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VOL. XIII., No. 17

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Continuance of interview with Mr. Matthew Teefy—The Late James Austin, an Old-Time Printer—The "Christian Guardian," now the Old-est Paper in Toronto—The First Priests in Upper Canada—List of Catholic Priests Here in 1842—St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Built in 1826—Bishop Macdonell's Toronto Residence—Life of Bishop Macdonell

"I have an idea, Mr. Teefy, that the late James Austin, president of the Dominion Bank, was a printer in the 'Patriot' office during your years there."
 "Yes, he was, I had forgotten him."
 "I met Mr. Austin in the early forties in Hamilton. He was about to start a paper in Guelph, I think the 'Herald,' the same that is now a daily paper, as well as a weekly, and edited by Mr. Downey, the eloquent Catholic member for South Wellington, in the Provincial Parliament. In 1852, I in connection with three other practical printers, started a daily paper in Toronto, and calling on the wholesale grocery firm of Foy & Austin to solicit business for the new venture, Mr. Austin told me he was an old publisher himself, and then I remembered him. He had sold out to a man named Pirie. It was started as a Conservative paper, and has been Conservative ever since."

"The oldest paper now in Toronto is the 'Christian Guardian.' It was started in 1829 by the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, and has been issued continually ever since."

"I have done a good deal of business with that establishment in days long gone by, Mr. Teefy, and always in a satisfactory manner. The first time I learned anything about the 'Christian Guardian' was, I think, in 1843, when its foreman, a Mr. Lawrence, led a band of tectotallers from Toronto to a demonstration held in Hamilton, the summer of that year. That was one of the years of the Father Mathew movement in Ireland, and there was a good deal of enthusiasm for the temperance cause here then, too. A Mr. Bentley was the next foreman, and with him I did a good deal of business when in the service of the late D. K. Fehan, who established the first type agency in Toronto in 1849. Mr. Roddy was the last foreman that I did business with. Rev. Anson Green was the superintendent that I have the best recollection of. I suppose you know that the 'Guardian' office is the establishment wherein the late Patrick Boyle learned the printing trade."

"Mr. Teefy, as I am sure you have data for everything historical relating to Canada, you can tell me when first we had stationary or parish priests in Upper Canada."
 "Yes, I can; here is an old almanac that contains the names. In 1823 Right Rev. Alex. Macdonell was Bishop of Upper Canada, located in Glengarry. Rev. John McDonnell was parish priest in the eastern district of Glengarry at that time; Rev. William Fraser was located in Kingston; and Rev. M. Marchand and Rev. M. Crevier were located in Sandwich. Just one bishop and four priests. Highlanders, after the French, were the first Catholic settlers. The first band of Highlanders were not led here by Bishop Macdonell, but by an Irish priest named McKenna. The first priest in this section, however, seems to have been the Rev. Alexander Macdonell, ordained in 1768, missionary at New Johnson, in the eastern part of the province."

"Mr. Teefy, have you a volume among your papers of 'The Catholic,' published in Hamilton and edited by the Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald. It contained a list of priests who were agents for that paper in Upper Canada, and perhaps included the whole number. That list would give us the names of nearly all, if not all, the Catholic clergy of what is now Ontario at the time of its publication."
 My friend soon produced a bound volume of the desired publication, and turning to the list of agents, I

found James sought. The volume was for 1842. I am sure the list of names reproduced will be of interest to you at the present time.
 It is as follows:
 Toronto—Rev. McDonagh.
 Gore of T. —Rev. Eugene O'Reilly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Quinlan.
 Richmond—Rev. T. Smith.
 Guelph—Rev. Mr. Gibney.
 Dundas—Rev. M. O'Flynn.
 Niagara—Rev. Edward Gordon.
 St. Catharines—Rev. Mr. Lee.
 Peretangishene—Rev. Mr. Charest, Rev. Mr. Proulx.
 Cobourg—Rev. Mr. Kernan.
 Belleville—Rev. Mr. Brennan.
 Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Peterborough—Rev. Mr. Butler.
 Ops—Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick.
 Kingston—Rev. Bishop Goulin.
 —Rev. Patrick Dollard.
 —Rev. Angus Macdonald.
 Brockville—Rev. Mr. O'Reilly.
 Prescott—Rev. J. Clarke.
 Camden East—Rev. Mr. Bourke.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. Bennett, Rev. Alex. J. McDonell.
 "Perth—Rev. J. H. McDonagh.
 Bytown—Rev. J. Cannon.
 St. Andrews—Rev. Geo. Hay.
 St. Raphael—Rev. John McDonald.
 Alexandria—Rev. John McDonald.
 London—Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer.
 Amherstburg—Rev. Mr. Verrias.
 Sandwich—Rev. M. Macdonell.
 Chatham—Very Rev. Angus McDonell.
 Hamilton—Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald.

When I had it copied I said to Mr. Teefy: "This list is of interest to me, as I remember well many of the names. When Vicar General Macdonald was called to Toronto from Hamilton, Father Gordon, then of Niagara, was appointed to his place. Father Gibney, of Guelph, was a prominent and much tried priest. Father McDonagh was removed from Toronto to St. Catharines. Very Rev. Angus Macdonell was removed from Chatham to Kingston. Father Proulx was the first parish priest of St. Mary's in Toronto. Rev. Mr. Brennan, of Belleville, had an anxious time of it on account of trouble with the Orangemen. Father Dollard, of Kingston, was a much beloved priest. Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Brockville, was removed to Dundas, while Rev. Eugene O'Reilly the Gore was known as a rather eccentric divine. Father McDonagh, of Perth, remained many years the priest of that parish, and was greatly respected. Father McDonagh was superceded in Toronto by Father Carroll, who was made administrator of the diocese on the death of Bishop Power in 1847. Judging by the names, nine or ten of those pastors were of Highland Scotch stock; four French Canadians, and the rest Irish.
 A great priest of those days was Father McMahon, of Quebec, who was pastor of St. Patrick's in that city. There was a great Irish immigration throughout the forties, and some of those poor people were rather wild and hard to control, as Father McMahon found out.

I think but nine volumes of "The Catholic" was published. It was begun in Kingston in 1830. The printer of the paper in Hamilton was a Scotchman named John Robertson, but he was not a Catholic. I think he left the country for Australia in later years.
 "I think, Mr. Teefy, you can tell me all about the first Catholic church in Toronto, old St. Paul's—when it was built, and who was its first priest?"
 "Yes, Mr. Halley, I can. Old St. Paul's was built in the year 1826 by a well known contractor named John Ewart, and it was a handsome piece of red brick masonry. The priest under whose direction it was constructed was a Father Crowley."

I asked Mr. Teefy if he could tell me if Bishop Macdonell, the first Bishop of Upper Canada, ever lived in Toronto.
 He said he did, but it was long before his time. He learned, however, from Robertson's Landmarks of Toronto, that his residence was at the corner of Jarvis and Duchess streets. But when he resided there is not stated.
 Bishop Macdonell, then a priest, landed at Quebec, coming from Scotland in the year 1803, and was immediately appointed to the mission of St. Raphael's, Upper Canada. Upon his arrival he presented his credentials to Lieut. Governor Hunter, the then Lieut. Governor of the Province, and obtained lands stipulated for his friends according to the order of the sign manual. He took up his residence in the County of Glengarry, which continued his place of residence for twenty-five years. He had to repair to York soon after his arrival to look after the land patents promised to his clients, amounting to 150,000 acres. After some further delay he received patents for his own followers. His next object was the building of churches and the establishment of

schools, for which purpose he subsequently obtained grants of money from the Home Government. On his arrival in Upper Canada he found only three Catholic churches in the whole province, and two clergymen, one a Frenchman altogether ignorant of the English language; the other an Irishman, who left the country soon afterwards. For more than thirty years Mr. Macdonell's life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada. He travelled from the province line at Coteau du Lac to Lake Superior, through a country without roads or bridges, often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot or in the rough waggons then used, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes; traversing the great inland lakes and navigating the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence, to preach the Word of God and administer the rites of the Church to the widely scattered Catholics, many of whom were Irish immigrants who had braved the difficulties of settling in our Canadian woods and swamps. On the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain in 1812, and the invasion of Canada by American troops, Mr. Macdonell prevailed upon his countrymen to form the 2nd Glengarry Fencible Regiment. By the activity and bravery of these men the enemy's frontier posts of Ogdensburg, St. Regis and French Mills were taken, with their artillery, ammunition and other military stores.

In 1816 Mr. Macdonell went to England, and waited upon Mr. Addington, then Viscount Sidmouth, who introduced him to Earl Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary. Part of his mission was to induce the Home Government to favor a division of the diocese of Quebec. In July, 1817, the Holy See separated Nova Scotia from the diocese of Quebec, and created that province into an Apostolical Vicariate. The Court of Rome created two other Apostolical Vicariates, one Upper Canada, and the other consisting of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Islands. He returned to Canada in 1817.
 In 1816, Bishop Plessis paid his first episcopal visit to Upper Canada. Here and there he found a few groups of Catholics, the most considerable being at St. Raphael's, where Mr. Macdonell resided. At Kingston were 75 Catholic families, of whom 55 were Canadian and 20 Scotch and Irish. Sandwich had a Catholic population of 1,500 souls. The old parish of St. Peter, in the midst of the St. Claire flats, contained with the settlement at Malden, about 450 souls. Beyond those commenced the great solitude of the West, known as the "Upper Country" or Northwest, where many Canadians were employed in the service of the Hudson's Bay and other fur trading companies.
 Mr. Macdonell was on the 12th of January, 1819, nominated Bishop of Resina and Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada. He was consecrated on the 31st of December, 1820, in the church of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec.
 After Bishop Macdonell's last return from Europe he resided for some years in Toronto when it was yet York, in the house that stands on the southeast corner of Nelson (now Jarvis) and Duchess streets. His private chapel was known as the "Soup Kitchen," a large frame building nearly opposite, which was removed several years ago.
 The Bishop went to Kingston about the year 1836, and resided there during the remainder of his life in Canada. In 1836 he foresaw the coming political storm that broke out in Toronto, in December, 1837. In an address to the freeholders of Stormont and Glengarry he cautioned them against being led into trouble. The pastor of St. Paul's Church in Toronto, at this time, was a Father O'Grady, who dissented from the Bishop's loyal principles and they quarrelled. Mass was in consequence celebrated for some time in two different places.
 One of the bishop's enterprises was the establishment of a college for the education of priests. Vicar-General Gordon, afterwards of Hamilton, Father Hay, of Toronto, Father Brennan, of Belleville, and a few other Upper Canadian priests, were educated in this college under the direction of Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald, afterwards Vicar-General at Kingston and Hamilton. This was followed by

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FIRE FATALITY IN CONVENT

A disastrous fire broke out at an early hour on Friday morning, and reduced to ashes the convent in the beautiful little village of Ste. Genevieve, Que. One nun and twelve children lost their lives.
 As soon as the fire was discovered the villagers hastened to the aid of the doomed building. Bucket brigades were hurriedly formed, and every possible effort was made to save the building, but the fire had gained such headway that it was soon apparent that there was no chance to save it from destruction.
 The inmates, hurriedly aroused by the smoke, attempted to grope their way out of the building. Notwithstanding all efforts, unfortunately, there was a deplorable loss of life. One of the nuns, in heroic effort to save the lives of the children in her charge, succumbed to the smoke and flames. The pupils who were lost were in a portion of the building where the fire had obtained too much headway before the alarm was given, to enable those who responded to effect their rescue.
 Ste. Genevieve is a village and parish of Jacques Cartier County, on Riviere des Prairies, and is reached by both Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific railways. It is three miles from Beausfield and five miles from Point Claire. In addition to the convent and church, there are a couple of hotels, numerous stores and butter and cheese factories in the village.
 The names of the dead and missing, as far as known at present, are:
 — Sister Ragertera, music mistress, 32 years of age.
 — Garard, of St. Genevieve, 15 years of age.
 — Tessier, of Ile Rigaud, 18 years of age.
 — Marceline Ville, of Montreal, 11 years of age.
 — Irene Bertrand, of St. Genevieve, 11 years of age.
 — Adele Robitaille, of St. Genevieve, 10 years of age.
 — Dugas, of St. Genevieve, 11 years of age.
 — Emma Tereault, of Montreal, aged 15 years.
 — Leoni Daoust, of Ile Bizard, 15 years of age.
 — Eglantine Proulx, of Montreal, 11 years of age.

THE MISSING

Madame Narcisse Lalonde, of St. Genevieve, aged 82 years.
 Madame Cardinal, of St. Genevieve, aged 80 years.
 Madame Margaret Hoitvin, of St. Genevieve, aged 80 years.
 Madame Robert, of St. Genevieve, aged 88 years.

COULD GET NO HELP

Later details tell of frightful scenes which attended the fire.
 It started at 11:15 last night, and an effort was made to get Pointe Claire by telephone, so that they could get help from Montreal, but for some reason yet to be explained they could not get any answer from Pointe Claire.
 Meanwhile the fire was spreading with fearful rapidity and the excitement was frightful, as it became apparent that many lives would be lost.
 The fire started in the old ladies' hospice, and the smoke was so thick that the children on the floor above were unable to get down.
 The convent was called St. Anne's, and was a branch of the convent of the Sisters of St. Anne's of Lachine.

the founding of Regiopolis College at Kingston.
 There was at this time a Celtic society in Kingston, of which Bishop Macdonell and many other Highlanders were members. This society entertained the bishop before entering on his last journey to the old country. He landed at Liverpool on the 1st of August, 1839. He went thence to London. In October of the same year he passed over to Ireland, intending to be present at a great dinner given to the Catholic prelates in the city of Cork. In the west of Ireland, while riding on a jaunting car, he caught a cold, from the effects of which he died January 14th, 1840, in Dumfries, Scotland, after having received the last sacraments of the Church.

