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VOL. XII, No. 1

The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904

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Chronicles of An Old-Timer

The Chicago Theatre Fire Horror—Marriage of Miss Louise Brega, Daughter of an Irish-Canadian Millionaire—Death of Mrs. Margaret Buchanan Sullivan—The Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 1, 1904.

Dear Register:
Toronto, I am happy to say, never had any such horror as that which visited Chicago on Wednesday afternoon of this week, when nearly six hundred persons, mostly women and children, lost their lives in a fire in a theatre. Besides the dead, many have been seriously injured, and some are yet missing. No doubt the daily papers will have conveyed to you the full particulars of this dire catastrophe, but I have a few facts of my own that I wish to convey to your interested readers.

I happened to be in a neighboring building when the terrible tragedy was being enacted, but had no idea of its seriousness for an hour later. It was the Wednesday matinee at the Iroquois, and the play was "Blue Beard, Jr.," a holiday spectacle brought from London. There were over two thousand spectators present, whose lives were jeopardized, besides about 200 people, mostly chorus girls, connected with the play.

There are between thirty-five and forty theatres in Chicago, and of these the Iroquois was the newest and best. It was constructed last fall and the proprietors aimed to make it the best equipped and safest in the world. No money was spared on it and I have seen it stated that it cost nearly \$400,000 before it was opened for business. It was supposed to be entirely fire-proof. There was not a theatre fire of any consequence that ever took place that the architect had not studied and aimed to guard against the cause of it in this new structure, which was considered a matter of pride for Chicago, and there was the utmost confidence that the Iroquois was perfectly safe and people did not hesitate to trust themselves and their children in it. But it is the unexpected that happens, and so it was here. The Iroquois theatre had an asbestos curtain that was designed to shut off any fire that might occur on the stage from the auditorium, but it failed to work, refusing to drop more than half way down to the stage, and could not be coaxed or forced. Defects in manufacture, installation or handling, is stated by the attorney for the fire department to be responsible for the catastrophe. A city fire inspector examined the house at the commencement of the play and pronounced it safe, and a city fireman was kept in the wings by the proprietors. The structure in its substance was of brick, stone and steel.

I will not attempt to describe any of the distressing scenes I witnessed after the fire—the heaps of dead bodies, most of them black and roasted, the searching of husbands and mothers for wives and children, their agony and suffering. One parent found the dead bodies of his six children in six different places to which they had been carried by ambulances. Stores, restaurants and hotels were utilized as morgues. The occupation of hundreds of people since the fire has been going from morgue to morgue endeavoring to identify their lost ones, which was very difficult on account of the injured condition of their bodies, and many are even yet unclaimed. Scanning the newspapers, too, examining the lists of dead, injured and missing, has occupied the attention of all readers, to ascertain if friends

or acquaintances were among them. It is a sad and silent New Year's. The usual noise, horn blowing and rejoicing is absent, and to-morrow Saturday, 2nd of January, by proclamation of the mayor, will be observed as a day of mourning. The coroner has entered on his work of inquest holding, and we are promised a most searching investigation.

As I write streams of people are still moving along the streets to view the scene of the terrible disaster, which is the sole subject of conversation. Chicago has one Canadian alderman, named Rayner. His daughter's dead body was the first removed from the theatre by the firemen.

One of the proprietors of the new ill-fated play-house is Harry J. Powers, an Irish-American, who owns another theatre named after himself. It is in this house Ada Rehan usually plays when she comes to Chicago, and where she lately filled an engagement with Otis Skinner in Shakespearean roles. The star in the spectacle of "Blue Beard Jr." is "Eddy" Foy, a Chicago Irish-American product, who is the joy of all Chicago people, for no comedian on the American stage is funnier.

The fire and police departments of Chicago are mostly Irish and they receive great praise for their courage, devotion and efficiency in this trying ordeal.

Chicago is a hard city to manage. It is a dangerous city to live in. Not a day passes that does not bring its sudden and violent deaths. The police force is altogether inadequate for the vast territory it covers. The tremendous burden of traffic in the streets, the railroads, the street cars, all have their list of deaths day by day, and with the murders and suicides, the accidents in factories, the casualties caused by badly kept streets, make the list of sudden deaths appalling. All that we can do is to look at each other and ask, "What next?" Anyone making a living elsewhere should hesitate well before coming here to make their abode, for life is not worth living in this Pandora of rush, struggle, confusion and lawlessness.

The Irish are largely responsible for conditions in Chicago, for they are the ruling element. Just now the acting mayor, Lawrence McGann, is Irish born; the chief of police is Irish born; the chief of the fire department is Irish born, the sheriff is Irish born. Crime goes on, accidents multiply, assaults and hold-ups increase and alarm is general. No body charges that those officials are negligent and do not perform their duties faithfully; but conditions are against them. The population increases so fast; enterprises are so vast, the streets are so obstructed, the saloons are so numerous, life is held so cheap, and political pulls are so powerful that the administration of law becomes paralyzed. "Reform," "reform," is a slogan one constantly hears and the endeavor to reform is sincere if ineffective. In winter time this city is the abiding place of tramps, loafers and lawless people coming from all quarters, and the congestion is trying. You cannot travel comfortably, either walking or riding. For walking the sidewalks are icy and you are menaced on every side. For riding in the street cars or elevated trains in the rush hours most of the passengers are set on end like standing cordwood, there being too many crowded in so that one can hardly breathe. I envy you good people who live in Toronto. You have convenience, comfort, law, order and decency in your daily lives.

