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VOL. XI. No. 9

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## PONTIFICAL JUBILEE

### Official Order of the Festivities in Rome

#### Pope Leo Satisfied With the Loyal Demonstrations of the Faithful

The programme of the festivities in Rome for the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee is as follows:

Friday, 20th February—Twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of His Holiness Leo XIII. to the Pontifical Chair. Audience to the pilgrimages and deputations that have arrived in Rome. 1. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar and the Bishops and Ordinaries present in Rome will offer to the Sovereign Pontiff the gold tiara, a symbol of the triple Pontifical power, and the collective gift of the faithful of every nation and every diocese. 2. The Jubilee Committee will offer to His Holiness the Peter's Pence for the restoration of St. John in Lateran, the Pope's Cathedral, and the mother church of Rome and of the Catholic world. 3. The International Committee of Solemn Homage to Our Redeemer and to His august Vicar will present to His Holiness "the Peter's Pence of the Tiara and of Filial Love," and also in the name of the Italian and foreign pilgrims who have visited Rome during the Holy Year and after a special offering consisting of the outcome of their own zeal. 4. The Lombard Pilgrimage, with Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and the Bishops of that region at its head, will present, with Peter's Pence, the grand commemorative medal of the Pontifical Jubilee, in gold, silver and bronze, as well as the instruments used in stamping it. 5. The representatives of the Episcopal Curie, with Cardinal Boschi, Archbishop of Ferrara, at their head, will offer the keys symbolical of the supreme Pontifical authority full (in gold) of Peter's Pence collected amongst their colleagues.

Friday, the 20th, Saturday the 21st, and Sunday the 22nd Feb.—Solemn Triduum arranged by the College of Parish Priests of Rome in the Church of the Holy Apostles to make thanksgiving to God for the favor granted by Him to the Christian people in having given them for such a long time a Sovereign Pontiff such as Leo XIII., and to beg that the life of His Holiness may be further preserved. Fathers Marolo, Ferrini and Cente, parish priests, will preach. On Sunday morning the Cardinal Vicar, assisted by the College of Parish Priests, will pontificate and impart the threefold Benediction. The "Te Deum" will be sung by the people.

Sunday, the 22nd Feb.—At midday a banquet will be given at the Vatican by the International Committee, representing the Catholics of the whole world, to a thousand people in honor of the Sovereign Pontiff, "the father of the Poor." The Committee exhort Catholics everywhere to celebrate the Pontifical Jubilee not only with prayer, but also with extraordinary aims to the local poor.

Tuesday, the 3rd March—A Papal Chapel at St. Peter's with attendance of the pilgrimages from Piedmont, Liguria, Tuscany, and other parts of Italy, as well as from abroad. The Holy Father will make a solemn entry in the "sedia gestatoria," and will wear the Tiara presented by the Catholics of the world. Pontifical

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Benediction "Urbi et Orbi" and the singing of the "Te Deum" by the people in union with the Catholic world.

Thursday, the 5th March—Accademia in the Church of the Holy Apostles. The music will be under the direction of Don Lorenzo Perosi. Cardinal Ferrari will read a discourse; Mgr. Vincenzo Sardi a Latin poem; and Commendatore Tolli, Signor Persichetti, and Mgr. Poletto Italian poems. The Society of St. Peter will be present.

Friday 6th, Saturday 7th, and Sunday the 8th March—Solemn Triduum arranged by the Jubilee Committee in the Gesù. Father Zocchi, Mgr. Radini Tedeschi, and Cardinal Satolli will preach. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given by three Cardinals, and on the last day the representatives of all the Catholic societies and associations in Rome will be present and join in the singing of the "Te Deum." The Society of the Immaculata will give assistance.

Tuesday, the 28th April—His Holiness Leo XIII. to-day reaches the years, months and days of the Pontificate of St. Peter in the See of Rome, and the Roman Jubilee Committee, the International Committee, and the deputations and pilgrimages in Rome will offer His Holiness congratulations and good wishes in the name of the Catholic world.

#### THE OPENING DAY.

Rome, Feb. 20.—(Associated Press Despatches.)—The Pope completed the functions of his Jubilee to-day without undue fatigue. Upon returning to his apartments the Pontiff exclaimed: "This is really the happiest day of my life."

"It seems impossible that it is twenty-five years since I have been there," was the Pope's exclamation as he looked from a window of his apartments this morning into the sunlit piazza of St. Peter's. This was the Pontiff's only reference to his long term of self-imposed imprisonment in the Vatican, during which he has never gone beyond the palace grounds and St. Peter's, which is considered to be part of the Vatican. "What a glorious morning for the Jubilee of my Pontificate," the Pope added as he proceeded with evident pleasure to peruse the almost innumerable telegrams, letters and addresses of congratulation which have reached the Vatican from all parts of the world.

The Hall of Beatification, above the portico of St. Peter's, where the Pontiff held his jubilee reception to-day, presented a brilliant scene. It was beautifully hung with antique brocades and illuminated with thousands of electric lights and wax candles. The boxes lining the long, narrow hall were filled to their capacity with members of the Roman aristocracy, diplomats, women with black veils, men in evening dress, and monks and sisters in various garbs. Here and there groups of Papal guards, in bright uniforms, lent color to the whole. Notable among the diplomats was Count Almódovar, head of the special mission sent to represent the King of Spain at the Jubilee.

The struggle to get into the hall was terrific. People were swept off their feet, and women were overcome, but no one was injured. The babel of tongues raised in protest testified to the world-wide character of the gathering.

#### PONTIFF ARRIVES.

There was a long and tedious wait before the ceremony commenced and the audience was growing restless when, suddenly a great roar of "Long Live Leo" and "Long Live the Pope King," announced the arrival of the Pontiff. His Holiness was borne in the sedia gestatoria on the shoulders of eight men, habited in red brocade. The Pope himself wore gorgeous robes and had the triple crown on his head. He bestowed his benediction right and left as he passed through the cheering concourse, whose enthusiasm was so great and whose desire to

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touch the hem of the Pope's gown was so intense, that the presence of the guards seemed really necessary for his protection.

In a procession, surrounded by a brilliant escort of prelates, aristocracy and guests, Pope Leo always appears at his best. His feebleness and bent form are hidden, and the public sees only the venerable patriarch, with cameo-like features and kindly smile, who fulfills its every ideal. The Pope was accompanied by Cardinals Mocceni, Perrauti, Ferrari, Satolli, Respighi, Boschi and Macchi, and escorted by the much-admired noble guards. The celebrated feather fans on both sides of the Sedia Gestatoria exercised great interest. On the right of the Pontifical throne was assembled the Pecci family, to which

the Pope belongs, and on the left stood Count Almódovar. When the Pontiff ascended the throne, he seemed to be in a kind of glorified atmosphere, attained by a peculiar arrangement of red draperies before the windows.

#### RICH GIFTS PRESENTED.

Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of Rome, read an affectionate Latin address, expressing loyalty and devotion, and offered the gold tiara, the Jubilee present of the Catholic world, which cost \$25,000, and \$40,000 in cash. Cardinal Ferrari (Archbishop of Milan), in behalf of a pilgrimage from Lombardy, presented an address of felicitation to the Pope and the gold, silver and bronze commemorative medals. The Pope thanked the Lombardy pilgrims and gave them his benediction. Cardinal Boschi read a third address, and presented to His Holiness the symbolic keys, one of gold and the other of silver, accompanied by an offering of \$40,000 in gold coins

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The Roman Committee for the Jubilee fetes presented a rich parchment volume, with the signatures of all who had contributed to the offerings, with another \$40,000 to be devoted to the restoration of the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Other committees followed with addresses and offerings.

The Pope then charged Monsignor Bisleti, his Master of the Chamber, to read a Latin speech addressed "to my venerable brothers and beloved children," in which His Holiness expressed satisfaction at the manifestation of which he is the object on the part of the whole Catholic world. For the second time in a century, continued Pope Leo, Christ has wished to glorify His Vicar on earth by allowing him to reach the years of St. Peter.

The address ended by saying that the Pontiff was happy to celebrate his Jubilee amidst the homage and veneration of the Catholic universe.

#### RETURNED AMB PLAUDITS.

After bestowing the Apostolic blessing, the Pope returned to his apartments, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. He contemplated the functions of the jubilee without undue fatigue. On returning to his apartments he exclaimed: "This is really the happiest day of my life."

In St. Peter's this afternoon, Cardinal Rampollo celebrated a Solemn Mass and Te Deum. The Pope retired at 10 o'clock at night, saying to his valet: "I am really satisfied with the day's work."

#### GOOD WISHES FROM MONTREAL.

Archbishop Bruchesi Forwards Message to His Holiness.

Montreal, Feb. 20.—Archbishop Bruchesi, on behalf of the diocese of Montreal, to-day forwarded a cable-gram of congratulation to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., on the occasion of the celebration of his silver jubilee. After congratulating the Holy Pontiff upon his long and successful reign, the message expressed a wish that it might continue, while assuring him of the loyalty and devotion of the subjects of this diocese.

At the Archbishop's palace to-day the announcement was made that a Te Deum would be sung in all the churches of the diocese on Sunday next. No special service was held to-day, but in offering the holy sacrifices of the Mass the priests inserted the special prayer Pro Papa.

#### Lord Dunraven Expresses hope of Success

London, Feb. 23.—The Earl of Dunraven was interviewed to-night regarding the report of the Irish Landlord and Tenants' Conference in Dublin, of which he was Chairman. He spoke hopefully regarding the prospects of legislation, which, he thought, would end the difficulties in Ireland. Lord Dunraven said: "The utterances of King Edward and of British public men, the temper of Ireland, the reception of the conference's report by the public, and the action of the Government since its publication, are all favorable indications pointing to the success of the Government's Irish land bill, which, if it contains a just and generous offer, will make good the first impression on which all depends. The bill, if drawn on the lines of the report, will insure a final settlement and remove the cause of friction in Ireland, which is reacting unfavorably not only in Great Britain but throughout the empire and on our kindred in the United States."

Lord Dunraven replied to the adverse criticism of the report, saying that the conference could not lay down a specific formula to be adopted. They were obliged to deal with the matter on the broadest lines, considering both the interests of the nation and those of individual landlords and tenants. He did not think that the Government would be able to specify a strict formula, which, if attempted, would confuse the issue. The minor details of any plan based on voluntarism must be left to the purchasers and sellers. The conference only sought to formulate the conditions under which it would be possible to complete the transfer of the land within a reasonable period. His Lordship concluded by saying that he did not think that the demand on the State treasury would be disproportionate to the benefits gained.

#### Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union

The third debate of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union took place last Monday evening at St. Mary's Club Rooms. Mr. C. J. Read, the President of St. Mary's C. L. & A. A., welcomed the large audience and explained the objects of the Debating Union, and asked the President of the Association to take the chair, who called on the First Vice-President, Mr. J. L. Costello, as he himself was engaged in the debates. The subject of debate was "Resolved, That a Total Prohibition of the Manufacture and Sale of Intoxicating Liquor is in the Best Interests of the Country." Mr. J. C. DeRoche and Mr. D. McGuire, of St. Mary's, spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan and Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan upheld the negative. While the judges were giving the decision the audience were entertained by two songs from Mr. Wm. Kennedy. Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K. C., ably spoke on the benefits of the debating union. The judges, Rev. F. F. Rohleder, Ald. Wm. Burns and Dr. A. J. McDonagh, gave the decision for the affirmative. Rev. Dr. Teefe was indisposed and expressed, through the President, regret at his inability to attend. Mr. J. J. Foy, K. C., M. P. P., who was to act was not present.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

DEATH OF A CATHOLIC LEADER.

Mgr. Schaeffman, D.D., the leader of the Dutch Catholics, who was stricken down by illness during a visit to Rome, died on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at a Franciscan Convent in the Eternal City.

for the beatification were first taken in 1886, and in 1898, on the application of the Postulator, the case of Archbishop Plunkett was separated from that of sixty others also executed in 1681.

ENGLAND

BACK TO THE CHURCH.

A remarkable state of affairs at present exists in connection with St. Michael's Protestant Church, Shore-ditch, London. The services at the church have been conducted for some time past on advanced High Church lines, with the usual result that the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Evans, has been roundly denounced for his "Romanist" tendencies.

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC CHIEF JUSTICE.

The Hon. John T. McDonough, of Albany, N. Y., whom the President has tendered the appointment of chief justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, at a salary of \$7,500, is a Catholic and a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's.

FRANCE

AN INTERDICTED BOOK.

His Eminence Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, following the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, has forbidden the reading of Professor Loisy's book, "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," in his diocese.

THE VENERABLE OLIVER PLUNKETT.

Reuter's agent at Rome, writing on the 3rd inst., says: The Canonization of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who was executed at Tyburn on July 1st, 1681, and whose remains are interred in the Benedictine College of Downside at Bath, has recently been discussed as though it were imminent.

vitiation of the Government, which made him Professor of Hebrew and of Exegesis there. It was at Sorbonne that Professor Loisy began his lectures against Harnack's "Wesen des Christenthums," wherein the Berlin Professor makes the "full essence" of Christianity consist in the faith in God the Father.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES

The latest number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith contains a very instructive article on the part played by Catholic missionaries in the scientific progress of the world.

Because of their very vocation, the pioneers of the apostolate are condemned to pass, not only months, but their entire life, among people whose intellectual and moral regeneration they undertake; for the fulfillment of their duty they are obliged to assimilate the idioms, study the beliefs, sound the traditions and adopt the customs of those among whom they work.

It cannot be denied that, of all sciences, geography is most indebted to evangelical laborers. The very force of circumstances transforms missionaries into explorers whenever they reach an unknown country.

Who has not heard of Father Hue, the brave missionary traveler who immortalized his name fifty years ago, by tracing a furrow of light across the dark ground of Central Asia? The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith contained the first publication of this famous journey in Tartary and Tibet, so improbable did some of its details seem, that geographers for a long time regarded the account merely as a fictitious tale of adventure.

