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VOL XI. No. 2

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate Welcomed

Arrival in the Capital. Reception by the Catholic Clergy and Laity

The Delegate Acknowledges Attachment of Catholics to the Holy See. The Pontiff Comforted Thereby in His Trials

Monsignor Donato Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephesus, who succeeds Mgr. Falconio as head of the Catholic Church in Canada and as Apostolic Delegate of the Holy Roman See, reached Ottawa on Saturday. He arrived from Washington by the 11.30 C. A. R. train, accompanied by Rev. Father Doherty, of the Grand Seminary of Philadelphia, one of his erstwhile pupils in Rome, and by an Italian valet. Rev. Father Schaefer, his private secretary, arrived earlier in the day. As was anticipated the Vatican lost no time in filling the position, Mgr. Sbarretti's appointment being announced on the day on which Mgr. Falconio left for Washington. At the Central depot the new Papal Delegate was awaited by Archbishop Duhamel, Mgr. Routhier, Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, representatives of all the religious orders and the secular priesthood, including Rev. Dr. Emery, rector of the University; Rev. Father Rouleau, prior of the Dominican Order; Rev. Father Candid, of the Capuchins; Rev. Father Portelance, of the Church of the Sacred Heart; Rev. Father Beausoliel, parish priest of St. Anne; Rev. Father Duvie, superior of the Oblate scholasticate; Rev. Dr. Lacoste, vice rector of the University; Rev. Father Fitzgerald, curate of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Nilles, Rev. Father Tourangeau, Charles Marcell, M. P., M. P. Davis, Emmanuel Tasse, J. D. Grace and others.

YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

As His Excellency stepped from the train his youthful appearance was remarked by many. He is much younger than his predecessor, from appearances at least being barely 40 years of age. He is a secular priest and consequently does not appear in the garb of any religious order. He was clean-shaven and wore a silk hat, loose cut overcoat and spectacles. Medium in stature, his movement is quick and active, while the facial characteristics are peculiar to his Italian race. His hair is dark, complexion somewhat swarthy, the features are even and though the expression is serious the countenance is pleasing, and earnestness, perseverance and tenacity of purpose are indicated in his manner. He speaks English and French with fluency, although slightly with the peculiar accent of his mother tongue—the Italian language.

The first to greet the Papal Delegate was the Archbishop and afterwards the clergy and others welcoming His Excellency advanced, knelt and kissed the fisherman's ring on his hand, the insignia of authority and of the archiepiscopal office. Mgr. Sbarretti afterwards entered the

Archbishop's carriage and was driven to the palace, where for a few days he will be a guest before taking up his residence on the Canal road. The Papal flag is flying over the archiepiscopal residence in honor of the distinguished guest.

HIS FIRST SERVICE.

Sunday morning at 7 o'clock His Excellency visited the convent of the Grey Nuns, Water street, and celebrated a Low Mass. He was assisted by Rev. Father Schaefer, his secretary, and Rev. Father Nilles, chaplain of the institution. The chapel was beautifully decorated and embellished with floral and electrical effects while all the members of the community assisted at the holy sacrifice. At the completion of the Mass Mgr. Sbarretti was shown through the convent, and returned to breakfast with the Archbishop.

AT THE BASILICA.

At the Basilica Sunday evening the formality of welcome was extended to the distinguished prelate. The church was filled to the doors, many of the prominent clergy and laity being present. The latter included the Secretary of State, Hon. R. W. Scott, Denis Murphy, M. P., Charles Marcell, M. P., and many others.

The grand old church wherein have been received many princes of the church was a blaze of glory. Throughout its gothic arches and alcoves resounded the soul inspiring strains of rich music, on the high altar beautiful electrical effects in varied colors emitted a mellow light, while hundreds of lighted tapers sparkled and scintillated, the vestments worn by the clergy were rich in golden adornments, and the attitude of devotion which was apparent combined to enrich the tout ensemble and to impart inspiration and fervor to the intensely religious character of the occasion.

SOLEMN ENTRY.

It was exactly 7.30 when the peals of the triumphal march heralded the ceremony of solemn entry. In the ecclesiastical escort from the palace of His Grace the Archbishop to the sanctuary of the church first came the altar boys, then the clergy of the Basilica and parish priests and clergy from different parts of the city, and next Archbishop Duhamel and his attendants. Following the Archbishop was the Apostolic Delegate accompanied by several priests. As the prelate entered the sanctuary the choir sang Ecce Sacerdos. Mgr. Sbarretti bowed low in reverence to the blessed sacrament of the altar and then received the holy water from the Vicar-General and blessed the incense. The clergy filed to their respective places and the congregation knelt while Mgr. Routhier chanted the special prayers prescribed by the church to be said upon occasions of entries of delegates apostolic.

Afterwards proceedings to the elevated throne of the Archbishop, His Excellency was robed in the golden vestments and taking the miter and crozier, knelt again before the high altar. Assisting him as deacon and sub-deacon were Rev. Messrs. Seguin and Coursolle. Archbishop Duhamel was attended by Rev. Canon Beauchamp, cure of Gatineau Point, and Rev. Canon Plantin. Other members of the clergy present were Rev. Canon Campeau, Rev. Father Murphy, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Beausoliel, Rev. Dr. Nilles, Rev. Dr. Lacoste, Rev. Canon McCarthy, Rev. Father Myrand, Rev. Father Sylvio Corbell and many seminarians.

ELEVATION OF THE HOST.

The choir sang the Magnificat, and then the deacon of office, ascending the step, removed the sacred host from the tabernacle and elevated it to the adoration of the faithful. Taking the incensorium, His Excellency offered up the incense to the blessed sacrament while Salutaris Hostia, a beautiful composition by Klein, was rendered by the choir. This was followed by the Sanctus from Gounod's second Mass and the sub-Tantum. Next, the Papal Prayer, Oremus Pro Pontifice, was sung by a trio composed of Messrs. Adolphe Leclerc, E. McNichol and F. R. X. Saucier. After the Tantum Ergo, benediction of the blessed sacrament was chanted by the Papal

Delegate and the host was placed on the side altar.

WELCOMED.

Mgr. Sbarretti then advanced to the railing of the sanctuary, where in a few words Archbishop Duhamel on behalf of the clergy and people, extended a warm welcome to the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff.

SBARRETTI'S REPLY.

In his reply Mgr. Sbarretti spoke both in English and French. He referred to the warm welcome he had received and thanked most cordially the Archbishop, the clergy and the laity. He made allusion to the relations of Canada to the Holy Father and the devotion and attachment of Canadian Catholics to the Holy See, stating that it was an example for the Catholics all over the world. When the knowledge of this great Pontiff would be consoled in the midst of his many trials in thinking that he could cast his eyes at least on Canada as a spot which filled his heart with gratefulness and joy. He exhorted the Catholics to profess their faith, to be proud of it, to practice it on all occasions and assured them that by so doing they would not only accomplish the salvation of their own souls but would work for the uplifting of the family, of civil society and of humanity in general.

His Excellency in addressing these words to the Archbishop, clergy and laity, extends the same sentiments to the Archbishops, Bishops, clergy and people of the entire Dominion deeming this manifestation of loyalty to the Holy Father in the person of his representative as being the expression of love for the Holy See in Canada. He has also been moved by the warmth of his reception in Ottawa.

SKETCH OF MGR. SBARRETTI.

Mgr. Donato Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, is 45 years of age. He was born at Monte Franco in the central part of Italy and comes from an illustrious family. His uncle, Cardinal Sbarretti, died a few years ago. When a young man he was appointed professor of the propaganda. His former students are now all over the world, some of them being in Canada. While professor of ethics he was also secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for American affairs and later on discharged similar duties in regard to the oriental affairs of the church. On account of his erudition and increased legal attainments as well as his fitness otherwise, he was appointed consultant to the apostolic delegation at Washington shortly after its institution and in that capacity aided both Mgr. Satolli and Mgr. Martinelli. At a critical juncture in the affairs of Cuba following the Spanish war, he was selected by the Holy Father as Bishop of Havana, and while there he adjusted the new conditions of the church to the government of the island. He worked in conjunction with Governor-General Wood for the uplifting and betterment of the people and achieved great success. More recently he returned to Washington and was there when notified that the Holy Father had designated him as head of the church in Canada in succession to Mgr. Falconio.

PROFESSION AT KINGSTON.

Kingston, Jan. 4.—At the House of Providence on Saturday these young ladies made their final vows of religious profession: Miss Mary A. Jordan of Richmond (Sister Mary Irene); Miss Emily Whelan of Kingston (Sister Mary Alphonsus Rodriguez); Miss Henrietta Byrne of Stanleyville (Sister Mary John the Evangelist). The holy habit was conferred upon Misses Hattie Quinn of Stanleyville and Emily and Elizabeth Tierney of Ottawa.

DEATH OF PATRICK O'DONNELL, KINGSTON.

Kingston, Jan. 5.—Death to-day claimed Patrick O'Donnell, aged 68 years. For forty years he held a position in the Kingston Penitentiary, 25 of that time being as storekeeper. A wife, two sons and two daughters survive.

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ONTARIO LOSES SIX MEMBERS

Ottawa, Jan. 2.—In an official memorandum the Minister of Justice places on record his opinion as to the number of members to which each Province is entitled under the provisions of the B. N. A. Act. Sections 51 and 52 of the Act in question provides that after each decennial census the representation of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is to be carried out in accordance with the following rules: Quebec is to have the fixed number of 65 members. To each of the other Provinces is to be assigned such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population as the number 65 bears to the number of the population of Quebec. In the computation of the number of members for a Province a fractional part not exceeding one-half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member is to be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one-half of that number is to be equivalent to the whole number. Paragraph 4 reads: "On any such readjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding readjustment of the number of members for the Province is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards."

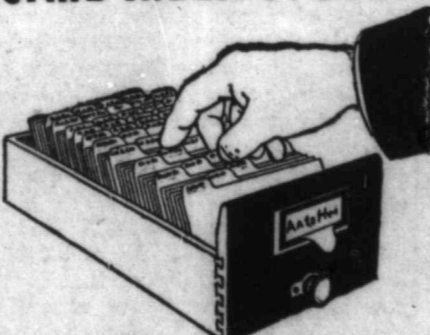
THE BASIS OF INCREASE.

The number of members of the House of Commons may be increased by Parliament, providing the proportionate representation of the Province as prescribed is not thereby disturbed. By subsequent legislation it was enacted that the readjustment of members for Manitoba, British Columbia and Prince Edward Island should also be carried out under the provisions of the B. N. A. Act. The representation of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon is not subject to these rules, but may be readjusted as Parliament sees fit. Applying the rules laid down by section 51 of the B. N. A. Act to the figures under the new census, the representation of the Provinces in the readjusted House would be as follows:

LOSSES AND GAINS.

Ontario, 86 members; Quebec, 65 members; Nova Scotia, 18 members; New Brunswick, 13 members; Manitoba, 10 members; British Columbia, 7 members; Prince Edward Island, 4 members; being a reduction of six members for Ontario, a reduction of two members for Nova Scotia, a reduction of one member for New Brunswick, an increase of three members for Manitoba and an increase of one member each for British Columbia and Prince Edward Island. If the Northwest Territories and the Yukon were dealt with in the same manner as the Provinces the organized districts of the Territories would be entitled to six members and the

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Yukon to one. This gives a House of 210 members instead of 214, as at present. The Minister of Justice calculates and compares the proportion of the population of Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island in 1891 and 1901, respectively, to that of the Dominion in those years, and finds that these Provinces are not saved from a loss of members by the application of paragraph 4, section 51, of the B. N. A. Act. In the case of Ontario, the proportion in 1891 is expressed by the fraction .437, which is the proportion of 2,114,321—the population of Ontario—to 4,833,239, the population of the Dominion by the census of 1891. The proportion of the population of Ontario to that of the whole Dominion in 1901 was .406, the total being 2,182,947 for the Province and 5,371,315 for the Dominion. The proportion is, therefore, diminished for Ontario by .031, which is more than one-twentieth of .437, and Ontario is therefore not saved by paragraph 4.

DIocese of Peterborough

Christmas Mass at Gravenhurst.

The Sacrifice of the Holy Mass on Christmas morning was solemnized in St. Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, at 10 o'clock, the Rev. Father Collins acting as celebrant.

There was an unusually large congregation present, and it was a consoling and edifying spectacle, to witness the faithful approaching the Holy Table in large numbers.

The Rev. Father Collins delivered a very appropriate sermon, taking for his text words from the Gospel of the Day, and making it applicable to the morning's ceremony. He spoke for some length of time in clear and forcible language, and explained vividly the nature of his subject.

In conclusion the Reverend Father wished his congregation a Happy and Joyous Christmas, and a Bright and Prosperous New Year, which wish was, we need not say, heartily reciprocated by the assemblage in the church, for the Rev. Father Collins.

Miss Florence Moore is to be congratulated for the decorations, which were beautiful and artistic.

A full choir, aided by Miss Marie Smith, of Toronto, as violinist, rendered Webb's Mass in "G" in superb harmony. The principal solos were taken by Misses Dowd and Clairmont, and Messrs. Moore and Brennan.

Particular mention is due to Mrs. J. C. Smith, of Toronto, who so kindly contributed "Ave Maria." She sang with much feeling in an entrancing manner. Mrs. Smith deserves every credit for the artistic style of rendition. Her voice contains a range of sweetness to an unusual degree. She was accompanied on the organ by her daughter, Miss Phyllis Smith, and on the violin by her daughter, Miss Marie Smith, both of whom enacted their parts with marked ability.

The Children's Choir also, not to be outdone by their elders, did justice to themselves before the commencement of the Mass, by singing in their childish tones, the hymn "Angels we Have Heard on High."

On Friday, Dec. 19th, a High Requiem Mass was sung at St. Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, for the repose of the late Annie Bowes. The Rev. Father Collins acted as celebrant. The Sanctuary, etc., were draped in mourning. After the Mass, the "Libera" was chanted, and the final blessing given, with the words of the Holy Church, "May she rest in Peace."

DEATH OF MR. N. L. STEINER.