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IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

Speeches by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Balfour—Sir Antony MacDonnell Responded

London, April 13.—In the House of Commons to-day, on the Irish motion for Catholic minority rights, Mr. Dillon said:—For thirty years every Chief Secretary whom you have sent to govern Ireland has been a supporter of the claims of the Catholics in this matter, with the possible exception of Mr. Jackson, whose views on Irish matters were never ascertained. I think it is not unnatural, especially after the emphatic declaration to which he gave utterance in the House on Tuesday last, that we should be anxious to know what are the views of our new governor on this question. I think it is rather a sinister fact that, although long notice was given of this debate, the right hon. gentleman has taken this opportunity of absenting himself from the House; and all the more strange is it that his absence is for the purpose of paying a visit to Lord Londonderry and to address a select representation of the Orangemen of Ireland, who have for years blocked any progress on this question. (Nationalist cheers.) This is a question the importance of which has not been recognized in this country. I remember that more than a quarter of a century ago definite pledges were given from the Government and secondary education would be settled in the following year. In my opinion there is no subject of greater importance to the well-being of Ireland. I do not believe there is any part of your misgovernment of Ireland which has inflicted a more deadly wound than the denial of all access to higher education. I entirely endorse the view taken by the right hon. gentleman the member for Haddington (Mr. Haldane), when he said this is not only a question of higher education, but a question ranging over

THE ENTIRE DOMAIN OF EDUCATION

In Ireland, I have always held the view that you cannot have a proper system of primary and secondary education unless you have a proper system of University education, and the deplorable condition of education in Ireland is due to the fact that the necessary training for teachers and organizers has been denied almost altogether to the people of Ireland. We have had Departments started for the purpose of co-ordinating education in Ireland, and what is the result? In Ireland, more than in any civilized country in the world, there exists the necessity for co-ordination on account of the great arrears of education and the poverty of the people, and yet we are told in the report of the Royal Commission that so far as the State is concerned there is no co-ordination and the different departments of education are separated by an almost impassable chasm. There has been a great deal of noise made about the Department of Technical Education in Ireland. We have a most costly and wasteful system of inspectors and instructors and Technical Education Committees spread all over the country, and in my deliberate opinion never was there inflicted on an unfortunate and poverty-stricken country a greater fraud than the whole of this system. (Nationalist cheers.) Not that I do not approve of technical education, but the thing was begun at the wrong end, and instead of reforming the ordinary system of instruction in the country, you have squandered untold sums on this system of technical education which can never work properly until you have the other system of education in proper working order. I say the people are in danger of having forced on them the worst form of socialism by the danger of being drawn into this sham science when they have no proper foundation of ordinary education. I know nothing more contemptible than the class of men we have in Ireland with

A SMATTERING OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

just enough to give them conceit. (Hear, hear.) These men will demoralize and debauch the whole mind of the country, and they are doing their best to uproot the healthy and glorious love of true knowledge which has been the characteristic of the Irish race. (Nationalist cheers.) I have met amongst my countrymen in America and in Ireland men who could not read or write far more intelligent and better educated than many of the instructors that are going round now teaching practical science. That is the condition to which you have brought Ireland. Instead of progressing, the country is going back in education. The late Chief Secretary said that the difficulties in the way of the solution of this question were great, but that it was the duty of Parliament in some way to get round them. I asked the Chief Secretary

whether the Government proposed to introduce any legislation this year dealing with the question of Irish education in any branch, and Mr. Wyndham replied, "No, sir." That is the way in which it has been treated year after year. Irish education is, as I have said, in a state of general confusion and stagnation or retrogression. But the question with which we are concerned to-day is primarily a question of higher education. Now let me dispose at the outset once for all of the false statement which goes the round of the press of this country and which was endorsed just now by the hon. member who represents those who rule Ireland really.

Mr. Wolf said there were not many of his party present.
 Mr. Dillon—No; that is so. They do not take any interest in the question of education in Ireland. If it was a question of Sir Antony MacDonnell it would be different no doubt. Education does not concern the Orange party, who have delivered their ultimatum. (Cheers and laughter.) But let me dispose now of that statement that what we demand is a University controlled by Bishops or priests. Now I notice that the "Spectator," which for twenty years, although a strong Unionist paper, has consistently supported our demand, had an article which shows that even sympathetic Englishmen cannot understand the Irish question. What does it say? Last month it said—"We believe, and always believed, that what the Irish demand as a body for themselves is a University—controlled entirely by ecclesiastics. If they demand it we think they ought to get it." But we do not demand it (Nationalist cheers) and we would not be willing to accept it if it were offered to us (renewed Irish cheers), and is it not amazing that this statement is repeated not only by our enemies (Mr. the hon. and learned gentlemen (Mr. Gordon), by Englishmen who are prejudiced against our demand, but by a newspaper which for twenty years has supported our demand, and, no doubt, honestly believes what it says to be true?

WE HAVE NEVER DEMANDED

that, nor do we seek for now, a University which is to be controlled by ecclesiastics. (Nationalist cheers.) But what is the present situation? You have given us and forced upon us a University College miserably endowed no doubt with £6,000 a year, which is absolutely controlled by ecclesiastics (Nationalist cheers), controlled by them solely, and you who say that you cannot on principle give money for such Universities as we demand, compel us to accept one which is absolutely governed by the Jesuit body. Father Delaney, who appeared as a witness before the Royal Commission, and who is one of the ablest men in Ireland, and gave most interesting and valuable evidence, put the matter most frankly, and the Commission used his description of the College in Stephen's Green, which is endowed by money voted by this Parliament, Irish money, no doubt, but still money voted by this Parliament. He said that the College government was entirely in the hands of the Jesuit Order, that the appointments to the teaching staff of the College were made by the Head of the Order, and that their tenure depended upon his wish absolutely, so that Unionists voted money for a College which was absolutely controlled by the Order of Jesuits, of whose truthfulness they did not entertain too exalted an idea. (Nationalist cheers.) Yet, it is said, the money could not be voted for such a University as we demand. Is it not hard for an Irishman to have patience in such circumstances? Father Delaney added that the Jesuits "give up their salaries to the College, reserving nothing for themselves, thereby enabling the College to buy coals." (Laughter.) Yes, it was very creditable to this Imperial Parliament, no doubt, that five or six Jesuits should starve themselves to enable the rooms to be heated and the rent to be paid. The truth of it is that your policy in Ireland is saturated by a mere make-believe in so far as it concerns matters that are under the control of this Parliament. We heard just now a speech from the member for South Derry about primary education. We were told it was set up by Parliament as a non-sectarian system. The hon. member for Camberwell (Dr. Macnamara), whose intervention is always welcome, because he speaks upon these subjects with knowledge and accuracy went to Ireland to study the question. Not having reached the bottom of the Government hypocrisy in relation to it, he was rather taken with the published programme of the primary system, but the fact is that what he sympathized with in its programme has never been carried out. Parliament

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother—"

"Here he came to a dead stop, and made so long a pause that even John Willet grew impatient and asked why he did not proceed."

"Cobb," said Solomon Daisy, dropping his voice and appealing to the post-office keeper; "what day of the month is this?"

"The nineteenth," said the clerk, bending forward, "the nineteenth of March; that's very strange."

"In a low voice they all acquiesced, and Solomon went on:—"

"It was Mr. Reuben Haredale, Mr. Geoffrey's elder brother, that twenty-two years ago was the owner of the Warren, which, as Joe has said—not that you remember it, Joe, for a boy like you can't do that, but because you have often heard me say so—was then a much larger and better place, and a much more valuable property than it is now. His lady was lately dead, and he was left with one child—the Miss Haredale you have been inquiring about—who was then scarcely a year old."

Although the speaker addressed himself to the man who had shown so much curiosity about this same family, and made a pause here as if expecting some exclamation of surprise or encouragement, the latter made no remark, nor gave any indication that he heard or was interested in what was said. Solomon therefore turned to his old companions, whose noses were brightly illuminated by the deep red glow from the bowls of their pipes; assured, by long experience, of their attention, and resolved to show his sense of such indecent behavior.

"Mr. Haredale," said Solomon, turning his back upon the strange man, "left this place when his lady died, feeling it lonely like, and went up to London, where he stopped some months; but finding that place as lonely as this—as I suppose and have always heard say—he suddenly came back again with his little girl to the Warren, bringing with him besides that day, only two women servants, his steward, and a gardener."

Mr. Daisy stopped to take a whiff at his pipe, which was going out, and then proceeded—at first in a snuffing tone, occasioned by keen enjoyment of the tobacco and strong pulling at the pipe, and afterwards with increasing distinctness,—

"—Bringing with him two women servants, and his steward and a gardener. The rest stopped behind up in London, and went to follow next day. It happened that that night, an old gentleman who lived at Chigwell-row, and had long been poorly, deceased, and an order came to me at half after twelve o'clock at night to go and toll the passing-bell."

There was a movement in the little group of listeners, sufficiently indicative of the strong repugnance any one of them would have felt, to have turned out at such a time upon such an errand. The clerk felt and understood it, and pursued his theme accordingly:—

"It was a dreary thing, especially as the grave-digger was laid up in his bed, from long working in a damp soil and sitting down to take his dinner on cold tombstones, and I was consequently under obligations to go alone, for it was too late to hope to get any other companion. However, I wasn't unprepared for it; as the old gentleman had often made it a request that the bell should be tolled as soon as possible after the breath was out of his body, and he had been expected to go for some days. I put as good a face upon it as I could, and muffled myself up (for it was mortal cold), started out with a lighted lantern in one hand and the key of the church in the other."

At this point of the narrative, the dress of the strange man rustled as if he had turned himself to hear more distinctly. Slightly pointing over his shoulder, Solomon elevated his eyebrows and nodded a silent inquiry to Joe whether this was the case. Joe shaded his eyes with his hand and peered into the corner, but could make out nothing, and so shook his head.

"It was just such a night as this; blowing a hurricane, raining heavily, and very dark—I often think now, darker than I ever saw it before, or since; that may be my fancy, but the houses were all close shut and the folks in doors, and perhaps there is only one other man who knows how dark it really was. I got into the church, chained the door back so that it should keep ajar—for, to tell the truth, I didn't like to be shut in there alone—and putting my lantern on the stone seat in the little corner where the bell-rope is, sat down beside it to trim the candle."

"I sat down to trim the candle, and when I had done so, I could not persuade myself to get up again and go about my work. I don't know how it was, but I thought of all the ghost stories I had ever heard, since those that I had heard when I was a boy at school, and had forgotten long ago; and they didn't come into my mind one after another, but all crowding at once like. I recollected one story there was in the village, how that on a certain night in the year (it might be that very night for anything I knew), all the dead people came out of the ground and sat at the heads of their own graves till morning. This made me think how many people I had known, were buried between the church door and the church-yard gate, and what a dreadful thing it would be to have to pass among them and know them again, so early and unlike myself. I had known all the niches and arches in the church from a child, still I couldn't persuade myself that those were their natural shadows which I saw on the pavement, but felt sure there were some ugly figures hiding among 'em and peeping out. Thinking on in this way, I began to think of the old gentleman who was just dead, and I could have sworn, as I looked up the dark chancel, that I saw him in his usual place, wrapping his shroud about him and shivering as if he felt it cold. All this time I sat listening and listening, and hardly dared to breathe. At length I started up, and took the bell-rope in my hands. At that minute there rang—not that bell, for I had hardly touched the rope—but another!"

"I heard the ringing of another bell and a deep bell too, plainly. I was only for an instant, and even then the wind carried the sound away, but I heard it. I listened for a long time, but it rang no more. I had heard of corpse candles, and at last I persuaded myself that this must be a corpse bell tolling of itself at midnight for the dead. I tolled my bell—how, or how long, I don't know—and ran home to bed as fast as I could touch the ground."

"I was up early next morning, after a restless night, and told the story to my neighbors. Some were serious, and some made light of it: I don't think anybody believed it real. But that morning, Mr. Reuben Haredale was found murdered in his bed-chamber; and in his hand was a piece of the cord attached to an alarm-bell outside the roof, which hung in his room and had been cut asunder. No doubt by the murderer, when he seized it."

"That was the bell I heard."

"A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr. Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money, was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing, and both suspected for a long time, but they were never found, though hunted far and wide. And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr. Rudge the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognized by his clothes and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master."

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he had never been heard of from that time to this, he will be, mark my words. The crime was committed this day two and twenty years—on the nineteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. On the nineteenth of March in some year—no matter when—I know it, I am sure of it, for we have always, in some strange way or other, been brought back to the subject on that day ever since—on the nineteenth of March in some year, sooner or later, that man will be discovered."

CHAPTER II.

"A strange story," said the man who had been the cause of the narration—"Stranger still if it comes about as you predict. Is that all?"

A question so unexpected, nettled Solomon Daisy not a little. By dint of relating the story very often, and ornamenting it (according to village report) with a few flourishes suggested by the various hearers from time to time, he had come by degrees to tell it with great effect; and "is that all?" after the climax, was not what he was accustomed to.

"Is that all?" he repeated, "yes, that's all, sir. And enough too, I think."

"I think so too. My horse, young man. He is but a hack hired from a roadside posting-house, but he must carry me to London to-night."

"To-night," returned the traveler, "what do you stare at? This tavern would seem to be a house of call for all the gaping idlers of the neighborhood."

At this remark, which evidently had reference to the scrutiny he had undergone, as mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the eyes of John Willet and his friends were diverted with marvellous rapidity to the copper boiler again. Not so with Joe, who, being a mettlesome fellow, returned the stranger's angry glance with a steady look, and rejoined,—

"It is not a very bold thing to wonder at your going on to-night. Surely you have been asked such a harmless question in an inn before, and in better weather than this. I thought you mightn't know the way, as you seem strange to this part."

"The way—repeated the other, irritably.

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I'll-humph!—I'll find it," replied the man, waving his hand and turning on his heel. "Landlord take the reckoning here."