A Belgian missionary, Father Constant de Deken, who had the honor of being one of those who made this memorable journey across Central Asia, published an important account of it in 1894.

AUSTRALIA

DEATH OF AN HEROIC PRIEST.

The last Australian mail brings news of the sad death of an heroic Irish priest—the Rev. Father McEnroe. Father McEnroe was walking in North Sydney when a runaway horse rushed down the street, and was about to dash into a group of children who were playing in the roadway, when the aged clergyman—Father McEnroe recently celebrated his 71st birthday—jumped forward and endeavored to stop the horse by suddenly opening an umbrella in its face.

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the world of learning on his travels in Damaraland and Ovampo, is Father Charles Duparquet, corresponding member of the Natural History Museum of Paris and the Geographical Society of Lisbon. In the month of December, 1886, his excursion into the Kingdom of Huilla inaugurated the series of his investigations in the valley of the Kuenene and the Zaire; he was superior of the mission of the Congo when in August, 1877, Stanley arrived there at the close of the most famous geographical expedition of this century.

In America several Oblate priests of Canada have contributed a worthy quota to the knowledge of the valleys of the Mackenzie and other rivers which bear their waters to the Arctic Ocean. Of these, Father Petiot is conspicuous for his success. The Geographical Society of Paris presented a gold medal to him and published at its own expense, his chart of North America.

How many details on the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, New Mexico, Arizona, Ecuador, Guiana, Brazil and Patagonia would have passed into oblivion if Archbishop Salpointe, Fathers de Smet, Pedro Enonet, Brunetti, etc., and the Salesians of Turin had not written several volumes of correspondence from these different regions of North and South America.

Next to geography, linguistics may boast most of the co-operation of missionaries. Scarcely arrived at the distant post assigned to them as their second country, since there they are to die, the deep study of language is their chief occupation. If there have gone before, the arduous task is greatly facilitated. The first to arrive in a new country, however, must painfully analyze the chaos of mysterious syllables that strike the ear, discover their meaning, transcribe the sounds, investigate the origin of phrases, the genius of dialects formulate laws of grammar and compile glossaries. All this work enriches philological science. The finest works of this kind are the Chinese Dictionary, by Father Perney, the Madagascan Dictionary, by Father Abinal; the Siamese Dictionary, by Bishop Pallegoix; the Tibetan Dictionary, by Father Desgodins; the Korean Dictionary, the Somali Dictionary, etc. Besides these great monuments of erudition, there are modest works, but useful, practical and meritorious—hundreds of lexicons, grammars and translations. All languages are represented in this philological encyclopedia, from the language of the Maoris to that of the Esquimaux, from the Kishouhali to the Tamoul.

During the rare leisure which the exercise of his holy ministry allows a missionary, he often finds profitable distraction in the study of botany, mineralogy and zoology. He makes a note of useful plants, studies rocks, collects insects and stuffs birds. A few missionaries of exceptional talent have become famous for their discoveries in the natural sciences.

We have already spoken of Father Amand David as an explorer; he is even more celebrated as a naturalist. From China, Mongolia, Tartary and Thibet, he has sent to Europe immense collections of mammalia, birds, reptiles, fish, mollusks, insects, plants and minerals, including thousands of new species. Father Camboue, of Madagascar, is another naturalist of great merit. Father Cognet has published a valuable monograph on the flora of New Zealand; Father Hervey, a distinguished conchologist, has written learned articles on the shells of the island of Lifou and gathered the richest collection of New Caledonian shells. When you taste a cup of aromatic Mocha, do you give a thought of gratitude to the missionary who made the precious tonic known? And does not cinchona, the febrifuge par excellence, bear the name of "Jesuit bark," from the Jesuits who discovered it?

Instead of pursuing the study of natural history, learning about plants and animals, some missionaries, especially those who live in countries celebrated in the annals of the past, devote themselves to archaeology. Delattre, superior of Saint Louis in Carthage, is a master in this field and has studied the sacred and profane ruins of the Punic city for a long time. By persevering and intelligent research he has succeeded in collecting a large number of bas reliefs, vases, lamps, inscriptions, mosaics, bronze and iron weapons, seals, engraved stones, statues, medals, coins, etc.—authentic specimens of Carthaginian art of the eighth century before our era.

Fathers Sebastian and Vincent Scheil, two Dominicans from Lorraine, are collecting evidences from a still more remote past, extending even to the time of the deluge; both are applying themselves to Assyriology and are pursuing their work on the shores of the Euphrates and the Tigris. A member of the Society of White

Fathers has published authoritative works on the ancient history of Barbary countries.

We must not omit to mention the work of Bishop Laouenan on Bramanism, which the French Academy has crowned with praise.

It is well known that the Jesuit Fathers gained the favor of the Chinese emperors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by their knowledge of astronomy. Finally, even when not engaged in scientific work missionaries deserve some acknowledgment from science when they extend to Americans and Europeans on exploring expeditions in distant countries the shelter of their hospitable roof, the support of their tried experience, comforting words in cases of discouragement and brotherly care in sickness. The accounts of all great travelers contain some touching page relating in terms full of gratitude some service of this kind. Open the books of explorers Stanley, Bonvalot, Trivier, Mouchot and everywhere you will find the same tone of appreciation.

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Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the one sure preventive and cure. Those who have used them will tell you so. Isaac Jenkins, 116 Dundas street, Toronto, says:

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ANSWERING A QUESTION.

Some of the troubles of editorship are the letters which come to the editor from subscribers in search of information. The Bookman acknowledges the receipt of this letter from a correspondent who lives not a thousand miles from Boston:

"Do you ever realize that the emanations of human thought are never isolated and abstracted so that they stand without the universal consciousness, but that instead they form endless continuity whereby through all the phases of literature, whether primitive or typical of high aesthetic cultivation, they are united by what is perhaps a subconscious but nevertheless an inherent and persistent striving after the complete and perfect expression of what is best in the human heart and intellect? Do you ever think of this?" Happily the editor was equal to the occasion, and he replied in all the buoyancy of an optimistic nature: "Yes, sometimes. By the way, in a couple of weeks it will be about time for buckwheat cakes."

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Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

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THIRD MONTH 31 DAYS

March

S. JOSEPH

1903

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical details for each day of March.

First Sunday of Lent. Vesper Hymn "Iste Confessor." S. Simplicius. Conversion of S. Paul. Ember Day. S. Lucius. S. Casimir. Ember Day. The Lance and Nails which pierced Our Lord. Ember Day. S. Thomas of Aquin.

Second Sunday of Lent.

Vesper Hymn "Fortem Virili Pectore." S. Francis of Rome. The Forty Martyrs. S. Peter's Chair at Antioch. S. Gregory the Great. The Holy Winding Sheet of Our Lord. Of the Feria.

Third Sunday of Lent.

At Principal Mass and Vespers, Anticipated Solemnity of S. Joseph. Vesper Hymn "Te Joseph Celebrant." Of the Feria. S. Patrick. S. Gabriel. S. Joseph. Five Wounds of Our Lord. S. Benedict.

Fourth Sunday of Lent.

At Principal Mass and at Vespers, Anticipated Solemnity of the Annunciation. Vesper Hymn "Ave Maris Stella." S. Cyril of Jerusalem. Of the Feria. ANNUNCIATION of the B. V. Mary. Of the Feria. The Most Precious Blood of Jesus. S. Xystus III.

Passion Sunday

Vesper Hymn "Iste Confessor." S. John Damascene. Of the Feria.

Not a "Pick Me Up" But a "Keep Me Up" Dunlop CREEPER RUBBER Heels



SECOND SIGHT.

"Sister," said blind Dara, "What do you behold?" Found her and St. Bridgid Flowed the dawn's gold.

Over her and Bridgid Caroled the lark; Hills were heights of heaven, Though their feet were dark.

Mists from the bogland Curled like silver smoke, Young birds were singing In the arching oak.

Brigid, lost in praying, Touched her sister's eyes. "Oh!" she said, "my sister, Dove of God arise!

Saw the little rivers Glide through bogland brown, Where the yellow iris Flaunteth her gold gown;

"Yes," she said, "my sister, Blind me once again, Lest His presence in me Groweth less plain.

"Oh!" she said, "my sister, Night is beautiful, Where His face is shining Who was mocked as fool.

"Haste," she said, "and plunge me Once again in night, Lest perchance I lose Him, Gaining my sight."

All His creatures praise Him From daylight to dusk, Stars and moon and cloudland, And Messir the Sun;

—Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

LAZY LUNGS.

So much stress is laid in these days upon the value of fresh air that it is impossible for any one to miss the lesson.

In all this spread of knowledge and good sense it is unfortunately very possible to lose sight of the real issue. It is no exaggeration to say that many a one who can glibly pat-

ter off the number of cubic feet of air necessary for each one to breathe rarely draws a full breath. Fresh air is a free gift, but it is like most of the gifts of heaven, in that we must do our share of work to benefit by it.

It is not too much to assert that lungs properly used in a comparatively close room will do more good than lazy lungs in an open field, like any other, and may be overcome by persistent effort.

Next morning he stood up very straight and said the troublesome table almost in a breath. Everyone laughed when he told how he had learned it.

To this day, when Joe says that table of sevens, he sees again that little, lonely schoolhouse with the snow sitting in through the cracks in the windows.—Primary Education.

Here in the Adirondacks, where the snow lies deep, many interesting notes can be had by following the squirrels, writes a Northern correspondent of The New York Evening Post.

A good way to start the new habit is to take deliberately a few minutes at stated intervals and devote them to proper breathing. If this is done systematically, the reformer will find himself unconsciously breathing more and more, until very soon he is obeying nature and ready breathing to live.

Besides the gain to the general health which comes from the habit of deep breathing there is created a reserve strength and preparedness which is often of great service in warding off acute pulmonary diseases.—Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

VALENTINE TRICKS.

A few simple tricks which may serve to enliven a Valentine party may thus be described:

Tell a boy that you can make a circle round him with a piece of chalk out of which he cannot jump. The chances are that he will say you cannot do it. Draw a circle with chalk around his jacket and say: "Now, jump out of it."

Ask a boy whether he thinks if he clasped his hands together he could walk out of the room. He will, of course, say that he could. Request him to pass his arms around the leg of the table or piano, join his hands and walk away.

Fill a small glass with water, cover it with a hat and say you can drink it without touching the hat. Take the glass and the hat, put your head under the table, make a noise as if drinking, rise and wipe your lips. Some one of the company, thinking you have drunk the water, will certainly take up the hat to see. As soon as the hat is removed, pick up the glass and drink its contents. You can now drink the water without touching the hat.

HOW JOE LEARNED THE TABLE OF SEVENS.

Joe went to school in a little, old-fashioned schoolhouse away out in the country. He liked to go to school. He could read out of the big Fourth Reader. He could spell the whole school down. He could make beautiful "R's" and "S's" in his copybook, but he could not learn the table of sevens in multiplication. In vain he tried. In vain the teacher scolded and punished. Joe could not say that table.

Joe always went to school early to start the fire in the big stove. One morning, soon after he started, there came up a sudden storm of snow and wind. Joe could scarcely get through it. When he reached the schoolhouse, there was no one there. When nine o'clock came, Joe could not see to the road. Of course, none of the children could get there. Even the teacher was "snowed in."

At first it was fun. Joe started a rousing fire in the stove, climbed up in the teacher's chair and played school. But the wind blew in great gusts. The snow swept in through the cracks and made tiny drifts on the sills.

Poor little Joe! The minutes were very long. It wasn't much fun. He tried to read the stories in his reader, but his voice sounded strange and strained in the empty room. He learned his spelling lesson for three days. At ten o'clock he ate some of his lunch.

The storm grew worse and worse. Joe sat down by the stove. What could he do? Finally, he had a bright thought. Now was just the time to learn that table of sevens. He took his grimy, dog-eared arithmetic and went to work with all his might. At twelve o'clock he had learned the table. He went to the blackboard and wrote it six times—three times forward and three times backward. He knew it—every bit of it.

Joe had almost forgotten the storm. He hadn't noticed that the skies were lighter, that the wind was dying down. But as he sat down to eat the rest of his lunch, a sudden ray of sunlight flashed through the little room. The storm was over.

An hour later he heard a clatter of sleigh-bells, and a loud "Whoa!" And there was father, with the colts hitched on to the bobs. What a jolly ride they had dashing through the drifts! And wasn't Joe glad to get home?

Next morning he stood up very straight and said the troublesome table almost in a breath. Everyone laughed when he told how he had learned it.

To this day, when Joe says that table of sevens, he sees again that little, lonely schoolhouse with the snow sitting in through the cracks in the windows.—Primary Education.

SQUIRRELS IN WINTER.

Here in the Adirondacks, where the snow lies deep, many interesting notes can be had by following the squirrels, writes a Northern correspondent of The New York Evening Post. The striped ground squirrels sleep nearly all winter, but a warm spell of weather brings them out and the snow is soon covered with their trails.

The first thing the novice is likely to note in the ground squirrel trails is that well-travelled runways are soon made between their various homes. They must therefore be a sociable little people. It will also be noted, especially by the observer that has read much about the "unerring instinct" of animals, that ground squirrels shows no unerring instinct.

When the warm spell brings them out they are invariably hungry, and go hunting for the nuts that they stored away the preceding fall. But they have to hunt—they invariably prospect for the buried treasure as a miner prospects for ore. Apparently they remember in an instinctive way something about the locality where the stores were buried, but one often

Pr-rince of Wales," was the reply, in a gruff voice and with a fine natural German accent. The old lady flashed a look of scorn upon the supposed "double" of the future King. Then she put away her precious documents.

"I have the honor to know personally all the members of the royal family," she said, loftily, "and if my eyesight were not becoming so bad nowadays I should never have made such an astonishing error as to take you for the Prince of Wales!"