Mr. Newman L. Steiner, President of the German Benevolent Society, succumbed to heart failure on Monday. He was one of the philanthropic citizens of Toronto. A Hungarian refugee, and the son of a noble family, he made his way in Canada by the work of his hands. He established the first marble works in Toronto, and St. Michael's Cemetery to-day contains among its monuments many beautiful examples of his skill.

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may be sure of a heated Protection vs. Free Trade debate. It cannot be otherwise. The events that put life into the political arena during the autumn will certainly be recalled in more than one key during the session.

There is also the regular report to the country that the Premier and his colleagues will have to make concerning the proceedings and result of the Colonial conference in London. Another subject that cannot fail to be productive of countless pages of Hansard. In a word, if we contemplate the array of imposing questions that the coming session will have to settle, and then consider that the House will not be in working trim before March, that a week or more will be lost at Easter, and that the warm weather is never conducive to hard work, it would be impossible to fix any date earlier than the end of July for the prorogation. But, as I said, this is all so much surmise. Something might suddenly arise to facilitate the passage of measures that now appear formidable; all that may be now anticipated, by way of Government legislation, may be obtained in some way or another. In fact, the person would be very daring who could now pretend to speak with any degree of assurance. We must not forget that members of Parliament desert and dread a summer session, and they have it in their hands to curtail, to a great degree, the number of weeks that they must pass in Ottawa.

When the session commences there will be a marked change in the Senate. Not less than four Senators have died in the past couple of months. In fact the Conservative majority of one in the Upper House will certainly give place to a Liberal majority of two or three, if not more. In the House of Commons there will also be vacant seats—or rather seats occupied by men who were not there last year. On the Ministerial Benches there will be new forms and faces, while some that were seen there last year will occupy less conspicuous places during the coming session. So that, on the whole, the session of 1903 promises to be one both highly interesting and of the greatest importance—and I can add that not a few look forward to it with feelings of anxiety, of anticipation, of hope, or of fear. As the day of the opening draws nearer I may be enabled to furnish you with other and more positive information, all of which I know will interest your readers.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL TO BE ENLARGED.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of St. Michael's Hospital, have purchased, through their solicitors, Foy & Kelly, the two-story brick houses at 38 and 40 Bond street. The property immediately adjoins the hospital, and the purchase was made with the intention of enlarging the institutions by erecting an additional wing on the north side. At present the hospital can accommodate about 170 patients, and is well filled. So many patients now undergo operations that it has been found necessary to make some changes at once that will admit of more accommodation in the surgical side of the hospital. It is proposed to fit up the two houses which have just passed into the hands of the hospital authorities as a maternity ward.

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January THE HOLY INFANCY 1903. Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments, and Liturgical Observances for the month of January.

Walk Two Miles Feels Like One Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

THE OLD YEAR'S DEATH. Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing...

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see. But tho' his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me.

A WAY OF KNOWING GOD. (Albert Reynaud, in Catholic World.) The Saint seems to have short-cuts to knowledge which almost extort admiration...

ings of so many of the great unknowns of the Church. But this leads to a wholly different reflection. God works by general laws. His dealings with us are not whimsical. We may not always understand these laws. Their application, the reasons for them, may escape us. But innate Wisdom precludes the notion of caprice. If we may emphasize our meaning by a phrase, with all reverence, these seem to us a mistaken way of presenting His Providence. His conduct towards any part of His creation, merely as "sic volo, sic jubeo." Thus I will, hence thus I command.

yet yield so readily, so variously, so plentifully, to honest and diligent inquiry. And, much worse, under pretext perhaps that the "Spirit breathes where it listeth," under ban of miraculous agencies acting for the saint alone—infused lights, what not—we shut the doors and windows of our soul, the very crevices of heart and conscience, to the slightest breath—to the divine agitations within us, which seek entrance into a moment's impulse, welcome in a passing wish or effort on our side—some habituation with us—while we loudly proclaim as an excuse, the mystery and arbitrariness of God's ways, of His truth and of His grace.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE NEARING A BOG (From The Catholic Universe.) Rates are advancing and have an upward tendency for some time. This indicates that the cost of insurance is greater than formerly in fraternal organizations. Why? Man is mortal and time is fleeting, and hence death is reaping his harvest and placing burdens upon those who remain. The young may die, but the old must. New societies spring up and take most of the young recruits on the plea of cheaper rates. The plea is well founded, but the shifting sands of time will soon dispose of that argument as younger societies still will use that same argument to kill off those who originated the contention.

When we grant the tongue an unlimited freedom, it is very difficult, not to say impossible, that it should not be at the expense of charity. How is it to speak, much, or to talk incessantly, without finding a temptation, almost a necessity, to criticize this person or to censure another, to attribute evil intentions to a third or to place in a ridiculous aspect lesser faults, even if the greater are spared.

A TOO FAMILIAR TYPE. (From The Republic.) Of all the contemptible youths with whom a father's patience and a mother's aching heart have to cope, perhaps the meanest sneak is the coward who sponges on the family for luxuries when he is not even paying his board at home. What shall we say of the specimen who, at the age when a boy ought to be forming habits for life, idles away his time in barrooms and pool parlors instead of looking for chances to earn something out of school hours, and asks his father (or, by no means seldom, his mother or the quiet) for cigarette money or theatre fares instead of turning to and giving a lift on the price of his winter clothes? The father who is well enough off not to miss the money which his son spends foolishly may well consider how far he can prudently give free rein to the extravagances of a boy who has got some day to be a man. To the father who finds it hard to make both ends meet by the strictest economy such extravagance is doubly a grievance; it drags him down and it injures the boy.

TRAPPING BEARS. The Mexicans in California in early days had an ingenious method of trapping bears before the advent of the Yankees brought modern firearms into the region. A piece of meat was nailed to the stout, horizontal limb of an oak tree. From a limb five or six feet above a rope was suspended, to the end of which a large stone was made fast, so that it hung about six inches above and a trifle nearer the trunk than the meat on the lower limb. When the bear smelt the meat from afar he would climb the tree and make his way to the meat. In doing so he would push the stone pendulum to one side. Just as he was about to fasten his teeth in the meat the stone would swing back and bang his head. This would rouse the anger of the bear, and he would give the stone a sweep of his paw which would send it swinging further out. The consequence was a harder bang and more anger. The more he struck the stone the harder he would be hit in return, until, from ferocious anger, he would lose his caution and attack the pendulum with all his vigor. One powerful sweep, then bang, and bruin would be tumbled out of the tree to the rocks below, where, disabled by his fall, he would be at the mercy of those who set the trap whenever they chose to take him.

Chats With Young Men

INORDINATE LOVE OF TALKING. A well-known Jesuit writer, Rev. P. P. Garesche, says on this subject in "The Little Imperfections:" A widespread pleasantry attributes this defect chiefly to women, and the run of satirical wit upon this point is inexhaustible; but of this inordinate talkativeness, as of curiosity, we may claim that many men are equally culpable, and consequently both sexes should guard against this imperfection. Doubtless, my dear friend, in the ordinary condition of society, we are not to be reduced to the silence of the Trappists; and the Catholic religion, so large in heart, does not impose on the generality of men a severity of life or a stern constraint like those which certain sects of Protestants have affected. Far from this, the Catholic ought to be affable, unconstrained. When he is engaged in conversation with his family, or in the world, he should take his part with simplicity and ease, carefully avoiding all that savors of ultra rigorism; for nothing would render devotion more odious to persons who judge only the conduct of those who practice it. But between those effusions of frankness and cordiality and an exaggerated love of speaking, there is all the difference that exists between a reasonable use and an evident abuse. It is good, useful and necessary to bear part in the conversation of the circle in which we are placed; it is wrong and even dangerous to give in to excess in speaking.

When we grant the tongue an unlimited freedom, it is very difficult, not to say impossible, that it should not be at the expense of charity. How is it to speak, much, or to talk incessantly, without finding a temptation, almost a necessity, to criticize this person or to censure another, to attribute evil intentions to a third or to place in a ridiculous aspect lesser faults, even if the greater are spared.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Fourth Form—Excellent, H. Campbell, J. Witmer, B. Buckel, F. Martin, J. Akrey, J. McCool, W. Orr, J. McClean, J. Haffey, J. Clarke, J. Carolan, A. Deo, Frank Albert, C. McCurdy, good, W. Massey, F. Kelly, E. Landreville. General Proficiency—Junior Fourth, J. Witmer, J. McCool, J. Clarke. Senior Fourth—A. Deo, W. Orr, J. Carolan, B. Buckel. Senior Third Form—Excellent, W. Overend, J. Bauer, J. McTague, J. Mulholland, W. Monahan, W. Murphy, L. Wade, T. McConvey, W. Hanson, G. Foley, M. Christie, good, W. Denison, A. Snider, N. Kelly, M. Moad, J. Martin, L. Brodie, J. Bellmore, J. Skain, L. Jenkins, F. Sicking. General Proficiency—S. Wade, W. Bourdon, J. O'Donohue. Junior Third Form—Excellent, W. Ayers, T. O'Brien, T. Lundy, L. Albert, F. O'Brien, E. Curtis, F. Lane, B. Donovan, J. Hartford, C. McEvoy, J. Nicholson, P. Spelman, good, W. Vahey, H. Bolger, J. Bunker, E. Doyle, J. Emmons, W. Gibbs, R. Grossi, E. Hanson, N. Hickey, D. McCarthy, D. Howe, W. McGinn, L. Ryan, E. Sullivan, C. Watson, F. Ryan, P. Tenute. Honor Roll—Excellent, H. Landreville, T. Shannon, L. Murphy, good, F. Fensom, H. Doran, J. Deferrari, J. Cronin, F. Hickey, J. McDevitt, J. Skain, G. Moore, A. Massey, J. Smith, J. Lane, P. Haffey, T. Cavanagh, O. Hickey, E. McTague, E. Devine, C. Edwards.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL—BOYS. Testimonials—Excellent, W. Carroll, A. Gentle, W. Kirk, L. Lambrick, F. Carey, S. Jamieson, F. McGinn, F. Glynn, B. Barrett, R. Halligan, F. Bero, L. Ryan and W. Rutledge, good, J. McManus, A. Johnson, E. Glynn, T. O'Brien, J. Tracey, L. Donville, W. Hennessy, W. Quinn, J. Noonan, J. Cooney, M. Turano, T. Granery, P. Kearns, J. Harrigan, F. Kelly, J. Britton and G. Atkinson. Best attendance for first half year—S. Jamieson, F. Glynn, F. Bero, W. Kirk and L. Ryan. General Proficiency—A. Gentle. THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

In washing woollens and flannels, Levers Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER. Low at the threshold of this white new year I kneel in prayer; Lord, may it be A Temple unto Thee; Wherein each rounded day may stand A column grand; Grant that the walls may be Of work for Thee, With faith for buttress firm; And for the shadowing arch above Oh, roof it with Thy love, And on the spire of hope The cross of Courage set, Lord, this were yet An empty temple and a barren year— Oh, be Thou present on the altar there, And may the incense of unceasing prayer Make sweet the air. Thou, Lord, the builder and the inmate be, I but the mason under Thee. My hours the blocks to raise A Temple to Thy praise. —Catholic World Magazine.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL. Boys' Honor Roll for December. Form IV.—Excellent, W. Chase, C. March, M. Mehan, T. Hennessy, E. Marrin, E. Halloran, J. Neville, T. O'Hearn, G. Roche, J. Regan, F. Shearns, F. Rooney, J. Scott, H. Giblin, C. Higgins, good, N. Moore, S. Horley. Form III.—Excellent, J. Murray, J. Mohan, F. Guay, C. Heck, J. Brownrigg, J. Burns, T. Fox, A. Keeler, W. Clue, E. Roach, J. Maroni, J. Mulrooney, P. Quigley, I. Cleary, C. O'Leary, F. O'Hagan, F. Kenny, E. Hurst, J. Fletcher, W. Menton, F. Richardson, J. Lobraico, J. Conlon, J. O'Neill. Form II.—Excellent, A. Guay, C. O'Leary, J. McNamara, W. Shipley, R. O'Donoghue, A. Lobraico, A. Traying, F. Tobin, J. Boomer, A. Castrucci, W. Wells, J. Clume, M. Burns, A. Heck, W. Dunbar, good, E. McGee, C. Abdon, P. Thompson, J. Muto, T. Dejos, R. Lobraico, J. Melloway, O. Roche, R. Mullins. MONTHLY COMPETITION. Form IV.—Sen. Div., F. Rooney, C. March, J. Scott (equal), and J. Neville. Jun. Div.—H. Giblin, C. Higgins and S. Horley. Form III.—Sen. Div., J. Murray, C. Heck and F. Guay. Jun. Viv.—C. F. O'Leary, W. Menton and T. O'Hagan. Form II.—Sen. Div., R. O'Donoghue, A. Guay and A. Traying (equal), and W. Shipley. Jun. Div.—J. Boomer, F. Tobin and W. Dunbar (equal), and A. Castrucci.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Fourth Form—Excellent, H. Campbell, J. Witmer, B. Buckel, F. Martin, J. Akrey, J. McCool, W. Orr, J. McClean, J. Haffey, J. Clarke, J. Carolan, A. Deo, Frank Albert, C. McCurdy, good, W. Massey, F. Kelly, E. Landreville. General Proficiency—Junior Fourth, J. Witmer, J. McCool, J. Clarke. Senior Fourth—A. Deo, W. Orr, J. Carolan, B. Buckel. Senior Third Form—Excellent, W. Overend, J. Bauer, J. McTague, J. Mulholland, W. Monahan, W. Murphy, L. Wade, T. McConvey, W. Hanson, G. Foley, M. Christie, good, W. Denison, A. Snider, N. Kelly, M. Moad, J. Martin, L. Brodie, J. Bellmore, J. Skain, L. Jenkins, F. Sicking. General Proficiency—S. Wade, W. Bourdon, J. O'Donohue. Junior Third Form—Excellent, W. Ayers, T. O'Brien, T. Lundy, L. Albert, F. O'Brien, E. Curtis, F. Lane, B. Donovan, J. Hartford, C. McEvoy, J. Nicholson, P. Spelman, good, W. Vahey, H. Bolger, J. Bunker, E. Doyle, J. Emmons, W. Gibbs, R. Grossi, E. Hanson, N. Hickey, D. McCarthy, D. Howe, W. McGinn, L. Ryan, E. Sullivan, C. Watson, F. Ryan, P. Tenute.

ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL—BOYS. Testimonials—Excellent, W. Carroll, A. Gentle, W. Kirk, L. Lambrick, F. Carey, S. Jamieson, F. McGinn, F. Glynn, B. Barrett, R. Halligan, F. Bero, L. Ryan and W. Rutledge, good, J. McManus, A. Johnson, E. Glynn, T. O'Brien, J. Tracey, L. Donville, W. Hennessy, W. Quinn, J. Noonan, J. Cooney, M. Turano, T. Granery, P. Kearns, J. Harrigan, F. Kelly, J. Britton and G. Atkinson. Best attendance for first half year—S. Jamieson, F. Glynn, F. Bero, W. Kirk and L. Ryan. General Proficiency—A. Gentle. THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1903.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The coming of Mgr. Sbarretti to take charge of the Apostolic Delegation at Ottawa has not been delayed. He was fittingly welcomed upon his arrival on Saturday, and on Sunday Archbishop Duhamel, with more formality, under the roof of his Basilica, assured him of the devotion of the Canadian hierarchy, clergy and laity.

The Delegate's reply was limited by the demands of the occasion. In acknowledging the cordiality of his welcome he transferred its intention to the Sovereign Pontiff, whose love of Canada he happily touched upon.

In every Catholic diocese of the Dominion, the attachment of the people to Pope Leo and his representative echoes the devoted sentiments to which the Apostolic Delegate heard expressed on his first Sunday in Canada.

RELIGION AND THE DAILY PRESS.

The appointment of Rev. J. A. Macdonald, a well-known Presbyterian minister, as editor-in-chief of The Globe shows the growing disposition of certain newspaper managers to give the daily press a religious leaning. Mr. Macdonald has long been identified with denominational journalism, and perhaps on that account his selection by The Globe directors would not be a nine days' wonder if it stood alone. But, as a matter of fact, The Globe has been in a manner a religious daily for some years. It was a little that way in good old "Deacon" Cameron's days, and under Mr. Willison it experienced a revival which must have paved the way for the present induction of Mr. Macdonald. While The Globe readers sat under Mr. Willison he was in the habit of inviting to the sanctum—or perhaps pulpit is the more exact word—Rev. C. A. Eaton, who held forth once a week in the editorial page. Mr. Eaton's religious views were brand new. They were supposed to be un denominational or unsectarian. That was to have been their chief charm. They were intended to be "so human you know." Well, they have gone the way of weak humanity, and The Globe seems to need a little of the iron of Presbyterianism to tone off the enervation that resulted. But this is not all. Mr. Willison, who has experienced a call from The Globe to labor in Mr. J. W. Flavelle's mission, is confidently expected to make The Evening News a hot rival of The Christian Guardian.

It all means of course a flattering tribute to the public influence of the religious press. But how will it fare with the denominational weeklies? Will the religious dailies put them to the wall? We can hardly think so.

After all a daily newspaper must be a paper devoted to the general news and affairs of the day. As soon as it dons denominational black it ceases to be a newspaper. If The Globe is to become a Presbyterian daily and The Evening News a Methodist halpenny, that is what they will amount to. Nothing more. In the course of time they will find a weekly impression all that their respective constituencies demand.

When Mr. Willison disengaged himself from The Globe he left in charge Mr. John Lewis, who has been the ablest writer that paper has known since the days of E. W. Thomson. Under Mr. Lewis The Globe was calculated to become once more a powerful Liberal journal. The genuine Liberalism of Mr. Lewis had already begun to tell when Mr. Macdonald's appointment was announced. Mr. Lewis has since thrown up his position and joined The World.

Towards Mr. Macdonald The Register has only feelings of admiration and esteem. He it was who from his pulpit and by his writings in The Canada Presbyterian, drove that shameless impostor Margaret L. Sheppard out of Canada. His denunciations have not ceased to follow her to the ends of the earth. That he will conduct The Globe upon broad lines is certain.

tions have not ceased to follow her to the ends of the earth. That he will conduct The Globe upon broad lines is certain.

BRIGHTER OUTLOOK FOR IRELAND.

The prospects of Ireland appear brighter at the beginning of 1903 than for many a year. The cable despatches this week report a great step towards the settlement of the land question. This is the general opinion in Dublin with regard to the result of the round table conference between the landlords and tenants presided over by Lord Dunraven. The report does not touch compulsory purchase, but outlines a scheme for the abolition of the dual ownership of the land, and clears the way for final legislation on the subject. The report has been sent to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, who has undertaken to introduce a land purchase bill into Parliament during the coming session, and he will undoubtedly be considerably influenced by its suggestions. One difficulty in the way is the attitude of landowners like the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Abercorn and Col. Sanderson, who boycotted the conference. Captain Shawe-Taylor, of Limerick, who suggested the conference, is on his way to America to rouse the interest of President Roosevelt and other friends of Ireland in it.

This reliance upon trans-Atlantic opinion is steadily growing more pronounced in the old country. The Canadian meetings in favor of Home Rule have excited deep interest there. It will be remembered that Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, appeared on the platform at the meeting held in Ottawa, and declared himself in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The Manchester Guardian, whose representative called on Mr. Scott with reference to the matter, makes some editorial commentary on Canadian sympathy with Ireland. It says: "Mr. Scott pointed out that so representative a body as the House of Commons of Canada had on several occasions, by an almost unanimous vote, affirmed the wisdom of granting local self-government to Ireland. The vote was taken in 1882, and was supported by both parties in the Canadian Parliament. And the late Sir John Macdonald, at the time Premier, who was always regarded as the most loyal of British subjects, said in his speech on the occasion: 'I have always had great sympathy with the people of Ireland, who have suffered from the centuries of misrule inflicted on them.'"

"The question is sometimes asked," continues The Manchester Guardian, "why should Canadian statesmen intrude their opinions so frequently on this subject?" The answer given shows an intelligent appreciation of the whole matter. "For many good reasons. Apart from their natural sympathy with fellow-subjects who have suffered long and unjustly from mis-government, the Canadians are convinced that Ireland would have been a source of strength to the Empire had her reasonable aspirations been gratified. As it is, unjust laws are responsible for the expatriation of four millions who have gone from Ireland to the United States; there they, their descendants and sympathizers, have influenced the press and public opinion against the Empire."

The Manchester Guardian further remarks that to an intelligent foreigner who reflected on British history and politics, it must be a constant source of wonder that the nation which had the foresight and the Imperial sense to give self-government to Canada, Australia and South Africa, and which has seen the splendid fruits of that policy, should refuse Ireland the same opportunity. To the free Colonists themselves, as an English paper writes, it is not unnatural that the inconsistency should appear as a piece of disloyalty to the principle which they value above all others. "It was only a few months ago," that we were afforded an indication of how strong this feeling is in Australia. It is not on every question of home politics that mass meetings such as that recently called in support of Home Rule are held in Sydney. Nor would the Canadian Secretary of State have appeared on a platform in Ottawa to protest against an English corn tax, say, or Education Bill. It was because he knew what Home Rule had meant for Canada that Mr. Scott attended the meeting of the Irish delegates. As a Canadian Nationalist—and all true Canadians are Nationalists—he knows that nationalism is the very life of our Empire, and that the Empire is

menaced when nationalism is confounded with disloyalty, as many Englishmen persist in doing where Ireland is concerned."

THE MAYORALTY.

The Toronto Mayorality contest has resulted in the election of Alderman Thomas Urquhart. His three opponents being Conservatives split the party vote among them and Mr. Urquhart verified his own calculations by slipping in. The Mayor-elect is an opponent of the Bell Telephone monopoly, of the Gas and Electric Light monopolies, and of the Street Railway scheme to force a perpetual franchise from the city. He will make an honest Mayor and a capable one, it supported by the Council.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Marconi is a wizard. The end of the present month, according to an authentic cable despatch, will see a British mail steamer sailing from Liverpool equipped with a complete staff and plant for the publication on board of a newspaper every day during the voyage to New York. There is no doubt or uncertainty about the prospect. The contracts have been made. The Marconi Company will supply the news, and the printers and machinery necessary to produce the first ocean daily newspaper are all ready to begin work. Cuthbert Hall hesitated to mention the name of the ship aboard which the first experiment is to be made, and only gave it in confidence, until the result of the first voyage is known.

The great German publisher, Herder, will this month bring out the first number of a new Catholic magazine, "The Biblical Quarterly." More than sixty university professors and learned members of religious orders, Jesuits, Benedictines, and others, have promised their co-operation. The name of the magazine indicates its character. It will treat of Biblical questions, with reviews, criticisms and notices of Biblical publications.

Catholicity is progressive in Germany. The total population of Germany to-day is over 56 millions, the increase since 1870 having been no less than 16 millions. In this increase the Catholics are well represented. The total Catholic population of Germany amounts to 20 millions, distributed throughout 5 Archdioceses, 20 Bishops, 1 Vicariate Apostolic, 2 prefectures, and some miscellaneous missions. The most populous diocese is that of Breslau, with 2,658,506 Catholics; then come the diocese of Cologne, with nearly as large a population. Treves, Paderborn, Fribourg have Catholic populations well over a million in each instance, while Munich follows close up. There are in all 10,955 parishes, the pastoral charge of which is in the hands of 19,170 secular, and 1,148 regular priests. In a great number of towns the whole population is most strict in the observance of religious duties, and on Sundays the churches, always filled to overflowing with devout congregations, present a magnificent spectacle. Even in Berlin, the Catholic services are well attended, and the clergy are hardly equal to the demands made upon them.

Once again appears the mystery of French popular indifference to the cause of religion. The Senatorial elections were held on January 4, and the returns indicate the victory of Premier Combes by an increased majority.

THOSE BOGUS PRAYERS.

Writing of the unauthorized "prayers" which designing or misguided people put in circulation among certain classes of our Catholic people, Church Progress truly says: "Of course, it is always the good, pious people, who are imposed upon by their circulation. They never give any concern to those on whom religion rests lightly. But good, pious people should shun them. Not infrequently are such alleged powerful prayers the work of some designing bigot. They are put forth with the express purpose of deceiving. It is the bigot's method of testing the credulity of the devout and unsuspecting Catholic. They possess no more virtue than the paper on which they appear. As a final word, however, on the subject, we would say to all who seek authentic Catholic prayers that they should stick to the prayer book. In these they will find those which have received the approval of the Church. If they desire to follow a particular devotion, the prayers proper for it they will find in some approved manual. Here there can be no mistake, for all such books bear upon their initial pages the approbation that makes them authentic. Accept none without it and use only such as have it, and no mistake will be made."

SIN OF DETRACTION.

One May Offend Against Charity Though Only the Truth be Spoken.

(From The Catholic Transcript.)

To absolve oneself of the sin of detraction on the ground that nothing but the truth was spoken is, as we have seen, one way of getting around a difficulty that is no way at all. Some excuses are better than none, others are not. It is precisely the truth of such talk that makes it detraction; if it were not true, it would not be detraction, but calumny—another and very different fault. It would be well for such people to reflect for a moment, and ask themselves if their own character would stand the strain of having their secret sins and failings subjected to public criticism and censure, their private shortcomings heralded from every housetop. Would they, or would they not, consider themselves injured by such revelations? Then it would be in order for them to use the same rule and measure in dealing with others.

He who does moral evil offends in the sight of God and forfeits God's esteem and friendship. But it does not follow that he should also forfeit the esteem of his fellowmen. The latter evil is nothing compared with the first; but it is a great misfortune nevertheless. If a man's private iniquity is something that concerns himself and his God, to the exclusion of all others, then whosoever presumes to judge and condemn him trespasses on forbidden ground, and is open to judgment and condemnation himself before his Maker.

All do not live in stone mansions who throw stones. If there is a mote in the neighbor's eye, perhaps there is a very large piece of timber in your own. Great zeal in belaboring the neighbor for his faults will not lessen your own, nor make you appear an angel of light before God when you are something very different. If you employed this same zeal towards yourself, you would obtain more consoling results, for charity begins at home. One learns more examining one's own conscience than dissecting and flaying others.

It may be objected that since detraction deals with secret sins, if the facts related are of public notoriety, there is no wrong in speaking of them, for you cannot vilify one who is already vilified. This is true; and then, again, it depends. First, these faults must be of public notoriety. A judicial sentence may make them such but the fact that some, many, or a great many know and speak of them will not do it. The public is everybody, or nearly everybody. Do not take your friends for the public, when they are only a fraction thereof. If you do you will find out oftener than it is pleasant that your sins of detraction are sins of slander; for rumors are very frequently based on nothing more substantial than lies or distorted and exaggerated facts set afloat by a calumniator.

Even when a person has justly forfeited, and publicly, the consideration of his fellow-men, and it is not therefore injurious to his character to speak of his evil ways, justice may not be offended, but charity may be, and grievously. It is a sin, an uncharity to harp on one's faults in the spirit of spite, or with the cruel desire to maintain his dishonor; to leave no stone unturned in order to thoroughly blacken his name. In doing this you sin against charity, because you do something you would not wish to have done unto you. Justice itself would be violated if, even in the event of the facts related being notorious, you speak of them to people who ignore them and are not likely ever to come to a knowledge of them.

If you add, after telling all you know about a poor devil, that he did penance and repaired his sin, you must not imagine that such atonement will rehabilitate him in the minds of all. Men are more severe and unforgetting than God. Grace may be recovered, but reputation is a thing which, once lost is usually lost for good. Something of the infamy sticks; tears and good works will not cannot, wash it away. He, therefore, who banks too much on human magnanimity is apt to err; and his erring constitutes a fault.

"But I confided the secret to but one person; and that one a dear friend who promised to keep it." Yes, but the injured party has a right to the estimation of that one person, and his injury consists precisely in being deprived of it. Besides, you accuse yourself openly. Either what you said was void of all harm, or it was not. In the other, why not begin yourself by observing the silence you impose upon others! Your friend will do what you did, and the ball you set rolling will not stop until there is nothing left of your victim's character.

Of course there are times when to speak of another's faults is derogatory neither to justice nor to charity; both may demand that the evil be revealed. A man to defend himself may expose his accuser's crookedness; in court his lawyer may do it for him, for here again charity begins at home. In the interests of the delinquent, to effect his correction, one may reveal his shortcomings to those who have authority to correct. And it is even admitted that a person in trouble of any kind may without sin, for the

purpose of obtaining advice or consolation, speak to a judicious friend of another's evil ways.

