger he was not thinking at all. His thoughts were on the race that now could not be run for he knew that Blackbird would bear no other rider. The trouble of it had weighed heavily on him, and a born in her. Else she might have forbidden my Lord Cashel the door. But then Wharnccliffe had had no rival, and the pleasure that the contest between the two was to her would have ceased.

There was a jangling of the big key in the lock of his cell and the door was jerked open. A warden put in his head, and withdrew it to admit a woman, deeply veiled. Miles stood up in surprise, as she came forward through the obscurity of his cell. When she had come close to him, she threw back her veil.

"Gracie!" he cried, in such a joyful voice that the warden, who had retired and was pacing up and down outside the door, stopped in amazement. It was not a place where the voice of joy often sounded.

"Miles!" she answered, calling him by his name for the first time, and blushing through her tears. "Did you think I would not come?"
"Oh, Gracie, Gracie," he said, "why should you come to me here except you love me? And sure I never lifted my eyes to you, asthoreen."
"It wasn't my fault, then," she said, laughing, in spite of the place they were in, "you left it all to me, Miles Keon."

He read the invitation in her eyes,

and answered it with his lips on hers and his arms about her. Then he put her away a little bit and looked at her sorrowfully.

"I shouldn't have done it, Gracie Oge Wachree. It is for another man you are, and not for Miles Keon."

"Never," she said. "I gave you my heart from the beginning, and I will never look at another man."

"Gracie," he said, drawing her to his shoulder. "Do you know it's a hanging matter for me? If I was in Kildare or Wicklow to-day, 'tis out of the branch of a tree I'd be swinging by this."

"Oh, no, no," she cried, shuddering. "Your Lord has powerful friends, and my lady will do anything for us. It is through her I am here. And she has only to say the word, and the Duke will move heaven and earth for her."

"Well, well, we will hope, avourneen. I want to live now," he said, "only God send that orders don't come to dispose of us before my lord and your lady have had time to do anything."

The orders did not come and the day of the race drew nigh. They seemed to have forgotten in Dublin Castle that a handful of peasants were lying in jail in this remote south-west corner of Munster. And meanwhile the Duke had approached Captain Musgrave on the matter of lending him Miles Keon for the race.

"But what is there to prevent him?" objected Musgrave, "when he tops the stone wall, whither my mounted men can't follow him, from heading his horse for the Dingle Hills? Once among the mountains he might snap his fingers at all the soldiers we could send in pursuit?"

"I have spoken with the fellow, and he is honest," answered the Duke. "The nearest thing to his heart at this moment, though he has a sweet heart, I am told, is to win his master the race. I wish there were any fellow of mine for whom I could say as much."

"Ah, poor fellow," said Musgrave, "he has a sweetheart. Yes, I have seen her, a charming creature. But, your Grace, if he slips our fingers, it will be a serious matter for me."
"Do you think I am not powerful enough to cover you in such a matter, if there were need?" Then, with a change of voice, "Ah, poor devils, it can be no pleasure jailing them, Musgrave."

"You are right, your Grace, it is no work for a soldier," answered Musgrave, gloomily.

The two Englishmen shook hands and parted. The day of the race came bright and beautiful. When Miles the Whisperer faced it out of the gloom of his cell, he blinked at it like an owl. He was flung upon a horse in the midst of a band of stout fellows and, hidden by a great coat to his heels, left the prison behind.

Lord Cashel had been with him, and had given him accounts of the horse. At first the Blackbird had looked for him and kept up a whinnying day and night, which told that he was not yet in despair of his friend's return. Later his mood grew vicious and sullen.

(Continued on page 7.)



The QUIET HOUR

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

The Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes; but its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree.

hoping that a cure could be effected without resorting to the knife. Later he was removed to St. Francis Hospital, where medical treatment was administered without avail, and again an operation was suggested as the only means of relieving him.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fear not you; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for He has risen, as He said.—St. Matt. xxviii., 5-6.

"THINGS I LIKE ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

"Things I Like About the Catholic Church" was the title of an interesting sermon preached in the First Congregational Church, LaCrosse, Wis., by its pastor, Rev. Henry Faville.

"I like the Catholic Church," he continued, "because of the sanctity it puts upon the marriage tie. I see no permanent uplift for humanity except in connection with the home, and in civilized and Christian society the home begins with marriage."