The poet, delighted, would recite his ode, and the king would say: "It is not new, for I have known it some years." Then he would repeat it as he had heard it. After that he would add: "And this mamekuke also remembers it;" and the mamekuke would repeat it. To make the proof seem plainer still the king would then say to the poet: "I have also a female slave who can repeat it," and on his ordering her to do so she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard; so the poet would go empty-handed away.

The famous poet El-Amsai, having heard of this proceeding and guessing the trick, composed an ode made up of very difficult words and, disguising himself, went to the palace and presented himself. He repeated his ode. The king, perplexed and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the mamekuke, but he had, too, retained nothing. Then he called the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?" "To carry what?" asked the king. "Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No, my lord the Sultan," replied the poet. "At the time I composed it there was not a piece of paper near me upon which to write it, but only a fragment of a marble column, so I engraved it upon this, and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel. The king to fulfill his promise was obliged to make a heavy drain upon his treasury; and to prevent a repetition of the experience, in future rewarded his poets more justly.—Youth's Companion.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

One night came a stranger knocking at Mozart's door and commanded: "Write me a Mass for the dead."

"Surely my hour is almost come," said the musician. "I must write."

And again came the stranger in the night and asked: "Is the Mass for the dead ready for the playing?"

The tension of toil was tightened. The harmonies, fitted with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead with the Requiem Mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger, querying: "Is the Mass for the dead complete?"

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven harmonies went their way. Their flight left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the place of souls, and the body was tumbled into a pauper's grave—a grave in which two others rested, very humble and much worn with toil. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten.—Atlantic Monthly.

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193 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.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years.

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.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

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 marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 10, 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.

Mr. John O'CONNOR: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself.

J. O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1903.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

- 1. All days of Lent, except Sundays, are fast days. 2. On these days only one full meal is allowed, and it is to be taken about noon, unless a change in the hour is approved by the Pastor or Confessor. 3. They who fast may take a cup of tea or coffee with a small piece of bread or biscuit—nothing else—in the morning, and in the evening a collation of about eight ounces of food.

PONTIFICAL JUBILEE

CIRCULAR LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP.

In all churches of the Archdiocese, on Sunday last, the following circular letter from His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, was read from the pulpits at all masses:

"We began twelve months ago the celebration of the jubilee year of the reign of Leo XIII. over the Universal Church, desiring ardently, and praying fervently, that God in His mercy, to him and to us, would grant him the favor of seeing its completion. God has heard our prayers, and now it behooves us to thank Him for this benefit conferred on our Holy Father and his faithful children. The year has been one of great rejoicing, and has furnished a wonderful, as well as a merited, manifestation of love for His Holiness, and of devoted loyalty to him and the cause he represents.

The suggestions of the central committee in charge of the jubilee celebrations have been acted upon, and have been crowned with most encouraging success. Unceasing prayers, public and private, have gone up from all parts of the earth to the throne of the Invisible Head of the Church for the well-being of His vicar on earth.

"From all nations pilgrimages have made their way to Rome to pay personal homage to the successor of St. Peter, showing by their numbers and their enthusiasm a deep respect and a warm affection for the common father of the faithful.

"Donations for the repairs of the Pope's Cathedral Church, gifts of a personal nature, many of great value, and contributions of St. Peter's Pence have all testified to the interest taken by all classes of the faithful in this unusual event, and to their readiness to make sacrifices of time and means to render it most noteworthy.

"In all these manifestations of faith and good-will, excepting perhaps the pilgrimages, the diocese has had a reasonable share, and all its subjects take a just pride in having contributed to the joys and honor of the Holy Father.

"These joys, in which the father and the children shared alike, entailed on

him much labor and many fatigues, but God upheld and strengthened him, so that the end of the year finds him as active and vigorous as its beginning. Surely we have great reason to thank the Giver of all good things.

"The year of jubilee has not been one of unmitigated happiness for the Supreme Pontiff. In some countries our holy religion has suffered shameful attacks on its teachings and institutions, and these attacks brought much suffering and privation on the innocent victims of them. The fatherly heart of the Pope, who sufers in his children, has been deeply grieved by such wanton treatment, but it has served to call forth from him public protests against wrongdoing and statements of Catholic teaching and practices worthy of the most energetic of his predecessors. His watchfulness over the interests of the Church, his courage in defending them, and his vigor in upholding truth and repelling error, have been the admiration of the Christian world. This is another weighty reason for closing the jubilee year with special acts of thanksgiving. The events of the year have furnished unmistakable signs of God's special providence over His Church, and its visible head. To Him then let heartfelt thanks be given publicly and privately, and let us unite our prayers with all Catholics throughout the earth in a grand chorus of praise and gratitude for all the favors conferred on our Holy Father and his devoted children during a year of grace and blessing.

"Let us ask Him to preserve the already long life of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, in a few days, will complete his 93rd year, and to grant that its remaining years may be consoled by the return of wayward children to better sentiments, and by increased reverence and loyalty on the part of those whose affection for him leaves no room for doubt. This will be a fitting termination to the year of solemn homage to Jesus Christ and His august Vicar. To this end we decree as follows:

"A triduum of prayers will begin in the diocese on the first Friday of March, ending on the following Sunday.

"Mass will be said each morning in parish churches and convent chapels at an hour that will ensure a large attendance thereat.

"Each evening the Rosary will be recited, followed by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The evening service of Sunday will close with the singing of the Te Deum in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed.

"In families the Rosary will be recited each day, followed by the prayer for our Sovereign Pontiff.

"All the faithful of suitable age are expected to approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

"Priests will continue to say the prayer Pro Papa until the close of the triduum.

(Signed) J. M. CRUISE, Secretary.

APOSTOLICAL DELEGATE'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO POPE LEO.

Twenty-five years ago, Leo XIII., who now so gloriously rules the Church of God, was elevated to the chair of St. Peter. This long reign, as rare as it was unexpected, fills the hearts of all the faithful throughout the world with unspeakable joy; and even our separated brethren and all honest and intelligent people, without distinction of creed, or race or nationality show their appreciation and gladness.

Leo XIII. has been the bright light which illuminated the last part of the nineteenth century, and which continues to shine as brightly in the beginning of the new era. Leo XIII. is admired for the loftiness of his intellect, the strength of his character, the nobility of his heart and for his love of everything which is just and right and good. He is one of the leading spirits of his age. Nothing has escaped his keen and deep intuition for the good of the Church and the welfare of humanity. He has ever been ready to lend his powerful influence wherever necessity required it. He has been as firm as a rock against injustice, but at the same time free from all harshness. He knew how to combine the strength of the lion with the meekness of the lamb.

With the profound keenness of his intellect he saw all the dangers which threatened the very foundations of society and proposed opportune remedies. The materialistic, positivistic and rationalistic ideas made great inroads into the philosophic world so that many of the acutest minds, in some points at least, were led astray. In a masterly manner the Holy Father showed the importance of sound philosophic teaching and indicated the right path to be followed, persuaded, that the true philosophic principles form the most solid foundation of other sciences.

His activity was not confined to any special direction but had the characteristic mark of universality. Dangers threatened domestic and civil society. Legislation, with some nations, tried to deprive the hallowed institution of marriage of its sacredness and to debase it to the level of a mere civil contract. Leo raised his voice and in his beautiful encyclicals denounced this attempt as contrary to the teaching of Christ, who had elevated marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, and no one can ignore how strenuously he has combated and is still combating the attempt to destroy the indissolubility of the marriage tie.

Theories subversive of all social order were widely propagated. Dreadful attempts, which shocked the world, were made to reduce these theories to action. This indicated clearly how deeply the evil was rooted. This was the result of deviating from the teachings of Christ. The Holy Father in a luminous manner reminded the world of the origin of authority and society showing also that according to the principles of reason all authority comes from God and that there are mutual rights and obligations to be observed by rulers and subjects. The most weighty and important question that confronts our age and which is a menace to the stability of the civil order is the ponderous struggle going on between capital and labor. The solution, that will harmonize all these conflicting interests, is to be found only in the great principles of Christian justice and Christian charity. One of the greatest works of Pope Leo is the wonderful encyclical on this subject which has attracted the consideration and admiration of all thinking men. The principles, so masterfully evolved by him, are powerful means to safeguard the rights of every one—be he owner or laborer—and have given a strong impulse to various organizations directed to the relief of the moral and material condition of the workingman.

In a like manner Leo XIII. has showed himself the loving father of all humanity. The soul of Leo is eminently religious; his aspirations are heavenly; all his efforts and energies are directed to the glory of God, the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls. Inspired by a most filial devotion towards the Blessed Virgin he has sedulously worked to spread and to engrat and to instil more deeply into the minds and hearts of the faithful the love of the Mother of Jesus Christ. He seems to transfuse into his various acts all the treasures of sweetness of his noble heart.

He spared no time nor hard work to repress abuses, to eradicate vices, to advance religious and Christian works and to pronounce the happiness of mankind. His love and ardent charity embraces the world. Animated by the zeal of St. Paul he has constantly endeavored to propagate the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the peoples of all nations; and his especial efforts were directed to unite into one great body all the believers in our Lord Jesus Christ so that the words of our Lord would be fulfilled: "Fiet unum ovile et unus pastor." However, human strength alone is unable to accomplish such a high object. The grace of the Almighty is absolutely necessary. Therefore in another sublime encyclical, whilst explaining the wonderful action of the Holy Ghost in the soul of man, he inculcates and incites the faithful fervently to God in order that the Holy Ghost "descendeth upon all and teacheth all truth" and illuminate the intellect and move the will "donec occurrant omnes in unitatem fidei," "until we all meet into the unity of faith." How glorious would be the day when this admirable union would take place and when we could celebrate the return of the sheep to the one fold.

No one can remain indifferent before the marvelous spectacle of this great venerable Pontiff who in his hoary age, full of life, and with youthful vigor leads the Church of God through the most perilous storms to the harbor of safety, who sheds the light and solves the most vital questions of our age, who is revered by millions of Catholics and who is respected and admired by all mankind. No wonder then that the whole Catholic world rejoices and gives thanks to God that he, in his inscrutable wisdom has spared Leo XIII. to the Church for so many years.

The Catholics of this beloved Dominion of Canada, second to none in their filial attachment to the vicar of Christ, have united with their brethren, under the direction of the hierarchy, to offer to the Heavenly Father a solemn service of thanksgiving that He in His bounty may preserve for a long time to come with undiminished vigor of mind and body our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. for the greater advancement of our holy religion and the welfare of mankind.

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Ap. Del.

THE REIGN OF POPE LEO.

It is not only in Rome, the centre of the Catholic world, but in all the nations of the earth, that reverent interest is taken in the details of the Pontifical Jubilee. Friday last was the 25th anniversary of the election of His Holiness Leo XIII. to the Chair of Peter. In another column we publish the order of the celebrations that will mark the weeks intervening before April 28, when the Holy Father will have reached the days of Peter's Pontificate in the See of Rome.

The inauguration of this period of special festivity was so auspicious that it won from the august Pontiff the declaration that it had satisfied him fully—satisfied the head of the Catholic Church with the loyalty and strong faith of his children. This was the test of his satisfaction, and severe indeed the conditions under which it was applied. In France the rights of religion hang in the balance, in Italy the sacredness of Catholic marriage has become a political issue. Throughout Christendom social

changes are taking place that to timid minds carry import of disaster to the future influence of religion upon the human family. But Pope Leo, having seen many of the world's rulers who were thought to be the chief custodians of international order pass away, still looks out upon the troubled world from his throne in a prison with serene confidence that the Catholic and Apostolic Church will live down her enemies and see the pernicious errors of their infidelity die, as all error must.

Should Pope Leo live to be a hundred years old or more, should he preserve his marvellous power and energy to his closing hour these facts would be commonplace and bare in themselves. What is impressive and prophetic is the patient, wise, constant, trust of this great Pope not only in the ultimate triumph of religion over the rising tide of present perils, but in the unity and security of the entire Christian family. Error assailing the Church inflicts injury upon humanity. It has always been so. The effect of modern anti-religious movements cannot be different. Pope Leo's comforting words will satisfy the minds of Catholics as fully as their demonstrations of faith and courage at this time satisfy him.

Contracting the scope of observation to the domestic circle of our own Canada, the Catholic people have certainly reason to rejoice in the freedom which religion possesses in this young country. Throughout the Dominion the Bishops of the Church have ordered celebrations appropriate to the happy stage which Pope Leo's Pontificate has now reached. The Letter of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, announcing a triduum of prayers to begin on the first Friday of March points out with lucidity the signs of God's special providence in this solemn year of jubilee. It will be devoutly read by the faithful throughout the archdiocese.

DAWN OF IRELAND'S PEACE.

Increasing signs of an early peace in Ireland are appearing. The existing truce between the Government and the popular organization is in itself a notable indication of a satisfactory final solution. But more hopeful is the confidence with which the late opponents in battle mutually attribute to the King the deciding influence for lasting peace. Canon White, who is now in the United States in the interests of the De Freyne tenants, declares openly that the people believe the King to be their friend. Lord Dunraven also mentions the King in the capacity of peacemaker. One of the leading English political magazines has an article this month introducing King Edward to his people in the role of an active statesman. The King sees the necessity of good relations between Great Britain and the United States. The ordinary observer realizes that such relations cannot be promoted whilst the Irish remain disaffected. The undiminished interest of the Irish in America in the cause of their Mother Country was amply shown in the response made to the recent appeal of Messrs. Dillon, Blake and Devlin. The Irish in Canada were not one whit less enthusiastic, and the Irish in Australia voluntarily added their resolutions and contributions. We believe that the participants in this last demonstration of American and colonial sympathy with Ireland had a decisive influence for the peace now coming. They strengthened the King's hands. A forecast of the Land Bill makes its provisions coincide generally with the report of the recent conference between landlords and tenants. After this Bill becomes law the Irish landlords will invest their money in Ireland and become patriotic citizens. Their interests will be the country's welfare and they will be as ardent Home Rulers and Nationalists as any of the leaders who battled for reform when there was no sympathy in high places.

RACE SUICIDE.