Zeal for the public good may not only excuse, but even require that the true character of a bad man be shown up and publicly censured. Its object is to prevent or undo evil, to protect the innocent; it is intended to destroy an evil influence and to make hypocrisy fly under its own colors, immoral writers, living or dead, corrupt politicians and demagogues, unconscious wretches who prey on public ignorance may and should be made known to the people; to shield them is to share their guilt. This should not be done in a spirit of vengeance, but for the sole purpose of guarding the unwary against vultures who know no law and who thrive on the simplicity of their hearers.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN LONDON SLUMS.

From his beautiful church in Farm street, one of the best residential sections of London, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has gone to the "slums" of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst their inhabitants. He has rented a room in the Commercial Road district, in which he lives, a poor man amongst the poor. For years, it is said, the reverend father has thought over such a method of reaching the submerged masses, and now he has achieved his desire and is laboring with excellent results.

His unique methods are described in the following excerpt from a report in The London Monitor and New Era:

"Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in continuation of his sium crusade, spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a dark, grimy court off Periwinkle street and within hailing distance of the Stepney Railway Station. As on previous Sundays, the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary acted as bell-ringers and collectors, and before the meeting Father Vaughan himself made a tour of the neighboring courts and alleys, ringing his huge bell and coaxing all and every one to come to hear the Word of God. And in the drizzling rain what a grimy, woeful aspect everything in this desolate neighborhood seemed to wear. Many of the mothers and children looked miserably and hungry and dirty; the houses are small and mean; the streets and courts are ill-kept and narrow, and the only sign of prosperity is in the palatial public houses here and there looking down contemptuously on the tiny abodes, from which they derive their sustenance and wealth. The East End poverty and want are at present very acute, but at the bottom it is in many cases but another phase of the drink question.

"Day by day hundreds of men, women and little children are going without 'anyfink for dinner,' and the last of the pots and pans, furniture and spare clothes—trivial treasures in which they took such pride—have gone in the usual way of such things—to the sign of the three balls. The men are out of work, the women are heart-broken and ill and the children starve. All this is perfectly, bitterly true of the thousands who by force of circumstances dwell in those dreary crime-laden dens known as 'London's slums.' The people are totally unable to provide the things necessary to keep alive the body. Then what can be said of their spiritual welfare? Is it at all likely that the generalities of these starving, miserable mortals will feel inclined, on the Sunday, for instance, to go to church, be it Catholic or Protestant? Is it likely that their spiritual life is being properly attended to, considering the horrible neglect of their poor, half-frozen, emaciated bodies? These are the questions which, presumably, the learned Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan—always the friend of the poor and needy—has been asking himself.

"The court in which he preached is about fifty yards long, four yards wide, and the single-story little houses were all barred and shuttered externally and in friendly communication by a series of clothes lines extending across the street and not more than six feet high. The sermon was a simple, eloquent plea calling on all to go to confession and Holy Communion for Christmas. The court was packed and all listened with reverence to the beautiful moving words which again told the story of our Lord's redemption and the love of our Lord for the poor. Several hymns were sung and the Litany of Our Lady recited before the meeting broke up."

THE POPE AGAINST DUELLING.

Rome, Jan. 3.—The Pope is about to issue an encyclical against the practice of duelling. He will appeal to all Christian Governments to suppress the practice, which is described as a survival of the middle ages.

ASKED THE POPE'S BLESSING.

Honolulu, Jan. 4.—One of the first cable messages from Honolulu was sent by Bishop Gulistan of the Catholic Church in the islands to Pope Leo extending New Year's congratulations and asking for the Pope's blessing on the Bishop, who is dying.

ROMAN DECREES.

Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Let the Vespers be divided when the feast of the Holy Family concurs with the feast of the Most Sacred Crown of Thorns.

The Rev. Onesimus Machez, canon of the Cathedral Church of Arras and framer of the diocesan Calendar, most humbly seeks, with the permission of his most reverend ordinary, from the solution of the following doubt, namely: By permission of the Apostolic See the feast of the Holy Family of Nazareth is transferred to the Thursday after Ash Wednesday, and consequently concurs with the first Vespers of the Most Sacred Crown of Thorns, whose office is assigned to the following day; how, therefore, next year, that is 1902, will the Vespers of the Holy Family be ordered?

The subscribed secretary referred the question to the same Sacred Congregation, and after the judgment of the Liturgical Commission had been sought and all things had been duly weighed, it decided this solution should be given: Let the Vespers be divided according to the Rubrics. And thus it replied, on the fourth day of March, 1901.

D. CARD. FERRATA, Prefect.
D. PANCI, Archbishop of Laodicea, Secretary.

The Holy Father Leo XIII.'s Congratulation Sent to Archbishop Ireland on the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Erection of St. Paul, Minnesota, Into a Diocese.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction.
Now that fifty years have gone by since the honor of being an episcopal see was conferred on the city of St. Paul, it is by right that the hearts of your Catholic people leap with joy and make ready to give thanks to God with the utmost magnificence. For when they call to mind the memory of the past, they cannot forget the small and humble beginnings of their infant church when the faithful were but a few hundred in number, and only three priests administered to them the sacraments of the Church and offered up the Sacrifice of the Mass. But to-day the Archepiscopal See of St. Paul has under its six suffragan sees, which together with their mother see are all of them flourishing not only in the number of their priests and people, but also in piety and Catholic institutions that are an example to others.

Wherefore, venerable brother, we rejoice with you; we shall take part in your thanksgiving to God; and we shall earnestly pray that He who blessed your beginnings with most copious fruit shall each day add a still greater harvest.

But as we are fully aware that this state of affairs, so full of consolation, is due for the most part to you, who for thirty-six years have toiled for the welfare of St. Paul's diocese, we congratulate you on your strenuous activity; and taking your past achievements as our gauge, we foresee with pleasure that you will accomplish what your vigor has in store for the future. Meanwhile, as a token of our affection, we most lovingly bestow on you, on the Bishops; clergy and faithful of the Archdiocese of St. Paul our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, June 18, 1901, the twenty-fourth year of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

CATHOLIC NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The Rev. Luke G. O'Reilly, pastor of St. Francis de Sales' Church, Utica, N. Y., died Dec. 22, from pneumonia, in his fifty-eighth year. He was founder of the church of which he was pastor.

A life-size statue of St. Anthony, the gift of Mrs. Thomas Cunningham and family of St. Dennis Church, Ardmore, Pa., and new Stations of the Cross were blessed on Dec. 21 after the late Mass by the rector, the Rev. John Nugent, O.S.A.

Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, Ia., has issued an appeal to the clergy of his diocese for funds to pay for the recent improvements made at St. Ambrose College, Davenport. These improvements cost \$25,000, of which \$10,000 was contributed by Bishop Cosgrove.

The Rev. George A. Hoefler, S. J., professor of Latin at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., died at the college on Dec. 15, after three months' illness with paralysis of the brain. Father Hoefler was born in Cincinnati and was the vice-president of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, ten years ago. The funeral took place from Holy Family Church.

Sister Julia, for three years superior of the House of Providence, Syracuse, N. Y., has been transferred to St. Vincent's Infant Hospital, in Chicago, Ill., to assume charge there. Eight years ago Sister Julia went from St. Vincent's in Chicago to an institution at Baltimore, where she remained until she went to Syracuse.

She has done good work there and made many friends, who are grieved at her departure. Sister De Sales, for twenty-six years connected with the House of Providence, succeeds Sister Julia as Sister Superior.

The work of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Green Bay, Wis., is progressing rapidly under the hands of the large force of men employed there, and the building has been sufficiently finished to allow the work of putting on the slate roof to be begun, and this work is now about completed. With the roof on the building the work of the interior can be carried on through the early winter months without interruption, and it is now expected that the building will be completed by about the first of February. It will not be occupied, however, before early spring. A large roof house has recently been added to the building.

The Rev. James T. Landrigan, who was ordained to the priesthood on Dec. 19, celebrated his first public Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mass., on Dec. 21st. Archbishop Williams and the entire corps of priests of the Cathedral occupied seats within the chancel rail as a special honor to the young priest, while in the congregation were hundreds of his priest friends. Assisting Father Landrigan in the celebration of the solemn service were two of his seminary associates, the Revs. John J. McGarry and Charles A. O'Brien, who were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The Rev. Thomas J. McCormack was the master of ceremonies. The Rev. Thomas R. McCoy, of the Cathedral, preached the sermon.

A CARDINAL'S STORY.

Simply, touchingly, as he had received it from Cardinal Vaughan a few days before, Cardinal Perraud told the story of the little girl, a daughter of an English clergyman, who, by her infantine remarks, unconsciously became, by the grace of God, an apostle in preaching the doctrine of the Real Presence. The relation of the anecdote was one of Cardinal Perraud's means of preaching at Paray-le-Monial the other day.

The little girl in question was taken one day by her still Protestant father to a Catholic church in London. She was but five years old. Noticing the lamp of the sanctuary she said:

"What is that lamp for?"

The father replied: "It is to show that Jesus is there behind that little golden door."

"I should like to see Jesus," she said.

"My child, you cannot. The door is shut and besides, Jesus is hid by a covering."

"Oh, I should like to see Jesus," she continued.

After that they went into a Protestant church where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle.

"Father, why is there no lamp?" she asked.

"Because Jesus is not there," was the reply.

After this the child spoke of nothing but the Catholic Church, persisting in saying that she "would go where Jesus was."

To complete the story, as told by Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Perraud added that the child's parents embraced the Catholic religion and with poverty, the father losing at once an income of £1,000 a year.

QUEER LITTLE PRAYER.

Mrs. Cartaret had assumed the care of her husband's six little orphan half-brothers and sisters. Some time before the crisis was reached Mrs. Cartaret went one evening to send the small boys to bed. She found all six kneeling around the dinner table, with Irvine, aged five, leading in prayer, and this is what she heard:

"O Lord, please come down here and do something quick! Brother's temperature is over 105, and you know what that means! If it doesn't come down quick, he'll be a goner, sure! Please don't let him die, but if he has to, send sister another husband, and please send him quick; for, I tell you what! With all these children to look after, we certainly do need a man in the house."

For the benefit of the curious reader, it may be added that Mr. Cartaret recovered.

The Rev. James Frazer, a Scotch Episcopal clergyman, was last week received into the bosom of the Catholic Church by the Benedictine Fathers of Fort Augustus.

MR. J. J. O'HEARN RECOVERING.
The many friends of our esteemed citizen, M. J. J. O'Hearn, will be pleased to know that he is recovering from a very severe illness which attacked him about two weeks ago. Mr. O'Hearn was out on election day, and called on several of his old friends.

Jack—Congratulate me! Mabel has accepted me. Edith—Really? I hope you're not superstitious. Jack—No, why? Edith—Because, you're the thirteenth who has accepted this season, I believe.

THE HEART OF THINGS

(Derek Vane in Black and White.)

She had just returned from the crowded concert hall, where she had enjoyed a veritable triumph. Her face was flushed and smiling, and she still held in her hands the great red bouquet of roses—her favorite flower—which had been given her as she left the platform. She was recalled to her surroundings by the voice of her maid, Fanon.

"There is a telegram for madam on the table," she said. Denise picked it up; it was addressed to Mrs. Fielden, which was unusual. She was known to the London world and her friends as "Mme. Elena." She opened it sharply. It was brief and to the point.

"I think it right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill."

"MICHAEL!" Unconsciously she crushed the message in her hand, and her thoughts flew to the Lincolnshire village where it had been written. She saw again the flat fen-land, the long stretches of empty wastes, which she had grown to loathe, almost to fear; all the grayness and barrenness which were so antagonistic to her gay, beauty-loving nature.

"He was never strong, as you may remember," he answered coldly. "He does not take after my family; he pines for warmth and sunshine, as you did. I must remind you that you have never given me reason to think you took any particular interest in him. I was not at all certain that you would come now."

"No, I don't know how long I shall be away. I will write." Her lips twitched as she thought of the fashionable French maid in the bare manor house with old Hannah for company.

"I wonder if he is really very ill?" she pondered, as she sat in the train. "I think Michael would scarcely have sent for me unless he were. The meeting will be as awkward, and uncomfortable for him as for me. Poor little Michael—what a name to give a child! I wonder what he is like now? He was not a pretty or interesting child. I remember he was always crying."

There was no one to meet her when she arrived, but that she did not expect, though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her coming.

After a drive of nearly an hour she recognized a familiar gate-way; she remembered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stonework, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live! I die!" Yes, that was all the Fieldens had been doing for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not had the energy, or, perhaps, the power, to stop the ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there now had grown sour and bitter with his baulked life.

"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said distantly, in reply to Denise's greeting. "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is very restless to-night, and can't well be left. If you will please to sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened the door of a room where a frugal meal was laid.

"I don't want anything, thank you," Denise said, hastily. "I will go up at once if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up the stairs.

She heard a murmur from the oak bed room, where the head of the house was always born and where most of them had died, and tapping lightly on the door she went in. No one had heard her, and for an instant she stood as though arrested on the threshold. What a great room it was! And how solitary those two figures looked in it!

"I am sorry to trouble you," the man said, getting up as she moved. "I am afraid you have had a long, tiring journey, but I thought you ought to know."

"You did quite right," she said, thickly. What a pitiful, little shrunken form it was, looking almost lost in the vast oak bedstead, of which it was a tradition that each successive Fielden should carve a panel, so that it had always seemed to Denise a weird resting place, belonging to the dead rather than to the living. She had woke up more than once on a moonlight night fancying ghostly fingers had come back to finish what

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also utterly worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

As a consequence, all proprietary remedies are regarded with suspicion by many people, and the good suffer for the bad.

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here and there had been left, incomplete.

"Oh, you poor little soul!" she cried, a sob in her voice, and the next moment her arms were over the bed, and the little figure was gathered over to her breast, where she crooned over it, calling him her baby, her little Michael, whom she had treated so badly, reproaching herself and showering soft kisses on the wan face in the same breath.