John Willet did as he was desired; for on that point he was seldom slow except in the particular of giving change, and testing the goodness of any piece of coin that was proffered to him, by the application of his teeth or his tongue, or some other test, or, in doubtful cases, by a long series of tests terminating in its rejection. The guest then wrapped his garments about him so as to shelter himself as effectually as he could from the rough weather, and without any word or sign of farewell betook himself to the stable-yard. Here Joe (who had left the room on the conclusion of their short dialogue) was protecting himself and the horse from the rain under the shelter of an old pen-house roof.

"He's pretty much of my opinion," said Joe, patting the horse upon the neck. "I'll wager that your stopping here to-night would please him better than it would please me."

"He and I are of different opinions, as we have been more than once on our way here," was the short reply.

"So I was thinking before you came out, for he has felt your spurs, poor beast."

The stranger adjusted his coat-collar about his face, and made no answer.

"You'll know me again, I see," he said, marking the young fellow's earnest gaze, when he had sprung into the saddle.

"The man's worth knowing, master, who travels a road he don't know, mounted on a jaded horse, and leaves good quarters to do it on such a night as this."

"You have sharp eyes and a sharp tongue, I find."

"Both I hope by nature, but the last grows rusty sometimes for want of using."

"Use the first less too, and keep their sharpness for your sweethearts, boy," said the man.

So saying he shook his hand from the bridle, struck him roughly on the head with the butt end of his whip, and galloped away; dashing through the mud and darkness with a headlong speed, which few badly mounted horsemen would have dared to venture, even had they been thoroughly acquainted with the country; and which, to one who knew nothing of the way he rode, was attended at every step with great hazard and danger.

The roads, even within twelve miles of London, were at that time ill-paved, seldom repaired, and very badly made. The way this rider traversed had been ploughed up by the wheels of heavy wagons, and rendered rotten by the frosts and thaws of the preceding winter, or possibly of many winters. Great holes and gaps had been worn into the soil, which, being now filled with water from the late rains, were not easily distinguishable even by day; and a plunge into any one of them might have brought down a surer-footed horse than the poor beast now urged forward to the utmost extent of his powers. Sharp flints and stones rolled from under his hoofs continually; the rider could scarcely see beyond the animal's head, or farther on either side than his own arm would have extended. At that time, too, all the roads in the neighborhood of the metropolis were infested with footpads or highwaymen, and it was a night, of all others, in which an evil-disposed person of this class might have nursed of his unlawful calling with little fear of detection.

Still, the traveller dashed forward at the same reckless pace, regardless alike of the dirt and wet which flew about his head, the profound darkness of the night, and the probability of encountering some desperate characters abroad. At every turn and angle, even where a deviation from the direct course might have been least expected, and could not possibly be seen until he was close upon it, he guided the bridle with an unerring hand, and kept the middle of the road. Thus he sped inward, raising himself in the stirrups, leaning his body forward, until it almost touched the horse's neck, and flourishing his heavy whip about his head with the fervor of a madman.

There are times when, the elements being in unusual commotion, those who are bent on daring enterprises, or agitated by great thoughts, whether of good or evil, feel a mysterious sympathy with the tumult of nature, and are roused to corresponding violence. In the midst of thunder, lightning, and storm, many tremendous deeds have been committed; men, self-possessed by heaven, have given a sudden loose to passions they could no longer control. The demons of wrath and despair have striven to emulate those who ride the whirlwind and direct the storm; and man, lashed into madness with the roaring winds and boiling waters, has become for the time as wild and merciless as the elements themselves.

Whether the traveller was possessed by thoughts which the fury of the night had heated and stimulated into a quicker current, or was merely impelled by some strong motive to reach his journey's end, on he swept more like a hunted phantom than a man, nor checked his pace until, arriving at some cross-roads, one of which led by a longer route to the place whence he had lately started, he reined down so suddenly upon a vehicle which was coming to ward him, that in the effort to avoid it he well-nigh pulled his horse upon his haunches, and narrowly escaped being thrown.

"Yoho!" cried the voice of a man. "What's that? who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied the traveller.

"A friend!" repeated the voice. "Who calls himself a friend and rides like that, abusing Heaven's gifts in the shape of horseflesh, and endangering, not only his own neck (which might be no great matter), but the necks of other people?"

"You have a lantern there, I see," said the traveller, dismounting, "lend it me for a moment. You have wounded my horse, I think, with your shaft or wheel."

"Wounded him!" cried the other, "if I haven't killed him, it is no fault of yours. What do you mean by galloping along the king's highway like that, eh?"

"Give me the light," returned the traveller, snatching it from his hand, "and don't ask idle questions of a man who is in no mood for talking."

"If you had said you were in no mood for talking before, I should perhaps have been in no mood for lighting," said the voice. "How's ever as it's the poor horse that's damaged and not you, one of you is welcome to the light at all events—but it's not the crusty one."

The traveller returned no answer to this speech, but holding the light near to his panting and reeking beast, examined him in limb and carcass. Meanwhile the other man sat very composedly in his vehicle, which was a kind of chaise with a depository for a large bag of tools, and watched his proceedings with a careful eye.

The looker-on was a round red-faced yeoman, with a double chin, and a voice husky with good living, good sleeping, good humor, and good health. He was past the prime of life, but Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he carries for none of his children, often says his hand lightly upon those who have used him well; making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigor. With such people the gray head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life.

The person whom the traveller had so abruptly encountered was of this kind: bluff, hale, hearty, and in a green old age; at peace with himself, and evidently disposed to be so with all the world. Although muffled up in divers coats and handkerchiefs—one of which, passed over his crown, and tied in a convenient crease of his double chin, secured his three cornered hat and bob-wig from blowing off his head—there was no disguising his plump and comfortable figure; neither did certain dirty finger-marks upon his face give it any other than an old and comical expression, through which its natural good humor shone with undiminished lustre.

"He is not hurt," said the traveller at length, raising his head and the lantern together.

"You have found that out at last, have you?" rejoined the old man. "My eyes have seen more light than yours, but I wouldn't change with you."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! I could have told you he was hurt, five minutes ago. Give

me the light, friend; ride forward at a gentler pace; and good-night."

In handing up the lantern, the man necessarily cast his rays full on the speaker's face. Their eyes met at the instant. He suddenly dropped it and crushed it with his foot.

"Did you never see a locksmith before, that you start as if you had come upon a ghost?" cried the old man in the chaise, "or is this," he added hastily, thrusting his hand into the tool basket and drawing out a hammer, "a scheme for robbing me? I know these roads' friends. When I travel them, I carry nothing but a few shillings, and not a crown's worth of them. I tell you plainly, to save us both trouble, that there's nothing to be got from me but a pretty stout arm considering my years, and this tool, which, mayhap, from long acquaintance with, I can use pretty briskly. You shall not have it if you'll own your way, I promise you, if you play at that game." With these words he stood upon the defensive.

"I am not what you take me for, Gabriel Varden," replied the other.

"Then what and who are you?" returned the locksmith. "You know my name it seems. Let me know yours."

"I have not gained the information from any confidence of yours, but from the inscription on your cart, which tells it to all the town," replied the traveller.

"You have better eyes for that than you had for your horse then," said Varden, descending nimbly from his chaise; "Who are you? Let me see your face."

While the locksmith alighted, the traveller had regained his saddle, from which he now confronted the old man, who, moving as the horse moved in chafing under the tightened rein, kept close beside him.

"Let me see your face, I say."

"Stand off!"

"No masquerading tricks," said the locksmith, "and tales at the club tomorrow, how Gabriel Varden was frightened by a surly voice and a dark night. Stand—let me see your face."

Finding that further resistance would only involve him in a personal struggle with an antagonist by no means to be despised, the traveller threw back his coat, and stooping down looked steadily at the locksmith.

Perhaps two men more powerfully contrasted, never opposed each other face to face. The ruddy features of the locksmith so set off and heightened the excessive paleness of the man on horseback, that he looked like a bloodless ghost, while the moisture, which hard riding had brought out upon his skin, hung there in dark and heavy drops, like dew of agony and death. The countenance of the old locksmith was lighted up with the smile of one expecting to detect in this unpromising stranger some latent roguery of eye and lip, which should reveal a familiar person in that arch disguise, and spoil his jest. The face of the other, sullen and fierce, but shrinking too, was that of a man who stood at bay; while his firmly closed jaws, his puckered mouth, and more than all a certain stealthy motion of the hand within his breast, seemed to announce a desperate purpose very foreign to acting, or child's play.

Thus they regarded each other for some time, in silence.

"Humph!" he said when he had scanned his features; "I don't know you."

"Don't desire to?"—returned the other, muffling himself as before.

"I don't," said Gabriel; "to be plain with you, friend, you don't carry in your countenance a letter of recommendation."

"It's not my wish," said the traveller, "my humor is to be avoided."

"Well," said the locksmith, "I think you'll have your humor."

"I will, at any cost," rejoined the traveller. "In proof of it, lay this to heart—that you were never in such peril of your life as you have been within these few moments; when you are within five minutes of breathing your last, you will not be nearer death than you have been to-night!"

"Ay!" said the sturdy locksmith.

"Ay! and a violent death."

"From whose hand?"

"From mine," replied the traveller. With that he put spurs to his horse, and rode away; at first plashing heavily through the mire at a smart trot, but gradually increasing in speed until the last sound of his horse's hoofs died away upon the wind; when he was again hurrying on at the same furious gallop, which had been his pace when the locksmith first encountered him.

Gabriel Varden remained standing in the road with the broken lantern in his hand, listening in stupefied silence until no sound reached his ear but the moaning of the wind, and the fast-falling rain; when he struck himself one or two smart blows in the breast by way of rousing himself, and broke into an exclamation of surprise.

"What in the name of wonder can 'tis fellow be! a madman? a highwayman? a cut-throat? If he had not scoured off so fast, we'd have seen who was in most danger, he or I. I never nearer death than I have been to-night! I hope I may be no nearer to it for a score of years to come—if so, I'll be content to be no farther from it. My stars!—a pretty brag this to a stout man—pooh, pooh!"

CHAPTER III.

Such were the locksmith's thoughts when first seated in the snug corner, and slowly recovering from a pleasant defect of vision—pleasant, because occasioned by the wind blowing in his eyes—which made it a matter of sound policy and duty to himself, that he should take refuge from the weather, and tempt him, for the same reason, to aggravate a slight cough, and declare he felt but poorly. Such were still his thoughts more than a full hour afterwards, when, supper over, he still sat with shining jovial face in the same warm nook, listening to the cricket-like chirrup of little Solomon Daisy, and bearing no unimportant or slightly respected part in the social gossip round the Maypole fire.

"I wish he may be an honest man, that's all," said Solomon, winding up a variety of speculations relative to the stranger, concerning whom Gabriel had compared notes with the company, and so raised a grave discussion. "I wish he may be an honest man."

"So we all do, I suppose, don't we?" observed the locksmith.

"I don't," said Joe.

"No!" cried Gabriel.

"No. He struck me with his whip, the coward, when he was mounted and I afoot, and I should be better pleased that he turned out what I think him."

"And what may that be, Joe?"

"No good, Mr. Varden. You may shake your head, father, but I say no good, and will say no good, and I would say no good a hundred times

without a light; and it's four miles, and a good half-mile besides, to the Halway House; and between this and that is the very place where one needs a light most. Two miles to the Maypole! I told Martha I wouldn't, I said I wouldn't, and I didn't—there's resolution!"

Repeating these two last words very often, as if to compensate for the little resolution he was going to show by piquing himself on the great resolution he had shown, Gabriel Varden quietly turned back, determining to get a light at the Maypole, and to take nothing but a light.

When he got to the Maypole, however, and Joe, responding to his well-known hail, came running out to the horse's head, leaving the door open behind him, and disclosing a delicious perspective of warmth and brightness when the ruddy gleam of the fire, streaming through the old red curtains of the common room, seemed to bring with it, as part of itself, a pleasant hum of voices, and a fragrant odor of steaming frog and rare tobacco, all steeped as it were in the cheerful glow—when the shadows, flitting across the curtain, showed that those inside had risen from their snug seats, and were making room in the snugest corner (how well he knew that corner!) for the honest locksmith, and a broad glare, suddenly streaming up, bespoke the goodness of the crackling log from which a brilliant train of sparks was doubtless at that moment whirling up the chimney in honor of his coming—when, superadded to these attentions, there stole upon him from the distant kitchen a gentle sound of frying, with a musical clatter of plates and dishes, and a savory smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume—Gabriel felt his firmness oozing rapidly away. He tried to look stoically at the tavern, but his features would relax into a look of fondness. He turned his head the other way, and the cold black country seemed to frown him off, and drive him for a refuge into its hospitable arms.

"The merciful man, Joe," said the locksmith, "is merciful to his beast. I'll get out for a little while."

And how natural it was to get out. And how unnatural it seemed for a sober man to be plodding wearily along through miry roads, encountering the rude buffets of the wind and the driving rain, when there was a clean floor covered with crisp white salt, a well-swept hearth, a blazing fire, a table decorated with white cloth, bright pewter flagons, and other tempting preparations for a well-cooked meal—when there were these things, and company disposed to make the most of them, all ready to his hand and entreating him to enjoyment!

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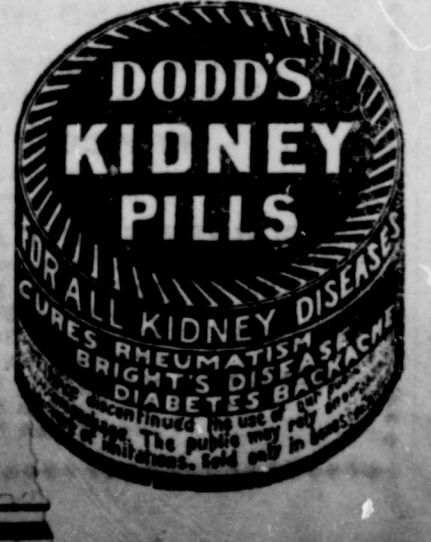
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THE RESURRECTION April 1905. Table of days of the month with feast days and observances. Includes: Fourth Sunday of Lent, Passion Sunday, Palm Sunday, Easter Sunday, Low Sunday.