Once more the newspapers have been delicately commenting upon the declining birth-rate of Ontario. In spite of rigid registration the record goes lower with deadly certainty. In this Province we have now the smallest birth-rate in the world. France is not in the comparison with us, nor is New England. And the most amazing feature of the problem with us is its exclusion from the rough winds of condemnation. It must not be mentioned except in a veiled way in the Press or from the pulpit. It would be indelicate to do so. Society is so very nice in these latitudes that plain

language might shock it. Certain Anglican clergymen had the hardihood some time ago to speak of the evil before the Synod. A report was asked for, and very little has been heard from that quarter since. In the meantime the corruption is spreading. Women who consider themselves not only respectable but religious and virtuous, have not the slightest hesitation in counselling others to adopt their abominable practices. The young mother of more than two children hears herself spoken of in pitying tones. Her "callers" give her advice, but she has not the moral fibre to turn them out of doors. What degradation have those women come to who run around propagating vice among their own sex! Some of them may have a purely pagan ignorance of the punishment due to sin. They are prepared perhaps for his consequences in this life, but have never guessed the whole truth of the sentence passed upon them, that the wages of sin is death.

President Roosevelt, in a letter published elsewhere applies an apt term to the general limiting of American families. It is, he says, "race suicide." Archbishop Farley, of New York, commenting upon the President's words, says all "true Catholics" are free from the offence which Mr. Roosevelt condemns. It was unnecessary to say this for the information of Catholics themselves. It was necessary, however, to place in position of the Catholic Church on that account. The Church teaches that the avoidance of children in wedlock partakes always of the nature of murder, and in many instances ranks with murder. It is only paganism that can see the evil in any other light. It is only the hypocrisy which characterizes the actual criminal that can find excuse for pre-natal murder. The Catholic homes of Ontario are free from the married paganism that shirks the raising of children. Our Catholic school statistics give ample testimony of this. They are published side by side with the statistics of the Public schools. On the one hand is decay, on the other increase. Archbishop Farley's defence of the "frontiers of the Catholic Church" from the treachery of childlessness, applies not only to the United States but to the Catholic world.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. J. F. Hogan, who was M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, and who is an Australian by birth, has many interesting recollections of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He says: "I was President of the Catholic Young Men's Society attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, when I first made Sir Gavan's acquaintance. He gave our Society and a large gathering of its friends a lecture on 'The Birth and Parentage of Colonial Rights,' dealing largely with the rebellion of the French Canadians, under Papineau, whom he humorously described as an Irishman with the 'O' at the wrong end of his name. Beyond doubt the ablest speech ever delivered in a Colonial Parliament was the one in which Sir Gavan replied to the resolution of want of confidence in his Government, moved by the leading English Q.C. of Australia, afterwards Mr. Justice Fellows, who had based his indictment largely on Sir Gavan's Irish career. Old Melbourne Parliamentarians still recall that speech as the most thrilling they ever heard, notably the part describing the horrors of the Irish famine of the Forties, and the appalling misgovernment of the period. Laboring under intense emotion, Sir Gavan literally shrieked the last sentence of this part of his speech. 'Mr. Speaker, these are the things that make Irishmen rebels.' Sir Gavan, as a Minister, did much to settle his countrymen on the land, and never lost an opportunity of helping and encouraging Irish-Australian talent and industry. In thousands of Australian homes his memory will be kept in perpetual remembrance. When I was compiling my 'History of the Irish in Australia,' adds Mr. Hogan, "I had quite an extensive correspondence with him. He gave me a large amount of valuable information, and when the book was published he added to his previous kindness by writin an article upon it in The Contemporary Review." None of the notices in the London papers mention that Sir Gavan called into being and presided over the first Conference of Australian statesmen to discuss the question of Federation. He was, therefore, the father and founder of the Australian Commonwealth.

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Moir O'Neill, whose lyrics of the Glens of Antrim were praised by Father Coleman in his address to the D'Youville Reading Circle, reported in our last issue, may almost be claimed among the sweet singers of Canada. Not all of her songs have been of the Antrim Glens. A few at least were sung to the accompaniment of our prairie breezes. Upon her marriage she went out to the Canadian "far west" to make a home there, but the south wind and the soft rain of her native hills called her back again and she is now permanently settled in Ireland. "Moir O'Neill" is of course a pen name. The maiden name of the poetess was Neta Higginson, which is not so Irish in sound, but is none the less Irish on that account. Miss Higginson was the daughter of an old Antrim family, and when she sings of her Antrim glens she sings of her own home. She has clothed the peculiar dialect of that part of Ulster in poetic garb as graceful as the vehicle of Burns' Scottish songs. The married name of this gifted and modest lady is Mrs. Skreen. Her modesty is as sweet as her songs. Her publishers are not allowed to advertise her name, which is probably unknown to the great majority of her admirers.

President Roosevelt on Race Suicide

"The Man or Woman Who Has a Heart So Cold, So Shallow and Selfish as to Dislike Having Children Should Be Abhorred by All Healthy People."

President Roosevelt is an emphatic believer in the Biblical precept "Increase and multiply." Himself the father of six children, he looks with alarm upon the tendency among American men and women to shirk the duties of marriage, and especially of parenthood. He has issued an earnest protest against this tendency. It takes the form of a letter to Mrs. John Van Vorst, joint author with Miss Marie Van Vorst, of "The Woman Who Toils."

The paragraph which especially attracted the President's attention was one in which Mrs. Van Vorst deplored the voluntary sterility of the American-born women of this country. She declared that the fecundity among them is less than in any other nation in the world, unless it be France, whose anxiety regarding her depopulation we would share in full measure were it not for the foreign immigration to the United States. Immediately upon reading it the President wrote the following letter to the author: "White House, Washington, October 18, 1902: 'My Dear Mrs. Van Vorst—I must write you a line to say how much I have appreciated your article 'The Woman Who Toils.' But to me there is a most melancholy side to it, when you touch upon what is fundamentally infinitely more important than any other question in this country—that is, the question of race suicide, complete or partial. 'An easy, good natured kindness and a desire to be independent,'—that is, to live one's own life according to one's own desires—are in no sense substitutes for the fundamental virtues, for the practice of the strong racial qualities without which there can be no strong race—the qualities of courage and resolution in both men and women, of scorn of what is mean, base and selfish, of eagerness to work or fight or suffer, as the case may be, provided the end to be attained is great enough, and the contemptuous putting aside of mere ease, mere rapid pleasure, mere avoidance of toil and worry. 'I do not know whether I most pity or most despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life are those the acquisition of which normally means cost and effort. If a man or woman, through no fault of his or hers, goes throughout life denied those highest of all joys which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy—the sympathy one extends to the gallant fellow killed at the beginning of a campaign, or the man who toils hard and is brought to ruin by the fault of others. But the man

or woman who deliberately avoids marriage, and has a heart so cold as to know no passion and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race, and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people.

"Of course, no one quality makes a good citizen, and no one quality will save a nation. But there are certain great qualities for the lack of which no amount of intellectual brilliancy or of material prosperity or of easiness of life can atone, and which show decadence and corruption in the nation just as much as if they are produced by selfishness and coldness and ease-loving laziness among comparatively poor people as if they are produced by vicious or frivolous luxury in the rich. If the men of the nation are not anxious to work in many different ways, with all their might and strength, and ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother—why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future.

"There is no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character, and therefore we can conquer it if we only will.

"Very sincerely yours, 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT'."

HOLY NAME SOCIETY, OWEN SOUND.

In last week's issue of The Register appeared an interesting article on the Holy Name Society for men.

At the close of the mission held recently in Owen Sound this society was established in St. Mary's parish. Upon the invitation of the missionaries the men and boys over seventeen, promised willingly to become members. A week ago, at the request of our pastor, Father Kelly, a large meeting was held and the society regularly formed. The earnestness with which the men have responded to the efforts of the missionaries may be judged by the large initial membership of one hundred and twenty.

The members pledge themselves to the promotion of the honor of the holy name of God; to temperance, and to receive in a body four times a year on the days appointed by the pastor.

Great interest was taken in the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, M. Forhan; Vice-President, W. H. McLarty; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Hunt.

DEATH OF AN OLD RESIDENT.

A very old resident of Toronto has passed away in the person of Mrs. Margaret Nolan, who died at the advanced age of 86 years. Mrs. Nolan was the widow of the late Dennis Nolan, who died here some eleven years ago, and had resided for sixty-one years in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Nolan came originally from the County of Tipperary, leaving there in 1842, and settling first at Ottawa, which at that far-back time was known as Bytown. They lived there two years, and then came to Toronto. Three sons and three daughters survive. Mrs. J. S. McBride, Mrs. Richard Grey and Miss Kate Nolan, Jas. Nolan and John Nolan, the latter being connected with the Princess Theatre. The funeral of Mrs. Nolan took place from her late residence, 380 Parliament street to St. Michael's Cemetery. Solemn Mass was said at St. Michael's Cathedral. R.I.P.

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Spring 1903

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### BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE

Musical Vespers and lecture on the Sacrament of Matrimony, as was announced, attracted a large and appreciative assemblage in St. Mary's Church, Barrie, Sunday, Feb. 15th.

Miss Katharine Frawley, of Orillia, contributed greatly to the success of the evening. Her rendition of the beautiful solo, "Face to Face," was sung with singular feeling and sweetness. We hope she will favor us again.

The singing of Miss Mary Graham and Mr. Frank Soules was also highly appreciated.

The familiar voice of Mr. T. O'Mara the faithful leader of the Choir, was as usual in good form.

After Vespers Rev. Dean Egan ascended the pulpit and delivered, in his inimitable style, the following lecture:

"What God has joined, let no man put asunder." Marriage is the oldest institution known amongst mankind. Though a Divine institution, it is the source of much misery and unhappiness. The reason of this was that many entered it with guilty consciences and from unworthy motives, attempting to divorce marriage from its holy moorings and sentimental character, and make it simply a civil contract, but there was no surer way to destroy society than the introduction of any system that would dissolve the tie of matrimony.

It should not be deprived of its sacramental character, as that was contrary to the teaching of St. Paul. There can be no such thing as divorce, as "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Neither the Pope nor any other authority could grant a divorce, but where a previous impediment existed, the Pope could decide there never had been a marriage. The Pope has never yet granted a divorce, and never can, but he, like any other authority, can declare that there is no obligation of living together where there is incompatibility. The Pope could give permission for Catholics to eat meat on Friday, because the law which forbids

eating meat on Friday is an ecclesiastical law, but the Pope could not give permission to tell a lie, because the law which forbids lying was not made by the Pope or the Catholic Church. It is a positive law of God that says, "Thou shalt not lie." The Catholic Church may dispense with its own laws, but not with the Divine Law.

We are told that the first miracle performed by the Lord was at a wedding, when He changed water into wine. It is one of the characteristics of marriage that Christ should be invited to it; the preparations should be made according to the law and will of God. Who thinks now of inviting God to their wedding? Who thinks of God at all? Is it not considered strange the people should ask God to send them a good and suitable husband or wife? They pay more attention to dress and to the temporal arrangements surrounding the marriage than they do to God.

As a Divine institution, the state has no right to interfere in the marriage laws. It has no right to interfere in religion; a man should be free to worship as he will; it is a matter between God and his soul. The state may protect every system of religion; but if hurtful doctrines are taught, the state has the right to protect society and itself.

The church has the right to create impediments of which there are two kinds: Impediments which make the marriage impossible, and impediments which made the marriage unlawful, but do not nullify it. He gave examples of both and explained on these grounds the famous recent Deloit case. If a man is married and goes through the ceremony again, that second ceremony is void from the beginning. That is an impediment from the law of God.

The church has for example created the impediment of consanguinity, because the excess of the same temperament has been found to be injurious to the progeny; and because the spread of civilization is promoted by marriage relations with outside nations and families.

The marriage of a deceased wife's sister is an impediment. This impediment does not arise from the law of God, but is an Ecclesiastical impediment. This was adopted by the state also, because when it was created the Catholic Church was supreme in every civilized country, and the law of the church became largely the law of the state. That law is in existence in some countries to-day. Dispensations had been granted permitting such marriages. It is an extremely difficult matter to obtain such dispensation, but certain exigencies warranted it. This impediment was created to preclude the temptation of a future marriage amongst people who had too many facilities of undue familiarities.

The world should be grateful to the Catholic Church for preserving the tie of matrimony. Italy and France are to a large extent ruled by infidels

and secret societies, and these influences are now trying to banish God and religion from society, and there is no easier way of doing this than by depriving matrimony of its sacramental character. It is true there is more purity in Italy and France than in any other part of the world, but we never hear of their piety, but we do hear of the ravages which the infidels are promoting.

If divorces could be granted the least disturbance, disagreement, or ill-temper would be an excuse for asking one. But amongst Catholics it is not possible to procure a divorce. The sacramental character of matrimony is a great blessing. Where divorces are introduced, it will root up society from its very foundation. There is no family life; people are at liberty to separate, and who is to educate the children? A wife will not bear children because she is too fond of society and pleasure, and thereby becomes a murderess. Amongst Catholics this is most rare, and is prevented by the sacramental grace and the restraints of the confession. Fortunately we live in Canada, where there is a wholesome public opinion on these questions. In New England the people are dying out, and it is only a matter of time before the States become populated with Roman Catholics. It is well known that Catholics bring up larger families than any other denomination, and for that reason, Catholics will in the course of time predominate. The duty of parents is to bring up their children in the fear and love of God.

### REV. FATHER DONNELLY'S FEAST DAY.

Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P.P., of St. Anthony's Church, Montreal, celebrated his 42nd birthday on Friday last. The genial and esteemed pastor of this flourishing parish was not forgotten, especially by the dearest portion of his flock, the children. The girls of St. Agnes Academy held a magnificent entertainment in his honor, at which he was presented with addresses and a beautiful bouquet of roses with satin streamers attached, on which was printed, "Our Pastor." At the nine o'clock Mass on Sunday the children rendered a choice selection of music in his honor. Rev. Father Donnelly is the senior parish priest among the Irish clergy of Montreal, and was at one time the late Archbishop Fabre's secretary. He is a noble worker in the Lord's vineyard, and is especially beloved by his people, but in particular by the young men, for whom he has done so much to advance their interests, both spiritual and temporal. The St. Anthony's Young Men's Society, which is at present in a flourishing condition, is due to his great zeal in their behalf. His people wish him "Ad Multos Annos."

