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CHILDREN'S CORNER A MUSICAL ALPHABET

A for Andante, which means rather slow, B is for Bar, we must count as you go...

THE LATIN PROFESSOR.

"Virginia Booth, if you aren't a case!" The class in Cicero was on its way back to the general assembly room...

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Relieve those Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract

Preponderating Evidence Any Dealer Can Supply You Toronto Brewing Co.

"You poor dear! But I never could keep my promise if Professor Gregg looked over his spectacles in that perfectly beautiful way..."

"So am I. I give you up. But, remember, some day you'll wish you hadn't. It's coming."

Salome was an incurable invalid, but all day long, while Virginia was away, her thin white fingers flew. That was her secret.

One day there was a discussion in the Cicero class, and Professor Gregg held out his hand.

Georgia hid her face. Virginia's bright head went up high and defiant.

"We'll bodyguard you! We'll tell him it's a species of insanity—runs in the family. All the Booths have made faces back to nobody knows when!"

"Yes, you dear, he sha'n't have you expelled, he sha'n't!" Expelled! Oh, was that what it meant?

"Well, I am," chattered Georgia. "I'm frightened to pieces. He'll look at all those dreadful sketches and keep growing madder and madder."

The steps came slowly along the hall to the door, and Virginia looked in. It was then she found out Salome's hoarded little secret, and the discovery sent her to her own room in a tempest of woe.

"She's making things for Miss Goldthwait's story; I've seen them there!" sobbed Virginia. "But I never thought—oh, I never thought—"

To The... Readers of The Register

WE HAVE ON HAND a few hundred copies of "THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO," 1902, which we have been giving away as a PREMIUM to paid-up subscribers of our paper.

- The Catholic Almanac bears the endorsement of: D. FALCONIO, Archbishop Apost. Deleg. DENIS O'CONNOR, Archbishop of Toronto. J. THOS. DUHAMEL, Archbishop of Ottawa. THOMAS-JOSEPH DOWLING, Bishop of Hamilton. R. A. O'CONNOR, Bishop of Peterborough. ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Bishop of Alexandria. E. P. McEVAY, Bishop of London. N. Z. LORRAIN, Bishop of Pembroke.

It contains list of The Ontario Clergy, The Parishes of Ontario, The Liturgical Calendar prepared by The Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto. A list of The Holy Days of Obligation, Fasting Days of Obligation, the Abstinence Days, Masses of the Dead, and Indulgences.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBL. CO., 9 JERMAN ST., TORONTO. GENTLEMEN:—Please send to my address one copy of "The Catholic Almanac of Ontario." I enclose you 10c (ten cents) for same.

lome made them! How could I have known? She's been making them right along. That's why she's always so tired when I get home. It kills Salome to sit up like that!"

Little by little things grew clearer for Virginia. At the end of her sobbing vigil two things stood out in black relief, there wasn't enough money and so Salome had to work, and Professor Gregg would probably have her expelled. The first thought broke Virginia's heart, and the second would break Salome's.

It was a wakeful night for the merry-careless girl. At 10 o'clock she had shaken her head scornfully. Apologize to Professor Gregg? Never! She had meant no harm to him. She had to look at him, did she not? And when she looked, could she help drawing him? Could anybody?

"You book, Miss Booth, Pardon me for retaining it. I wanted to compare certain portions of it with the original. I find they agree exactly—exactly!" She could never stop wondering if there had been a wicked twinkle behind the professor's spectacles. She had not dared to look, but there had been one in his tone.

no, I mean I'm so sorry, I'm so ashamed! I know you must think I'm a—saucybox. But I didn't mean anything bad, truly!"

"She stopped for breath, and he waited, smiling. 'You don't mean I could do anything? Make sketches and get—and get money for them? Why, I've always made faces ever since I can remember, but I never thought of that! You don't think—it doesn't seem possible—that I could earn something doing that?'"

"If you did it as well as some of your work I have seen," Professor Gregg said, gravely. "I know how good that is, for I compared it with the original. It is singularly correct. Miss Booth, I tell you our talents are given us to use in the best way. Use yours!"

"Oh, I will! I want to!" cried the girl. "I will do anything you say. Georgia's father will let me go to the meetings with him, and I will draw as I never did before. And if anything ever comes of it—it's a start—I shall always be—"

"Well, did he scold you dreadfully, poor dear? Are you more dead than alive? Is he a perfect wretch?" the girls clamored softly, when she went out to them at last.

"A GRAVEYARD COUGH" is the cry at tortured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balm, which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages. Never neglect a cough.

temple fold where the dark pool of blood had come from. Hastily Lieutenant Vereker took the revolver from the dead man's waist-belt and looked at the chambers. They were all loaded. The girl understood the meaning of that single shot. A surgeon was heading over the hill, and in a second announced that he was only faint, and not dead. The colonel, anxious to get on, was about to ask the young lieutenant a question but he was astonished to see his hand over his eyes. The surgeon had opened the dress of the wounded man and coolly and rapidly was searching for the wound, tossing aside the little badge as he did so. On moved the column. He'd it a life were lost? There would be hundreds sacrificed before the battle was over. Lieutenant Vereker, however, obtained permission to stay and see to the rude burial of his dead private.

It was a lonely little mound that down there in the circle of the hills, and the weeds soon hid it. A short time later Father K— was sitting by another bedside listening to the faint, gasping whispers of a dying man. Soon they ceased, and before the hospital attendants prepared the body for burial the priest took an old faded pair of scapulars from his neck and a little red badge of the breast of the dead man. Bert Finch had gone to answer the great roll-call, and no man wondered that he had died a Catholic.

Over the sea, in an old cathedral, the organ had rolled out its last Amen, and the few remaining worshippers could hear the wind-busting outside, waiting through the tower windows "Evermore! evermore!" boomed the organ "Evermore!" said the wind to the stormy sky. "Evermore!" and it swept over the city out to the fields. "Evermore," and it leaped off the dark cliffs to the frothing gloom of the sea. It sped across the ocean, it dashed the fresh foam over the dipping bows of a steamer, homeward bound, deep in whose hull lay a black-edged envelope, containing a few words, a faded brown scapular and a Sacred Heart badge. On the wind sped to a lonely circle of the mountains, and down in a valley it stirred and rustled the withered grass above a lonely, nameless grave. Richard Berchmans