Rice Lewis & Son Limited FIREPLACE GOODS. Includes: GRATES, FENDERS, GAS LOGS, COAL IRONS, FIRE BRICKS, SCREENS, Etc. Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO.

THEY MADE THIS COUPLE HAPPY. Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Good Work Around Port Arthur. Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.



.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET. Go forth, oh violet, sweet and tender; Bear to my love the thoughts I send her.

And when upon her breast thou liest, And thou in very rapture diest, Breathe on her lips, her hair, her eyes, Such odors of love's paradise, That she may ne'er a violet see Without a memory of me.

IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness Ofttimes lying at our feet, And we pass them, walking thoughtless Down the busy crowded street; If we knew, our pace would slacken— We would stop more oft with care, Lest our careless feet be treading To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching For the comfort we might bring; If we knew what souls are yearning For the sunshine we could fling; If we knew what feet are weary Walking pathways roughly laid; We would quickly hasten forward, Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us Feel a want they never tell— That some word we have spoken Pained or wounded where it fell; We would speak in accents tender To each friend we planned to meet; We would give to each one freely Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

MOVING.

There are veteran movers, people who change their abode every spring as regularly as the birds come back from the South. Sometimes it is from necessity, sometimes from choice; but move they must, and for them the dread ordeal has lost its terror. However, to young housekeepers or the woman who has lived for many years in one home, moving is always trying, and if it means the breaking of old ties and associations it makes it little short of a tragedy.

But life is made up of changes, and since come they will sooner or later to all, the best ways of moving must be considered.

The first item is the selection of a home whether one is going to buy or rent. And in this it is best to be leisurely if possible. Do not try to look at all the houses on an agents' list in one day, else you may do like the lady I knew, who in her first experience, rented a house, believing it had double windows, folding doors and a back porch with cistern, when, in fact, these belonged to a home at the other end of town. The location and appearance of the house are to be considered, but there are many minor points which the amateur is liable to overlook. Cellar, pantry, attic, ventilation and plumbing are of prime importance. Where it can be done, it is best to have the house cleaned and the carpets put down before the furniture is moved, leaving a hall or one room, in which to unpack. Druggets and rugs are more practicable for a rented house than carpets, as they may be made to answer in any sized room. Begin some days before and pack all articles that are not in use and label boxes and barrels.

E. R. P.

A DREAM.

I dreamt we dreamed a crested hill 'Neath starlit sky; The thrilling songsters all were still For you and I— We heard the gentle brooklet sing To swaying trees, We heard the white dove whispering To evening breeze.

methought your voice was singing sweet

A song of love, And angels dropped you flow'rs to greet

From heights above, And then the dusk of night came on; I scarce could see, You vanished as I stood alone— Come back to me!

Wakening pain! that knows no end;

O! throbbing smart That haunts me every day I spend, And rends my heart.

Thus must I live—mid smiles hide pain;

Naught tell, naught tell! No more may we meet again. Farewell, farewell!

—Lottie Lussier.

Potato Fritters—To two cups of cold mashed potatoes add two un-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to season, and sufficient flour to make a thick batter; also a teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop in hot fat and fry until brown.

Mock Oyster Soup—Take one pint of tomatoes, either canned or fresh, and put to boil in half a gallon of milk; stir in one ounce of butter and half a teaspoonful of soda; let boil and skim. Put in half a pound of soup crackers and let moisten. Season with salt and pepper.

Scalloped Mushrooms—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with a layer of dry bread crumbs, sprinkle over with pepper, salt and bits of butter; moisten with cream. Place a layer of mushrooms alternately with the bread until the dish is full. Cover the top with butter, pour over a pint of cream. Place a top over the dish to keep in the flour and bake an hour; remove the top and let brown.

Pineapple Pudding—Take half a pound of grated pineapple; add the beaten yolks of six eggs, a cupful of sugar and one of hot milk; mix all together; set into a kettle of boiling water and stir until it begins to thicken; then remove from the fire and put in a cool place for six or eight hours. When cold add a pint of whipped cream and the beaten whites of the eggs, stirring them through the pudding. Pour in a mold and set on ice again. When solid turn out and eat with cream, flavored with extract of pineapple and sweetened.

Sally Lunn—Take half a cup of yeast, three eggs, a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt; also one quart of flour. Make a stiff batter; let rise; pour into a greased pan and keep warm. When light, put in the oven and bake.

A SCHOOL OF HAPPINESS.

A well-known actor recently remarked that we had technical schools of various kinds—for cookery, acting, and so forth—but no one had established a school where people could be taught the art of being happy. As an instance of happiness, he cited the case of a well-known gentleman, a millionaire, who said, "I laugh all the time."

The remark was doubtless made half jestingly, for the home and ordinary schools should afford opportunities for inculcating happiness. The words of this prominent actor, however, awake other reflections; they lead to the feeling that we may not entirely benefit the race by so much striving after happiness. In other words it is possible to reduce oneself to the level of an automaton, or something very near it, in the struggle for happiness.

Let us investigate briefly what this means. In the first place, it is not possible to be entirely happy. We are born to bear burdens in this world. We can bear them cheerfully, getting all the pleasure we can, reasonably speaking, out of a chequered career on earth. Can any aged person look back and say that life has not been chequered?

If we did not have trouble we should not have happiness; if life were all one round of what we will call by the comprehensive name of pleasure, then we should know nothing of the real meaning of happiness. It would be as dull as a picture in which there were no shadows to make one realize the sunshine. Now, the person who strives to the utmost to push trouble on one side and refuse to be affected by anything that will tend to upset the even tenor of his or her path is likely to develop into a creature of shallow feelings. Gradually, by dint of constant effort, she is enabled to throw aside those worries which once tormented her, but in so doing she is blunting her susceptibilities and the inevitable result will be that she will be incapable of feeling happy in the proper sense of the word.

We often say "Don't worry!" and we all believe that it is good advice, as it actually is. Yet there is a danger in pushing it too far. It is necessary to take a middle course. Don't be over anxious, but also do not suppose that you can absolutely shut out trouble. It would not be good for you if you could!

A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, have you ever thought how much of the misery and unhappiness of the world might be averted if everybody were polite to everybody else? How many an incurable hurt has been brought to the heart of the young and sensitive, by the unnecessary criticism; how much lasting pain to the hearts of the old and sorely burdened by the discourteous treatment! "The ill-timed truth we might have kept" has darkened joy in many a soul, and lives innumerable have been hurt by knowledge that might have been spared them. If so much of gloom and misery of the world may be traced to bad manners, is it not your duty to do your little part toward increasing its sweetness and light by the earnest and continual practice of courtesy, which is, in its final analysis, the beautiful expression of love and truth? "Do unto others as you would be done by" others should do unto you." Write this golden rule in your heart and put it into practice on every occasion. If you do this, soon all littleness, jealousy, envy and hatred will slip away from your nature, for when you feel and act kindly toward all, rest assured kind feelings and kind actions will return to you; for what we give comes back to us.

Any picture, print, or engraving, that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make the home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty about it. It draws the gaze away from mere considerations of self and increases one's store of delightful associations with the world without, as well as with the world within.—Dr. Smiles.

When You Get Bilious

YOU MAY BE CERTAIN THE LIVER IS DERANGED AND THAT THERE IS CURE IN

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

"Bilious" is the word used by many people to describe the condition of ill-health into which they are thrown by derangement of the liver.

Biliousness is caused by the failure of the liver to filter the bile and other poisonous impurities from the blood. The result is a clogging and poisoning of the whole system.

Indigestion, headache, languid, melancholy feelings, irritability of temper, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, pains in the muscles and bones and a pale, sallow complexion are among the symptoms.

Fortunately there is prompt and certain cure for biliousness and torpid liver in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They cure by thoroughly cleansing the filtering and excretory systems and awakening the action of the liver to renewed energy and activity.

When you feel out of sorts and notice any of the symptoms of torpid liver and biliousness, put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test, and you will then understand why this great medicine is considered indispensable in the great majority of cases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

AN ANCIENT PENNY

Dated 1707 and weighing an ounce, a copper penny has been turned up by the plow at Deekles, Norfolk England

TO SAVE TIME

Good-by, papa, and don't forget. The things I wanted you to do; And send a doll for my doll— Her cold has made her very blue. And if you think you haven't time, Why, please remember what I say: You needn't earn my bread for me— I'll get along on cake to-day.

FOR BOYS

One of our great American leaders says a boy should learn: To hold cigars, es alone. To be kind to all animals. To be manly and courageous. To ride, row shoot and swim. To build a fence scientifically. To fill the wood-box every night. To be gentle to his sisters. To shut the door without slamming. To sew on a button. To do errands promptly and cheerfully. To have a dog, and make a companion of him. To get ready to go away without the united efforts of mother, grandmother, sister, chambermaid and cook.

BALLS THAT BOYS TOSS.

The number of baseballs made every day at the present time in the United States is about 10,000. There are four large manufacturing-ones in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Bridgeport, Conn., and one in Attica, Mass. The process by which the best quality league ball is made is interesting. All the work is done by hand, machines having been tried repeatedly without permanent success. The centre of a best league ball is of solid rubber. Around this is wound about three ounces of Shaker yarn of the best quality, dampened. Then a covering of horse-hair is put on. This completes what is termed the first finish. Then the ball is wound tightly with an ounce of the yarn, which is again wound with camel's hair to make it of a uniform smoothness. Over this is put the final covering of carefully selected horse-hair. The rubber ball, which forms the centre of all baseballs, is imported from Germany.—Golden Days.

MARCHING SONG.

Bring the comb and play upon it! Marching, here we come! Willie cocks his Highland bonnet, Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party, Peter leads the rear; Feet in time, alert and hearty, Each a grenadier!

All in the most martial manner Marching double-quick; While the napkin, like a banner, Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage, Great commander, Jane! Now that we've been round the village, Let's go home again!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Why are towboats like human beings? Because some tow (toe) in and some tow out.

What is a train of cars like a blanket? Because it covers the sleepers.

What islands are best for picnic goers? The Sandwich Islands.

When does a burglar become a bird? When he is a robin (robbing).

What game are baggage masters most like? Checkers.

What is most like a half-moon? The other half.

When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail? When it is a wagon (wargin).

What is the best day for making pancakes? Friday.

MADE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese are great letter writers, and cultivate with the utmost assiduity what they consider a correct epistolary style. This is quite different from that of their ordinary speech, as well as from that used in books; so much so, indeed, as to form a kind of language by itself. It is almost entirely Chinese, and the most high-sounding and unusual expressions are sought after, in order to give it elegance and to bring out in strong relief the abasement of the writer and the great importance of the person to whom the effusion is addressed.

Here is one from a high official to thank the donor for the present of a book.

"The exalted letter has been worshipfully perused, and I joyfully congratulate you on your ever-increasing august robustness, notwithstanding the perpetual chill winds. My communication regards the volume entitled "Corean Primer" in your august possession, which was mentioned the other evening when I worshipped your eyebrow (i.e. met you), and which you have augustly condescended to send to me.

"The above being a valuable and wonderful book, shall be garnered forever in my library, and taken out and perused.

"Respectful veneration.

"10th moon, 13th day. (Name.)"

WASHINGTON'S PAPOOSE WAIF

When the retreat after Braddock's defeat began, Washington found occasion to use his theodolite, and dropped an important screw. After the troops had left the camping-ground, he turned back to find the missing piece. Searching among the dead leaves, he heard a child's cry, and soon after found a child some months old, strapped, Indian-fashion, to a board. In haste to overtake his men, he hung it at his saddle-bow, and was soon able to give it to a sutler's wife, with orders to carry it to Mount Vernon, and when Mrs. Washington reached Mount Vernon, in 1759, a very beautiful girl of seven or eight years awaited her. She was called "Cassandra," and her granddaughter told me that Washington himself named her in consequence of something which occurred when he found her. It is impossible to discover what

FATHER KENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A 2-1/2 OZ. BOTTLE ON NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A 5-CENT BOTTLE FOR THE WEAK. POOR GET THIS TONIC FOR FREE. KENIG MED. CO. 100 Lab. St. CHICAGO. Sold by druggists.

this might have been, if it were not the fulfillment of his own Cassandra-like prophecies in regard to Braddock's defeat.

The child grew up as an attendant upon Mrs. Washington, and was taught to read, I write, to embroider, and do da. ty cooking, and generally sat in her room or stood behind her chair at meals. At the time of Washington's death, she assisted in preparing him for the grave, and herself attended to his hair, and cut off from beneath the ribbon the curling lock, a part of which I now have. There came to the funeral a certain Englishman named Thomas Smith, of King George County, in Virginia. He was a man of wealth, and married for his first wife a niece of Martha Washington. She had died, and left him without children, and he was captivated by the beauty of the Indian woman, Parson Addison of the eastern shore married them some time after the year 1800.—Mrs. Caroline H. Dahl, in Springfield Republican.

BEST LESSONS.

"O, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much! She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are un-failing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is sorry about it, and I am sure she works faithfully. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things. But you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kindhearted and gentle. When you girls go out in the world, no one will ever ask to know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this, everyone who meets you will know without putting you through an examination whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with everyone you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—Union Signal.

SOME GAMES

The Secretary.—The players sit at a table with papers and pencil, and each one writes his own name, carefully folds over the paper to conceal it and hands it to one of the company previously appointed as secretary. He distributes the folded papers, saying "Character."

Each one, writing out an imaginary character, hands it back to the secretary, who, again distributing the papers, says "Past."

Thereupon the players write an imaginary past for the unknown person whose name heads the paper.

"Present" and "Future" are also demanded, likewise "Fate," "Fortune" or anything that the secretary sees fit or circumstances may suggest. The papers, finally being collected by the secretary, are unfolded and read aloud.

Here is an example: Johnny Jumbles: Character, sympathetic and benevolent—toward himself; sour and exacting—with his neighbor; blind to his own shortcomings, but with a thousand eyes for the faults of others; ever ready to receive a favor, but never quite prepared to grant one.

Past—Born of an illustrious race, he began life with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Present—A rising financier, selling peanuts to buy potatoes.