"He is very weak; you must not excite him," a warning voice said. She had forgotten that any one was there, and the calm, measured tones were like a rebuff. The old feeling of restraint and fear held her for a moment, but the mother love, which had woke up for the first time at sight of the forlorn, suffering child, rose stronger than anything else.

"I shall not hurt him," she said, holding the boy closer to her breast. "See, he is already more content." The little face certainly looked less tired and troubled, and one wasted arm had gone up around her neck, while he made himself at home as a matter of course in those unknown arms.

"Has he been long like this?" she asked. "You ought to have told me before."

"He was never strong, as you may remember," he answered coldly. "He does not take after my family; he pines for warmth and sunshine, as you did. I must remind you that you have never given me reason to think you took any particular interest in him. I was not at all certain that you would come now."

"Not come?" she exclaimed. Then she remembered. "I beg your pardon," she said humbly; "you are quite right. It is I who am to blame—I who am in the wrong. But—but," her voice growing husky, "I did not know he wanted me so badly. I was so young when I went away—I am not very old now—and I did not understand many things. Perhaps if you had reasoned with me—if you had pointed out—"

"Do you think I wanted a captive instead of a wife?" he asked, harshly. "I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature; I saw the hunted look in your eyes; I knew you would wear your life out in a little while if it went on."

"It was so dull—so dreary," she murmured, "and nobody wanted me, not even you, I think, after a little while. I interrupted your studies, I was restless and disturbed your routine, so when my legacy came it seemed to open a way of escape. I thought it was better for us to go our own road before we learned to hate each other. I had a gift—one—but it would not let me rest until I had tried what it was worth. I ought not to have married."

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that that was more my fault than yours. I was younger and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you of which you did not understand the import. No doubt you know yourself best. You have the life that suits you; you were free to go your own way."

"As you yours." "As I mine." Something in the voice made Denise move uneasily. For six years the man and the child had lived her together; her husband, her child. For six years she had nearly forgotten them both; not quite, though she had tried to do so. The man and the child had been growing old together—without love or happiness—while she had laughed and sung. There was nothing young in the house—not even the little form she held in her arms.

A week had passed, and little Michael thanks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted nursing and the interest she created in the child's mind, was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking at her, of admiring all the pretty things that gathered about her as a matter of course; he had never seen so many flowers, so much dainty luxury in his brief existence.

"You use these every day?" he asked in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles on her dressing table.

"Yes, every day," she said with a gay little laugh. "Do you think I am very extravagant?"

"Father hasn't anything pretty, in his room. I like to be here best," he said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which his mother had ordered from a neighboring town. She opened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing room when her husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tacit consent.

"There is something I wish to say to you if you are at leisure," he began. She thought how worn and gray he looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he stood, before her, the hard light from the setting sun showing up the lines on his cold, stern face, as it showed up the patches of damp on the wall paper and the unloveliness of the beautifully designed room. He and it both seemed thrown away under their present circumstances.

"I am quite at your service," she answered. "Little Michael is in bed and asleep, and I have nothing to do."

no longer? she asked herself, with a thrill of fear.

"As you say, he needs a great deal of care," he answered slowly. "He also needs more comfort and different surroundings to what I can give him. I have wondered—I have wondered," he repeated, "if you would like to take him with you when you go?"

"Like to take him?" she echoed, her face lighting up with joy. "Need you ask me?"

"No, perhaps not. I have thought that you seemed attached to him."

"Attached?" she repeated again with a laugh. "I love him with all my heart. I couldn't bear to be parted from him now. But don't you mind?" looking at him with inward resentment at his indifference. "Won't you be very lonely without him?"

"It will be best for the child to be with you for a time at least, I think, as you are willing to have him. And as you say, he is not strong enough to stand any shock, and he will miss you. I suppose your engagements will necessitate your returning to town soon?"

"Yes, I ought to have gone before," flushing at his evident anxiety to get rid of her. "We will go as soon as the doctor says we can travel." Then as he was leaving the room, "I—I should like to thank you very much for trusting me—for letting me have him."

"There is no need. I have been thinking it over, and it seems best for the boy," he answered, as he closed the door.

"Of course there would be no thought of me in it," she said to herself bitterly. "I wonder why he hates me so much now? Once upon a time, the rose color in her cheeks growing deeper, 'I am sure he cared for me more than a little in his curious, restrained way.'"

It was still early when she went upstairs to bed, and she was tired of her own company. As she lit the candles the boy opened his eyes—he slept in a little bed in her room now—and called to her.

"I'm not a bit sleepy. Come and talk to me, mother," he said. She sat down in the low chair and laid her head on his pillow, as he liked to have her.

"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," she said, tucking one of his hands under her cheek. "What do you think has happened? You are to come with me to mother's home. How do you like that?"

A wiser and more prudent mother would have hesitated to excite the child at that hour, but Denise was a creature of impulse.

"Go away with you and see all the beautiful things you have told me about? Do you really mean it, mother? How lovely!" springing up in bed with shining eyes. "And is father coming, too?"

"Father does not want to come, darling. The childish face grew grave.

"It will be dull for father all alone here," he said seriously. "You ask him to come, mother; he'll come for you."

"Not for me, for me perhaps least of all," she murmured, forgetting that she was talking to a child; but little Michael was wiser than his years.

"Go now, mother," he said coaxingly. "Try . . . Wait, I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you. Father keeps a picture of you locked up, and I saw him looking at it one night, and—and, in an awed whisper, 'he kissed it before he put it away. People must love a person very much to kiss their picture, mustn't they, mother?' Kisses had been rare luxuries in his life.

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DECAY OF ULSTER

(From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.) The summary of the Ulster census brings into more striking prominence than the separate tables for the Counties have done, the decay of the rural population of Ulster. On the general result of the census, indeed, Ulster is to be congratulated. The net decrease of its population is only 2.3 per cent., and contrasts most favorably with the decline of the other Irish provinces. But this comparatively satisfactory figure merely masks the statistics of decay which are painfully evident in the summary. Outside the County Boroughs of Belfast and Londonderry, which added to their respective populations during the Census period increases of 75,998 and 6,692 persons, a total decrease of 119,676 persons took place in the Ulster Counties. The decrease affects all sections of the population. The Protestant element in the several districts as heavily as the Catholic. For example, while Londonderry County shows a decrease of 12.0 per cent., and Fermanagh a decrease of 11.8 per cent., Donegal has decreased in population by only 6.4 per cent., and comes out of the reckoning almost as satisfactorily as Antrim and Down, in which the decrease was 5.7 and 6.2 per cent. Again, while the Catholic population registers a smaller percentage in Antrim, Belfast City, Fermanagh and Londonderry, it is relatively stronger in all the other counties—Cavan, Donegal, Down, where the ratio has notably changed in the Catholic direction; Londonderry County and City, Monaghan and Tyrone. We thus emphasize the fact, because it disposes of some of the current theories regarding the causes of the Irish decline. The Ulster Census is utterly inconsistent with the explanation that the industrial and social decay of Ireland is due to the Celtic temperament and the Catholic religion. Celtic and Catholic Donegal is not more retrogressive than Protestant Down; and the blight has fallen upon the descendants of the old Plantation as disastrously as upon the Catholic Celts who were driven out to the bogs and highlands. The cause of Irish decay is not racial and is not religious; if it were, the Ulster Census would tell another tale. One is not surprised that a Scotch Presbyterian Lowlander like Mr. T. W. Russell, who has become familiar with the facts and conditions of life in Protestant Ulster, should at long last have been driven to the same convictions regarding the cause of this social blight as Mr. Dillon, of Connaught, or Mr. O'Brien, of Munster.

In truth, as far as regards the fight against the hard circumstances that have reduced the Irish agricultural industry to stagnation, the descendants of Magennis, McKennas and O'Rorke's Magennis, McKennas and O'Rorke's would seem to have held their own even better than the sons of the Plantation. There are 145,235 farmers in Ulster, and of these no fewer than 81,824 are Catholics. Though the significance of the number is lessened by the fact that the smallest and poorest holdings are mainly occupied by Catholics, it proves that in the battle against adverse conditions they have had more than a proportionate share of success. That those conditions were harder for the Catholics, and, indeed, for the Presbyterian element of the population, one significant little figure shows. Catholics are 44.3 per cent. of the population of Ulster; Presbyterians are 26.9 per cent.; Protestant Episcopalians are only 22.8. The distribution of local government offices was, down to 1899,

the infallible index to the sentiment of the dominant aristocracy to the various sections of the population. Even though a little had been done to redress the balance between 1899 and 1901, we find that of the municipal and county officials at the date of the Census 40 per cent. were Protestant Episcopalians, only 28 per cent. Presbyterians, and only 22 per cent. Catholics. The spirit of the Grand Jury Room was the spirit of the rent-office, and the Celtic survival in Ulster may be counted as one of the sturdiest victories of the race. Ascendancy, however, is not quite dead yet. It manifests itself in departments of public life in Ireland quite outside the Government offices. Take, for example, the Banks of Ulster. There are 841 officials in the Bank service of Ulster; only 61, or less than one in fifteen, are Catholics. The Orangism of the Grand Juries was never as intolerant as these figures prove the controllers of the Banks of Ulster to be. Can the Catholic merchants of Ulster do nothing here?

One million, eighty-five thousand, five-hundred-and-ninety emigrants left Ulster during the past fifty years. Last decade the number was eighty-six thousand, four hundred and fifty-five. This number was, however, considerably less than half the number for the preceding decade, and so far there would seem to be an improvement. But the statistics of pauperism negative the opinion. The spring of 1891 followed upon a winter of exceptional distress. At that date the number of paupers in Ulster was found to be only one in every hundred of the population; in April, 1901, the ratio of paupers to the population was one in eighty-six. In fact, in the smaller population the number of paupers was absolutely greater by two thousand three hundred and twenty-three; and while there was a decrease of over thirty-three thousand in the general population, the indoor workhouse population increased by six hundred and fifty-one. Manifestly the Irish question is an Ulster question, too.

A DISGUSTING THING. One of the most disgusting figures one meets is the young man whose head is empty, and his mouth full of tobacco juice and curses. Sit down in a boat or train or any public place, and you will not have waited long before you behold him. If you were blind, he would be equally plain to you, by means of his rattling tongue and disgusting speech. The name of our Saviour is introduced two or three times in every sentence he utters in his rapid and silly remarks. The most profound subject with which he has ever made himself acquainted, is the latest hockey match or race; and even in discussing that he betrays his limitations, and the most shrinking thing about his discourse is the originality of his methods of attack upon the Sacred Names. This is no overdrawn picture. Such young men are met with everywhere. They are the North American savages of to-day.—Antigonish Casket.

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GOOD STORIES ABOUT JOHN MACKAY. (From The Chicago Tribune.) "Once I went to Mackay," said Sam Davis, of Carson City, "and said, 'John, old Lufe Peters died last night, and his widow hasn't got a blamed cent left.'"

"How much had we better do for her?" Mackay asked. "I guess we can stand \$500," I said. "All right. How'll we divide it up? Even between us?" "No," I said. "Let's divide it in proportion to our incomes. You write a check for the \$500 and I'll furnish the postage stamp to mail it with."

"All right," said Mackay, as he sat down to write the check, "but don't you ever let that woman know where this money came from. I'll make out the check to you, and you send her your check."

"John," I answered, "that wouldn't fool a sheep. Old lady Peters's number might well I ain't throwing five-hundred-dollar checks around as if they were parlor matches."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mackay, with a chuckle, "I'll pretend that old Crooks sent the money, and when the old skin-flint gets the letter of thanks the woman'll write him he'll drop dead with surprise."

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and accordingly, I had his check cashed and took the roll of bills down and personally handed it to the widow. "Where did this money come from, Mr. Davis?" she asked. "Oh, I answered carelessly, 'a bunch of your friends here in Carson made up a little purse for you.'"

Chief Justice McGuire, of the Northwest Territories, has resigned, and will be succeeded by Hon. A. L. Sifton, Commissioner of Public Works in the Territories Government.

Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland.)

"No," John rose, and paced up and down the little room. "I quite see that; and, besides—oh, mother, their goodness and kindness are so great that I feel ashamed when I think of what the realization—the success of my hopes would mean to them. When they were strangers to me I saw no harm in trying to worm out any information I could. Now I see things differently. Treated as a friend of the house, loved—esteemed as I do it would be unworthy, treacherous to stay on at Riversdale, and plot the downfall of Tristram, Lord Linton, and bring Margaret Fane to poverty."

"I quite agree, and the sooner you cease to be steward there the better."

"I feel—I know—you are right," John answered low. "But if I give up my employment at Riversdale what am I to do? I do not wish to be dependent on my step-father, and I should die of ennuï here, with nothing to do all day."

"You need not be dependent on anyone. What's mine is yours, John, and I can make you an allowance out of my own fortune, remember. It will not be large, but sufficient for your wants."

He stooped and kissed her. "You are generous yiy namn aan there ooa are generosity itself, little mother. But I must have work to do. Fancy walking round Sturry all day with my hands in my pockets! Why, it would kill me in a week!"

"You did it before."

He laughed, and walked over to the window.

"So I did. But that was before I knew—"

His face suddenly changed. His eyes lit up with a great joy. "Mother," he cried gladly, "some visitors are coming up the path."

"Visitors? My dear John, it is a late hour for visitors. Tell the girl to say not at home."

"My dear mother, I'll do nothing of the kind. These are privileged people, and must be received with great honor."

Mrs. Otway stared in amazement at her son's radiant countenance. "Who are these people, John?"

John threw back his head and laughed happily. "Need you ask? These people, mother dear, are Margaret Fane and her brother, little Hugo."

"What? They never came here before?"

"Never." He strode towards the door. "But Hugo has been longing to see the cottage and you, and, gaily, 'Hugo always gets his own way.' And in a moment he was gone."

"The lad is bewitched about these people, and the whole situation seems to me inconsistent," Isabel murmured testily. She was not prepared for visitors, and she would have given a good deal to avoid meeting Margaret Fane just then. But, knowing that escape was out of the question, she threw aside her work and book, and rose to receive her with as good a grace as possible.

CHAPTER XXV.