Before the terrible theatre tragedy occurred and on the very same day, my mind was set on two events that greatly interested me—a wedding and a funeral. The wedding brought me back to my early boyhood days in old Hamilton, and the funeral was that of one of the brightest women of the Irish race at home or abroad. I rejoiced and I sorrowed, and then came word of the appalling theatre catastrophe in my immediate neighborhood.

When I was a boy learning the printing trade in Hamilton, in the early forties, all the publishers in that little city then were Irish-Irish Protestants if you will. They included George Perkins Bull of the "Gazette," Solomon Brega of the "Journal and Express," Robert Smiley of the "Spectator," and Rev. Dr. Webster of the "Christian Advocate." The Irish were then in the ascendant in the "Ambitious Little City." Solomon Brega was a Dublin man and was the father of a beautiful family and was himself a handsome old gentleman. His paper was the Reform organ before the "Times" was established, and the Hon. Charles Clarke, your venerable clerk of the Legislature, was at one time its editor. Old Mr. Brega's last occupation that I have recollection of was that of Registrar of the County of Peel at Brampton. His eldest son, Washington, became a noted Washington correspondent; his youngest son, Charles, found his way in course of time to Chicago, became connected with the Board of Trade, and in due time blossomed into a multi-millionaire, retired, and devoted his leisure time to travel and society. It was his daughter, Miss Louise, that was married; and in whose wedding, for old associations' sake, I took an interest. The happy man who became her husband was an English military captain named Ralph Howells James, of London, England. Miss Brega was a favorite

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in Chicago society, and numbers among her associates such distinguished persons as Lady Curzon. Her travels were very extensive and covered the four continents, and were duly heralded in the society columns of the daily papers from time to time. The wedding took place in an Episcopal church and was fashionably attended, with many bridesmaids and attendants. Chas. Brega, her father, was a clerk in the Hamilton post office before he came to Chicago, and no doubt will be remembered by many of your readers in that city. He possessed no great intellectual gifts, but his opportunity came in this city of opportunities, and he has thrived as many other Canadians are thriving here to-day. I was at one time inclined to think the Bregas were originally a Spanish family settled in Ireland, but I have found that the name Brega is Irish of a very ancient date. I devote these lines to the interesting event for old acquaintance sake and for the interest of your many Hamilton readers.

The annual report of the Archdiocese of Chicago, just published, shows that the number of Catholics in its jurisdiction is 1,000,000, the number of Catholic churches in the city is 157, and the number of priests in the Archdiocese is 619. Some of the Chicago parishes have immense congregations—St. Stanislaus (Polish) has 32,000; the Holy Family (Jesuit) 20,000; 67,388 children attend the parochial schools in the city, while those pupils attend colleges, academies, asylums, etc., bring the total up to 93,388.

William A. Curtis of the Chicago Record-Herald, now in Rome, continues to describe conditions in the Holy City in a reverent and interesting manner. In one of his letters he says only a small part of the business of the Holy See is transacted at the Vatican, numerous other buildings being employed for various purposes.

For the Religious Life
Toronto and Kingston Young Ladies Are Received.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., representing His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, received eleven young ladies on Monday last as members of the Community of St. Joseph. The chapel was tastefully decorated for the occasion and outside of the priests in the sanctuary only the parents and immediate friends of the young ladies were present.

The names of the young ladies are: Miss Mary Flanagan, Sister Mary Leonard; Miss Margaret Inglesby, Sister Mary Anita; Miss Mary H. Anderson, Sister Mary Magdalene. These three ladies took the veil and the other seven novices made their professional vows to the community. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Urban, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's, and mass was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Teedy, principal of St. Michael's College.

Kingston, Jan. 5.—Archbishop Gauthier officiated at a solemn reception in the House of Providence to-day, when seven young ladies consecrated their lives to the work of the Sisters of Charity. They were: Misses Catherine Mullan, M. Corrigan, H. J. Brady, Amelia McDermott, H. E. Quinn, Emily Tierney and Elizabeth Tierney.

In her newspaper work no subject was strange to her and she wrote on politics, science, sociology, as freely as she did of art, literature and history.


In 1896 she was stricken with paralysis, but seemed to have completely recovered. She was stricken again Sunday, Dec. 20th, but there was no dread of a fatal result, but on Monday last hope for recovery was abandoned and she died on Tuesday, the

St. Vincent De Paul Children's Aid Society
The third quarterly meeting (9th year) of the Board of Management of the St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto will be held in St. Vincent's Hall, 25 Shuter St., on Monday evening next, the 11th inst., at 8 p.m. All friends are cordially invited.