Future—He will be a mint gatherer on a farm; by and by he will rent the patch and thus become Superintendent of the Mint.

Fate—A tender hearted maiden with a turn for missionary work will become his wife, for better or worse.

Fortune—As fireman on a sailing vessel he will have a life of ease and travel.

"Man is Filled With Misery"—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy and we can be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

Gleams of Mirth

"It does not always pay to be too smart," said a lawyer. "At our boarding house a new waitress was employed, and a young chap asked her what he should call her."

"Call me Pearl," she said.

"Are you the pearl of great price?" he asked.

"No," answered the girl. "I guess I am the pearl that was cast before the swine."

Great Things from Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 41, King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1904.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

25 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

195 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE

72 Wolseley street, Ont.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.

34 Queen Street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX.

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JOSEPH COOLAHAN

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

CRYING FOR CONVERSION.

In the remarkable speech of the British Prime Minister on the Irish University question, which we publish next week, he laments his inability to convert England and Scotland to an enlightened view of national higher education.

This is a most painful state of affairs; but we can scarcely believe that the outlook is so terribly gloomy. Mr. Balfour's speech reads as though he undertook to paint the picture to suit himself. He repudiated and disavowed all knowledge of the Government compact with Sir Antony MacDonnell, when that gentleman went into the Irish office.

England lags behind Continental Europe in education. Germany has given Catholics all the rights in University education that Irish Catholics demand. But Germany is enlightened and England is not.

WELL SAID, EARL GREY!

The first speech delivered by Earl Grey in Toronto was pitched to the captivating and statesmanlike standard that has distinguished all his utterances since his arrival in Canada.

"I have been reminded frequently by your press, although I do not think it is necessary, that it is not the province of a Governor to interfere. There are, however, some subjects on which men of all parties are agreed, and on which it is permitted for me to express an opinion without running the risk of raising a single dissenting voice, and one of them is the hope that the clash of race and creed conflict shall never be heard in Canada, and the conviction that in the complete union between the two great races lies the secret and strength of your future."

While they admire the dexterous blending of polite apology with well-considered admonition in the manner of this reference, the citizens of Toronto, patriotic and peace-loving as they are, cannot fail to appreciate this fact, that a word in season has been addressed to the newspapers of Toronto by the Governor-General, off his own bat, so to speak. Nor are there any who on reading the words we have copied above will not say out loud, "Well done, Earl Grey."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Hon. Gideon Oimert, ex-Premier of Quebec, is dead at St. Hilaire.

Senator Fullord is quite right when he informs the British people that the alleged religious crisis in Canada is nothing more than the performance of mediocre Orange bigots with a Protestant banner.

Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., and Bishop Macdonald, of Charlotte-town, P.E.I., have returned home from Rome and the Holy Land, and

have been affectionately welcomed by their clergy and people.

It has been said that Hon. Frank Oliver was not opposed in Edmonton because the majority there is Catholic. As a matter of fact only one-third of the electors of Edmonton are Catholics.

The resolution in Council, introduced by Ald. Church, which has been sent to us, is cautiously worded, and can hardly be considered as calculated to raise the school discussion where it has no place.

The communication which we publish in another column from Mr. Frank McGrath need not be replied to at length. Within the knowledge of all Irishmen of the present generation, the Home Rule cause is the cause of the Irish people at Home and abroad. The Irish in Canada have stood by this cause, and will stand by it until Home Rule triumphs.

Another thought seems to have crossed the brain of Dr. Osler, which, without regard to the merits or demerits of the thought itself, may be regarded as an indication that the learned doctor is still at this side of the chloroform age. Dr. Osler's latest thought has been about the immortality of the soul. But the subject is, it seems, one he thinks little of. We should be inclined to expect so after the chloroform thought. But people who think much will certainly not think less of their immortal souls because Dr. Osler thinks so little.

The harrowing fire calamity at Ste. Genevieve is relieved by the touch of rarest heroism. Sister M. Adjuteur stood calm like the figure of the Guardian Angel, showing her charges how to die like Christians. We read that at the moment of realization, both by those on the outside and on the inside of the burning convent, that an agonizing death must overwhelm at least fifteen of the inmates, the voice of Sister M. Adjuteur could be heard distinctly through the flames saying: "Children, we must die together. Pray." And many a throbbing prayer accompanied these pure and brave souls to the throne of mercy.

OBITUARY

FUNERAL OF H. C. STUART. The funeral of the late Harry C. Stuart took place this morning from his late residence, 96 Peter street, to St. Mary's Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery where the body was interred. The funeral mass was chanted by the Rev. John Kelly, and was attended by a large number of friends, among whom were the members of St. Mary's C. L. & A. A., of which deceased was an active member. He leaves a wife and child.

Lindsay, Ont., April 18.—To Mr. E. J. Kingsley, Chief Despatcher G.T.R., town, the sympathy of many friends will be extended because of the death of his baby son, Adrian Joseph, aged 11 months and 4 days, which occurred at 12.15 p.m. today. It is less than a year ago, since Mr. Kingsley lost his estimable wife, and this second bereavement is indeed a sore trial in which true consolation can be found only at the feet of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven."

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Holy Week has been also an active week in St. Mary's Church for both the clergy and parishioners. The devotions, morning and evening, were devoutly attended, large congregations being present at the different Masses and exercises. It was edifying to all who listened to the eloquent and impressive discourses by our esteemed clergy.

The repository for the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday and the altars on Easter Sunday were artistically arranged by the Sisters of the Congregation of St. Joseph. The altars, with their many lighted candles and becoming floral decorations, presented a sight both lovely and inspiring. The singing of the children's choir at early Mass was very good, Miss Harte rendering in a very fine manner a beautiful solo, "Thou Shalt Not." At solemn High Mass the choir sang in its usual excellent manner. During Benediction Mr. F. Souls favored the congregation by singing the "O Salutaris" in a very pleasing style.

Mr. O'Byrne, of Toronto, spent Easter Sunday in town. Miss Nora Lynch spent the holidays in town. Miss Carrie McGuire came from Toronto, and spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGuire. Miss Lizzie Ryan left last week to take the position of organist in the Catholic church at Arthur. Miss Ryan will also teach classes in vocal and instrumental music.

STRATFORD CORRESPONDENCE

Stratford, April 24.—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Coughlin and daughter, of Montreal, have returned home after a few Easter holidays in this city.

Mr. J. M. McGowan, of the "Chicago American," is visiting at the parental roof.

The death is announced at Owen Sound of the mother of Mr. J. J. Doyle, druggist, this city.

Mr. Robt. Macdonald and wife, of Los Angeles, California, have returned to the city and will take up their residence here. Mrs. McVeigh, mother of Mrs. D. J. O'Connor, died on Friday last. Her death was quite unexpected. Deceased was an old lady highly esteemed by all who knew her. The interment took place at Hamilton on Monday last.

MGR. LANGEVIN ON CATHOLIC RIGHTS

Winnipeg, April 22.—Archbishop Langevin has broken his silence on the Northwest school question. The Northwest Review, Roman Catholic, in its issue of to-day, says that the following pronouncement occurs in the recently published circular to the clergy by His Grace, the Archbishop of St. Boniface:

"Just as we are committing to the press this circular, we learn with unexpressed sorrow that the educational clause destined to be inserted in the Autonomy Bill of the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, will not restore us to the position we held in 1875, when the Northwest Territories were organized in virtue of the British North America Act, but that this clause will consecrate the spoliation of our school rights by the ordinance of 1892, and will sanction all the ordinances passed up to 1901."

"This is for us a cruel disappointment and source of great sadness and grave anxiety for the future. It is all over. The spoliation of 1892 will thus be definitely confirmed and consecrated and we all hoped for the recovering of our rights. We expected this act of justice and high wisdom as well as of true patriotism from our rulers at Ottawa."

"In 1875 we had the same school rights as the Protestant minority of Quebec, and the Catholic minority of Ontario, and these rights, shamefully violated in spite of the Constitution, as the lamented Archbishop Tache so well proved in his memorial of 1894, will not be recognized and restored to us as we had reason to expect by a Parliament who express their satisfaction at such a state of things, betray not only unpardonable ingratitude but also their lack of understanding of the painful position in which we are placed since 1892, ostracised as we truly are in the Territories."

"Wherefore, Reverend and Dear Brethren, we deem it our duty to lift up our voice in protest against this ignoring of the school rights which the Constitution of our country gives us."

"We have a right to separate and Catholic schools in the Territories, and we nobly and insistently demand the recognition and protection of this right in the organization of the new provinces."

"We invoke the 'Federal Compact' so sacred for the citizens of Canada; we invoke the solemn promises made to the great peacemaker of 1870, our illustrious and lamented predecessor, Monseigneur Tache, in the name of Her Britannic Majesty."

"By Her Majesty's authority I assure you that after your union with Canada all your civil and religious rights and privileges shall be respected." (Governor-General's Memorial, page 33). When declaring the desire and determination of the British Cabinet you may in all security make use of the ancient formula, 'right will prevail in every case.'"

"This right officially recognized in 1870, we claim in the name of good faith, conscience and natural equity, as well as in the name of the Constitution of Canada, and above all in the name of the law of nations."

"Our rights are as sacred and as certain to-day as they were in 1875, and if some opportunists were tempted to ask us to be silent for the sake of peace or because it is impossible now to recover our rights, we would answer: 'there can be no peace except with justice. There can be no prescription against right.'"

"No question of principle is truly settled except when it is settled according to justice and equity. Our cause is that of justice and peace, because it is the cause of conscience and truth, and truth, like God, never dies."

In its editorial columns the Northwest Review has the following comment: "Our Montreal contemporary The True Witness, is rather severe on our illustrious Bob Rogers. We who know him never forget that he is learning to be a gentleman, and that the process of transformation takes time, and is generally accompanied by occasional lapses into old habits of incontinence. Undoubtedly one of these humiliating lapses was his coarse misrepresentation of what Monsignor Sbarretti said, but he will do better any other time."

"On the other hand what a bold game of bluff that was which Bob played when he talked about dissolution. Why Bob knows and feels deep down in his boots that dissolution on such a plea would mean sudden death to all the sweets of office. He is keenly aware that the Catholic vote turned the scale in favor of his party, and he realizes how necessary to him and his is that same Catholic vote. To antagonize it would be to court suicide. And Bob enjoys life, especially the pleasant life of a Cabinet Minister in a small province with big jobs."

Father Dollard's New Church

Ground was staked out last week for the new church of St. Columbkil at Uptergrove, which will be completed within the present year. The building is designed to seat 450 people, and is in style early English Gothic. The material used will be red brick and Longford stone. The interior throughout will be finished in black ash. The total cost will reach \$14,000.

The Church of St. Columbkil is designed by Mr. Arthur W. Holmes, the well known Toronto architect, under whose supervision many of the most beautiful church buildings in Ontario have gone up. The contractors are Jerrett & Sons, Alliston.

Out-Door Canada

This is the title of a new illustrated journal of city and country out-door life and recreation, published in Toronto. The initial number makes a handsome appearance, and the contents are of a high order of merit. We understand that Mr. A. J. Cottam is connected with the business side of the enterprise, and with his experience in the publishing line, he should carry the new publication on to rapid success.

His Grace at Biantyre

His Grace the Archbishop attended at St. John's Industrial School, Biantyre, on Tuesday, when he blessed the new chapel and a portion to the institutional building.

GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND

To Editor Catholic Register, Toronto Sir,—I have followed your leaderette dealing with Hon. Judge O'Neill Ryan, in Toronto, on St. Patrick's Day, with peculiar interest. Judge O'Neill Ryan told his hearers to look to a Republic as the solution of the present intolerable system of "government" in Ireland. Evidently with this view you do not agree. Now, perhaps you will allow me as an Irishman born in Ireland and reared there, who has a practical experience of British "fairplay" in that unhappy land, to put to my fellow-republicans in Free Canada a few questions on Ireland. In the first place, what would be the national sentiment of Canada if a system of so-called "government" was in vogue in their country, which four-fifths of the people thoroughly detested—not a representative Government, but simply nominated and appointed in London, England? What, if the Canadians had to pay millions of dollars per year more than their due share of taxation, and if their claims were laughed at and treated with contempt?

That a man's qualifications for public employment should be his religious opinions, not his competency, and that all the "Government" of Canada were belonging to one sect, and that of the insignificant minority? This is the condition in Ireland at present. If your Governors, Cabinets, Boards of Commerce, Agriculture, etc., were appointed in England and not responsible to the Canadian people, and your Canadian representatives were simply out-voted by a bigoted majority in the British Parliament, I believe you would favor a Republic in Canada as well as Judge O'Neill Ryan. I say, why not a Republic, if the Irish people at home want such a form of Government? The arguments against self-government in Ireland are the arguments of "having is keeping"—the arguments of the highwayman who has to part with his ill-gotten "swag." "British justice" means to an Irishman what he has always found it to be, British "robbery," nothing more or less.

The day might come when Canadians, too, might look to a free Republic as well as does some Irishmen. The present system in Ireland cannot stand, or if it does, there will be no Irish people left in Ireland. We are told that during the first quarter of the present year three times as many emigrants have left Ireland for America as in the corresponding period of last year. Horrible! "The Celt is going with a vengeance" surely. The Parliamentary system has not stopped the life-blood of Ireland from oozing across the Atlantic. The Land Bill is a complete failure. How do we know but Home Rule might be a failure, too?

Any connection with England is fatal to Ireland. Her people have nothing in common with the "superior" Saxon. Therefore the one system cannot apply to both. Mr. Slattery, in his fine speech at Stratford, said that he believed that a good deal of the English democracy were friendly to Ireland. Perhaps he will allow me to say that the overwhelming majority of the English so-called democracy does not care one iota about Ireland or the Irish—only to curse them or abuse them. I believe the Liberal "passive resistors" would not give Ireland freedom if they could, for they hate the Irish for their religion, intensely.