### REMEMBERED THEIR LITTLE SCHOOLMATE.

(Special to The Register.)

On Saturday morning the pupils of Belmont School sang a Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of one of their little schoolmates, Master William Frederic Byrne. The Boys' Choir, under the direction of Prof. J. R. Page, rendered the Requiem Mass with much impressiveness. The offertory piece, "O Christe, Salvator Mundi; exaudi, preces nostras," was sweetly sung. The beautiful hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," was given with telling effect, the youthful voices of the boys filling the sacred edifice with rich melody, the solo parts being sung by Master William Dolan, who possesses a voice of much strength and sweetness. The "Kyrie Eleison" and "Agnus Dei" were sung by Masters Polan and Larose.

### REV. J. E. DONNELLY, P.P., OF ST. ANTHONY'S, CELEBRATED THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

The boys were assisted by Messrs. Emblem, Cuddihy, Page, Desaulniers, Foley and Desnoyers. There was a large congregation present. "He is gone, but not forgotten, Never shall his memory fade; Fondest thoughts for him shall linger Around the grave where he is laid." Montreal, Feb. 22. Felix.

### MONTREAL CORRESPONDENCE

REMEMBERED THEIR LITTLE SCHOOLMATE.

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Rev. J. E. Donnelly, the pastor of St. Anthony's, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice. The boys were assisted by Messrs. Emblem, Cuddihy, Page, Desaulniers, Foley and Desnoyers. There was a large congregation present. "He is gone, but not forgotten, Never shall his memory fade; Fondest thoughts for him shall linger Around the grave where he is laid." Montreal, Feb. 22. Felix.

### REV. FATHER HEFFERNAN'S ELOQUENT SERMON.

(Written for The Register.)

On Sunday, Feb. 22, Rev. Father Peter Heffernan, of St. Mary's Church delivered an eloquent sermon on the Sacrament of Confirmation, its nature, its workings in the soul, the manner of imparting it, its necessity and its obligations. The reverend gentleman took for his text: "I sign thee with the sign of the Cross and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation." "Such are the words," said the preacher, "used by the Bishop in imparting confirmation. The Sacrament of Confirmation makes us citizens of the Church and soldiers of Jesus Christ. At the Last Supper Our Lord said to His Apostles that He would send them the Holy Ghost to abide with them forever. On Pentecost Day the Holy Ghost came. It is but right and just that the Sacrament of Confirmation should be administered in a visible and perpetuating rite. The Holy Ghost came visibly and sat upon each one of the Apostles. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that a great persecution was raised against the Church, which was at Jerusalem, and they were all dispersed through the countries of Judea and Samaria, except the Apostles. They therefore that were dispersed went about preaching the word of God. And Philip going down to the City of Samaria preached Christ unto them. Now when the Apostles who were in Jerusalem had heard that Samaria

had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John. Who when they were come, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For he was not as yet come upon any of them; but they were only baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then they laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost. For Philip not being a Bishop could not impart Confirmation.

Many of us have been confirmed and have the Holy Ghost. This Sacrament is productive of grace as it was instituted by our Lord. It must therefore have matter and form. The matter consists of chrism, which is composed of the oil of olives and balsam. The oil of olives signifies the abundance of Grace which the Christian receives, and the balsam denotes the odor of virtue which he possesses. The form consists in signing the forehead of the person to be confirmed and calling him by a name which he takes in confirmation the Bishop says, "I sign thee with the Sign of the Cross and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation."

Here the preacher gave a lucid explanation of the twofold grace received in Confirmation and dwelt particularly on the effects of the grace on the soul, especially in the case of the Apostles, who before they received the Holy Ghost at Pentecost were timid, weak, fearful, but afterwards became courageous, brave and strong, and went forth preaching Christ crucified now undaunted, and converted many to the True Faith.

The Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost were also clearly explained. "These gifts," said the preacher, "embellish the mind and ornament the heart." He related an anecdote which happened in the time of Julian the Apostate, how he was prevented from offering sacrifice to his false gods by the prayer of a young Christian who had lately received Confirmation. "It was necessary to receive this Sacrament in order to gain strength and courage to fight the enemies of our salvation."

He exhorted his hearers to prepare well for the reception of the Sacrament and in conclusion said: "We have been or supposed to be confirmed, but perchance have grown wayward and wandered from the obligations of the Sacrament. We are deserters, faithless to our flag. One thing, however, you cannot efface, it is the indelible mark of the Sacrament, which will one day be your witness, your accuser, and your confessor. Let us confess Christ and thus reach our everlasting home." Montreal, Feb. 22. Felix.

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### MARRIED.

SCULLY-MALLON — On February 24th, 1903, at St. Helen's Church, by the Rev. James Walsh, P.P., Cecilia, daughter of John Mallon, J. P., to J. J. Scully, of the C. P. R., Winnipeg.

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AN UMBRELLA AND AN ALIBI

Arthur Harrison would have said that the whole trouble was caused by the insufficient allowance granted him by his father.

It began with Arthur's escorting Ethel to town on a rainy Saturday morning and then forgetting his umbrella in the train.

The umbrella was uncompromisingly cotton, much faded in streaks, and anything but beautiful; on the other hand, it was roomy, and "handsome is as handsome does."

When they were seated in the "elevated" Ethel, who had not got a good look at the umbrella before, burst out laughing.

"Where on earth did you get that funny thing?" "I—I borrowed it," stammered Arthur, and then, happening to look toward the other end of the car, he saw the man against whom he had bumped in the ferryhouse!

"His worst fears were justified! To what horrible experience gentle, high-bred Ethel must now be exposed? And he, Arthur Harrison, who would gladly go through fire (and water) for her, the cause of it all! If only he were wrong and the wretched affair could be kept out of sight until they were able to escape!

"I don't blame you for hiding it," said Ethel. "Who did you borrow it from?" "Oh, a man I know. I—I can't remember his name just now."

"Didn't he want it himself? I'm sure if I owned an umbrella like that I shouldn't carry it unless I wanted it very much."

"A—yes; I mean no," gibbered the miserable youth, unable to drag his gaze from the other end of the car.

"Well, Arthur, I think you are behaving very queerly this morning. Don't you feel well?" "Not very." And he told the truth that time.

him on the platform alone, with a vision of Ethel smiling out of the car window, holding up the umbrella in one little gloved hand and waving the other at him as the train moved away.

For a long hour he walked the streets, suspecting that every one whom he met watched him, and that the policemen eyes him with particular attention. When he reached the office, however, the clerks and office boy were so busy that even his imagination could not find anything peculiar in their manner, and he had partly recovered his balance when his sister Jane came to go with him to the home of Ethel's aunt, Mrs. Rollins, where they were all to eat lunch.

"Oh, Arthur! I had the worst experience you ever heard of with that umbrella. In the first place, it was sprinkling when I got down to the street, and I tried to raise it, but the wretched thing wouldn't budge. Then, while I was struggling with it, a horrible, coarse, fat man came up and said: 'I'll trouble you to let me look at that umbrella.' He was as disagreeable as he could be, and actually behaved as if he thought I had stolen his umbrella. I was quivering with rage, so I turned my back on him and answered as calmly as I could: 'Certainly not.' Of course, he couldn't persist after that, so he only answered: 'Well, I wish you joy of it,' and walked away. But Jane, you must see the funny old thing."

Ethel ran into the hall and soon returned with the cause of all the trouble, and even while the two girls were trying to open it by main strength, laughing at the same time at Arthur for ever having borrowed such an article, Mrs. Rollins came in and the Harrisons were introduced to her. Of course, she noticed the umbrella at once.

"Well, Ethel, your uncle is the most provoking man that ever lived! After solemnly promising me that he would not put his head out of doors without it, he went down town and left his umbrella at home. Really, he can't be trusted at all, he's becoming so absent-minded."

The three young people stared, open-mouthed. "And isn't it a queer one?" Mrs. Rollins continued. "Time and again I've given him silk umbrellas with all sorts of beautiful handles, but he refuses to use them because, he says, they put a premium on dishonesty, and no sane person would ever think of taking this."

"But it isn't uncle's!" screamed Ethel. "Not your uncle's? Why, I should know it for at least fifteen years."

"Then it's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," gasped Ethel. "Arthur borrowed it of a friend this very morning in the railway station, and so you see," she ended, triumphantly, "it can't be uncle's."

Arthur, unable to articulate, nodded some sort of confirmation, and Mrs. Rollins sank into a chair. "Of course, I'll believe you, but will some one please tell me how that umbrella could be in two places at the same time?" she inquired.

"Why, aunt, there it is, you see. That's an impossibility, and so it can't belong to uncle."

Things really seemed to be clearing up for Master Arthur, and he began to take heart. Of course, the umbrella couldn't be Mr. Rollins'. The idea was perfectly absurd. Nevertheless he held his tongue.

"My child, do you know what your uncle's initials are?" asked Mrs. Rollins in a faint voice. "Why 'H. R.' of course; for 'Henry Rollins.'"

"Very well; now look on the under part of the handle. Inside the curve, you know."

Ethel did so, looked up in a startled way, handed the umbrella to Arthur and then incontinently dropped onto a hassock, repeating, half hysterically: "They're there! They're there!"

Rollins, with uplifted hand. "Pray be careful, because you know when you're excited you sometimes say things. If you'll be calm, we'll get to the bottom of this."

"Careful! Excited! Calm! I declare, Molly, I believe you've gone crazy. Why shouldn't I be calm? All I want to know is, what in the name of—"

"Please, Henry, wait a moment and let me ask you a question," pleaded Mrs. Rollins. "All right; but first hadn't you better observe the properties? I'm afraid that two of these young people have the advantage of me."

"They were presented to their host, who, after dutifully kissing his niece, seated himself and said: 'Now bring on your questions.' Mrs. Rollins spoke. 'Henry, did you or did you not take your umbrella down town, as you promised this morning?'"

"I did. Hear me swear." "Well," she ejaculated, ignoring his levity and looking from one to another. "Now," said Mr. Rollins, as no one else seemed inclined to continue the interrogation, "perhaps I may be permitted to ask what the trouble is, and also how that old tent of mine found its way home? I know it is the best umbrella ever built, but I never thought that it could walk. Don't all speak at once."

"Why, uncle, it's the simplest thing in the world," explained Ethel. "Arthur left his own umbrella in the train this morning, and while we were waiting for a ferryboat on the other side of the river he borrowed this umbrella of a friend. Didn't you, Arthur?"

"Y-y-yes," gulped the wretched creature, who couldn't have uttered another sound to save himself from the halter.

"Ah—I see. Yes, very simple, indeed," commented Ethel's uncle, looking sharply at Arthur, who felt the perspiration beading on his forehead. "Was this friend of yours a rather stout, red-faced individual?"

"Rather," was the faint response. "His name doesn't happen to be Gayley, does it? Jack Gayley?"

"N-n-no. I don't think it does." "Well, it isn't of much importance, as Ethel says; it's simple enough. You see, my dear," said Mr. Rollins, addressing his wife, "I took it with me, as I promised, when I left the house. Then who should suddenly arrive in town but Jack Gayley, and when he came to my office he borrowed my umbrella to take with him on his errands; unfortunately, however, he came back without it, so it seems that he and Mr. Harrison must have been in the same neighborhood. But we may as well let Gayley finish the story himself, because he's upstairs now getting ready for luncheon."

At which ominous words Mr. Rollins went into the hall and called: "Jack! Oh, Jack! The prodigal has returned! The umbrella is here. Didn't I tell you I couldn't lose it if I tried?"

Heavy steps were heard in the passage above, and the culprit saw exposure staring him in the face. He was not perspiring now! Oh no; he was as cold as ice, and he shivered as he contemplated the future. To be branded as a thief and never again to be trusted by any one. They would not arrest him, but that would be out of regard for his family. Yet they would certainly turn him out of the house, and in his mind's eye he could see the scornful look on the face of Mr. Gayley (that vulgar brute who had insulted him in the ferryhouse); he could see the pain and shame with which Jane would regard him, her only brother, as Mr. Rollins silently held the door open and motioned to him to go! And Ethel! But he dared not think of Ethel, and at this stage of his thoughts Mr. Gayley entered the room. With the courage of despair he stared at the newcomer.

It was not the man! He was, to be sure, stout and red-faced, but he was not vulgar, and instead of a wicked scowl his face was wreathed in a cherubic smile.

"Well, Jack," exclaimed Mr. Rollins, meeting his friend at the door, "we have to thank Mr. Harrison (indicating Arthur with a wave of the hand) for helping my umbrella home. But you didn't tell me that you went across the river and loaned it to some one there."

"Because I didn't go across the river, and I wasn't conscious of loaning it to any one. Somebody borrowed it, if I may use that expression, without asking my permission, and it's evident that the old fellow would have a long story to tell if he could only talk. Oh, human nature! Human nature!"

Every one then dropped the subject by common consent and the conversation became general, except for Ethel, who was much preoccupied and glanced occasionally at Arthur with a very grave face. Presently a servant announced luncheon, and Mr. Rollins offered to show Arthur his way to the bath-room, with offer the young man grasped at with evident relief. When the host had pointed out the towels he turned to go, but suddenly stopped and, facing his guest with a whimsical smile, remarked: "Young man, that alibi saved your life!" and with a roar of laughter closed the door with a bang.