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Another Old-Timer

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—With more than ordinary interest and pleasure have I perused "Old-Timer's" reminiscences of gone-by days in this city from his first contribution to the "Irish Canadian" to his last in your valued journal. No doubt other "old heads" have done likewise. They awakened memories of the past and brought vividly to mind the incidents and struggles of Irish Catholics for and in defence of their religious and political rights during the early fifties and down to confederation.

William Halley was a well-known figure on our streets, even to the school boys, and endeared himself to and wielded a large influence with our people by reason of the deep interest he took in them and by his loyal and unwavering advocacy of any movements relating to our interests. By the business community he was highly esteemed and respected for his ability and sterling integrity. Some years prior to withdrawing from the management of the type foundry business here to seek a more lucrative one in a more congenial climate, he with characteristic energy edited and issued the first Canadian illustrated newspaper published in Toronto, which I think, however, was not a successful venture financially. With perhaps little or no material at hand to refresh his memory "Old Timer" displays wonderful accuracy, as to the facts, dates, names and locations of those early days referred to in his interesting communications. I however, recall a few slight inaccuracies and omissions which may not be amiss to correct and supply at random. The present generation little dreams of what Irish Catholics of those days had to contend with. The priests, brothers and nuns were unable to walk the streets without being subjected to verbal insult. No wonder, then, the late Michael Murphy saw the necessity for the formation of the Gaelic Benevolent Society. It was essentially an absolute necessity for the protection of their churches, educational and charitable institutions, and many a night was this faithful, dutiful and patriotic body of men forced to stand sternly around them. Each recurring 12th of July, unfortunately, witnessed the perpetration of outrages by Orange mobs; even private residences were not secure from their wanton attacks. The free exercise of their franchise was interfered with at the polls by this rabble, led by such characters as Bob Moody. As a boy in the late fifties I witnessed a violent attack he made at the head of a gang of those ruffians from St. John's Ward on the voters at St. Patrick's Market, with the intention of seizing the booth and preventing the recording of votes. For this purpose he utilized a large pile of brick which had been placed for building purposes on Queen street near Renfrew, now McCall St. Not a brick of that pile was left. Fire arms were discharged. Many serious injuries, cut hands and bloody faces was the result of that encounter.

Eventually they were repulsed and complete rout followed. In their retreat eastward they committed a most cowardly assault on an inoffensive and innocent cabman, knocking him from his box and injuring him severely. The Riot Act was read on that occasion. Sam Sherwood was then Chief of Police, and he with Major Cummings (a Catholic, an efficient officer and an exceptional appointment) under him, did effective work in quelling the serious disturbance. It was then the watchword at the city hall that "no Irish Catholic need apply" for any civic employment in the gift or under the control of the council, unless indeed it was one of peril and risk of limb and life without remuneration attached. Hence it was that No. 4 Co. (Victoria) engine Volunteer Fire Brigade was manned by them, captained by Geo. Lennon, a brother of Dr. Lennon, and right manfully did they fight many a fierce fire in the cause of humanity and property. This band engine was housed in old St. Patrick's Market, a frame structure in rear of the present building of that name. Thank heaven those days of outrage are past and gone, and it is pleasant

to think that such rowdyism no longer exists and that a more law-abiding and intelligent element prevails in Orange councils.

Anent a few of the men referred to by "Old Timer" as being prominent in legal, medical and literary life I think with him they were men of rare and brilliant attainments, and I believe we have not to-day in our ranks their superiors. I doubt if there now lives in this province an equal to James McCarroll (Terry Finigan) in his special political humorous writings which appeared in the "Grumbler," the funny paper of the day. His style was inimitable and his political hits great. He sometimes essayed as a comic lecturer, notably in "The House That Jack Built," and was a flutist of considerable note.

While writing on the "Irish Canadian" he is credited with suggesting, to the late Mr. Boyle that he take hold of the editorial work himself, with what result we know—creditable and fearless advocacy and defence of Ireland and the Irish appearing in every line—an earnest and enthusiastic supporter of freedom and independence and a bitter enemy to intolerance and tyranny.

The name of "Paddy O'Day's" newspaper, edited by McCarroll in Buffalo, was, I believe, the "Fenian Volunteer."

A pleading drawn by the late Jas. Halloran in a case in which he and the late Henry Eccles were acting for the opposing litigants, drew from so eminent an authority in legal matters the opinion that he doubted if there was in the province another man capable of drafting such a "special plea."

The late James Fahey was admittedly the ablest newspaper paragraph writer in Canada. He would say more in a paragraph than most writers could in a quarter column. As a writer on the editorial staff of the Toronto World, his pithy, humorous style attracted the attention of busy business men who wanted all the news in "a nutshell," and they got it. He materially aided that journal in its struggle for existence in its early days, and had no use for "blanket sheets" or "pulp towers." His early experience was had on the reportorial staff of the Globe, afterwards editorial work in Stratford, on the Guelph Herald, Toronto News and World.