Few persons could resist Margaret Fane's charm of manner for very long, and Isabel felt herself drawn irresistibly towards the young girl when she had met her honest, grey eyes and listened to the sound of her low, sympathetic voice. With Hugo, poor little, helpless Hugo, she fell in love at once, and as she looked at the slender form laid upon the sofa, saw his golden head reclining against the cushions, she was struck by his wonderful likeness to her own pretty Beryl.

"They might be brother and sister almost," she thought, twisting a golden curl round her finger. "They are true Fanes. Bright and brilliant in temper and coloring like my beloved Archie. John and Margaret are different, quite another type, though bearing not the slightest resemblance to each other. Truly Margaret is a winsome creature—dangerously so—unless—But such a dream as that could never come true."

"I trust, dear Mrs. Otway," Margaret said, a little shyly, "that you will forgive us for intruding upon you so late in the afternoon. But we were on our way home from a drive, and nothing would induce my little brother to pass Northover Cottage."

"No," John rose, and paced up and down the little room. "I quite see that; and, besides—oh, mother, their goodness and kindness are so great that I feel ashamed when I think of what the realization—the success of my hopes would mean to them. When they were strangers to me I saw no harm in trying to worm out any information I could. Now I see things differently. Treated as a friend of the house, loved—esteemed as I do it would be unworthy, treacherous to stay on at Riversdale, and plot the downfall of Tristram, Lord Linton, and bring Margaret Fane to poverty."

"I quite agree, and the sooner you cease to be steward there the better."

"I feel—I know—you are right," John answered low. "But if I give up my employment at Riversdale what am I to do? I do not wish to be dependent on my step-father, and I should die of ennuï here, with nothing to do all day."

"You need not be dependent on anyone. What's mine is yours, John, and I can make you an allowance out of my own fortune, remember. It will not be large, but sufficient for your wants."

He stooped and kissed her. "You are generous yiy namn aan there ooa are generosity itself, little mother. But I must have work to do. Fancy walking round Sturry all day with my hands in my pockets! Why, it would kill me in a week!"

"You did it before."

He laughed, and walked over to the window.

"So I did. But that was before I knew—"

His face suddenly changed. His eyes lit up with a great joy. "Mother," he cried gladly, "some visitors are coming up the path."

"Visitors? My dear John, it is a late hour for visitors. Tell the girl to say not at home."

"My dear mother, I'll do nothing of the kind. These are privileged people, and must be received with great honor."

Mrs. Otway stared in amazement at her son's radiant countenance. "Who are these people, John?"

John threw back his head and laughed happily. "Need you ask? These people, mother dear, are Margaret Fane and her brother, little Hugo."

"What? They never came here before?"

"Never." He strode towards the door. "But Hugo has been longing to see the cottage and you, and, gaily, 'Hugo always gets his own way.' And in a moment he was gone."

"The lad is bewitched about these people, and the whole situation seems to me inconsistent," Isabel murmured testily. She was not prepared for visitors, and she would have given a good deal to avoid meeting Margaret Fane just then. But, knowing that escape was out of the question, she threw aside her work and book, and rose to receive her with as good a grace as possible.

Few persons could resist Margaret Fane's charm of manner for very long, and Isabel felt herself drawn irresistibly towards the young girl when she had met her honest, grey eyes and listened to the sound of her low, sympathetic voice. With Hugo, poor little, helpless Hugo, she fell in love at once, and as she looked at the slender form laid upon the sofa, saw his golden head reclining against the cushions, she was struck by his wonderful likeness to her own pretty Beryl.

"They might be brother and sister almost," she thought, twisting a golden curl round her finger. "They are true Fanes. Bright and brilliant in temper and coloring like my beloved Archie. John and Margaret are different, quite another type, though bearing not the slightest resemblance to each other. Truly Margaret is a winsome creature—dangerously so—unless—But such a dream as that could never come true."

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"You did it before."

pick it up, and, all white and trembling herself, looked anxiously into her son's ashy face.

"Say nothing. Make no sign," she whispered. "It would not do."

He smiled, and passed his hand across his brow as he caught up the album, and, with a quiver in his voice, said to Hugo:

"I think you'd better have these books sent on with you to Riversdale. You and Marie can look over them there at your leisure."

Hugo pouted and made a wry face. "That would be dull. How could a Frenchwoman—But I know. Do send them, please. Margaret will show them to me. She loves foreign places."

"Very well. That will do nicely. I'll go and out them into the pony carriage," and, glad to escape from Hugo's sharp eyes, John hurried from the room.

"I fancy these shells came from Australia," Jerry said, gazing steadily away from the girl out through the open window. The evening sky was fiery red with the reflected glory of the setting sun. In the distance, across the meadows, where the Stour was just visible like a wide silver ribbon, the white sail of a tiny yacht was seen slowly disappearing round a bend of the river as the little craft made its way towards Ramsgate.

"Perhaps so," Margaret said, thinking how lovely the view was, as her eyes followed his. "My cousin was a real wanderer, and went, my father says, to every part of the known globe. He was unhappily married, and—"

Mrs. Otway gave a little cry. "Oh! not always, dear. He—"

Jerry turned from the window, and looked with a warning glance at his wife.

"My dear Isabel," he said. "Miss Fane was talking of a cousin of her father's and his marriage with an actress."

"You knew him, then?" Margaret cried. "Perhaps you met him in New Zealand, Mr. Otway?"

"I know his story—remember it well, Miss Fane. The papers were full of it at the time of his death."

"Of course. And, as usual, they talked a lot of nonsense. Father says it must have been a relief to him, rather than a sorrow, to find that his wife was really dead. They had always been unhappy together, and he had been told that she had died years before."

"Did your father know this Madeline Delorme?" Jerry asked, standing well in front of the girl that she might not see his wife's white and agonized face.

"Oh, yes. In the old days before his cousin Archibald went to New Zealand he knew her well, he says. He saw her in Italy for the last time many years ago. She was then staying in a quaint old hotel that had once been a monastery. A terrible accident occurred, a kind of landslide, and the whole thing collapsed and fell into the sea. Amongst the people drowned in the ill-fated house was, my father believed, Madeline Delorme, his cousin's wife."

"Yes, yes," moaned Isabel, her face buried in her hands. "That was what he told me. He believed she died then."

"Margaret," called Hugo, "I think we ought to go home. John has gone to put the photo album in the carriage. Will you come?"

"Yes, dear." She bent over him without noticing Mrs. Otway's emotion or hearing what she said.

"Then this lady's death was never authenticated. It was merely a supposition on your father's part that she had perished in the hotel?" Jerry asked, moving after the girl as she approached her brother's side and laid a gentle hand upon his forehead.

"Merely a supposition, which turned out to be all wrong," Margaret answered. "For to my father's surprise, on returning from a long sojourn abroad, he found that Madeline Delorme had been acting within quite a short time in one of the best theatres in London."

"Did he see her? Recognize her as the woman who had been his cousin's wife?"

"No. She was ill, and not acting, when he arrived in London. He went to her house, but she refused to see him. She was fretting greatly, her confidential maid told him, about her husband, a Mr. Fane, who had deserted her and gone to New Zealand. Then my father wrote to cousin Archibald to come home, and he came just in time to find himself Lord Linton, and his wife really dead."

"Oh! God!" groaned Isabel, sinking back in her chair. "My poor Archie! What anguish you must have suffered!"

"Then it was your father's letter that brought his cousin to Madeline Delorme's house that night?" questioned Jerry, hoping to elicit some useful information upon this subject, which had always been such a complete mystery to them all.

"Yes. Father met him at the door. He was deeply agitated, and declared that there must be some mistake; that the Madeline Delorme whom he had married had died years ago. And when it was explained to him that that was not so, that she had escaped, and had only died a few hours before, he was quite wild, and only calmed a little when the servant agreed to let him see the dead woman."

"And no one knows who it was the poor fellow found in that death-chamber—that is, for certain?" Jerry said sadly.

sure he found the wife he had not seen for years."

"Your father did not trouble to make very many inquiries upon the subject, I presume. Archibald, Lord Linton, was dead. He, your father, as far as anyone knew, was next heir. It was better to take as much as possible for granted."

Margaret looked at him, her eyes full of wondering surprise. "I don't quite follow you, Mr. Otway," she said stiffly. "Archibald, Lord Linton, died without children. My father was next heir. He succeeded, as a matter of course. No one appeared to say that he was not right in doing so."

"I know, I know. But it passed through my mind that supposing—I say supposing, mind you—that this Madeline Delorme had been killed, as was believed, and Archibald, Lord Linton, had married in New Zealand, and had children—a son, perhaps, who through a miserable mistake about a second actress of the same name, and an unfortunate combination of circumstances, might have been cheated out of his name and inheritance simply because there was no one able or willing to make the proper inquiries, and sift the matter to the bottom."

"A horrible injustice would have been done. And Hugo and I," she put her arm round the boy to raise him from the couch, "would be most unhappy if such a thing were possible. But it is not. Cousin Archibald's wife, Madeline Delorme, only died a day or so before he did, and he left no son. Of that there cannot be a doubt."

The door opened, and John stood upon the threshold. He had recovered his self-possession, and looked at Hugo with a smile.

"The albums are in the carriage, and the pony gets impatient," he said. "The groom—"

"Oh! We have been here a shockingly long time," Margaret cried. "I know that pony hates to stand long. Come, Hugo, dear, we must really go."

"John, will you carry me?" asked the child.

"Willingly, dear boy." And gathering him up in his arms, he went quickly out of the house, and down the garden to the pony carriage.

"I'll question my father more closely about poor cousin Archibald, and let you know what he says," Margaret said in a low voice.

Jerry, as, having bade Mrs. Otway good-bye, she put her hand in his. "But I think it will be almost word for word what I have told you now."

Then, turning away, she hurried after her brother.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gerald Fairfax was gloomy, exceedingly. Since the night of his sister's reception, when he had learned with horror that Beryl Fane was probably the daughter of the man who had wrecked his sister's life, he had known no peace. Never had any woman (and he had met many, both beautiful and seductive) attracted him so strongly. There was something about the girl that made her different from anyone he had ever known. And then the statement made as to Beryl's parentage had come to shock and pain him inexpressibly.

"I must never look into her sweet eyes again," he groaned, "but henceforth shun and avoid her. And oh! my God!" with a sudden pang. "I love her—as I never dreamed it possible to love."

For several days Gerald shut himself up in his studio alone. He did little work, but sat bitterly before his easel, gazing steadfastly at the portrait of a beautiful girl that hung upon the wall beyond.

Generally this painting was hidden from view by a heavy green curtain, and few people who came to visit the artist, either for business or pleasure, were aware of its existence. This picture was the greatest treasure he possessed, and he deemed it far too sacred to be looked at and criticized by any ordinary person who might chance to see it in his room. Sometimes it remained covered for weeks at a time, and even he did not look upon it. For the lovely face saddened him, and the smiling eyes aroused memories that he felt it better to forget. Yet he loved and treasured the picture, and would not have parted with it for worlds, for it represented the sister whom he had loved with a tenderness far exceeding the usual love of a brother, the sister who had herself loved not wisely but too well, and had suffered a martyrdom, the sister known to the world as the actress, Madeline Delorme.

But since the night of the reception at Queen's Gate Gardens the picture had remained unveiled, and Gerald gazed at it frequently and with a swelling heart. "For your sake, my beloved, it cannot, must not be a Fane! The child of the man who wrought your misery could never, must never, be anything to me. And yet, and yet—she is very, very dear to me."

As he sat absorbed and miserable a ring at the outer door startled him; and before he had time to collect his scattered thoughts the door opened, and he heard Sir Henry Dunstable's voice in the passage.

"He is sure to see me. No, don't trouble to announce me," the baronet said, pushing his way past the page-boy. "Come, along, Lord Linton; we'll beard the lion in his den." And laughing loudly at his own wit,

he marched into the studio. Gerald swung round as the two men entered, and the expression of his eyes as he greeted his future brother-in-law was not an encouraging one.

"Not busy, old fellow? That's right," Sir Henry said cheerfully, reflecting the while that his lady-love's brother was indeed a surly bear.

"Lord Linton is anxious to see some of your work."

Gerald bowed, and looked at his noble visitor with sudden interest. "Lord Linton is most welcome," he replied, "though I have not much to show. This," turning to a canvas that was leaning against the wall, "is the last thing finished. It is Lady Farthingale's little boy."

"Charming, quite charming," Lord Linton said, examining it closely. "A portrait of my poor Hugo would be a treasure done like that. Will you paint my little son, Mr. Fairfax?"

"With pleasure—though as a rule, children are not in my line. They are too restless. Being actively inclined, sitting still is an ordeal for them."

"Hugo will sit or lie where you put him. Poor little man," with a sigh, "he is obliged to do so."

"He's an invalid, then?"

"Alas, yes." Lord Linton's eyes wandered round the room. "And he will never be aught else. It is a sad trouble to me, for he is my heir."

Gerald's thought flew off to Beryl and the brother John of whom he had heard her speak so proudly, and remembering who their father had been, fell to wondering whether Hugo was the heir after all.

"It might be a matter of dispute—a matter to be decided by judge and jury," passed through his mind. "Does he know about them? Is he uneasy?" Sir Henry has met Beryl. Did he ever speak to her, I wonder? Had any of the strange things stated by Allen reached his lordship's ears?"

"Ah!" cried Lord Linton suddenly, taking a step towards the beautiful portrait across which, in his surprise at their unexpected entry, Fairfax had forgotten to draw the curtain. "There is a lovely face. Who is she?"

"My sister," Gerald said curtly. "An exquisite creature! I congratulate you on the possession of such a sister."

"She is dead," Gerald's voice was husky and very low. "I lost her many years ago." And with a trembling hand he covered the sweet face.

"That indeed was a trial," Lord Linton turned away. The young man's evident grief and show of feeling made him uncomfortable.

"He's a soft-hearted ass," he thought. "But he paints well. I'll get him to paint Hugo and Hildegarde too. She will be flattered by my wish to have her portrait added to the family collection, and I will be delighted to have a painting of my poor little boy."

So it was arranged that Gerald should dine with Lord and Lady Linton the next evening.

"It always like to see my sitters in their homes and at their ease before starting to paint them," he said.

"My wife you will see. But Hugo not at present, as he is in the country."

"I might run down and have a look at him, perhaps."