The English workingman is too much taken up with his horse racing and football and more questionable "recreations" to care a jot about Ireland, or justice or equity. The Tories will not give Ireland liberty, because they are in the pockets of the Orangemen of Ulster. Meanwhile the Irish Celtic race are flying to the ends of the earth, and I am sorry to say the children of those who come to overcrowded Lancaster are being steadily and surely Anglicised and made to cast scorn and contempt on everything Irish. God help Ireland.

Yours truly, FRANK MGRATH, Manchester, Eng., April 7, 1905.

Reception to Countess Grey

At the reception to Her Excellency the Countess Grey, given by the Local Council of Women of Toronto, and at which many affiliated societies were present, the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was well represented. The function took place on Tuesday afternoon at Annesley Hall, the corridors and large reception rooms being filled with some hundreds of the women of Toronto. The hall presented a festive and patriotic appearance; immense flags draped the doors and hung in graceful folds across the alcoves and temporary dais arranged for the expected visitor. Her Excellency was received by Mrs. Torrington, President of the Council, the other officers and Chancellor, and Mrs. Burwash. The assembled ladies of the different societies, flanked by rows of college girls, all wearing their college gown over their light summery dresses, formed an attractive picture, as the Countess and suite passed through their ranks, and was accompanied in her progress by the National Anthem, sung by all present. Miss Martha Cronin, a little daughter of the editor of the Catholic Register, looking very sweet and dainty in her simple white frock, then stepped forward and presented Her Excellency with an immense sheaf of American Beauty roses, tied with rose and green, on behalf of the Women's Council. The illuminated address of welcome and report of work was read by Mr. Torrington, and in reply the Countess expressed her hearty sympathy with the aims of the Association, and particularly the present effort to obtain a home for women immigrants. She also referred warmly to the work of her predecessors, and said that though she had not the experience of Lady Aberdeen, yet whatever moral support and assistance she could give were heartily entrusted to the Council. The Countess of Grey is a lady somewhat above the medium height, with a mobile and sensitive face, which looked very sweet and womanly as she replied to the welcome given her, and the frock of lilac silk which she wore, touched with lace and ermine, harmonized well with the fairness of her complexion. A tour through the classic halls brought the all too short visit of Her Excellency to a close. M.L.H.

Some people cannot drive to happiness with four horses, and other can reach the goal on foot.—Thackeray.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

D'Youville Circle held its meeting Tuesday evening as usual, though the programme was slightly varied in consideration of Holy Week. The events of world interest were enumerated, special stress being laid on the expanding tendency disturbing so many countries, and on the continued agitation, also very wide of the school question. The Irish university problem was summed up, and the members were advised to follow the interesting letters being published in the Canadian Month and other Catholic periodicals.

The literary review notes were confined to Robert Benson's "The Light Invisible," which was pronounced a most edifying collection of ghost stories. Lafcadio Hearn was considered in his recent great work on Japan, and comments from M. W. Wallock's paper in The Dolphin were communicated, leading to the conclusion that whatever be the external adoption of western ideas, the "Soul of old Japan" has not changed, and so long as Shintoism holds its sacred place in every Japanese heart democracy will not have its day. Some exceedingly interesting paragraphs were read from Hearn's book, bearing on the details of ancestor-worship.

The Oxford sketches consisted of some personal notes on the two sisters of Cardinal Newman, Mrs. J. and Mrs. T. Moseley, Miss Giberne and Augusta Theodosia Drane. Of Newman's two sisters it was made plain that the elder, Mrs. John Moseley, stood by him, both as sister and friend, throughout the whole agitated period of the Oxford movement, as she seems to have been his favorite when they were children. Her letters show her to have been a lovable woman of high intellectual power, though she did not see her way out of Anglicanism; but Newman's change made no difference in her trust and admiration.

Miss Germs, judging by the letters, seems to have been deserving of some very interesting ones from Newman bearing on the great movement. Augusta Theodosia Drane, known later as Mother Frances Raphael, of the Order of Saint Dominic, was shown to have been very deeply interested in, and practically affected by the Oxford movement. Her works were enumerated, special mention being made of her poems called, "Songs of the Night." The next Oxford characters to be considered will be Bowden, Lochart and the Arnolds.

Mention was made of the recent visit of Mgr. Vay De Vyva, the Hungarian nobleman and prelate, now in the country, in the interest of a colony settling in the Northwest. He visited the Convent a few days ago, and arrangements were made with his Lordship for a lecture to be delivered in the month of May, on the subjects, "Manchuria, Japan and Siberia."

A few notes were made on the subject of the last lecture of the series, which will be given on Monday, May 1st by Mr. John Thompson, son of the late Sir John Thompson. The members were strongly urged to make careful reading of the Rev. Dr. Edmund Shaughnessy's address at the 6th annual meeting of the I.C.T.S. Some very interesting figures were mentioned from the report of this meeting, showing how strongly established and perfectly regulated is this splendid institution, the International Catholic Truth Society, of which the D'Youville Reading Circle is a practical corporate member.

The second part of the evening was given, in consideration of Holy Week, to the reading of "The Great Consummation." This is the last book of the beautiful poem, "Light of the World." The reader was Miss Thomas. In connection with this great subject, some explanatory notes were given as to the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting and poetry, and the beautiful sonnet by Lope de Vega, inspired by these words: "Light of the World, was read from Longfellow's translation, called "To-morrow":

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven now lost.
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet,
How oft my Guardian Angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still, "To-morrow."

The next meeting of the Circle will be held on the evening of May 2nd. ANNA DALTON.

Mr. Editor,—Will some of your readers please tell me what is being done regarding the introduction of the teaching of Irish history in our Separate schools. Quite a long time has now elapsed since the idea was first set on foot by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but so far nothing has apparently come of the agitation. The Separate school children, coming largely from Irish parentage, should be taught the glorious deeds of classic, ancient and modern Irish history. Now that the movement has been started, pray let the good work advance.

Yours, etc., A. O. H. Toronto, April 24, 1905.

Thornbury and Clarkson Organize

At a largely attended meeting last evening, held at the Revere House, the Alerts, junior, of Thornbury and Clarkson were organized. The following are the officers:—Hon.-president, Mayor Pedwell; president, C. W. Hartman; vice-president, Mat. Snettinger; secretary, Thos. Gowans; treasurer, W. Watt; managing committee, Dr. Cumming, Bruce Hamilton, J. Anderson, Walter Loucks, C. Snelgh. They intend entering a team in the junior C.L.A.

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The Apostle of the North

There is an excellent article in the current number of "Outing" on Pere Lacombe, the Apostle of the North. This slight sketch of a man who for more than fifty years has devoted himself to the service of Indians and half-breeds, gives an answer in some sort to the question why are Catholic missions more successful than others in proportion to the number engaged and the means at their disposal? We have here the story of a man who was born the son of a habitant in Quebec, and, as many another who showed signs of vocation and future usefulness, the cost of his education to the priesthood was defrayed by the parish priest. In 1853 young Lacombe, then little more than twenty years of age, made his first journey to the Canadian Northwest, and—with the exception of occasional visits east to enlist the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen and to collect funds to prosecute his work—there he has remained since. He has been a witness to the immense change which has taken place in the Northwest since that time. He has seen the wilderness spanned by a railroad, and the population increased from ten thousand to five hundred thousand. He has witnessed the extinction of the buffalo which then swarmed in millions over the prairies, and the contracting of the liberty of the Indian until now he is herded together in reservations, and a beneficent Government is trying to make a farmer out of him. In the article are references to exciting episodes in Pere Lacombe's life among the children of his devotion; a night attack by Indians upon a rival camp with whom the pere was staying, and until his identity was revealed he had to take his chance of a stray bullet with the rest; the rescue of an Indian woman and child who had been abandoned on the prairie in the depth of winter by a brutal husband and father; and an indefinite, unsatisfying reference to the pere nursing a camp of Indians through a smallpox scourge. That last reference indicates a bond which attaches the Catholic people to their priests and the tradition of which they are proud.

A Catholic parish stricken by an epidemic of contagious disease would feel as certain that their priest would not desert them as they are certain that by virtue of his office he is in possession of powers beyond the ordinary. And their confidence has been gloriously justified on innumerable occasions, whether it be a young man fresh from college, or an old man tried in the service, the result is the same. He may to some have appeared harsh and exacting, and to others neglectful of his duty in details; he may be physically strong or weak, no matter, he is their father, and when trouble visits his children he proves it.

Pere Lacombe rode to the buffalo hunt with his children; he weaned them away from pagan practices; he obtained power and prestige among them born of affection and gratitude, and he used it to interest successive Governments in their behalf so that they might not be entirely at the mercy of the civilizing white man. His years now number more than three score and ten, and it is probable that the active part of his career is nearly ended. He is a link with the past of the Canadian Northwest, and stands a type of missionary which the Catholic Church has produced, not in ones or twos, but in thousands.

W. O'C.

Those who live with whatsoever things are true, just, gracious, pure and amiable continue to grow in mental and moral power; and the good of life lies in the mental and moral dispositions which a spiritual faith and disinterested conduct create and foster within us.

If we keep our heart right we need not greatly concern ourselves about our outer life. That will take care of itself, or, rather, it will be controlled from within. The trouble with too many persons is that they think only of the outside, trying to make a good appearance, and neglect the culture of the inner life. The result is that the heart, unwatched, goes wrong, and then the whole life loses its beauty.

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IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION
 (Continued From Page One.)

ment had found that it was impossible to enforce the principle which it has set up, and has abandoned it so completely that the system which you have left is

AN ENTIRELY DENOMINATION-AL ONE.

(Nationalist cheers), and yet in face of all this you keep up the hypocrisy of saying that you cannot give a single penny to any system where there is any restraint upon the freedom of teaching. Really the amount of ignorance among Englishmen in this subject is amazing. One of the arguments used in these debates is that you will not vote money to colleges where the liberty of teaching will be controlled by ecclesiastics. Of course, money is voted for institutions like the Queen's Colleges. Well, every professor in the Queen's Colleges has to sign a declaration in which he promises that he will faithfully, and to the best of his ability, perform the duties of a professor, and, further, that if elected he will "carefully abstain from advancing any doctrine or making any statement derogatory to the principles of revealed religion or injurious or disrespectful to the religious opinions of any portion of my class." In order to carry out that promise he would be obliged to study the Westminster Confession of Faith and various other expositions of dogma and doctrine (laughter), including those of a set of men who held that everyone who did not belong to their particular sect was damned—

Another Member—Whom?

Mr. Dillon—The Covenanters, who, I think, have a few conventicles in the North of Ireland. I challenge any member of this House to go to the University College in Stephen's Green, now under the sole control of the Jesuit priests, and to find if there is any professor imposed upon them so stringent as these are which I have just read in relation to the Queen's Colleges. I say, in the face of these facts, that your position in relation to this question is one of sheer hypocrisy. Now, what are the demands? Since they have been the subject of so much misrepresentation, I ought here to state them. What are the demands of the Bishops? We have heard them described as demands for a purely ecclesiastical University. They are nothing of the sort. They are found on page 33 of the Royal Commission, and there it will be found that there were recognized three great principles. The first is that there shall be a preponderance of laymen on the governing body; thirdly, that they accept the principle that the tenure and appointment of professors shall be safeguarded by a perfectly efficient body of outside visitors, which shall secure the professors against arbitrary dismissal for religious teaching within reasonable limits. Now, I say that that is not an ecclesiastical governed University and I say, further, that it is a gross misstatement of fact to assert that the Bishops' demand is a demand for an ecclesiastical governed University. (Irish cheers.)

THE POSITION OF THE IRISH LAITY?

One of the perversions of members of this House and of the Government is to treat this question as one between themselves and the Bishops of Ireland; but, after all, in this matter, is it not the Irish party who are mainly concerned? (Hear, hear.) We, the Catholic laymen of Ireland, have a right at least to get a hearing. We have our views on the subject. (Irish cheers.) What, I ask, are the demands of the Catholic laity in this connection? I wish to refer to the speeches delivered in this House by Mr. Courtney and Mr. Morley in the great debate on this question in 1898. That debate lasted for two nights, and the leading men on both sides of the House took part in it. Mr. Courtney, who may be accepted, I think, as a leading champion of undenominational education, declared that he would be quite prepared to grant our demands if we could say we would accept what

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he described as a democratically governed University, in which the governing body would be recruited from the graduates. Mr. Courtney went on to say that he did not care who the original governing body were, provided we accepted a system of elective recruitment of the governing body, so as to ensure a freedom and growing life of the University itself. I read that speech and the speech of Mr. Morley in the same debate with great interest, and speaking myself recently at a meeting of the new Society of Catholic Graduates and Under-graduates in Dublin, I publicly stated as a Catholic layman that I was prepared to accept and support such a scheme, in which the governing body would consist of a purely democratic body in the sense of being representative of the graduates of the University, and giving to the Bishops, if they choose to look for it, only a small representation de jure on the Board. I doubt that the Bishops would ask or care much for even such a representation provided they were satisfied the governing body was genuinely representative of the spirit and views of the people of Ireland. I made that speech in Dublin three months ago for the purpose of seeing whether any of the leading Catholics or Catholic dignitaries would take exception to the proposal, and ever since

I HAVE SEEN NO OBJECTION

taken to it. (Irish cheers.) Is the Government still prepared to refuse us such a University? We have in Ireland ample experience both as regards the working of such a system and as regards the attitude of the Bishops towards it. It was exemplified in the remarkable history of the Catholic University School of Medicine in Dublin. There is nothing, I think, in modern educational developments more interesting or remarkable than the career and the present position of that school. (Irish cheers.) When the old Catholic University, in which I myself studied, came to the end of its resources, after long years of efforts, after having been boycotted by the Government and refused the power of granting degrees, and refused all endowments, the Irish Bishops handed it over to the Jesuits, and they determined to set up the School of Medicine as an independent body. They appealed to the Commissioners of Education in Dublin for statutory powers to frame a constitution setting up a governing body, and to that governing body the Bishops transferred all of what had been their exclusive property. What is the constitution of that school? It is governed by four ex-officio members, two of whom are Bishops, six members elected by the Faculties, and four others appointed by the Bishops from amongst the leading medical men in Dublin. That constitution was drafted by the Bishops themselves. They gave away their own property, and got not a penny from the Government, and in the circumstances, I call it a very fair constitution. (Irish cheers.) Now, I ask how does it work and what have been its results? The two Bishops who are ex-officio members hardly ever go near the place, and the whole government of the school has practically passed into the hands of the Faculty, who appoint and control the teachers, and do all the laboratory work. This school, without endowment of any kind or recognition from the Government, and depending on its own resources, has beaten all the schools in Ireland, and is to-day

THE BEST MEDICAL SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.