"I like its reverence for its houses of worship. It carries out that request which we make upon our greeting, which reads: 'Whosoever thou art that entered this church, remember it is the house of God, be reverent, be silent, be thoughtful, and leave it not without a prayer to God for thyself, for those who minister and those who worship here.'"

"Then in its worship the Catholic Church makes no distinctions as to race, caste or conditions. The rich and the poor meet together. The color question and the slavery question has not divided the Catholic Church, as it has some others. I like this. It is the essence of Christianity. It recognizes the second of the two great truths which Christ has given to the world."

THINKS LOURDES CURED HIM.

(New York Times.)

Brother Francis Joseph, head of the Christian Brothers of the Roman Catholic Church in the east, was stricken with mastoiditis several months ago and taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where the surgeons told him that it would be necessary to perform an operation. He declined to consent to the operation, and after being four months in the hospital was taken to another institution, where he received further treatment.

At this institution also the surgeons thought that an operation would be necessary to save Brother Joseph's life, that still he would not consent,

Tenders for Dredging.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be received until Friday, May 15, 1908, at 4.30 p.m., for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Ontario: Burlington, Blind River, Beaverton, Collingwood, Cobourg, Goderich, Hamilton, Kincaidine, Little Current, Midland, Meaford, Owen Sound, Nigger and Penetanguishene, Port Burwell, Port Elgin, Picton, Rondeau, Sumnerstown, Thames River, Toronto, Thornbury, Trenton Harbour and Dark Channel, Wauhaushene, Wiaraton and Wingfield Basin.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for six thousand dollars (\$6,000), must be deposited as security for the dredging which the tenderer offers to perform in the Province of Ontario. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 23, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

THE WHISPERER

(Continued from page 6.)

en. He would rush at the grooms who came to feed him open-mouthed, and had torn the fittings of his loose box to pieces.

"But 'twill be all right when he sees you, Miles," said his lordship. "You are his good genius and will drive out his devil."

The horse had preceded Miles on the race course. He was in one of his most vicious moods, squeaking and trumpeting and trampling the grass of his little paddock as if it were flesh and blood under his hoofs. A fascinated crowd was watching him through the stout palings.

"'Tis the Devil they ought to call him," said one, "an' not the Blackbird at all. Sure the Blackbird's a decent little bit of a bird, an' nothing at all to do with the likes o' that mad brute."

"Wirra God help the poor boy's got to cross his back," said an old croak. "'Tis myself wouldn't be puttin' my nine bones in danger for the like o' that beast."

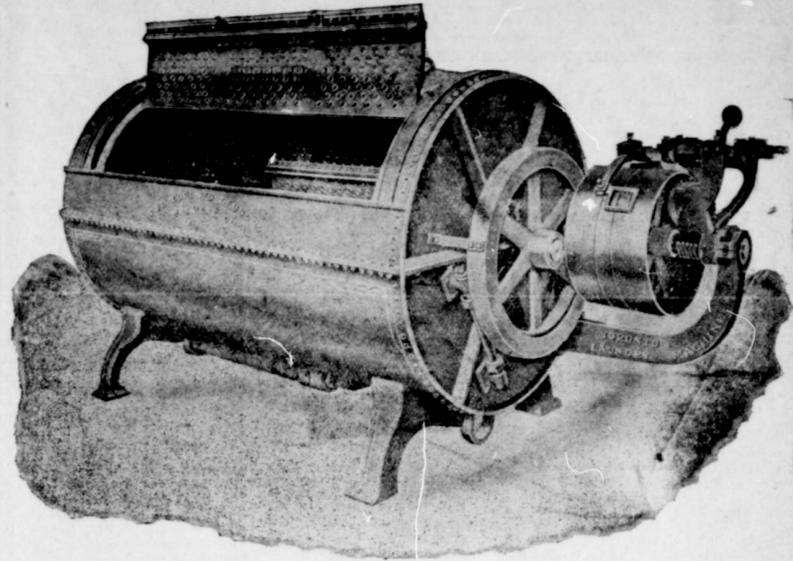
"Have done wid your foolishness," said a man better informed. "'Tis the Whisperer that's to ride him, an' he has the power over any horse ever foaled. Let alone that you'd be a nice lookin' jockey to be puttin' your leg across the Blackbird."