"Easily. It is not far, and my sister-in-law will gladly put you up. Hugo is with her at a pretty place near Grove Ferry, only a few miles from Canterbury."

Gerald's heart throbbled and the color flew to his face. "Close to Beryl's home," he thought. "So even after she leaves Queen's Gate Gardens we may still meet."

Lady Linton was not at all flattered by her husband's suggestion that she should be painted by an artist unknown to fame, and she grumbled a good deal at being obliged to entertain him at dinner.

"If it were Sargent or Richmond, now. That would have been worth while. But Fairfax! Well," shrugging her shoulders, "it's a strange freak, just when money is scarce, too. And that reminds me, I must see Sir Peter Goldsmid. I'll ask him to dinner, and to-night. It's an absurdly short invitation, but I can't help it. Linton has only given me a few hours' notice, and I would like Sir Peter to meet the artist."

And so it happened that as Gerald Fairfax entered Lord Linton's drawing-room Sir Peter Goldsmid was the first person to whom his hostess presented him. Sir Peter had come, despite the short invitation, for he had it in his mind that Lady Linton required his help, and might be made to prove useful to him in his wooing of Margaret Fane, and he also was prepared to drop a hint to her husband that his tenure to his title was not altogether secure, and so get him, too, enlisted in his cause.

(To be Continued.)

Footman—It's so hard to be economical. Many a time I get wishing I was a Russell Sage or something. Cummazy—Huh! he's worse off. It's hard to be economical when you have to, just think how much harder it must be when you don't have it.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscous phlegm, and as a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

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

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,
Yours truly,
(Signed) S. JOHNSON.

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. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal.
Yours sincerely,
JOHN MCGROGGAN.

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

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

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901.

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

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. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON.

65 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. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve as are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains.
Yours sincerely,
M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

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

254 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

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

Billy and the Bonnets

KATHARINE TUCKER in the Sketch.

Everybody liked Billy as every one liked his aunt, whom the golden youth generally were agreed to call Mother Benton. The lady enjoyed the enormous revenues of the Benton estate, and, since she had never given the late Mr. Benton an heir or heiress, there was no one for the money to come to but her nephew, Billy. She was the soul of good nature, and her good heart made a lady of her when, without it, she might have passed for a tradeswoman. But there could be no real vulgarity about a person who, however fat and red-faced and rolypoly and fond of bright colors, was yet overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and so kind that she had learned a simple delicacy in the manner of performing her kindnesses.

Billy adored his aunt. He was a fat, white-faced youth, with small eyes, and shapeless features, who gave one the impression of always being half asleep. His brother officers would assure you that Billy was really quite wide-awake, not such a fool as he looked and other things of the same kind, and generally wound up by adding that he was no end of a good fellow, which was true. Billy was quite as good a fellow as his aunt.

He belonged to a very smart regiment which has usually at least a portion of its quarters in town, and is popularly supposed to exist for ornamental purposes, although in times of war it has occasionally disproved that idea. He had never given his aunt a moment's reason for anxiety about him. At his preparatory school, at Eton, at Sandhurst he had been invariably honest and well liked, although his best friend couldn't say he had been exactly brilliant. But, then, what did Billy warrant with brilliancy, seeing that he had been born with a gold spoon in his mouth?

Mrs. Benton's one desire unsatisfied was to see Billy married, and well married. The desire to have Billy's son in her arms was a corollary to the first. She wanted to see the succession assured, that once done, she was fond of saying that she would be ready to depart in peace.

She and Billy quite understood each other. "She must have birth, Billy," Mrs. Benton had often said to him. "It is just the one thing we lack. If she has birth, I don't care if she hasn't a second garment to her back."

Billy would assure his aunt that he quite agreed with her. Still, he was slow to give her her heart's desire. Numbers of the young women of the aristocracy unexceptionable in every way were ready to share Billy's great fortune. But somehow Billy's little affairs always hung fire, and year after year Mrs. Benton's going in peace was postponed.

One day Billy was taking a short cut from Piccadilly to Putnam Square, where Mrs. Benton's great town house was. He was passing through a quiet street nearly given over to milliners, modistes and other persons whose province in life it is to make ladies beautiful. Something drew him to a stand before a bonnet shop. He had never done such a thing in his life before—at least when he was alone—but Fate was working out its designs with him.

Suddenly, between an osprey and a big bow of panne, he saw a face that, as he described it to himself, knocked him silly. It wasn't that it was beautiful. Billy had run the gauntlet of many kinds of beauty. It was a girl's face, pale, with very blue eyes. It was framed in pale, fair hair, silky like a child's. The eyelids, long and half-closed, gave the eyes a languishing look. The mouth was thin and humorous, the lips faintly scarlet.

Billy stood an instant looking into the eyes, feeling, as he said afterwards, as though he had been shot through the heart. Then he lifted his hat and passed on. But after that he took to haunting the quiet street and Mme. Elodie's windows.

He didn't know in the least what to do. He wanted to know the owner of the face, as knew the young ladies in Park Lane or Grosvenor Square. But how to set about it?

At last the thing was done for him. One evening of summer twilight, when Billy ought to have been dressing for a particularly smart dinner, but, on the contrary, was haunting the gray street where the blinds had just been pulled down in front of the hats and costumes, the little door by the side of Mme. Elodie's shop opened, and there came out the face of his dreams. It was under a soft white hat, with blue convolvulus in it. It surrounded a long blue coat, which Billy would not have found amiss in his own world.

The girl was not alone. She was keeping very close to a large, red-faced girl, with a much more flamboyant taste in costume, who looked a person of character and decision. As they passed close to Billy, who had drawn himself back in the shadow of the shop fronts, the red-faced girl suddenly pulled up sharp in front of him. He noticed the other girl tug at her sleeve in a terrified way. But the red-faced girl was not one to be hindered.

"I say," she said to Billy, "you're in earnest, aren't you?"

"I hope so," said Billy, lifting his hat. "Because, if you aren't," she said, "you may just hook it. Violet is not to be trifled with."

Billy was dreadfully disturbed. He saw the cheeks of the other girl flush with a painful red and then fade to more than their usual whiteness. He began to pour out an incoherent disclaimer of anything but the utmost reverence for Miss Violet. If she desired it, he would go away and never come back again.

"Stow that!" said the red-faced young woman. "I knew you were honest the minute I set eyes on you. If I didn't, catch me encouraging you, young man! Well, you may come along. This is my young man, Mr. William Sanders."

A fourth person had now joined the group, who remarked to Billy, following the introduction, that he was his servant, sir.

"And, now, where are you two gents going to treat to?" asked the red-faced girl, whose name Billy presently discovered to be Clara. "We've got to be in at half-past 10. A heaviest shame, I call it. Violet here, is all for grass and trees. But I tell her she'll have to put it off till Saturday. I vote for Earl's Court and a snack of something there."

Presently Billy found himself, to his amazement, on top of a bus going west through the lighted streets. He remembered dimly that he was due at dinner in Berkeley Square, but he was not in a mood to have his perfect contentment disturbed by such a trifle as a broken engagement.

The long line of lamps in the delicate summer haze stretching away by the trees of the Green Park was the way to paradise for Billy. Stars came out overhead. The people on the bus talked in whispers. They were mostly couples with their arms about each other. Billy and Miss Violet sat in front, separated from their companions; they might almost have been alone.

At first they were silent; presently they became a little more intimate, and the girl referred shyly to having seen Billy's face between the bonnets.

"I never meant to have told Clara," she murmured, "but she found out somehow. And one day she had a long look at you from the other window. And she said you could be trusted. But I never supposed she was going to speak to you."

"I am very glad she did," said Billy. "And, oh, please, you mustn't think her vulgar, because she's so kind. She looks after me and is quite jealous if I talk to other girls."

"I should be just the same myself," said Billy. "And I shouldn't think of thinking Miss Clara vulgar. I think it's awfully good of her to look after you, you know, and—to keep people off—undesirable people, you know."

"Oh, she doesn't let me know a soul, except Mr. Sanders, and he's really so wrapped up in Clara that he's a part of her. He's a most respectable young man, a green-grocer's manager. When Clara's married she's going to live at Tooting."

There was a suffocated sound in Miss Violet's voice, as though she were enjoying a huge joke all to herself, which made Billy smile indulgently at her in the darkness. He was to become well acquainted with that sound in her voice in the time to come. She had not her humorous mouth for nothing.

Presently they were at Earl's Court and, after they had had "a snack," which Billy insisted on standing—it was really the best dinner Earl's Court could produce, and they all did full justice to it—they sat in as secluded a place in the gardens as they could find. But that was not very secluded, and Billy repressed an inclination to suggest two hansom for going home, since the bus gave better opportunities for conversation and went so much more slowly, and he was quite hungry for the murmur of the soft voice at his ears, with the stifled merriment never far away from it.

The drive home was even better than the one out, since the friendship had grown so much. Under cover of the darkness, Billy kept touching the blue coat with reverential tenderness, and felt the contact with it thrill through him with a shock of delight.

Miss Violet was very frank about herself. She had lived with her parents and brothers and sisters in an Oxfordshire village, but they were so poor that she had to do something to earn a little money. Her name was Hope—Violet Hope. Her great ambition was some day to have a bonnet shop of her own.

Then Billy told her his name and made her guess at his occupation. She made two or three guesses, bubbling with laughter. A shopwalker? No? She had guessed that because he was so tall and straight. A hairdresser? Billy pulled a face in the darkness, and felt her tremble at his side.

"No; a Guardsman," he blurted out, anxious to prevent any more hurts to his vanity.

"I knew you were a soldier," she said, as though suddenly repentant. "Papa * * is a soldier. I only guessed those things for a joke. But a Guardsman; how nice! On furlough, I suppose, since you are not in uniform?"

"Yes, on furlough," said Billy, mendaciously. "Oh!" She seemed about to burst out with something, and then stopped.

"I was only thinking how nice it would be to walk out with a Guardsman in uniform. The other girls would be so jealous." "That reminds me," said Billy—it had never been really out of his head all the time—"would you and Miss Clara, and, of course, Mr. William Sanders, come into the country with me on Saturday afternoon? I know an inn in a delightful secluded part of Surrey where we could have tea. Will you come?"

"I should love to. But can you—" "I can get leave." "And—won't it be very expensive?" "I think I can stand it." "I suppose Guardsmen are very well paid?"

He could feel her big eyes on him in the darkness. "We are pretty well off, as a rule," he said, lightly.

He thought the week endless till Saturday should come. But it came at last, and turned out an exquisite afternoon. Two o'clock found Billy at Victoria. He had arranged with the guard for a reserved first-class compartment before the rest of the party arrived. Violet was in white, with a bunch of pansies at her belt and lavender ribbons in her big hat. Billy thought her lovelier than ever.

"What to do, to be sure?" cried Clara, resplendent in a hat trimmed with cherries and delighted with her first-class carriage.

Billy didn't mind Clara's looks or her language, or Mr. William Sanders's cheap cigar and broad stripes. He was so completely swamped in love by this time that he had neither eyes nor ears for any one but Violet. It was Billy's first love affair, and he had taken it badly. Now and again he had a little qualm on the subject of "the old girl," as he called Mrs. Benton; but that was soon forgotten in the delirium of looking at and listening to Violet.

They strolled through grassy lanes to the inn, where they had a good country tea, with cold ham and eggs and crisp green lettuce and honey. After it was over they had still a couple of hours to spare before they needed make for a train.

They left Clara and Mr. Sanders flinging hay at each other in a hayfield and strolled on into a wood. They found a delightful place to sit down in a green shade, where the only sound was the summer hum of insects and the singing of birds and the falling of a little stream far below. There was a tree trunk for Violet. Billy, in his immaculate gray frock coat and light trousers, flung himself on the moss at her feet. White she was settling herself, with a soft frou-frou he surreptitiously kissed the hem of her skirt.

He had been falling in love all those weeks when he had hung about Mme. Elodie's shop windows. Now he was fathoms deep in it. He was going to marry Violet if she would have him, and as soon as might be. It would be hard on "the old girl," but she was so kind and loving, he thought, wistfully, she would forgive him when she knew how his heart was in it. Besides, she couldn't stand out against Violet for long. Billy was no wiser than thousands of unwise lovers before him.

He was grateful to those unknown people in the Oxfordshire village who had brought Violet up with the speech and manners of a lady. But if it had been otherwise—if it had been possible to imagine Violet otherwise—he would still have loved her, have let every other consideration go for her sake. A look at her face, demure in the shadow of her hat, made even the thought of "the old girl" vanish. He leaned back till his face was against her skirt.

"Violet," he said, "I love you! And—" his voice was full of delighted amazement—"you love me!" He drew her face down to him and kissed it, and she did not prevent him.

"You will have to marry me," he said. "It is very soon," she whispered, "and you know nothing about me. And—I know nothing about you, Billy, dear."

He laughed out. "I am perfectly respectable," he said, "and quite able to maintain a wife. But—I have the dearest old aunt. She had other views for me. You will have to placate her, darling."

"And you," she said, "you will have to please my uncle. You've no idea of how imperious he is. Poor papa and mamma! I can twist them about my little finger. But Uncle Gran! You've no idea what a terrible person he is!"

"I hope he'll let me down easy—be satisfied with me, I mean," said Billy, playing in an infatuated way with a loose tress of Violet's hair.

"He's quite capable of sending you about your business."

"In that case we should just have to disregard him, sweetheart, shouldn't we? We can't let anybody stand in our way."

"It would never do to displease Uncle Gran. And then Aunt Min; I looked to Aunt Min to finance my bonnet shop and to get me customers."

"You don't suppose I am going to let you keep a bonnet shop?" "Oh, Billy, you'll have to! You don't know how much money is to be made out of it."

"I have plenty of money." "For yourself. You can't imagine what luxurious tastes I have. That was what made me think of the bonnet shop. I want heaps of money. My sisters are content to sit at home

gently. They are horrified at me. You've no idea what a money loving little wretch I am!" "So long as you don't think of marrying for money—"

"I did even that before I knew you, Billy. Now I should never marry any one else, no matter how rich he was. I shall run the bonnet shop for both of us. You don't know how much money it will bring us in."

"You darling!" "I'll ask madam for leave next Sunday and take you down to Oxfordshire to see the family. Papa and mamma are dear. You won't need to be the least bit afraid of them."