(Irish cheers.) With such an example before your eyes, do you persist in refusing to give us a proper system of University education? The school to which I am referring is admittedly the best Model School in Ireland. The professors are eminent and distinguished men—the ablest that could be got—men trained and experienced in the systems of the great European schools. The students are bright and clever young men, and the attendance is so large that the Professors of Physiology and Practical Chemistry have to lecture twice on the same day, because the rooms at the disposal are too small to accommodate the students. Is it not a scandalous lot of things that the Government will not give one penny of a contribution for the purpose of building even a class-room for such a school? The professors are crippled for want of proper laboratories. They have none of the expensive appliances which are supplied with superabundant generosity to similar institutions by all foreign Governments. (Irish cheers.) They are given no endowment, while money is squandered on every form of humbug and on every scheme of mock education in Ireland. We have got, for instance, the Industries and Technical Department, with its army of officers, to whom £41,000 a year is paid in salaries, and who give no advantage to the country in return (hear, hear), while this valuable and splendid Medical School is

BOYCOTTED AND STARVED

by the paternal Government under which we live. What is the recent history of the University question? We are making no progress, as far as I can see, with the settlement of it. In fact, we seem to be further from a settlement now than ever, and what is the reason? Let me recall to the House that the Government appointed a Royal Commission in 1901. Speaking on behalf of the Irish party, I then declared that the Nationalist members in the House took no responsibility for the appointment of that Commission. (Irish cheers.) The Commission was appointed to inquire into the facilities existing in Ireland for University education, and with

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magnificent impartiality Trinity College was excluded from the scope of the Commission. Speaking in April, 1901, the First Lord of the Treasury used these words—"It is necessary that we should have the fullest information on the subject, and, I trust, that when the Commission reports the result will be that public opinion in this country will render it possible for the House to deal practically with the problem which I have been endeavoring to elucidate." That speech was made in 1901.

THE COMMISSION

took two years to investigate the question, and presented their report in 1903 in a very interesting document full of the most valuable information. (Hear, hear.) How many in this House have read the report? There was on that Commission a splendid representation of all that is best in educational authority in this country. Though the Commission was appointed to inquire into the grievances of the Catholics of Ireland, there was not a single lay Catholic Irishman on it. The laymen on it were mainly English Protestants, but very eminent men. (Hear, hear.) There was one Irish Catholic Bishop on it, a very distinguished man, one Irish Catholic official, and one English Catholic. The report was most interesting and exhaustive. (Hear, hear.) One of the many unanimous recommendations of the Commission was that "the endowment and equipment of the new College in Dublin should be on a scale required by a University College of the first rank intended to draw students from all parts of Ireland." The report was presented in 1903, but it was practically thrown into the waste paper basket, and no notice of it was taken from that day to this. I am not exaggerating when I say that the report of the Royal Commission was one of the weightiest condemnations ever pronounced on the educational system of the country. Yet that report was never discussed by this House. It was thrown into the waste paper basket. In the autumn of 1903, shortly after this report was presented, rumors began to be circulated in Ireland that the Government had a totally new scheme. Throughout the whole of the summer and autumn of 1903 not a single member of the Irish party was allowed to hear what that scheme of the Government was. Now, I am brought to a sphere of the

ACTIVITY OF SIR ANTHONY MACDONNELL

in Ireland which has not been adequately dwelt on. He went to Belfast and promised the Belfast people a large sum of money if they would agree to this scheme. He promised Trinity College a sum of \$10,000 or £20,000 a year if they would agree to this new scheme. I want to know did the Government authorize such action of Sir Anthony Macdonnell? Finally, there was a letter from Lord Dunraven which raised the hopes of the Irish people to the highest point. Was that letter published with the consent of the Chief Secretary? Was he a party to which transaction, and was the First Lord of the Treasury a party to the transaction? (Nationalist cheers.)

Mr. Balfour—I knew nothing about it.
 Mr. Dillon—is it not monstrous then that we should be governed in this way? Men are to be able to go on behalf of the Government and offer large financial inducements to the Presbyterians of Belfast to agree to a scheme, then we are told the Government knew nothing about it? (Nationalist cheers.) I think that is scarcely a fair way to deal with the people. I do not wonder that the Bishops of Ireland should be bitterly incensed against the Government for the way in which they have been treated. They were led into conferences by men who were supposed to speak with the full assent of the Government. They put forward proposals on the understanding the Government meant business. This last year a backward step has been taken—a principle set up, which if adhered to, sets up a perpetual barrier between us and the realization of our hopes.

WE ARE TOLD NOW

that no settlement can be attempted until there is absolute unanimity in Ireland. Supposing the doctrine had been set up and adhered to that there could be no remedy applied to Irish grievances so long as any faction in Ireland opposed a remedy, where would we be to-day as regards Catholic Emancipation as regards the title question, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the land question? (Nationalist cheers.) If in spite of the bitter and vehement opposition of the Episcopalian Protestants in Ireland, Mr. Gladstone was not afraid to disestablish the Church, why should the Prime Minister be afraid to take up this great question of the higher education of Irish Catholics? Why should he shrink back in fear before a small and diminishing section of the most bigoted Protestants in Ireland? (Nationalist cheers.)
 (Concluded Next Week.)

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 W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Additions and Alterations, Public Building, Galt, Ont., will be received at this office until Friday, April 28, 1905, inclusively, for the execution of sundry works of addition and alteration at the Public Building, Galt, Ont., according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Mr. Thomas Barrett, Public Building, Galt, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and 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 10, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

Estate Funds to Loan
 LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST

HEARN & SLATTERY
 Barristers and Etc.
 46 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

The glory of the divine does not depend on the endorsements of the dignitaries.

What matters it how much a man knows and does, if he keeps not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast in the field.

IF YOU HAVE Rheumatism

When druggists and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy which cures me and thousands of others, using them more than 20 years. This is no burlesque or deception, but an honest remedy, which enables many a person to shake off their pain. JOHN A. WELLS, 474 Globe Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

"LIGHT UP" WITH AN EDDY MATCH
 SULPHUR BRANDS PARLOR BRANDS
 "Telegraph" "Telephone" "King Edward" "Headlight" "Eagle" "Victoria" "Little Comet"
 No Other So Quick, Safe and Sure
 FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION
 Toronto Ottawa Winnipeg
Real Estate Department
 The Corporation undertakes the purchase or sale of real property, the collection of rents, payment of taxes, insurance, etc., at ordinary current rates of commission.
 J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.
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Unrivalled By Rivals
COSGRAVE'S
 None Superior ALE Peerless Beverage
COSGRAVE'S
 From Pure Irish Malt For Health and Strength
XXX PORTER
COSGRAVE'S
 A Delicious Blend of Pot Still HALF and HALF Once Tried Always Taken
 ALL REPUTABLE DEALERS
Cosgrave Brewery Co.
 Tel. Park 140. TORONTO, ONT.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Additions and Alterations, Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont.," will be received at this office until Friday, April 28, 1905, inclusively, for the execution of sundry works of addition and alteration at the Drill Hall, Toronto, Ont., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the offices of Mr. S. G. Curry, Architect, Toronto, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and 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.

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WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY
 Church Bells and Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only
 THE W. VANDUZEN COMPANY
 Buckeye Bell Foundry
 Cincinnati, O.
 ESTABLISHED 1837

PRIVATE TUITION

Tuition for young pupils at their homes by an Englishman per day or hour. Good references. Address Catholic Register Office, Box 14.

100 WEDDING INVITATIONS
 Announcements including inside and outside envelopes—samples mailed.
\$2.50
WALTON ENGRAVING COMPANY
 708 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
WHY
 Canada's Famous Train the "MARITIME EXPRESS"
 Leaving Montreal 12.00 o'clock noon, daily except Saturday.
DOES THE BUSINESS
 between MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX and the SYDNEYS.
 with connection for PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND and NEWFOUNDLAND
BECAUSE
 Its Dining and Sleeping Car Service is Unequaled
THAT IS WHY
 Write for time tables, fares, etc. to Toronto Ticket Office 51 King Street East

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
FOR THE WEST
 One-way tickets at low rates, on sale daily until May 15th, to points in Montana, Colorado, Utah, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and California.

Mt. Clemens Mineral Baths
 Thousands visit Mt. Clemens every year for treatment of rheumatism, digestive troubles, and nervous disorders. Situated near Detroit, it is quickly and comfortably reached by the Grand Trunk.
The "St. Catharines Well"
 The waters of this famous well are a great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, nervous prostration, and also serves as a splendid tonic. Situated on direct line of the Grand Trunk, eleven miles from Niagara Falls.
 Booklets giving information on application to Agents, or by addressing J. D. McDONALD, District Pass. Agent TORONTO.

FARM LABORERS
 Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.
 Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH
 Director of Colonization TORONTO

FAIRCLOTH & CO.
 Phone Main 822
ART and STAINED GLASS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
 Factory and Showrooms: 301 YONGE ST., TORONTO

MEMORIAL WINDOWS UNEXCELLED
 H.E. ST. GEORGE LONDON ONT

McSHANE'S BELLS
 One ringing evidence of sterling worth. Over 2000 rings made the world.
 BANGOR BELL FOUNDRY, Bangor, Me., U.S.A.

THE RETURN OF RHODA

Seems a little lonely at times, mother.

"Now, pa, you know it's all for the best."

"I ain't arguing it ain't all for the best. I was saying it was a little lonely—that's all."

Mrs. Free pulled the big wooden rocking-chair up nearer the stove, which was sending a warm glow through the old-fashioned sitting-room and took up the soft white wool which she was to transform into "one of those shoulder things" for Rhoda—Rhoda would need such things now that she was in the city.

But instead of beginning her work she turned a little in her chair and looked out at the broad expanse of white. The hills were all cold and shining, and more snow was even now flying in the air. Winter had come in earnest.

"Of course, mother," said the old farmer, with a quiet, kindly sort of humor in his voice, "you ain't ever lonesome."

"When I do get lonesome, pa," she said, picking up her work, "I just keep thinking how it's all for the best—and that's consoling."

John Free walked over to the window. "If Rhoda was home now and was teaching the school, I'd just about be putting Nellie to the cutter. Rhoda never did much walking over had roads when I was round."

"And Rhoda appreciated it, pa," said Mrs. Free, after a pause in which she had been silently counting the stitches.

"Rhoda was the best teacher they ever had round here." And then, as his wife was still counting stitches, half aggressively, "Everybody says that."

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen. You never heard me say, pa, Rhoda wasn't a good teacher. All I said was, a girl who could sing like Rhoda had no business teaching the Hickory Grove school—or any other, for that matter."

"More than one has said that," remarked Mrs. Free, complacently.

"I never saw anything to beat the way this whole community leaned on Rhoda! 'Twas Rhoda this and Rhoda that! Nothing from a barn-raising to a funeral could go on without her. They can't ever say our Rhoda was stingy with her singing, mother."

"I guess our Rhoda wouldn't be her pa's daughter if she was stingy with anything," said Mrs. Free, quietly.

She had a way of saying those things when least expected, and they never failed to be disconcerting. "Now I wasn't counting on that having anything to do with it," he said, awkwardly.

"Mother," he went on, after listening patiently to "thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—sixteen," "shall you ever forget how she sang, 'Lead, Kindly Light, at Tim Powers' funeral? Seems like of all the times I ever heard her, that was the most moving."

The soft wool fell to Mrs. Free's lap. "Rhoda's so sympathetic," she said, softly.

John Free chuckled. "Pears to me she wouldn't be her mother's daughter if she wasn't so sympathetic."

"Fourteen—fifteen—sixteen—turn," was the only response.

"S'pose I might as well be about the chores. Dibs seem like those winter was going to be mighty long."

"Now, pa, don't be so restless—fourteen—fifteen—sixteen—there—that's wrong."

He stood by the window, putting on his heavy coat. "Looks like Fred Barrett's cutter coming," he remarked.

"If Rhoda was home it wouldn't be hard to guess where he was making for," remarked Mrs. Free.

"Coming long pretty brisk. Cold out, I reckon. He's got some one in with him—and 'tain't a man. Mother," he cried, excitedly, after a moment.

"Fred Barrett's opening the gate! Mother," he added in a choked voice, "come here."

She stood beside him at the window and he pointed down to the gate.

"What do you think?" he gasped.

The woman's face grew strangely white. "It's—it's—it can't be—tis—Rhoda!"

They stood there in a daze, and then two pairs of hands were fumbling at the knob.

How Rhoda got out of the sleigh, who carried in the valise, how Fred Barrett got away without being so much as asked in, they never quite knew. It was all a strange whirl and then the door was shut, the sleigh-wells away, and Rhoda, after one strange, frightened look around the old room, threw herself into her mother's arms—that snowy coat and all; and there burst from her the wild, uncontrollable sobs which follow a long, bitter strain.

The mother stood holding her in utter silence—she was a mother, and she knew that was best. But when John Free could bear it no longer, he put a hand on the girl's shoulder, and said brokenly, his own rugged face wet with tears, "Rhoda, girl, you're home now. No matter what's happened, it's all right now."

She raised her head then and gaped for her father's hands. "It was a mistake," she moaned, piteously, "a mistake!"

"Now what's a mistake?" said John Free. "I just want to know."

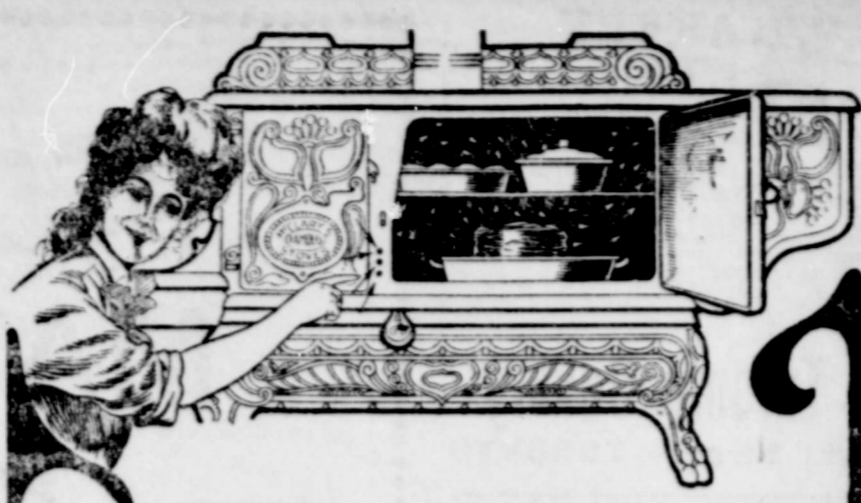
"Mother," cried the girl, her voice still thick with sobs, "it's gone! Our dream's gone, mother! I—I—Oh, I can't—sing!" She sank to a chair, her head fell to the table, and sobs such as the old room had never heard before crowded upon one another in hot, passionate succession.

"Something's happened to your voice, Rhoda?" asked the old farmer, timidly.

"She grew more quiet then. 'Oh, no, pa,' she said, 'nothing's happened to it. It never was there. I never could sing.'"

"Well, I guess we know better than that! And whoever said—"

"Now, pa," broke in Mrs. Free, "this is no time for arguing. Come right up to the fire. Dibs, and we'll get off those wet things and get a good, hot drink. You'll take your death of cold—sitting there as though no one cared whether you were wet or dry."



Pandora Range A Ventilating Oven that Ventilates. There is only one practical way of ventilating a range oven, and that way has been adopted in the Pandora—is an actual, positive, working feature, and not a mere talking point.

ask questions which would bring pain, their sorrow, after all, tempered with gladness because she was at home. You see, pa," she began, quietly, "there are no really great singers round here. I am the best there is, and so, because I can sing a little, Miss Parsons, all of us, made a mistake and thought I had a great voice, when I haven't."

"But I can't see—" began the old farmer. "Now, pa," protested his wife, "just let Rhoda tell it." "The city is full of good singers, mother. They come from all over the country. There are thousands of them who can sing better than I can."

"I didn't quite know what to say, and then he asked me point-blank if I expected to make money out of it, to make back the money I was putting into it. I told him I did, and then—then he asked me something about our circumstances here at home—Oh, very kindly, pa—as an angry exclamation burst from the old farmer—and when I told him we weren't rich, that—that it had been an effort, you know, he looked at me very queerly, and then he sat down and told me the truth." She hesitated and then went on with a little catch in her voice: "And in spite of all I've suffered, I thank him from the bottom of my heart."

Her mother reached over and took one of her hands. "Just what did he say, 'Dibs'?" "Merely that it wasn't great, mother; that it wasn't worth the money we would have to put into it. He says voices can be made now without much to start on, but it takes a long time and a great expenditure, and when there are so many who have—have something good to begin with, my voice would bring us nothing but—disappointment. And I can see that he's right."

Force of Good Habit

The great use knowledge in all its various branches is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance and to give it more just and more enlarged conceptions. By reading, we acquire that knowledge which is the result of long study of those, whose work we peruse. In fabled times dexterity with the sword and physical strength

It is an undoubted truth that one vice indulged introduces other, and that each succeeding vice becomes more depraved. If then the mind must be employed, what can fill its vacuities more rationally than the acquisition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he has afforded us and not turn into a curse so great a blessing.

Our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life, we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which will qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly this is youth introductory into manhood; to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted.—O. K. Lane in Family Friend.

Business is Business Senators and representatives get all sorts of extraordinary requests from constituents, but Senator Berry, of Arkansas, claims that one he received a few days ago easily beats the record. The letter, which was from a woman, was accompanied by two songs, one entitled, "Why, Oh, Why?" and the other, "Peace, Oh, Peace!"

Which, sought through the world, is never met with elsewhere." Rhoda had never sung so well before, for she was singing out her gratitude and love—singing out her heart's thankfulness for this refuge from the stress and sorrows of the world.—Susan Keating Gaskell in The Youth's Companion.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT," Concocted by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

JOHN LABATT EXTRA STOCK ALE LONDON-CANADA PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

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

Emerson on Walking

Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good silence, and nothing too much. If a man tells me that he has an intense love of nature, I know, of course, that he has none.

When Nero advertised for a new luxury a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'Tis one of the secrets for dodging old age, for Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will.

There is no medicine on the market that can compare with Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that colds engender in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try the cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Bickie's Syrup, which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine.

Business Women Must Dress Plain

There is a whisper going the rounds of business circles in which women are employed that employers are getting more fussy every day. A young girl came out from an office building the other day, her nose in the air, her face flushed with indignation.

Afterward, in speaking of the occurrence, the unappreciative employer, who seemed to be anything but hard-hearted, said: "I am awfully tired of seeing dressed-up clerks in this office. I don't mean to have any more of them. These are not show parlors."

Definition of a Well-Dressed Woman

What is the definition of a well-dressed woman? A magazine recently offered a prize for a solution of the conundrum, and naturally had an immense number of replies, for, as the editor sagaciously remarks, the question of dress occupies a foremost place in the minds of all women. The lady whose paper gained the prize defined a well-dressed woman as one who pleases the eye of the beholder, arranges to do this without extravagance or oddity in her choice of the color, material or designs of her costume.

Cookin' Things

When my mother's cookin' things You bet I never wait To put away my ball or gun—I drop 'em where they are an' run. Fer fear I'll be too late. The most excitin' kind o' game, Er toy, or story book, I let 'em go, an' never mind, The very minute that I find My mother's goin' to cook.

SHOP 249 QUEEN ST. W., PHONE M. 3677 RES. 3 D'ARCY ST., PHONE M. 3774

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental Cheap as the Cheapest Consistent with first classwork. Solicit a trial.

Between Husband and Wife

Why is the code of civility so often disregarded between the husband and the wife? "Familiarity breeds contempt," someone says, but that hardly covers the question. The feeling between persons who are grossly uncivil to one another is not seldom one of deep and true affection and respect. If anyone else were to speak of either of them as they do to one another they would resent it exceedingly. But this unrestrained "familiarity" is a mistake, and particularly before onlookers. The latter very often, contrary to the proverb, do not see most of the game. They see only a small portion of it, and are apt to judge the rest accordingly. They see a man rude to his wife, and, knowing nothing of the real underlying affection, take it for granted that they are on bad terms. Besides, one must think of the children. They are naturally little mimics, and if they hear father and mother speaking unpleasantly to one another, they speedily copy them. It therefore behooves us all to take heed of our ways. Good manners in the family circle is the oil that makes the domestic machine run smoothly.

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BRADLEY'S ROMANCE

By Harry Whittier Frees. For nearly a year prior to the one romantic period of his life Jack Bradley officiated as station-master at Battleboro, a thriving manufacturing center on the M. & W. branch of the L. C. & C. Railroad.

a man of action, and Jack N. Bradley was more strenuous than any other man he had ever met. "He's the sort of a chap the W. & C. can't afford to lose," he finally confided to the calendar on his desk.

SWEET LAVENDER

"Oh, auntie, Fred Williams has broken his leg, and Mrs. Williams told me to tell you she's so sorry, but she is afraid she cannot entertain you at tea to-night. I should say she couldn't! You never saw such a house. Fred just groans and fusses, and keeps them all waiting on him till his mother looks worn out."

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

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY FIRE and MARINE. CAPITAL \$2,000,000. Assets \$3,546,000. Annual Income 3,675,000. Losses paid since organization 37,000,000.

Legal. JAMES E. DAY JOHN M. FERGUSON. DAY & FERGUSON, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS. Successor to ANGLIN & MALLON. Office—Land Security Chambers, 40 Victoria Street, Toronto.

very deuce with an engineer's nerves. The train slid to a standstill a short distance beyond the station.

she said: "Tommy, didn't I tell you not to fight any more?" "I haven't been fighting, ma."

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

Distinguished for 'Thoroughness' ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. Cor. Yonge and Alexander Sts.

A High Commercial School. THE BEST IN CANADA. Enter now. Open the entire year. Catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal

In and Around Toronto

EASTER.

Let earth rejoice, all voices raise. All powers unite and sing His praise. Let heavenly host and earth choir Praise Him with harp, and lute and lyre.

He has arisen, as He said, Though on the cross He died and bled Though in the tomb He buried lay Through dark of night and light of day.

This morn the sun danced o'er the hills, The streams rushed forth in eddying rills; The ocean great rolled in repose, The songs of birds from earth arose.

Remorseless Death's robbed of his sting, The Lord walks forth a conquering King;

Upon His brow the laurel wreath, Enthroned, with sceptre, girt with power, He reigns triumphant from this hour.

The victory great let all proclaim, Sound out the powerful victor's name;

O David's Son, Emmanuel great, On Thee the thrones of Heaven wait; Let choirs and earth's great band

Unite in every clime and strand, In great Te Deum, in words sublime To praise Our risen King Divine.

After six weeks of mourning and penitence, of Lenten purple and grey ashes, the Easter day broke over Toronto bright and glorious. The Alleluias from sanctuary and choir seem to have floated into the air and to have filled it everywhere with the spirit of their joy and glory.

HOLY THURSDAY AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The Blessing of the Oils and other ceremonies occupied nearly three and a half hours at the Cathedral on the morning of Holy Thursday. His Grace the Archbishop celebrated Mass and otherwise officiated, and about forty priests of the diocese occupied the sanctuary, and afterwards received the holy oils from the hands of His Grace.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral was the centre of the Easter celebration on Sunday, when His Grace the Archbishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass, and a crowded congregation, many of whom were Protestants, assisted, and afterwards listened to a detailed and most explanatory sermon on the Resurrection and what it implied.

lecting a successor to Judas. "This one," said the head of the Apostles, "must have been a witness to the Resurrection." So two who filled this requirement were selected to be elected by lot, and the lot fell to Matthias.

WITH THE SYRIANS.

Learning that the Syrians were to have something special at their little chapel on Good Friday evening, I made it a point to be present. When 7 o'clock, the hour named for the ceremonies to begin, had arrived, about a score of men, another of women and about half that number of children had gathered; before the close, however, the number had about doubled, and the chapel was taxed quite to its utmost seating capacity.

There may be some who do not know that St. Vincent's Hall, corner of Shuter and Victoria streets has been lately converted into a chapel for the Syrians, and that they have Mass here on Sunday at 9.30, and Benediction in the evening at 7 o'clock.

DE LA SALLE EASTER CLOSING.

The Easter closing of the boys of the De La Salle Institute which took place on Monday at 3 p.m., was one of those interesting and in every way successful entertainments for which the school is noted.

INTENTION OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

The intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for the coming month is "That the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin may increase in number, fervor and influence for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

merely witnessing the tenebrae. The litter, carried by the priest and his assistants, was a representation of the bier of Our Divine Saviour. It was explained that in the East no hearse are used; the dead are carried on a bier, of which this was a model. Silk curtains hung round it and flowers and lights adorned it.

These people who have come to make their home amongst us, are very appreciative of kindness. Mr. Nazar, a travelled and cultured Syrian, and a nephew of Father Nazar, had just returned from an extended business tour in the Northwest.

AT ST. MARY'S.

Easter was celebrated at St. Mary's with all the eclat befitting the big parish. Sermons on the day were preached by the Very Rev. Vicar-General and by Rev. Father Williams, the altars are said to have surpassed all former ones in the splendor of their decorations, and the solemn High Mass of the morning was followed by Mercadante's musical Vespers, given at night together with Bro. Sixtus "Regina Coeli" Limbilotte's "Magnificat," Holden's "O Salutaris," sung by Mr. B. McWilliams, and Limbilotte's "Tantum Ergo."

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The arrangements for the Easter celebration at St. Patrick's were on even a more ornate scale than ordinary. The High Altar was a magnificent pyramid of plants, flowers and lights. At the High Mass Rev. Father Doyle was the celebrant, with Rev. Fathers Urban and Derling as assistants.

CHOIR OF HOLY FAMILY.

After Mass on Sunday the choir of the Holy Family parish were complimented by the pastor, Rev. Father Coyle on their progress, and on the efficient manner in which they assisted in the services of the church.

THE FORTY HOURS AT MIMICO.

The Forty Hours Devotion will begin in St. Leo's Church, Mimico, on Sunday, April 30th.

PERSONAL.

Miss Annie McMahon, of D'Arcy street, is visiting her brother, Dr. John McMahon, of New York. She will be absent a month.

CONSERVATORY RECITAL.

Many readers of the Catholic Register are interested in the recital which took place at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening, for amongst the vocalists were several well known in Catholic circles.

dent experienced by the writer some few years ago. Being in Montreal during the last days of the last week in Advent, I went one evening to the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was early, and on approaching the big church, I was somewhat astonished to see men crowding in from all directions. On they came in crowds, and of all stages and conditions; the laborer, the business, the professional men, all were apparently there.

C. Y. L. L. A.

As the season draws to a close, the meetings of the above society by no means decrease in interest. Last week one of the most interesting papers of the season, with Mrs. Hemans as the subject, was read by Miss Soncie. Mrs. Fulton took up the work of the 4th act of Twelfth Night, and the music was supplied by the hostesses, Mrs. and the Misses Landy.

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CONSERVATORY RECITAL.

Many readers of the Catholic Register are interested in the recital which took place at the Conservatory of Music on Tuesday evening, for amongst the vocalists were several well known in Catholic circles.

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