The course was three miles of an undulating pastoral country. The ground on which the stand was built sloped gently, so that the course lay well within view of those who were on it or about it. It was a natural race-course, with a brook to be leaped and a rough stone wall half way from home. All the country people had turned out on foot, or driving or riding rough nags, and there were a few carriages, among them being the big yellow barouche from Shelton with Lady Mabel sitting in it by her stately mother. It might have been noticed that she shrank less modestly than usual from the admiring glances that fell upon her, seeming, indeed, to be rapt out of herself by some unusual excitement that lit soft fires in her cheeks and in her eyes.

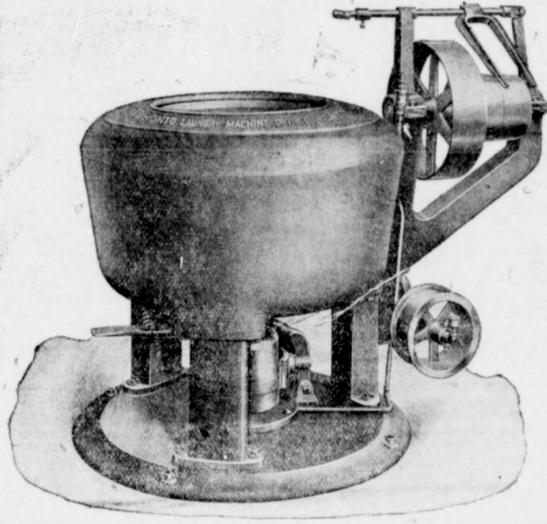
Pegasus, a bay horse, was being led up and down amid an admiring throng. Though his spirit made him prance and snort so that the laughing crowds scurried before him as children do before an advancing wave, it was a very different matter from the Blackbird. The large, limpid eyes of the bay were so full of kindness as to invite caresses, and the difficulty of his rider was to keep a thousand hands from smoothing the sleek cheeks and satin sides.

Blessings and good wishes followed Pegasus and the Duke's colors of blue and silver, whereas it seemed to be generally agreed that no luck at all could follow the Blackbird, an' sure

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what business had his lordship wid the like at all, riskin' people's lives for the sake of a brute of a horse that ought to have had a shot put in him long ago?

Yet the Blackbird swung into favor, and left Pegasus forgotten, a few minutes later. The horses, the race, and everything went clear out of men's minds when the Whisperer rode up amid his escort. It got quickly among the excited people that Miles Keon was out of prison to ride the Blackbird and cheer after cheer rent the air. The escort drew to one side, looking rather sullen, and lighting down from their horses, pretended to turn their entire attention to feeding and washing them. Lord Cashel was standing by to hurry Miles into the dressing-room and away from the handshakes many a one was giving him. It was noticed that as he went in, he pricked up his ears at the whinnying of the Blackbird which all at once had succeeded the shrill, unnatural squeaking.

He came out in a few minutes so fine in his colors of green and gold that his poor Gracie's heart swelled, where she stood quietly apart, with love and sorrowful pride.

He went straight to the horse, and the crowd, which had deserted Pegasus, tumbled helter skelter to see the encounter. The Whisperer ran lightly half-way down the paddock, and then stood still as the horse came galloping towards him, tossing his beautiful head in the air and neighing with joy. When they had met, the horse's head went into the man's bosom and the man's arms around the horse's neck. A minute they stood so in happy meeting. Then the Whisperer sprang lightly into the saddle and the horse came stepping forth, holding his head high and seeming to spurn the earth from his delicate feet.

A moment more and the two beautiful creatures were off. Lord Cashel watched the colors flash out of sight, and then turned and mounted the stand with a noise of armies in his ears.

For a few minutes his sight failed him, so that he could not distinguish. Then it cleared a little. He could see the two brilliant specks floating away at the end of the Ten Acres by the hazel copse. The field was crossed in

a flash and the horses were coming up to the brook. Pegasus was leading, the Blackbird a couple of lengths behind. "Miley is holding him in," Lord Cashel said, half aloud, "he will give him his head when they have taken the jump."

"'Twould be hard on us, Cashel, if your fellow were to fly now," said a voice at his side.

"Ah, Wharncille, I had not noticed you were my neighbor. So it would be, but Miley will not fly."

He was as pale as death, and his voice trembled. The Duke was gay and smiling.

"Well done, well done! They are over it!" he cried, thumping the rail before him with his gloved hand. A roar had gone up from the people around and below them as the brook was crossed. A silence followed so intense that you might have fancied you heard the thunder of the horses' feet on the smooth turf a mile away, though they and their riders had dwindled to the faintest speck of color.

At the stone wall Pegasus has risen and sailed over it, the Blackbird balked for a second. For a second men's hearts seemed to stop, and Lord Cashel bit his lips till the blood ran down. But no, Miley had thrown himself forward on the horse's neck and backed him a little. Man and horse rose in the air, and swifter than the flight of an arrow were on the track of the bay, who, in the momentary delay, had got a dozen lengths ahead. Now Miles settled down in the saddle and gave his horse his head. With long splendid strides they gained on Pegasus and his rider. Closer and closer up. The wearer of the blue and silver glanced back uneasily and caught a glimpse of the Blackbird's staring eyeballs. He began lashing the sweating sides of the bay. Miles never lifted his whip. The heart of the horse answered too well the heart of the man. Now the horses were neck and neck and the crowd began to hoan like the surge of the sea. Hoarse inarticulate cries broke from the swaying mass. Lord Cashel heard it ringing in his ears like a million bells. "The Blackbird wins! The Blackbird wins!" The green and gold were ahead now. He could see his colors flashing in the sunlight as the horses neared the winning post. A length ahead, two lengths ahead, three lengths ahead. The Blackbird shot past the post, and the first sound out of all the hubbub that reached my Lord Cashel's ears was the quiet voice beside him: "Well won, by Jove, and well ridden. The match is yours, Cashel."

The two men went down side by side to the broad stretch of turf, where Miles still sat in his saddle looking happy and proud. He went to speak to Lord Cashel as the latter came near. "I've won you the race, my lord," he said, "and now I'm ready to go back where I came from." The escort, the one gloomy spot in a bright day, stood around him waiting, each man's foot ready for the stirrup. It was the Duke who waved them back. "Is the victor of the day to go

without a bumper of wine?" he said, and at his gesture the mounted men retired once more.

But after they had drank, the Duke still kept eyeing the horse as one fascinated.

"Sell him to me, Cashel," he cried at last; "you shall name your own price."

"You must buy the man, too, Duke!" laughed my lord.

"And that I will if I can buy his affections from you to me. What do you say, Mr. Rebel?"

It was a strange sight to see these two fine gentlemen laughing and jesting in the sunlight with the man who had emerged from a prison grave and would return to it. Miles listened to the banter between the two with a grave smile and wistful eyes that looked far away to the hills. Did the passionate desire of the man for freedom communicate itself to the heart of the creature that loved him? Who can say? But certain it is that suddenly the Blackbird grew restive. He began to rear and kick, and in a moment of space he had cleared himself a space with his heels. There before him was the sloping country with the hills on the horizon. Before anyone knew what was about to happen the horse was off. The crowd opened for him as if by magic. People could see that his rider had a little control of him. The utmost he could do was to keep his seat and steer straight. But before the clumsy escort had one foot in its stirrups the Blackbird had gained the open, and that would be a rare horse that should follow. Then the fellows were so hustled and impeded by the crowd that had opened widely, to let the Blackbird pass, that more minutes were wasted in setting out than they could ever overtake.

As for the Duke, he roared with laughter to see the troopers trying to mount.

"As well follow the lightning," he said, and then, learning the Blackbird was out of sight, he threw off a bumper to his safe disappearance.

"I can swear to Musgrave," he said, "that the horse ran away with the man, and the fight was no trick of your fellow's at all. Well, I suppose our bargain is off for the present, but if the two turn up safe and sound one of these days I shall take the man and horse off your hands, if you please; aye, and shelter them from the law, too, if necessary."

A few days later the Blackbird was sent home, a small boy leading him, and in a truly sweet-tempered mood. Perhaps he was conscious that the people were making ballads in his praise. But Miles did not return till the troubles were over, and then my lord's aegis was enough to protect him. There were many stories where he had hidden while the mounted patrols were searching the country for him. Some said he was within the park walls of Shelton and led with meats from the kitchen. But that, perhaps, was because he married Gracie O'Malley the very day her young mistress became Lady Cashel.—Katharine Tynan, in The Irish Monthly.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS. TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT. MADE IN CANADA.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASE CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

In and Around Toronto

PERSONAL. The Misses Gret and Frank Mallon have just returned from a two weeks' visit to New York...

ST. MONICA'S CHURCH, EGLINTON. Monday being the Feast of St. Monica, it was especially celebrated in St. Monica's Church, Eglington.

DEATH OF REV. BRO. MALACHY EDWARD. On Tuesday, the 4th inst., the death occurred at Maisonneuve, Montreal...

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN. In their hall, corner Queen and McCaul streets, the Knights of St. John spent a very pleasant evening...

HOME BANK EXTENSIONS. The Head Office of the Home Bank of Canada, 8 King Street West, Toronto, requiring more space...

ST. PETER'S CHURCH. During the Forty Hours' Devotion in St. Peter's church the sermon on Tuesday evening was preached by Father Coyle...

MEETING OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul held their quarterly meeting on Sunday last in their hall, Shuter street.

DEATH OF MISS MARGARET C. MASON. We regret to announce the death of Miss Margaret Caroline (Carrie) Mason, which occurred on the morning of the 1st of May...

TOBACCO HABIT. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally.

LIQUOR HABIT. Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive Home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain.

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all her life in St. Paul's parish, where she had a wide circle of friends, who learned with sorrow of the sad loss they have sustained...

While the friends and acquaintances are sore of heart at losing one so dear to them, the greatest blow has fallen on the bereaved home...

Though her death was a shock to her family, they have the consolation of knowing that she died fortified by the Rites of Holy Church...

It was indeed a sombre, though to a Catholic eye, an imposing picture, to see on a bright May morning the funeral cortege entering the church.

Sad at heart were all that witnessed so imposing a scene and at the solemn music of the Requiem many tears were shed...

TORONTO MARKETS. Grain: Wheat, spring bush 0.91 0.92; Wheat, fall, bush 0.95 0.00; Wheat, goose, bush 0.90 0.00...

Seeds: Red Clover, No. 1, per bush \$14.10; Red clover, No. 2, per bush 14.10; Alsike clover, No. 1, per bush 12.30...

Bannon-Gracey. A very pretty wedding took place at the Sacred Heart church, Fifth Line Toronto Township, last Thursday, April 30th.

Where the finest biscuit, cake, hot-breads, crusts or puddings are required Royal is indispensable. ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure.

CENTENARY OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 5.) recording secretary, of Erie, Pa., and Miss Elizabeth Burns of New York.

THANKS TO MONSIGNOR MURPHY. To Very Rev. Monsignor Murphy, chairman of the Press Committee, I owe a debt of gratitude for his kindness in supplying me with tickets.

MET FORMER TORONTONIANS. Many in Toronto will be glad to learn that Father Costello, C.S.S.R., son of Mr. Peter Costello of St. Patrick's parish...

W. D. McVey, the Photographer, will make your photograph day or night. Studio 514 Queen St. W. Mention this paper.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION. In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS. We guarantee the durability and artistic workmanship of all our windows of those of moderate prices as well as the most expensive, and all are made of English Antique Glass.

The N. T. LYON GLASS CO., Limited. 141-143 CHURCH ST., TORONTO. Established 1862.

The Home Bank of Canada DIVIDEND No. 6. Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the Three Months ending the 31st May, 1908...

BROWN BROS. Limited. 51-53 Wellington St. West, Toronto. WE KEEP THE FINEST STOCK OF FINE LEATHER GOODS. Ladies' Bags, Portfolios, Wallets, Pocket Books, Letter and Card Cases, etc.

DETROIT JEWEL Gas Stoves and Water Heaters. ARE UNEQUALED IN EFFICIENCY, DURABILITY AND ECONOMY OF FUEL.

A. WELCH & SON 304 QUEEN ST. W. "The Stove Store". Tenders for Dredging. TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received until 4.30 p.m., Friday, May 15, 1908...

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