"You think not?" "They've always let me do everything I wanted to do." "Just like Aunt Sarah with me." "But Uncle Gran is a terror. You won't mind if he's rude, Billy? He thinks so extravagantly about his family. And, of course, dear, though you're a gentleman, still—a private in the Guards! What made you enlist, Billy? Was it to fight?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't enlist," Billy stammered over his confession. "I—I went in in the ordinary way. I'm—in fact—I'm Captain Benton."

"And Uncle Gran's your colonel, so now you know how dreadful he can be."

"Lord Grandison?" "Yes; Lord Grandison. He'd have fits if he knew where I was. But we are really very poor. I didn't see that having Lord Grandison for an uncle made up for the money we were always wanting. So I persuaded mamma first—if you have mamma, you can always have papa—to let me learn bonnet making. What's the good of having a beauty aunt if she doesn't give you a life some way or other?"

Billy Grandison has only to wear my bonnets to make me the fashion. Billy, don't tell me you're so disgustingly rich that I shall have to give up my dreams of a bonnet shop!"

"You shall make them for pleasure, dear. I don't think I could really consent to any addition to my income."

It is no use recording the other foolish things these young people said, as, in fact, the conversation after a time became rather incoherent. Suffice it to say that Lord Grandison, though he wouldn't acknowledge it, was really so pleased with his niece's choice as Mrs. Benton with her nephew's. There was no lack of acknowledgment about Mrs. Benton, however. She is still singing her "Nunc Dimittis," although Billy has been a Benedict these five years back, and Billy's son reigns more autocratically over his great-aunt's heart than ever his father did.

"Cute beggas, Billy," say his brother officers, "to unearth that charming niece of old Gran's whom he had buried away somewhere in the depths of the country! And who could have supposed what he was up to when he used to disappear and turn up looking moonier than ever?"

Clara, Mrs. Sanders, runs a very smart bonnet shop. It has been rumored that the Hon. Mrs. Benton had a share in it, but that is really not so. Only now and again she spares half an hour to give Clara her ideas for new hats and bonnets. And, judging by her smart clientele, Madame Clara profits by a taste more exquisite than her own.

THE PURITAN MYTH

The descendants of the Puritans are nothing if not modest. They would have us believe that if it had not been for their progenitors the American continent would still be a sort of a barren waste. This idea they have done their best to popularize. A sample of the way in which this is done is furnished by a speech delivered by Senator Depew on December 23, which has been dubbed "Forefathers' Day."

We do not know whether Depew lays claim to Puritan descent. But whether he does or not makes no difference. He is just the sort of person to accept the Puritan myth, for no other reason than that by dint of repetition it passes current as the truth. In the speech to which we have referred Chauncey Depew imagines that Miles Standish returns to life, and here is what he sees according to the veracious Chauncey:

"He finds that the 101 people who landed on Plymouth Rock only 282 years ago have become a nation of eighty millions of people; that their wealth has increased from the Mayflower's total of £2,400, or \$11,600, to a thousand billion of dollars; that the Plymouth boundaries extending a few miles into the then unknown wilderness, now reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic circle, and that the whole of this vast domain is filled with great cities, thriving villages, prosperous farms, manufacturing centers, and a self-governing people, the most intelligent, the most prosperous, happy, and wealthy of any nation in the world."

The assertion that "The 101 people who landed on Plymouth Rock 282 years ago have become a nation of eighty millions of people" should have staggered even an audience made up exclusively of descendants of the Puritans.

It would be safe to bet that not one of those who listened to Depew's astounding statement gave a thought to the Catholic Frenchmen who had penetrated to the far West and who even explored the New England coast long before a Puritan set on Massachusetts soil. These pioneers of civilization on the American continent

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were neither "Anglo-Saxons" nor Protestants, and therefore their work counts for nothing. We must give credit only to the Puritans, who had scarcely landed when they proceeded to civilize the native off the face of the earth.

The assumption that the Puritans were the first to plant the seeds of civilization in what is now the United States is on a par with the other assumption that the descendants of these Puritans were the only persons who contributed to the work, the results of which Depew describes in his own peculiar way.

If we are to believe Depew we are indebted to the Puritans not only for material prosperity, but for the principles of constitutional liberty which were proclaimed and defended by Catholics long before Protestantism found a foothold in England. Catholic pioneers in the cause of constitutional liberty are, however, not to have any credit, as all credit must be reserved for the much-braised and much-overrated Puritans who, if we are to believe their eulogists, were the greatest benefactors of the human race the world ever saw. Is it not time that all this nonsense about the Puritans should cease?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ENGLISH SPELLING.
The man walked up to the hotel register and signed his name, with a flourish, "E. K. Phylloglyphyrh." "Look here, Turner," said the clerk, who knew him very well. "Is somebody on your track? Where did you get that outlandish name? That relates the conversation:

"My boy, you're slow," replied Turner, airily. "That's my same old name, written in plain English and pronounced as it is written—just Turner. Look at it. Of course I do it just to make people guess. They wonder about my nationality and the pronunciation of my name. I can hear them talk about it. But as I said before, it's English spelling."

"Will you kindly explain?" asked the clerk. "Pth," there is the sound of "t" in "phthisis," began Turner; "olo," there is the sound of "ur" in "colonel"; "gn," there is the "n" in "gnat"; "yrrrh" is the sound of "er" in "myrrh." Now if that does not spell Turner, what does it spell?

"Well," said the clerk, "it is lucky for me that the majority of men don't register their names phonetically."

THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES.
The Osservatore Romano Saturday evening published a Papal Bull, "Quae Mari Senico," dated September 17, 1900, introducing modifications and reforms in the organization and discipline of the Church in the Philippines, as a result of the cessation of Spanish rule in those islands. The Bull recalls and eulogizes the initiative of the United States in sending a special Commission to Rome to come to an understanding with the Holy See on certain questions affecting the Church in the Philippines, an understanding which is to be applied to Manila.

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SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

JOHN MITCHELL, THE LEADER AND THE MAN

Elizabeth Catherine Morris, John Mitchell's private secretary, contributes to The New York Independent a very interesting study of the distinguished young labor leader.

Young, we say, for John Mitchell is not yet thirty-four years old, having been born in Braidwood, Ill., on Feb. 4, 1869.

He presides over many curious conventions, meetings which are in themselves most interesting studies. In these his sense of fairness is prominently displayed and his ready wit often brings the laugh which heals what might easily develop into a rupture.

He reads and studied at night in an effort to supplement the meagre education he had received; his thoughts were turned toward sociological questions, and Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and Spencer's "Social Statics" and works of that character proved to be attractive and helpful reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell made and yet retain their home in Spring Valley. They have a bright and interesting family of three boys and one girl, ranging in age from nine and one-half to three and one-half years.

For seven years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell lived the lives of the majority of American people, happy in their home and busy with the training of their children.

JOHN MITCHELL, A CATHOLIC. All the family are members of the Catholic Church, and Richard, the eldest, is an altar boy for his father's long-time friend, the Rev. John F. Power, whose library furnished many of the books and whose genial heart prompted many of the lessons that guided the young miner during the formative period of his life.

Upon the formation of the United Mine Workers of America, in 1890, Mr. Mitchell became a member of that union. His rise from membership in a local union through the secretaryship of his sub-district organization to the position of national organizer was rapid; in January, 1898, when in his twenty-ninth year, he was elected national vice-president of the United Mine Workers of America; the following September, upon the resignation of Mr. Rathford, he was appointed acting-president and in January was elected to the presidency. He has been unanimously re-elected to this position each year following.

The organization, which it had taken eight years to build up to a membership of 43,000 has, in the past four years, grown to be the strongest labor organization in the world, its more than 300,000 members being the mine workers of the anthracite and bituminous mining fields of the United States. Of the wonderful solidarity of this remarkable organization a most impressive proof has been shown in the anthracite coal strike.

Among the large employers of labor with whom his work has brought Mr. Mitchell into contact he is respected and admired as being broad, intelligent and perfectly frank. They know that in conference he fights ably and unceasingly for the best terms it is possible to secure for the men he represents; they know, too, that when a contract is once made, even though

he may regard it as unfair to the miners, it will be enforced to the letter. The operators look upon him as entirely fair, and it is not unusual to have disputes which have arisen at the mines and which subordinate officers have been unable to adjust, referred by the owners of the properties in question for settlement by Mr. Mitchell. While always willing to be of service in the adjudication of any dispute he invariably declines to be the sole arbiter in the case, holding that no matter how fair he desired to be, his natural bias might make him lean toward the miners' side and prevent his doing full justice to the operator.

Mr. Mitchell is an open fighter; he is a master of resource; as a speaker, he has none of the passionate eloquence of the labor leader as popularly known; he resorts to none of the tricks of the orator, but he is logical and convincing and expresses himself in such a manner that even the little breaker boys who always attend the mass meetings in the coal fields are able to comprehend his meaning.

He presides over many curious conventions, meetings which are in themselves most interesting studies. In these his sense of fairness is prominently displayed and his ready wit often brings the laugh which heals what might easily develop into a rupture. Some of the conventions of the mine workers are attended by as many as 800 delegates, and often fully one-half of this number does not speak or understand the English language. The man who desires to have his name in the record of the proceedings, the parliamentarian who comes to the convention armed with his manual and watches for an opportunity to trap the presiding officer, the self-seeking individual evident in all movements, is there to add to the confusion of tongues and ideas necessarily present. But all these Mr. Mitchell manages with a master hand; he always knows just what he wishes to do but never attempts to coerce the delegates into taking any action which they do not entirely approve. Although he knows that his endorsement of a policy is sufficient to secure the adoption of that policy without discussion by the convention, every man who desires to present his views is given an opportunity to do so, after which Mr. Mitchell states the situation as he sees it. His advice is always accepted as sound and acted upon without further comment.

THE SISTERS' THANKS. The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, acknowledge their debt of gratitude to all who helped them to maintain the poor under their care during the past year. The citizens recognize and nobly respond to the call of charity, thus bringing on themselves, their families and their fair city the benedictions of Heaven. Cordial thanks are due the annual subscribers whose generous assistance in a great measure provided comfort for over five hundred of their less fortunate brethren, though it is to be regretted that many of the old friends of the institution have forgotten it, not that their interest is less, but that the multiplicity of other affairs dims the star which points to the east, where their Infant Saviour can be served and nourished in the person of His afflicted members.

The numerous Christmas offerings were gratefully received and added much to the cheer of the immense household. The donors would have been amply repaid for their liberality had they heard the many fervent "Thanks be to God" or had they witnessed the joy and gladness of the old men and women or the delight and mirth of the little ones in the nursery department, and would feel that charity is truly a divine virtue.

DEATH OF JAMES J. SCANLON. The death occurred Saturday of James J. Scanlon, proprietor of the American Hotel, at the corner of York and Wellington streets. Mr. Scanlon had been ailing with heart trouble for the past two years. He was able to attend to business up till five weeks ago, when he was compelled to retire. Deceased was born in the Township of Adajala, near Tottenham. Mr. Scanlon was assistant treasurer at the Toronto Opera House for a few seasons. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn his loss, besides his mother, father and one sister, who also reside in the city.

The angular passenger stuck her head out through the car window. "Why," she asked the man on the station platform, "did you speak just now of that singular-looking machine as 'she'?" "Because, ma'am, 'It's a mail snatcher.'" And she took her head in again.

SLEPPINESS. — When the nerves are unstrung, and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED LABATT'S SALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors

IRISH TENANTS DEFENCE FUND

Table listing names and amounts for the Irish Tenants Defence Fund, including Mr. John Hanrahan, Treasurer, and various other contributors.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Grain is Higher—Better Demand For Live Stock. Tuesday Evening, Jan. 6. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The offerings of grain and other produce on the St. Lawrence Market to-day were fair, the demand rather steady, as is usually the case for a time after the holidays. Prices were generally steady.

Business at the Toronto Cattle Market began to assume normal proportions this morning. The receipts were almost heavy and the demand for nearly all lines of cattle was fairly brisk. The stock offered was generally fair and in some instances of choice grade.

The sales have now reached the enormous output of upwards of eleven million packets per annum. It's Better Tea than others That is Why

"SALADA" Ceylon Tea—Black or Natural Green.

SEALED PACKETS ONLY 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. Never Sold in Bulk. Per Pound.

"GOOD BREAD" Plain words, but how much meaning is attached to them when they are the spontaneous outbursts of pleased customers. "Your Bread is just lovely," greets the ears of TOMLIN'S DELIVERY MEN daily.

"HAPPY THOUGHT" RANGES Save their cost in fuel in a single season. Let us show you some of their many improvements. They are made and guaranteed by the Wm. Buck Stove Co. Brantford.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. KOENIG MED CO. 100 Lake St. Chicago

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE

Late J. Young ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER 679-350 YORK STREET TORONTO.

TYPEWRITERS All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month. CRELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto

W. E. A. FANNON, Optical Doctor EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED OFFICE HOURS 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. 219 LANSDOWNE AVE., TORONTO.

Rowley's Art Calendar Mounted on a heavy card 8 1/2 x 7 are three pictures taken from it, and at the left hand corner is attached a dainty little calendar for 1903.

F. ROSAR Undertaker. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1064.

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO TRAVEL or well established house in a few counties, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory salary \$1000 a year and expenses, payable \$10.00 a week in cash and expenses advanced. Position permanent. Business successful and rushing. Send hard name 384 Dearborn St., Chicago.

NAMES OF CATHOLIC FAMILIES WANTED. Any Catholic families that have rooms to let with or without board may upon sending their names into this office have them placed upon the list of The Catholic Students' Union.

SINGLE MAN WANTED to act as Sexton for church. Send references. Apply to Very Rev. Joseph Bayard, V.G., St. Thomas, Ont.

WANTED—Teacher for Weston Separate School, state salary and expenses. Address Secretary, Separate School Board, Weston Ont.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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.

THE... COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited.

Maltsters, Brewers and bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior ALES and BROWN STOUTS. Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Labor and General Excellence of Quality. See table Mention, Paris, 1875. Medal and Diploma awarded, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.

TOOLS

We are showing complete sets of tools in prices from \$25.00 to \$200.00 a set.

SCROLL SAWS and LATHES RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO