

sided. It's something the same with us. If pride troubles us, let us draw the letter "A," it stands for ashes—our origin and our destiny.

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On February 3rd in many of our Churches large numbers of the faithful approach the altar-rail, while a priest, who holds two burning wax candles under the throat of the person presenting himself, says (in Latin): "May God, through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr, preserve thee from any disease of the throat and deliver thee from any other evil. Amen." The pious Catholics in the Fatherland found that they were preserved from throat ills when they received this blessing with faith and devotion. The custom is becoming a general one in this country.

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ONE of our esteemed exchanges pertinently asks: "What is our Catholic young man doing these winter evenings?" It depends on circumstances. If he has some spare change in his pocket you might find him at the dance with some other fellow's sister, or perhaps down town with "the boys" forming a guard of honor around the corner-grocery store. Young men like to bask in the gas or electric light, and are fond of congenial company, therefore if you want to keep them in the house at night, make their homes bright and cheery. Catholic casinos and young men's clubs do a great good, and help to keep many a boy off the streets, and besides help him to improve himself mentally, morally and physically. Some of our young men use their evenings in doing charitable work, like members of St. Vincent de Paul societies, but such are rare. Again, we know young men who stay at home endeavoring to acquire a self-education which cannot be learned from newspapers alone. Interest the boys in something at home. There are plenty profitable ways of whiling away the hours of long winter evenings.

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OUR ADVERTISERS.

AS THE circle of our readers is daily widening, firms and institutions find it to their advantage to advertise in our pages. Needless to say, that we are ready to give space to every person or firm, that does a legitimate business. All those, who have

advertised in our pages so far, are known to us, and we can guarantee their worth. We intend to solicit advertisements after this. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, and will reach ten thousand before the close of this year, at the lowest calculation. Of course, we expect an even larger increase—but we do not wish to exaggerate in the least. Those of our readers, who are in business, would do themselves and us a good turn if they were to advertise in our pages. Others, who are acquainted with business people, could easily do us the favor of calling their attention to our REVIEW. And all of our readers can help along the good cause by patronizing our advertisers, and *letting them know*, that it is owing to their advertisement in our REVIEW that they get the custom of our readers. We shall devote some space in future issues to our advertisers, and tell our readers what we know of them.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Sacred Heart Review* contained the best description we have read of the beautiful ceremony of Cardinal Satolli's investiture with the Cardinal's veretta. In a recent issue it gives a clear and masterly article on the Manitoba school question. The Canadian Catholics may well congratulate themselves on having such an able exponent of their rights in this great Catholic paper of New England, for the Canadian Protestant and orange element look to the New England press for most of their outside support.

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THE *Review*, of Chicago, in one of its late issues, expresses a wish to see the editorials of the late McMaster collected and published. This wish shall be fully gratified in future chapters of the "Life of McMaster," now appearing in our pages. One chapter is entirely devoted to his leading editorials. One of the most pathetic is embodied in this month's instalment. It is the touching editorial on the death of his wife, which lays bare the great heart of the eminent journalist. It is perhaps the most Christian "In Memoriam" ever written by a Catholic pen, since the days when St. Augustine mourned the death of his mother, St. Monica.