When Arthur came down stairs the others had risen and started for the dining-room, but Ethel hung back and took his arm. Tears were in her eyes and voice. "Arthur, dear," she said, "don't worry any more about their old umbrella; they've got it back, and that's

enough. But I want you to forgive me because for just one little moment I misjudged you. Now I understand, however. Your friend must have stolen that umbrella, and I think it was noble of you not to tell his name!"—Gebhard Napier in The New York Evening Post.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH

General Intercation for March Named and Blessed by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Devotion to the holy patriarch whom God from eternity elected to be the Spouse of Mary and the foster-father of His Immaculate Son, is of comparatively recent growth in the Church. In the early ages her attention was centred on Christ Himself, His Godhead, His Manhood, and the mystery of their union in one Divine Person. These great dogmas she had to uphold against the attacks of heresy and set in full light before the eyes of the faithful. Later she was preoccupied with Mary's prerogative, her virginity and divine motherhood, that all might recognize their truth and splendor. It was only in the sixteenth century that devotion to St. Joseph began to spread. St. Teresa was its apostle and the great Suarez its enlightened theologian. The heroic women who came over the ocean from France to instruct the untutored children of the Canadian forests, carried with them the sacred torch and let its light shine in all their paths.

At Montreal Melle. Mance founded the Hotel Dieu Hospital and established therein the Hospitalers of St. Joseph, who have to-day many branches in different dioceses of Canada. Numerous societies, sodalities, associations of men as well as women, churches and institutions, books and periodicals, here and the world over, bear witness to the deep impression this devotion has wrought in the lives of the faithful. Of the week they have marked out one day, Wednesday, and of the year one month, March, for special practices in honor of the holy patriarch. It remained for the Popes to crown the manifestation of piety, and after bestowing manifold indulgences, Pius IX. solemnly placed the whole Church under Saint Joseph's care, instituting a special feast, that of his Patronage, for the 3rd Sunday after Easter. This feast our own Leo XIII. has raised to a festival of the first rank.

It is the Spirit of God dwelling in His Church who inspires her movements and guides her action. He keeps her ever young and hale to meet the wants of times and breast the storms she must encounter in her passage through the ages. In this modern age she sees her children beset with great perils, from a deluge of errors, from the false glare of a material civilization and the paganism in life and morals which is the outcome; and she looks up to Joseph, the faithful servant, whom God placed over His house. To whom could she more safely entrust her children than to him whom God had especially chosen as the protector of His earthly family?

"When the treasures of God were unfolded on earth, Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth."

THE CHILD. The first treasure which the Father committed to Joseph's safe keeping was one of infinite price, His only begotten Son, whose blood was to be the world's ransom. What must have been the sterling worth of the man deserving of such confidence! And how faithful did he not prove to his trust! The Father became indebted to him for His own Son, and the world owed to him its Redeemer, when, rising at night in obedience to the word of the angel he took the Child and fled to far-off Egypt. In the mystic body of His Church, Christ is living over again the thirty-three years of His mortal life. The nineteenth century was a battle for the Child, and it is raging still—Herod seeking to destroy the life of faith in the hearts of God's children. A State, jealous and cruel, would take hold of the children, thrust them into schools in which the name of God and the Saviour could not be read or mentioned, nor His image nor that of His mother or saints be exposed, nor His maxims nor commandments taught. A voice in Rama is heard, Rachel bewailing her children—a voice plaintive yet clear, now lamenting, now pleading, now protesting against the wrong and the oppression, in schools and academies, in orphanages and reformatories, in the world's centres of education.

To whom will the desolate mother of souls fly for aid, if not to him who saved the life of God's own Child and guided Him afterward in His ways. She places all, but especially children, under Joseph's protection by a solemn consecration which, every year, her liturgies will renew. For his her appeal been in vain. Nor may we not attribute to Joseph's patronage that, the world over, side by side with godless schools, the Church has been able, most frequently out of her poverty, to establish her system of separate and parochial schools, her institutions for learning in all grades, consecrated by religion, its outward symbols and interior

spirit. Now, only parents who care naught for the souls of their children, or who have gone over to serve the king of this world, will place their children to be educated in secular schools. True, Catholic education may occasion some sacrifice; but parents will learn from the example of Joseph the importance of the issue and the blessings such sacrifices will bring upon their families and enterprises.

THE VIRGIN AND MOTHER.

The second treasure which the Father entrusted to Joseph's keeping was the Virgin Immaculate, the spotless mother of His Eternal Son. Who can tell the worth of the man equal to such a trust? Such was his fidelity, that Holy Scripture styles him the just man, true to his God, to his God, to his neighbor, to her whom he took as his spouse. With what devotion did he not labor for her support, shield her honor, protect her and the Divine Child in their trials and persecutions!

One of the results of our material civilization has been the premature loosening of family ties, and, too frequently, the breaking up of homes. The pursuit of gain and zest in its enjoyment hurry forth even maidens at the most critical period of their lives, when in need of the protection of the paternal roof and a mother's vigilance, into all the busy thoroughfares of men, amid the snares and temptations of a world plunged in sin; as hands in factories, as clerks in shops and warehouses, as professional assistants in offices and hospitals, in hotels; some compelled as if by a cruel necessity to provide for themselves and those dependent on them, others drawn by the fascinating charm of worldly excitement and display, or weary with the dull monotony of home life and its duties. The following occurrence has just been given to the press by a priest of Philadelphia:

"On the occasion of my present visit I have come upon an experience which has something especially significant in my eyes, as I am sure it will have in the estimation of your readers also. The Dominican Sisters have an institution on Fourth street, near Spruce, for the housing and protection of working girls. Last night, eight young girls, the children of good Catholic parents, arrived in this city from Brooklyn, having been assured by the firm, whose branch establishment is here, that they secure the employment they could not get at home. Recommended to a certain house, by a chance woman acquaintance, they found to their dismay indications that led them to distrust the surroundings, and leaving this house at 9 o'clock at night, rather than remain in any danger, they sought anxiously for some fitting shelter. Directed to the institution on Fourth street, they begged the good Sisters not to refuse them a refuge, and though the home was crowded, temporary accommodation was afforded them after great effort, since they absolutely refused to quit the institution that night. These eight young women in a strange city, exposed to danger and with all their inexperience, thus found with great difficulty a providential protection and safe home surroundings, calculated to make us think most seriously of those others, situated like them, who have not had this sense of duty nor the courage to follow it when they did have it."

What anxiety the Church feels today for this choice portion of her flock, for the treasure of the unblemished faith and unsullied purity of her young women, the piety of the future mother of her children! To whose safekeeping will she entrust them, in all the dangers of their innocence, if not to his in whom the Virgin of Virgins found a faithful guide and faithful protector?

Wives, too, and mothers have their hours of trial and disappointment, perhaps, of abandonment and persecution. The only remedy a pagan civilization can offer them is the divorce court. But God's Church points out one to whom they can go for advice and comfort, to whom they can confide the secret that is corroding their bosom. Was not Joseph Mary's solace in that sea of sorrow which, after Simeon's prophecy, ever drenched her soul? Go to Joseph, desolate wives and afflicted mothers; beware of any rash step; do what he will tell you.

THE WORKINGMAN. The life and example of our glorious patriarch are a precious treasure especially to the sons of toil, that largest class of men who by their industry and honest labor must provide for the homes depending on them. Joseph, though ranked among the highest of the Saints of God, was not a priest. He struggled for a livelihood and provided for his family by the labor of his hands. The virtues which adorned his humble state and shed a lustre under his modest roof, are those which ought to sanctify the life of the Catholic workman—faith, industry, honesty, fidelity to every duty. Joseph is proclaimed by God Himself, in the sacred page, a just man, and justice is the meeting point of all virtues.

The Church to-day is particularly solicitous for her working classes. Leo XIII. has received the appellation of the workingman's Pope. He first called attention to the trials and wrongs which confronted the workingman as a result of the conditions of our material progress. He knew what the soulless corporations and latter-day trusts had in store for the workingman, unless he took steps to defend himself and family

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Fate and Marriage

By Clara Mulholland

"I did not say that. I said I feared he might become my rival if he remained at Riversdale."

"Then he is no longer dangerous?" "Not in that sense. In fact, now I trust he may help me to the end I have in view."

"How on earth could he do that?" "I cannot explain now—here in this crowd. But, Lady Linton, there is trouble coming for you and yours."

She grew very white and sank into a chair close by.

"Trouble? Oh! I know. I felt today that something was wrong."

"If Margaret," he bent and whispered into her ear, "will but marry me, I may avert the catastrophe—keep things as they are. You have power over her. Go to her—persuade her. Tell her the happiness, the well-being of her family depends upon me. Tell her that if she refuses poverty will come upon you all, ruin—"

"Sir Julian Goldsmid, are you mad?" Lady Linton's voice was hoarse; she was white to the lips. "My husband may be in debt. But the estate is a fine one. He—"

"The estate is," he laughed, "certainly a fine one. Extravagant as you both are, it would stand the drain upon it for many, many years. But supposing it did not belong to him—supposing the rightful owners had turned up to claim it? What then, Lady Linton?"

"What then?" Her eyes had a scared look, she trembled in every limb. "You remember what I told you some weeks ago," he continued, in suppressed tones, "when I suggested to you that, there might have been a mistake—"

"About the late Lord Linton's wife. Oh! Sir Julian, that was only a horrible suspicion of yours. I—I always thought you told me of it to frighten me."

"That suspicion has grown and gathered strength till it has become a certainty. Lady Linton. I know now—have many good and indisputable proofs of the fact, that the late Lord Linton's first wife, Madeline Delorme, died twelve or thirteen years before he did."

She grasped his arm. "Then who was the second Madeline Delorme? Why did he go to see that woman the night before he was killed?"

"That is still a mystery. The one thing we know is that she was not his wife."

"And—and had he married again? Had he children?"

"Yes, and he left two children—a boy and a girl."

"My God!" she gasped. "I know—now I understand. Linton has heard then. That accounts for his misery today."

Sir Julian smiled grimly, then laid his hand upon Lady Linton's arm. "Don't give way to despair. John Fane is in my power, acting under my advice."

She shrank away from him with a sudden loathing. She was in sore straits and he stood by tempting her. "Poverty and disgrace," she murmured, "for me and my children. Oh! I could not bear it. I could not bear it."

"And you must not," he said, watching the livid face, and guessing what her miserable thoughts must be, "bear it. Why should you? Possession is nine points of the law. Work for me—win Margaret's consent to marry me, and I'll fight John Fane to the bitter end, and we'll come off victorious. You know I'm a clever lawyer, and—"

"Give me time to think. The whole thing is so terrible. Linton will never consent—Linton—"

A mocking laugh from Sir Julian interrupted her, and she stood up, her eyes flashing indignantly. "Call my carriage, if you please, Sir Julian Goldsmid,—will you give me my decision—to-morrow."

As Lady Linton made her way through the crowd, the smoking-room door opened, and Gerald Fairfax came out, followed by his sister Ellen, a fair and beautiful girl, and a tall, serious-looking young man.

Catching sight of Beryl's lovely face as she passed, Lady Linton paused, and drew a deep breath.

"A striking likeness. Oh, Hugo! Oh, my Doris! What life will be ours henceforth?"

And shivering, Lady Linton drew her dainty cloak round her shoulders, and hurried out of the studio to her carriage.

CHAPTER XL

Margaret's unexpected arrival was a surprise to her father, and coming as she did at a most inopportune moment, he was not at all pleased to see her.

"You came without permission. You should not have done so," he cried, in a tone of annoyance. "Your stepmother will be very angry, for, as you know, she likes to be obeyed."

"I know, father, but I had to come at once. I could not wait. I have made a strange discovery, and felt I must tell you about it without loss of time."

"Indeed? I trust it is a pleasant discovery, Miss Meg," he said, wondering at her earnestness. "But first wait a moment, and then you can tell me all about it." And opening the door, he went out and looked up and down the hall. "Gone—safely gone

this time—the ruffian." He heaved a sigh of relief and returned to the library.

"Well, Miss Meg," putting his hand upon his daughter's shoulder, "and what may this wonderful discovery of yours be? For your sake I trust it's something of real importance, and then, perhaps, your stepmother may forget to be angry and blow you up."

Margaret looked at him with grave eyes. "I hope she will not do that. Aunt Miriam allowed me to come. She thought the discovery most important. I am sure you will think the same. I—"

"Well, for goodness sake, come to the point, Meg. What have you discovered?"

The girl made no reply, but silently untying the cord found a small packet that she held in her hand, took out several photographs, and laid them face downwards on the table. The last one, a large head, she handed to her father, saying:

"That is your cousin Archie, isn't it, the late Lord Linton?"

He looked at it intently for an instant.

"Yes, without a doubt. What a good-looking fellow he was! He and I were great friends, Meg, once—before all our troubles came."

"So I have often heard you say. And here," taking up a much smaller photograph representing a group of people, "he is again. The head is not large, nor is the likeness flattering, but still anyone can see that it is Cousin Archie."

"Oh, yes; I'd know him anywhere, poor chap. But what the deuce are you driving at, child? What's the good of showing me these portraits of poor Archie? He's been dead and gone, and all belonging to him, for many long years."

"No," Margaret laid her hand heavily upon her father's arm. "You are mistaken. See here," holding out another large group. "On the back of this you will see the names—John Fane, Beryl Fane, Archibald and Isabel Fane. In other words, Cousin Archie, his wife and children; and, oh! father, the wonderful part of it is that I know them all, a little—his son a great deal, for he was Auntie's steward, and Hugo loves him as a brother."

He stared at her glowing, happy face, and tried to speak, but no words came forth from his drawn, set lips.

"It's so funny," Margaret went on, not noticing his strange looks. "Hugo was always wishing John was his cousin, and now, you see, he is—at least, a kind of cousin. How near is he, father? Was Cousin Archie your first or—But oh! what's the matter? You are ill-faint. Sit down, father. Shall I ring for Richardson? Get some brandy? Why, I declare, you are livid."

"No, no; it's nothing. It will pass," he gasped, as he sank down upon the couch. "I—I'm often like this, Meg; I'm getting old, and my heart's weak."

"Yes," Margaret was all sympathy at once, and dropping the photographs, laid a cool hand upon his forehead. "I'm very sorry."

"Excitement is bad for me, and those photos revived sad memories, Meg."

"But don't you long to set things right, father? Think of the injustice that's been done."

He flung her hand aside. "Injustice! You talk like a child. No injustice has been done."

"But, father, if John"—she said the name softly and with deepening color—"is Cousin Archie's son, he ought to be Lord Linton."

"You fool!" hissed her father from between his teeth. Then laughing a wild, nervous laugh, he said: "These are things you don't—can't understand at your age. I—I—don't deny that John Fane is Archibald Fane's son; but he is not, and never will be, Lord Linton."

CHAPTER XLII

Alarmed and excited, his mind full of all kinds of distressing and terrifying possibilities, Lord Linton left his house in Park Lane, and telling the cabman in a loud voice, so that Richardson might hear, to go to the Carlton Club, drove away. But at Zecadilly he stopped the hansom, paid his shillings, and got out. Then, walking a short distance back, he hailed another cab, and was taken to Oxford street. Here he once more dismissed his conveyance, and strolled on down the street. After a time he inquired his way to Lee's Court, and at last found himself picking his way through the dirty, narrow passage that runs from Oxford street into McGuire street.

Wondering vaguely why Smith, alias Fane, had chosen such an awful locality for his place of residence, he went along, sickened by the unwholesome smells, appalled by the look of poverty and misery that he encountered on every side.

At the door of one of the grimmest and most dilapidated houses in the court a small boy, tattered and dirty stood in the scorching afternoon sun, sucking a piece of melting sugar-stick.

"Does Mr. Smith live here? Is this

number eight?" questioned Lord Linton, gazing over the boy's head at the open door.

"This is eight. Can't yer read yet, gov'nor?" replied the urchin, with a chuckle. "There's eight on the door in wite chalk. Sp hup yer goes to top floor back, an' yer'll find Mr. Smith, if 'e's at 'ome, but 'e's mostly hout, 'e is, when gents like you come along. Hup yer go."

Lord Linton's fingers tightened round his gold-headed walking-stick, and he raised it as though to give the insolent youngster a well-merited chastisement; but suddenly controlling himself, he muttered something under his breath, and passed on into the black, filthy passage. With some difficulty and feelings of most intense disgust he staggered up the narrow, greasy stair, and at last, breathless and exhausted, he reached the top of the fourth flight, and knocked loudly with his stick at the door of the back room.

A low, feeble voice bade him enter, and turning the handle he pushed open the door, then passed upon the threshold, and gazed with horrified eyes into the darkened chamber, replete of stale tobacco and bad whiskey.

"What a den!" he muttered. "Can anything human live here?"

Upon a bed in the corner he soon descried a thin, wretched-looking man, with a ghastly face and a hacking cough.

"Come in, can't you?" he said, peevishly. "You've taken all I've got, and want to kill me right out at once; for you know I can't stand a draught."

"Good heavens!" cried Lord Linton, sickened by the foul atmosphere, but stepping across to the bed as he spoke. "What has brought you to this? I had no idea—I—But are you—can you be the man I want—Herbert Smith—the actor Fane?"

The unhappy creature on the bed stared at him with dull, heavy eyes, and his emaciated frame was shaken by convulsive coughing. "I—I'm the man—Smith—once Fane, the actor," he gasped. "But I've nothing for you to-day—not one halfpenny. So you may beg, borrow, or steal where you please; I—"

"Smith, don't you know me? I am Lord Linton."

"You?" The man sat up with an oath, and continued to swear loudly till obliged to stop by another fit of coughing. Then he sank back speechless and exhausted on his pillow.

"How did you come to this?" his visitor said with a shudder and glance of horror and disgust round the miserable room. "When I saw you a few months ago you were in good health, and I gave you money to keep you well and comfortable. So how have you come so low?"

"How? Drinking and gambling led me into bad society. For since I agreed to support, aid, and abet you and keep you in your false position; since I took money from you that was not yours to give; since I swore I'd keep your secret, I've known no peace. I had to distract my mind—deadened my feelings—and this is what that game has brought me to. Cheats never prosper, Grogan says, and so he—cleansing his fists—"will come to a bad end. That's my one comfort, and—"

"Grogan!" Lord Linton blanched. "Is he the villain he looks? Did you not send him to me?"

"Villain! He couldn't look half the villain he is. He's one of the very worst ever made. But then, we're all villains—rogues—you and I."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Smith. I—"

"You—oh! you"—raising himself on his elbow—"are a white-headed scoundrel—an outwardly respectable rogue. But your day is short, I warn you; you'll soon be torn from your high place."

Lord Linton caught his arm with a cry of fury. "You have betrayed me—sold my secret. Speak, man! You have broken your word. Confess—to whom have you betrayed me? Tell me now, or I'll shake the breath out of your miserable body."

But Smith was incapable of speech. He coughed and choked and gasped for breath, and coughed again, then lay back panting, and holding out his hands towards a glass upon the table. Unmoved by any pity for the sufferer, but anxious to quiet the distressing cough and get the information he required from him, Lord Linton held the glass of water to his lips.

Smith swallowed a few drops, made a wry face, and pushed the glass away. "Villainous stuff," he murmured, and closed his eyes with a sigh.

"Tell me all I want to know," Lord Linton said fiercely. "You can't live long, and before you go I—oh, heavens! if you die—and—have kept your word, I and mine are safe. So speak—Smith, have you betrayed me or not?"

"I did not betray you," Smith answered in a low, feeble, almost inaudible voice. "But I was betrayed. I went one day, two months ago or more, to empty Park races. I bet, and lost heavily, and then, to drown my sorrow, I drank. Grogan found me, and took care of me. Any money I had in my pockets he transferred to his own, and then, thinking I might be useful, brought me here—to—shuddering—"share his home and bed."

"But why did you stay? No man can force another to—"

"Wait a bit. He took my clothes and pawned them, and I was too ill to know or care what he did. He went to my old lodgings with my card—a few lines written on it by me when all but unconscious of what I

did, and there he got all belonging to me, and amongst other things my papers; the story of my marriage, portrait of my wife, and the entire history of my dealings with you, my Lord Linton."

"You—you had written all that?" gasped Lord Linton, staggering to a chair. "Oh, you madman—you—"

"I felt I must. Some day I was sure I should have to protect myself against you. I—I didn't trust you—and so—"

"But, you fool, this man may now destroy you—you as well as me."

Smith raised one transparent hand and laid it on his clammy brow.

"No one can hurt me now. My day is over. Before long I'll leave this wretched room—for my grave. And so to me it matters little."

"But to me it may mean everything—life or death—to me and mine. Where is this Grogan?" He grasped the wretched man by the shoulder. "I have given him money—for you—a further sum to keep him and you silent. Where is he? Where can I find him?"

Smith looked up with a gleam of something like terror in his glassy eyes.

"Money from you? And when that's done he'll go to the others. I know him; maybe he's there now."

"The others? What others?" Lord Linton was livid; he trembled in every limb.

"It's all written here. I kept this"—taking a greasy pocket-book from under his pillow—"from him—and here—" Again a convulsive fit of coughing shook him from head to foot.

Lord Linton snatched the pocket-book, and with shaking hands turned over the grimy pages.

Smith gazed at him with a fixed stare, as he dropped back spent and livid.

"I see—all the names and addresses—John Fane, Beryl Fane, Mrs. O'way. But they're poor; he'll get nothing out of them," Lord Linton said, with a wild laugh. "Still, it's a good thing you did not give him this. I'll take it now, for safety. This will pay you for it, and get you a few things you may require." And he pressed a ten-pound note into Smith's hand.

Just then a heavy step on the stair startled him, and he stopped abruptly. "Is this some one coming here?" he asked. "I trust not. I don't want to be found here. It is awkward and dangerous."

The man in bed made no reply. A spasm of terror passed over his livid countenance, and there came suddenly into his fast-glazing eyes a wild and hunted look.

"Grogan!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if he would let me die in peace. Oh! save me. Send him away. He comes to torture—torment me—I—his voice died to a whisper—"cannot bear—He will—"

The door burst open, and Grogan, more disreputable looking than ever, reeled across to the bed.

"Smith, I've got the prog. from the old fool who calls himself Lord Linton, and lucky it is I got it, for those blooming idiots refuse to do anything. John Fane, 'e's a roarin' bass, if yer will—he won't disturb the family. Goldsmid—you know the old bloke in Chancery Lane? 'e's not got to take no steps unless—But good 'eavens, what's his hup?" He laid his hands on Smith and pulled him up in the bed. "Why, I declare. Oh! well—I never—you are bad."

He bent over Smith and held the glass of medicine to his lips. "That's better, old cove. I've 'eaps and 'eaps to tell yer; so wake hup an' listen."

Grogan had not noticed Lord Linton standing behind the door as he staggered into the room, and all unconscious of his presence belloyed out his information.

"So the whole thing's blowed," he went on, "an' I'm 'hoff to Amer-ickey's shore. We've been pals, you an' me, an' I thought I'd leave you a cooter or two of the swag. But why don't yer speak? Good Lord!" starting away, "'e's a dead un. Well, I never. Poor old Smith."

Lord Linton stepped as close to the bed as he dared, and gazed into Smith's ghastly countenance.

"Yes; it's all over," he murmured, with a feeling of horror. "He's dead, and if only I dared throttle this ruffian I might henceforth rest in peace. Still, if what he says is true, I've nothing to fear." And he stole away on tip-toe and was soon driving down Bond street in a hansom, this time really to the Carlton Club.

CHAPTER XLIII

As the door closed behind her father Margaret put her hands before her eyes, and a deep, long-drawn sigh escaped her.

"It's not just; and nothing, no matter what anyone says, will persuade me that it is. If Cousin Archibald believed his first wife dead, and married again, he meant his children and his second wife to have everything he possessed when he died. I'm sure he did. He looks so kind and loving in all those photographs. In one, I remember, he had Beryl on his knee, and his arm round his little son's waist. Poor John Fane! I am so sorry for him. I wish I had known his trouble that day; for if I had I'd have been kinder—more gentle. And oh! springing to her feet, a red spot burning hotly on each cheek, "I was proud and coldly distant. I wish I had not spoken to him as I did that day."

Thus musing, Margaret left the li-

brary. She was still wearing the simple leghorn hat and dark serge jacket in which she had travelled up from Grove Ferry, and drawing on her gloves, she suddenly resolved to go for a walk.

"I'm hardly dressed for the Park," she thought. "But what matter? I'll cut away into the quiet part and enjoy the fresh air. It's a lovely evening, and my head burns. I must go out."

As she entered the park by the Grosvenor gate and stood waiting to cross the road Lady Linton drove past in her carriage.

Margaret started and grew red, then pale. She had no wish to be seen by her step-mother, and was anxious to postpone her meeting with her as long as possible. But she need not have been uneasy. Lady Linton did not see her. Her eyes were fixed upon a distant part of the far-off sky. Her mind was absorbed with strange, unpleasant and perplexing thoughts. Her visit to the studio that day, her conversation with Sir Peter Goldsmid, and the glimpse she had got of John and his sister, had made many things clear to her.

Her husband had no legal right to the title of Lord Linton. He was a usurper, an imposter; of that she was now convinced, and feeling sure that sooner or later he would be forced to give up the name and property that he had dishonestly held and enjoyed for so long, her future, and the future of her children, looked very black indeed.

"Margaret must marry Sir Peter Goldsmid," she decided. "He will be generous to me and the little ones. For the sake of old times and the help I'll give him in the winning of his bride he'll look after us, I know, in every way he can." And having come to this not altogether unsatisfactory way out of some of the many troubles that lay before her, Lady Linton drove on into Park Lane.

Meanwhile, much pleased to find that she had not been noticed by her stepmother, Margaret wandered away across the park. It was a lovely evening, though rather warm, and thinking that the air—for breeze there was none—from the water would be pleasant, she bent her steps towards the Serpentine. But she longed for quiet and seclusion, and here she found herself in quite a crowd of well-dressed, fashionable-looking people. So she passed on quickly, till at last, having reached a deserted path at the back of the Albert Memorial, she sat down, glad to rest after her walk, in the cool shade of the trees.

"This is a delicious spot," she thought. "So quiet and secluded. Here I may sit and unravel, if I can, this difficult tangle of our affairs. I shall never, I know, be happy in Park Lane or Riversdale again, and now that I feel sure that we have no right to be there. Everything is—ought to be—John's."

A firm step came along the gravelled path, quickly at first, then more slowly, and at last stopped short, straight before her. Startled, the girl felt her color rise, and fearing some rudeness from an impudent passerby, kept her eyes fixed resolutely on the ground.

"Mis Fane," touched her hand gently, "she was she looked up with a start, and with a bright blush and a little cry of glad surprise met John Fane's eyes fixed upon her in wondering inquiry.

"You did not expect to see me here?" she said, holding out her hand with a sweet, fresh laugh that was like a breeze in spring to John's troubled heart.

"No," he answered, first touching the slender fingers with his own, and trying to appear calm and unmoved. "You are the last person I should have expected to meet in London. I trust there is nothing wrong at Riversdale?"

"Nothing. The new steward," smiling, "is all he ought to be, and we are all very well. But," a wave of crimson swept over her face, "I am glad I met you, as—as I wish to," her words came forth in little, short gasps, "say—to tell you that I am sorry for my rudeness to you. I didn't—"

"Margaret!" He caught her hand, and drew her quickly towards him. "Oh, my love, does this mean that—"

She smiled into his eyes. "That I love you, John? Yes. I was proud and horrid and scornful. But I loved you all the time; though I never knew till I found you were in trouble."

"My darling!" His arms were round her, his lips were pressed to hers in one loving, impassioned kiss. "My Margaret, nothing matters now. Nothing, since you love me, and will be my wife."

"That I will be gladly," she said in a soft whisper, "come what may."

"God bless and keep you! And tell me, sweetheart, what you meant by saying I had troubles? Did you mean that I was pining with sorrow because you would have none of me?"

(To be Continued.)

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Ragged clothes quickly—that's what common soaps with "premiums" cost; but

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Non-Catholic Missions in Ontario

Editor Catholic Register:

Under the heading of "New Department in Ontario" in your last issue, I read with much interest and pleasure the account of the non-Catholic missions recently given at Owen Sound and Watton by the Redemptorist Fathers Parr and Hamel, of Saratoga, N. Y. The article states these are probably "the first non-Catholic missions given in Ontario."

I beg to correct this statement, for the Thordor town is due that honor. Some six years ago, our beloved pastor, Rev. Father Sullivan, surprised, and I might also add, almost frightened, some of his parishioners by announcing one Sunday that he had invited Father Walter Elliott, that well-known and talented priest of the Paulist Order, of New York City, to give a week's mission to non-Catholics. Father Elliott is a veteran of the American Civil War, and one of the pioneers in the non-Catholic mission work. The meetings were held in the largest public hall in the town, and it was filled every night, and many non-Catholics drove in miles from the country to attend them.

Now, Mr. Editor, some of our Canadian Catholic papers publish almost weekly interesting accounts of these missions, which are being given in different parts of the United States—and which all admit are productive of good—for certainly, no harm can result from explanations of Catholic belief and doctrine. With the field that there is in Canada for such good work, I venture the assertion that we would read the descriptions of these missions with interest if they were being given to our neighbors—our Canadian non-Catholics. I heard a Catholic friend say recently that the time was hardly ripe for these missions here, and I could not but help thinking that he had either been asleep for the past ten or twenty years, or that he moved entirely in Catholic circles, and was therefore not in touch with the condition of affairs which exist as regards the erroneous views which many well-meaning non-Catholics hold as regards our religion, and might not ask, how can it be otherwise when they in the past have not had an opportunity to hear Catholic belief and doctrine explained.

In the opinion of many Catholics in different parts of Ontario with whom the writer has discussed this matter, with the single exception above referred to, the feeling is that the Catholic Church in Canada has an opportunity to extend its usefulness, and that so far-reaching that the only surprise is that advantage is not taken of the golden opportunity to allow our separated brethren to learn of that "peace of mind which surpasseth all understanding" and which alone can be obtained within the folds of the Catholic Church. I would, indeed, Mr. Editor, be glad to hear the views of some of your readers in different parts of the country on this subject. Thanking you in advance for your space, I remain, Yours sincerely, A THOROLD CATHOLIC. Thorold, Feb. 23rd, 1903.

THE MARKET REPORTS

Improvement in the Live Stock Trade—Wheat is Lower. Tuesday Evening, Feb. 24. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Trade at St. Lawrence Market to-day was a little brisker, the receipts of grain and hay being quite heavy. The total grain receipts amounted to 1,700 bushels. Wheat—White wheat is steady at 72c to 74c per bushel; 300 bushels were sold. Two hundred bushels of red sold unchanged at 75c, and 300 bushels of goose sold the same at 65c. Barley—The barley offering was of good quality, 400 bushels selling at 50c to 61c per bushel. Oats—The market is unchanged, 400 bushels selling at 37c per bushel. Rye—At 15c per bushel, 100 bushels were sold at 62c per bushel. Dressed Hogs—Receipts were fairly large and trade was rather brisker. Quotations are steady at \$8 to \$8.25 per cwt for light-weight hogs and \$7.75 to \$8 for heavies. Eggs—The cold weather did not last long enough to affect the prices of new-laid eggs to any extent, and offerings are now becoming more plentiful. This causes an easier feeling in prices, but at present new-laid are quoted unchanged at 20c to 22c per dozen. Held stock are considerably easier at 11c to 12c. Butter—There was not much doing on the market in this line to-day, the receipts being small and the demand rather quiet. Prices are a little firmer at 15c to 20c for pound rolls and 16c to 18c per lb for large rolls. Straw—Prices are steady at \$8 to \$9 per ton. Five lots were on the market. Hay—The offerings were very large to-day, totalling about 60 loads. Prices are firmer at \$12 to \$14.50 per ton for No. 1 timothy and \$8 to \$10 for mixed or clover.

The Visible Supply. Feb. 23, '03. Feb. 24, '02. Feb. 25, '01. Wheat ... 43,854,000 54,835,000 57,336,000 Corn ... 10,481,000 10,789,000 12,213,000 Oats ... 5,574,000 4,984,000 10,567,000 Rye ... 983,000 2,358,000 1,156,000 Barley ... 1,832,000 2,115,000 1,850,000

Toronto Live Stock.

There was a fair trade at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning in all lines of stock, and prices generally were pretty well maintained. The run of stuff was fairly large, and was met by a slightly increased demand, especially in butcher cattle. But no great activity characterized the day's business, although nearly all the stuff was sold fairly early. Dealers still say the drovers have been paying too much for the cattle in the country, but this is not so apparent as it was a week or two ago. The total run of offerings amounted to 61 cars, including 1,039 cattle, 256 sheep and lambs, 392 hogs and 12 calves. Export Cattle—There is not a great deal of space offering, and the demand for cattle is not heavy. To-day's trade was fairly good, although a few loads of stuff did not sell until late. The offerings were mostly fair, and a few lots of extra choice cattle were on the market, and brought as high as \$4.75 per cwt. The general run of stuff sold at about \$4 to \$4.50. Butcher Cattle—There was a fairly large run of offerings on the market to-day, but the demand showed a little improvement, and nearly all the stuff sold early. Prices continue fairly steady, and the market presents a moderately good, but there was no stuff warranting better than quoted prices. Most of the good stuff sold at about \$4 to \$4.50 per cwt, and some butchers' cows sold at low at \$2. Milk Cows—The run was light and generally of poor quality. Quotations are about steady at \$30 to \$35 each, with higher prices for extra good stock. There is a good demand for extra cows. Sheep and Lambs—Trade was fair, but the receipts were plentiful, were of rather poor quality. The offerings were mostly fair, and a few lots of extra choice sheep and lambs were on the market, and brought as high as \$4.75 per cwt. The general run of stuff sold at about \$4 to \$4.50. Calves—The market is steady, and prices are unchanged. Quotations are \$2 to \$10 each, and 45c to 50c per lb. Hogs—The run was very light, and on account of this there was a decidedly firmer feeling in prices. Quotations, however, are unchanged.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Feb. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 275 head; active at steady to strong prices, with 20c lower for the same quality. Common to good, \$5.50 to \$9. Hogs—Receipts, 1,500 head; slow, 20c to 30c lower, mostly on light grades; heavy, \$7.50 to \$7.75; mixed, \$7.25 to \$7.50; Yorkers, \$7.50 to \$7.75; pigs, \$7; roughs, \$6.50 to \$6.75; stage, \$6.50 to \$6.75; sheep and lambs, 11,800 head; export ewes and mixed sheep, 20c higher; lambs 10c lower; top lambs, 6.50 to \$7; culls to lower, \$4.50 to \$5.75; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.50; sheep, top mixed, \$5.25 to \$5.50; culls to good, \$4.75 to \$5.10.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Feb. 24.—Cattle—Receipts 4,600; steady to prime steers, \$15 to \$16.75; poor to medium, \$8.25 to \$4.70; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$4.00; cows, \$1.50 to \$4.25; heifers, \$2 to \$4.75; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.00; bulls, \$2.25 to \$4.25; calves, \$3.25 to \$7.75; Texas fed steers, \$3.75 to \$4.25. Hogs—Receipts to-day, 35,000; to-morrow, 35,000; left over, 7,000; 10c to 15c lower; mixed and butchers', \$6.50 to \$6.75; good to choice heavy, \$7.25 to \$7.35; rough heavy, \$6.50 to \$7.15; light, \$6.45 to \$6.55; bulk of sales, \$6.35 to \$7.15. Sheep—Receipts, 12,000; sheep steady and lambs 10c to 25c lower; good choice wethers, \$5 to \$6.75; fairs to choice mixed, \$4 to \$5; native lambs, \$4.75 to \$7.

LOOKED LONG FOUND AT LAST

A. W. Holman Used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Diabetes

And the Dreaded Kidney Disease Speedily Vanished—His Statement to the Public.

Toronto, Feb. 23.—(Special.)—One of the most dreaded and dangerous forms of Kidney Disease is Diabetes. With its sense of weight and acute pain in the loins, bleeding of the gums, swelling of the feet and ankles, emaciation and weakness, and its other painful and disagreeable accompaniments, it is held almost in horror by those who have been unfortunate enough to make its acquaintance, and every evidence of a complete and reliable cure is hailed with delight by all classes of society. For this reason the statement of A. W. Holman, of 193 1/2 Mutual St., Toronto, is of peculiar interest. Mr. Holman says:

"I have been troubled with Diabetes for years and I have tried all kinds of medicines, but it was of no use. My attention was called to an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I determined to try them. From the first box I got relief, and after using six boxes I am in a position to say that I am completely cured. I highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who may suffer as I have done." Diabetes is a Kidney Disease pure and simple. Dodd's Kidney Pills unfailingly cure all diseases of the Kidneys.

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THE KING A FRIEND

Canon White from the De Freyne Estate says Edward VII. is so Regarded in Ireland

The Boston Herald prints an interview with Canon William White, of County Roscommon, Ireland, the parish priest in the districts embracing the celebrated De Freyne estate, widely referred to as the storm centre of the Irish land question. Canon White spoke in Boston College Hall last week before a fair-sized audience upon "The Irish Land War." Congressman-elect William S. McNary presided and introduced the speaker, who has been accorded a very cordial reception by numerous Irish and Catholic organizations throughout the city and State.

Canon White treated the land question almost exclusively and, unlike most of the other Irish advocates who have presented the Irish question he did not refer at length to the political issues. The speaker also exhibited a disposition to express a friendly estimate of King Edward, who the Canon believes is a liberal-minded statesman who will soon be found lending a helpful influence to the Irish land matters.

The speaking was interspersed with a musical programme of Irish numbers. He said that much has been accomplished for the cause of Ireland by the men who have been keeping her issues alive. He declared that it was a mistake to think nothing had been done.

The agitations which have started in the old country at various times and which have been nobly financed by this country have been the means of changing the whole face of the Irish question. Were it not for these agitations Ireland would to-day be in a much worse condition than it is. Steadily the tenants have benefited more and more until now the tide of landlordism is at last quite securely stemmed.

The land of Ireland was for a great while given over to English settlers who were practically an English garrison in Ireland. The object of England was that Ireland should exist for England's benefit and use and the landlords were the instruments to accomplish this. Consequently the landlords were given unlimited power over the native Irish upon whom as tenants they could impose any rent they liked. Even though the tenants did pay the exorbitant rents, they were liable to eviction if the possession of their lands offered any advantages to the landlords. There have been instances of humane landlords who did not take advantage of the iniquitous laws, but such instances were conspicuous by their rarity. Many landlords claimed the right over the consciences of their tenants and also insisted on directing the vote of their tenantry in elections and in this the landlords were not molested by the government. Speaking of some of the recent land acts which showed a spirit of fairness for the tenants, Canon White told of the "Congested Districts Board" and said that its membership stood for much in the way of promise and liberality, its chairman being the liberal-minded Chief Secretary of Ireland, and one of the most active members being the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Donnell, the patriotic prelate of Raphoe. This board deals with estates where the tenants cannot possibly live on their farms on account of smallness and barrenness. The board has formulated the right kind of plans for the betterment of a large number of people, and the work is a step in the right direction. The board can already show many instances where they have undertaken the development of farms to such good advantage that at the close of the harvest season in 1901 they were enabled to pay the interest required by the government and make a payment on the principal and offer the tenants an appreciable reduction. He gave several instances of opposition on the part of the landlords to the acts passed in favor of tenants. The clash between the landholder and tenant has in many cases furnished exhibitions of extreme violence, and the land war has raged hotly during the past couple of years on many large estates. It is such people as those on the De Freyne estate, said Canon White, who are fighting the battle of the rest of Ireland, and they seem about to win. The speaker then treated at length the details of the land conference in Dublin and said a notable evidence of the change of affairs was shown in the changed attitude of The London Times, which has recently been advocating that the landlords be compelled to sell. Continuing, Canon White said that even the King himself, who is a liberal-minded statesman, is of the same opinion. He believed that the influence of the King would soon be felt in Parliament, and that he would be found behind measures helpful to the Irish land question. The committee which managed the reception was in charge of P. A. Foley, chairman, and John Cavanaugh, secretary. The reception committee was in charge of P. Bruen, John Mealy and Edward Fitzwilliam.

EVIL ON THE STAGE

In his Lenten pastoral Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal dwells upon the necessity for mortification, and exhorts those who are unable to fast to do other works of mortification. In all cases, however, they must take the advice of their pastor or father confessor as to their capacity for fasting. His Grace also expressed the hope that balls, parties, banquets and like functions will not take place this year during Lent, as has been the case in former years. He adds: "We hope that our leading families will set a good example in that respect." Referring to dispensations from fasting and abstinence during the Lenten season, he asks that those so favored should make some offering to the church, not obligatory as in certain dioceses in France, but of a purely voluntary nature. Such Lenten offerings can be made to Rev. Canon Martin, at the Archbishop's Palace at any time before the first day of May next. His Grace also dwelt on the question of bad theatres. These had be-

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Application to Parliament. NOTICE is hereby given that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made for an Act for the incorporation of a Bank to be called "The Home Savings Bank of Canada" with head office at the City of Toronto, with the usual powers of banks under the Bank Act and its amendments; also with power to acquire the assets and the good will of The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited; and to take over its deposits; and to allot shares of the Capital Stock to the shareholders of the said Loan Company in lieu of shares in the Company; and to enter into agreement with said Company for transfer of its assets and good will. Dated at Toronto, this 27th day of November A. D., 1902. J. J. FOY, 80 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitor for Applicants

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. ENTRY Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or— (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or— (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories. JAMES A. SMART, Deputy-Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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