A happy and humorous after-dinner speaker, an ardent Conservative, well posted in the politics of the day, fluent and quick at retort, he was very much in request during election campaigns, and at one time unsuccessfully contested East Grey himself. In rural districts he would often frighten the new aspirant to political honors out of his wits with the formidable array of blue books he would pile on the table to support his contentions, but which had, perchance, no relevance whatever to the questions under consideration. When I first heard him he was replying to the late Hon. George Brown in Wellington County at the general election in '73 I was forcibly reminded of the rhymes of the "ant and the elephant." I was amazed that the little insignificant looking man should tackle a giant in avoirdupois and politics, but I soon discovered he was no midge in politics, had the courage of a lion and handled his man in a masterly manner. He sometimes took the lecture platform. I heard him deliver a delightful discourse on "Goldsmith." It was a fine effort. He had a bright future, but ill-health cut short a prospective, brilliant career at a comparatively early age. Had he been spared to us his abilities would no doubt have shed lustre on his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen. Sad to say, he died too soon.

That the Mayor of Stanley Street (Dan Dwan) possessed considerable native wit and drollery every one of his way well knew. In his later days Dan kept a small grocery on Church street, near the corner of Stanley street, now Lombard street, which was much frequented of an evening by students of the legal and medical literature who delighted listening to his drollery and witicism. Restriction and inspection of liquors were not very strict then, and he took advantage of their presence to "turn an honest penny" in the sale of some stimulants. He was also the owner of a well hide-bound horse on seeing which one day the late Mr. P. Boyle asked him what he fed the animal with and was met with the ready retort, "on Irish Canadians." That put the quietus on Mr. Boyle's enquiries as to the horse's condition for the future, and the reply became public property.

That Toronto furnished a self-sacrificing, fearless and patriotic contingent of Irish descent in the ill-advised movement to redress the wrongs and avenge the tyrannies of years inflicted on the land of their forefathers, goes without saying. Burning with zeal and imbued with an intense desire to right Ireland's wrongs, they espoused her cause with eagerness and enthusiasm in the full hope of success regardless of the stupendous difficulties they would necessarily have to encounter. Some of those named as being of the noble band arrested at Cornwall on their way to Ireland with the late Mr. Murphy were not of the number. Evidently Mr. M. did not select his chosen few from all the captains of companies, as presidents of branches of the Society was then called. Since then some of them died in the United States, others here—peace to their ashes—while there yet remain some in the flesh. Of one of those who had previously reached Ireland and

had taken an active part in the case of Kelly and Deary at the latter, which resulted in the unfortunate accidental death of an officer it must be said that State Secretary Seward with the British Government, half of Edward O'Mahony (Capt. Shore) it was the late John A. Macdonald who was instrumental in securing his pardon. His father came from County Ulster and succeeded to Sir John's influence and position in favor of his son and with respect to the author of the historic sentiment "God Save the King," made memorable in history, which he defiantly made the judges as a parting shot including his speech from the throne. Brave William Lomasney Mackay had many a narrow wonderful escape from capture, outwitted and successfully eluded pursuers and finally settled in Detroit. He was not married, but in Cork, and to a Cork restless spirit did not allow remain long in the American. Goaded to desperation by the punishments inflicted upon patriots, he returned to Ireland some measure, and in his own less way, avenge the terrible wrongs meted out. The deportment of the life of this fearless little man was unfortunate as related, too true. T. F. Burke was certainly a deficient specimen of manhood and a diabolical every inch. His brother, although he studied classics, he take holy orders, but became a successful school teacher.

Phil Cullen was a clerk in Toronto Savings Bank and resigned his position to lend his aid in the Irish cause. He was succeeded in office by the present manager, Mason.

I have watched in vain for reference by "Old Timer" to the early struggles for Separate Schools. He will well remember the battle fought by the late Mr. Bruyere, then Vicar-General of this diocese, with the late Dr. Supt. of Common Schools, that it was effective and the victory was evidenced in the determination to join in the national controversy in pamphlet form. This did not deter the V.G. from doing so. In this connection I was surprised at the indifference of Catholic gentlemen who should have an active interest in our educational institutions. It is not for material, for there is ample room for "non-professional," financial, mercantile and business men to take up educational institutions, numerous and large. I cannot name a single instance of one by a Catholic. The Protestant even know of a more fitting way to perpetuate their memory and honor names down to posterity than the tholies of liberal means to support our educational institutions. It is a monument more lasting than marble. Would that we had men in our midst to-day, as Capt. Elmsley, who "spoke" and means to their advancement, it is not been for the devotion and sacrifice of our priests and orders I dread to think the condition of our schools would be in.

In giving us the history of the gatherings of Catholic representatives from all over the province, "Old Timer" made reference to the formation of the Catholic League when Sir John and Geo. Brown were bidding for our votes through Sir Frank Smith, Senator. It is fairly was a very important venture and brought to the attention of the public many of our friends from all points in the province. I think perhaps he had bidden good-bye before that.

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ROME

Rome, December 10th.—The position of the Pope, and his importance in the world of thought and action, give the greatest weight to his words and deeds.

The "Osservatore Romano" of the other evening contained an official Note to the effect that in diverse journals—Italian and foreign—it was given forth that certain benedictions of the Holy Father, obtained by them or by others for them, who have been fortunate enough to be received by him, have been interpreted as an approbation and an encouragement given to the political or literary attitude of those for whom this benediction was solicited.

The kindly nature of the Pontiff to all men was shown by the discourse he delivered to the Catholic Community and Provincial Councilors of Rome, who are members of the Catholic Union.

The death of Cardinal Sebastian Herrero y Espinosa de los Monteros, Archbishop of Valencia, has just been reported. He was born in the City of Jerez de la Frontera, in 1822.

On Dec. 16 Pope X. received the International Committee for the Workingmen's Monument to Leo XIII. Cardinal Ferrata, Protector of the Work, delivered an address. He described this monument as a testimony of homage, affection, and gratitude.

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visits to St. Peter's, where he was always received by the Chapter with appropriate ceremony. St. Peter's, he said, he now knew well; but, alas! he is doomed never to see St. John Lateran, the Cathedral Church of Rome!

On Tuesday last, 6th December, began the 50th year since the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On December 18, his Holiness Pope Pius X. received in private audience the Rector of the Irish College, Monsignor Murphy presented Peter's Pence.

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ed Lord will render your work amply fruitful even on this ground. This is the wish of our hearts, and whilst on the one hand we ask the Giver of all goods to grant to your Holiness strength, prosperity, and long life, we ask from your Holiness for us and for all the workmen who have contributed to the aforesaid monument the Apostolic Benediction.

After thanking the Cardinal Prince Colonna and all the members of the Committee for the honour, they wished to bestow upon his illustrious predecessor of holy memory, Leo XIII., the Pope continued, saying that in honoring Leo XIII. they were honoring the Pope, and in the Pope the Papacy, and in the Papacy the Church; and, consequently, in honoring the Church they honoured Jesus Christ, its Divine Founder.

Whilst much is spoken of justice, continued Pius X., little is said of charity, and whilst rights are claimed men curtail and ignore prosperity which God himself has bestowed.

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of the Arquebusers of Toledo. Cardinal Ximenes determines that the Don shall wed a Christian girl, Donna Juana, and so on. Sardou has worked all this up in his usual stately style, and he, of course, brought down the gallery. There were several French Catholics, among them some with Irish connections, in the first night audience, and they applauded the Hebrew Mummer, De Max in his travesty of a Prince of the Church who, even by Protestant historians, has been admitted to be a great statesman and a wise and liberal ruler.

Old Scene Reproduced Transfer of Louisiana is Acted Again in New Orleans—Mass in Old Cathedral.

New Orleans, December 26.—Under the sunniest of skies to-day the Stars and Stripes rose gracefully to the top of the tall staff in the historic Place d'Armes, amid the ringing of cathedral bells, the roar of cannon and the shouts of the people, and the centennial celebration of the Louisiana transfer ended in a burst of patriotism.

The day's exercises were inspiring. They opened with the Pontifical Mass in the old St. Louis Cathedral, built while the Spaniards were still in possession of Louisiana—the shrine to which Andrew Jackson went immediately after the battle of New Orleans to hear the High Mass of Thanksgiving sung for the victory of the American arms.

The Orator O'Sullivan In Church in Columbia

During an impassioned speech from Mr. O'Sullivan, in the Glen Innes Lecture contest, a horse dropped dead. In the course of a second speech it was discovered that a woman in the crowd was in flames.

Barrie Deany Rev. Father Moyna for the first time in seven years was unable to make his bi-weekly trip to Warminster on account of the roads. He got within a mile of the church, had assistance to dig his horse and cutter out of the snow drifts, and tried to walk the remaining distance.

After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT Soothes tired muscles, removes aches and stiffness, and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Those Vast Treasures

Fables Invented to Diminish the Generosity of the Faithful.

Shortly after the death of Pope Leo some strange stories found their way into the press about the immense treasures which he left behind him. Something like forty millions of francs were supposed to have been accidentally discovered by his executors in a sort of lumber room of his apartment while there in his drawers other large sums were found lurking. It may be that the fables were merely invented to fill up space in a sensational manner, and it may also be that they were devised with a view to diminishing the generosity of the faithful in contributing to the support of the Holy Father.

Roosevelt Angers Orangemen Philadelphia, Dec. 16.—Because President Roosevelt will not give his consent to have his portrait painted on its banner, the Roosevelt True Blue Lodge of Orangemen, of Bryn Mawr, is considering the advisability of changing the name of its organization.

Samples of Choice Grain for the Improvement of Seed To the Editor of The Catholic Register:

Dear Sir,—By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed.

Ignorant Calumnies Against Church in Columbia If the Republic of Columbia can make out no better case than that presented in its behalf in the December North American Review, many Americans will feel disposed to revise their judgment on the merits of the Panama controversy.

Rondrea (For The Register.) On New Year's day, the proper thing for those who with the angels sing, When life is o'er and daisies bloom, In wild luxuriance o'er their tomb; I say, 'tis proper now to fling Some backward glances, ordering The future by the light they bring To broken promises that loom On New Year's day.

The Bible and the Schools In most, if not in all of the public schools of Pennsylvania, reading of the Bible forms part of the daily instruction. As a matter of course, the Protestant version is in general used, and while the school are nominally free from sectarian influence, practically most Protestant parents are satisfied that the public school, in connection with the benefit of Sunday School training, is all that their children require in that line.

Pope Pius on Gregorian Chant Rome, Dec. 28.—The Pope has issued of his own accord a note on the subject of sacred music in churches, recommending the Gregorian chant.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

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Sleeplessness.—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.

The HOME CIRCLE

THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night; "No," this morning, sir, I say. Colors seen by candle light. Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best, Lamps above and laughs below, Love me sounded like a jest, Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free; Vow, whatever light may shine, No man on your face shall see, Any grief or change on mine.

Yet the silk is on us both; Time to dance is not to woo; Wooing light makes fickle troth, Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith Nobly, as the thing is high; Bravely, as for life and death, With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards, Point her to the starry skies, Guard her by your truthful words, Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true, Ever true, as wives of yore; And her yes, once said to you, Shall be yes forevermore. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ANCIENT CATHOLIC FAMILIES

By the approaching marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Gwendolen Mary Maxwell two ancient noble families belonging to England and Scotland will be united, though Scottish antiquaries may perhaps regret that since Miss Maxwell is heir-presumptive of the historic Scottish barony of Herries of Terregles, that dignity will probably be eventually merged, like the much more ancient honour of Arundel, in the Dukedom of Norfolk. The barony of Herries was created by James IV. of Scotland, fighting on whose behalf the second Lord Herries met his death gallantly on the field of Flodden. The present peer married in 1875 the Hon. Angela Mary Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the first Lord Howard of Glossop, and first cousin of the present Duke of Norfolk. His eldest daughter, Miss Gwendolen Maxwell, who was born on January 11, 1877, is therefore related to the Duke in the degree of first cousin once removed. The Duke was born on December 27, 1847, and succeeded to the title in 1880. He married in 1877 Lady Flora Hastings, eldest daughter of Baron Donington, who died in 1887. There was only one child of the marriage, a boy, Philip, Earl of Arundel, born in 1879, whose death in July of last year closed a sad life of continuous weakness and ill-health. The Duke held the office of Postmaster-General from 1895 to 1900, when he resigned in order to serve in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry. He has also taken considerable part in civic life, and was for three years Mayor of Sheffield, and first Mayor of the newly-constituted City of Westminster. At the coronation of Earl Marshal and Premier Peet of England he was a very important figure. The wedding, it is expected, will take place on this side of Lent. A dispensation is of course requisite before the knot can be tied. The Duke is 56 and the bride is 26, but the thirty years' disparity is not without happy precedent in the family, the Duke's married at the age of 21 Mr. Hope sister, Lady Victoria Howard, having Scott, G.C., Gladstone's great friend, who was 49.

Loyalty was always the glorious appanage of the House of Howard. The first Duke fought and died by his master's side at Bosworth, though he had the day before received the famous warning— "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."

When the Reformation came the Dukes hung gloriously to, and suffered terribly for, the ancient Faith. In a single century two Dukes of Norfolk were attainted, one died on the scaffold, and of two heirs to the title, the Earl of Surrey and the Earl of Arundel, one was beheaded and one died in prison. It would be a pity if, after all that has happened, the glories of "all the blood of all the Howards" should pass into Protestant hands. The Howards are connected with Ireland by the marriage of the eleventh Duke with Marian Coppinger, of Ballyvane, a family of which the present chief is Mr. Coppinger-O'Connell, a collateral descendant of the Liberator's.

EPITAPHS ON GRAVESTONES OF FAILURES.

He lacked tact, Worry killed him. He was too sensitive, He couldn't say "No." He did not find his place, A little success paralyzed him. He did not care how he looked, He did not guard his weak point, He did not fall in love with his work. He got into a rut and couldn't get out. He did not learn to do things to a finish. He loved ease; he didn't like to struggle. He was the victim of the last man's advice. He was loaded down with useless baggage. He lacked the faculty of getting along with others. He could not transmute his knowledge into power. He tried to pick the flowers out of his occupation. He knew a good deal, but could not make it practical.

Children's Corner

OUR BLESSED LADY'S KNIGHT.

(Specially written for the "Children's Corner.")

There stood beside a cool spring one evening near sunset on a far eastern plain a young cavalier beside his faithful steed who seemed anxious to be going by the manner in which he beat the ground with his stately front foot, but his young master seemed in no hurry to move on. As the glories of the sunset seemed to enhance the scene he seemed to be gazing even further than the vision could penetrate. Perhaps he was thinking of the home of his youth where he played at sunset on the green lawn of his father's estate and again recalled the kind and gentle face of his sainted mother, gazing with pride on her handsome boy, anticipating an unsullied and spotless career for him and in this she was more than rewarded. To look on that noble face and pure brow no one could have a doubt of his integrity and honor. As the sun was disappearing behind the last hill he made the sign of the cross and bowed his head and repeated the Angelus, the beautiful prayer taught him by his mother, and tears almost of affection fell from his eyes when he thought how pleased she would be to meet again her darling son and press him once more to her loving heart as of old for no other love had entered his heart save that of the sweet hereafter and his mother. And now he was returning from the war of Palestine, loaded with testimony of brave and honorable deeds. As he again withdrew his gaze from the eastern horizon where the sun had just disappeared, he beheld before him a vision so beautiful in the form of a young knight clothed from head to foot in purest white with helmet of burnished gold and sabard of silver in which was thrust a sword encrusted with precious jewels and sandals of pure white with gilded buckles. His face was so ethereal it caused our young cavalier to hesitate in addressing him. However, after a pause, he spoke and said: "Hail fellow traveller, from where comest thou and for what parts art thou destined? Perhaps we may bear each other some news on this lonely road? Perhaps thou too, have a mother waiting your coming, or perhaps a lady love who waits your coming and whom you may have her image engraved on your heart, or who presented you with that white banner you so carefully guard. Come now and we will exchange confidences and he told him of his childhood in all its simplicity and all its connections, with his thoughts previous to his appearing before him. During his narrative the face of the young knight became angrier and his kindly eyes flashed. "To your first question I must answer, No. My mother is not of earth. To your second question I answer, Yes. I have a lady love to whom I am returning. I hold her image near my heart, and to her I always mean to be true. She placed her white banner in my hand long ago and I am returning with it, unsullied and untarnished. My Lady Love is our Blessed Lady of Victory. The young cavalier bowed his head and bent his knees in prayer on this lonely road. When he again raised his head his young companion had disappeared.

THE BACHELOR UNCLE

(For The Register.)

Mrs. Philip Walker swept along the front hall with her chin tilted in the air. The metallic flash of her eyes, the firm set look about her thin lips, and the ominous swish of her silken skirts all betokened something. She did not have her usual nonchalant easy air nor her silent, stoic (too silent her brother-in-law often thought) which she graced the drawing-room with or carried sulkily into the very kitchen itself. For Mrs. Philip always thought it her duty to make her presence or absence felt. As for her presence, she would not waver in regard to that but the absence was certainly a relief.

To-night, Mrs. Philip felt it her bounden duty to assume the most censorious and dignified air possible to assume on any sweet womanly face. She swept majestically along the hall, up the stairs to the children's apartments. The lights burned low; and in the dim, hazy and "ghostly" glimmer the room looked delightfully artistic. The red glow from a decaying ember threw a subdued light over the various articles of furniture; grotesque and uncertain shadows played about the book-cases and shaded of curiously into dark corners around the open doors.

A half smile played about the lady's mouth as she reached over and turned up the gas, and—! What a room! What a transformation! It was well that the light had been uncertain, for in all Mrs. Philip's vast experience she had never seen such a disgustingly untidy room—such a perfectly awful room! Although Uncle Neil afterwards said it was "hugely and delightfully pleasant." But the room—the table was littered with books, apple-cores, nut-shells, ink-stands and fancy work—chairs were upset—toys broken and strewn around.

GRUMBLEBOY AND SMILEYBOY.

In the Jones house were two small boys, Johnnie Grumbleboy and Johnnie Smileyboy, but no one ever saw both at once. At first they hardly realized, this little boy's father and mother and Aunt Emma, that there were two boys; but when one morning a little chap came down to breakfast with a big frown on his face and blue eyes that were so cross that they looked nearly black, and when pleasant remarks from the family had no effect in making the boy look pleasant, they were obliged to make up their minds that a strange little boy had come to take the place of their pet. So they treated him with all the ceremony necessary with a stranger, and pretty soon he found himself feeling strange and queer.

But he wouldn't tell any one that he felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was not that kind of a boy. When he came down feeling that way, why, everything was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty, his milk didn't taste right, and his egg was boiled too hard. And just didn't want to wear his old cap to kindergarten. It was all comfortable at all.

MIS-STEPS.

Nothing can call them back—the years. With unguessed riches sent, That blind complaints or baseless fears. Foiled of their just intent; No future need, no present pain— Nothing can call them back again.

Nothing can change, for you or me, Those moments big with fate; Whose awful power of destiny. We recognize too late; Yet error, in the courts of Time, Is punished equally with crime. Sad counsel, strive in vain To reconcile the heart, or make The dark enigma plain; Philosophy, tho' Heaven-born, Grief and remorse will put to scorn. Like Jacob in the wondrous tale, Convicted of defeat, Each soul alone, in Pentecost's vale, The Man-God must meet, Must wrest deliverance from the sense, Of infinite love and impotence. Dread Angel! Suns withdraw thy light, The stars break up and flee, While, in the deep and dark of night, Our spirits close with thee; Yet is thy voice the Voice divine, And Isaac's blessing less than thine. DORA READ GOODALE.

"Mine's like a rock, it's so hard," growled father. Grumbleboy could hardly keep from smiling, it was all so like the good old story of Silverlocks and the three bears, but he'd come down stairs feeling cross, and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some lovely hot griddle cakes were brought on. Grumbleboy wanted to complain, just because he felt like it, so after he'd poured maple syrup over his cake he touched it with his fork and grumbled: "These cakes are tough."

"Aren't they?" sighed Aunt Emma. "I can hardly cut mine," wailed mother, in a tearful voice. Father started to cut his then, and so did all the others, and at the same time father growled: "Shame to send such tough cakes to the table," and the cakes simply fell apart on their forks, and everybody burst into a roar of laughter. After that, when by chance the Grumbleboy appeared at breakfast, it was enough for Auntie to say: "Hello, are your cakes tough this morning, boy?" to break the clouds and bring back the sunshine.—The Examiner.

THE BACHELOR UNCLE

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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

John O'Connor, Toronto: Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903. Dear Sir—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. S. PRICE, 213 King street east.

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 a vascular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted a number of physicians, but without perceptible result. 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, 1903. 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 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, 1903. 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 rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 19, 1903. 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 on 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 18, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. 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. 19, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1903. 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 this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1903. 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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1903. 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 AUSTIN.

Toronto, April 16, 1903. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING.

18 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1903. J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, U. J. CLARK.

Address C.R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. Price, \$1 per box.

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MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1904.

THE IRISH CATHOLICS OF MONTREAL LOSING GROUND.
Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Montreal, has struck the right note when in the course of his remarks on New Year's Day, he told the congregation that the Irish Catholics of Montreal were continually losing ground.

Three English schools for boys and three for girls are in charge of the Christian Brothers, two in name only under the control of the Catholic Commission Board, and taught by secular priests. Four schools for girls are run by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Two representatives in the city council, Aldermen Gallery and Walsh. Two representatives in Parliament, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P. for the Dominion Parliament, and Hon. J. J. Guerin, M.D., a member of the Cabinet in the Quebec Legislature. Is this the way it should be? A population of nearly 50,000 Irish Catholics should have three more English schools for boys, three more for girls. There should be three or four more Irish Catholic Aldermen in the city, and two more members of parliament, one at Ottawa and one at Quebec. With these changes the Irish Catholics of Montreal have something of their rights. In the coming municipal contest, and Dominion elections it is to be hoped that the Irish people of Montreal will be able to elect their own representatives to voice their sentiments. Union and union only can carry the day. If they do not wish to profit by their opportunity when next it presents itself, they themselves, and they only, will then be to blame.

OTTAWA MAYORALTY.
Mr. D'Arcy Scott has been defeated in the Ottawa mayoralty contest, but the successful candidate, Ald. Ellis, failed to secure a plurality, so that the result on the whole is a popular vindication of the understanding that an Irish Catholic should have the honor of the chief magistracy of the capital city in turn with an English-speaking Protestant and a French-Canadian.

Mr. Scott owes his defeat partly to the despicable trick of running a second Irish-Catholic candidate to split the vote and partly to the scoundrelism of those who raised the Fenian cry against him. The Fenian cry has made to do service in Upper Town among the Orangemen and Protestants, whilst in Lower Town the factionists carried the banners of French-Irish friction and enmity, though ineffectually, to fan them into a blaze. The press description states that Hon. F. R. Latchford headed the anti-Scott group of Irish-Catholics. The Register hopes that Mr. Latchford will lose no time in denying this accusation. It is the second time the name of Mr. Latchford has been lightly associated with the raising of the Fenian cry against D'Arcy Scott. When such assertions become credible, we may well ask, What next? Mr. Scott received the Ottawa Liberal nomination for the Legislature. Mr. Latchford was credited with the role of leadership in the caucus that protested against "a Fenian candidate" in the name of loyal Liberalism. Mr. Scott relinquished the nomination rather than take a chance of injuring his party, but the disservice to the Free Government resulting from this ill-starred protest was made evident by the routing of the Liberal candidates Lumsden and Blenheim horse, foot and artillery. Mr. Scott took the platform in favor of these party candidates, but so

emphatic was the popular revolt against the means employed to defeat the choice of the convention that the brilliant young Irish-Canadian leader could not hold even his own friends in check. To prevent ill-feeling and scandal Mr. Scott hushed up further protest against his enemies, but whether he was wise in doing so or not may be judged to-day by the fact that the trick has been tried again with equal success.

As we have said before, Mr. Latchford should at once repudiate personal connection or sympathy with the business and deny the truth of the published reports.

The entire color and vestige of the Fenian scare in opposition to Mr. Scott is that he invited John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party to Ottawa on the occasion of Mr. Redmond's last visit to Canada when he was greeted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and other members of the Dominion Cabinet, and by the fervor and sincerity of the welcome he received, was convinced that Canada would again pass a Home Rule resolution to strengthen the hands of Irish representatives in Westminster. Mr. Scott stood forth and invited Mr. Redmond to come here at a moment when many fair-weather advocates of Home Rule were keeping either in doors or adopting an English accent on the streets. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his confederates in the Cabinet were neither afraid nor ashamed to renew the testimony of their fidelity to the righteous demand of the Irish people, and when Hon. John Costigan reintroduced the Home Rule resolution in the House of Commons they gave it their hearty support and passed it by an overwhelming vote through both houses of our Parliament. The Legislature of Quebec did precisely the same thing; but Mr. Latchford did not endanger his conspicuous prestige by suggesting such a thing to Premier Ross in Ontario. We refer to the Home Rule sympathies of the members of the Legislature of Quebec by way of a reminder that Irish-Canadians are not misled by the weak attempts of a few degenerates to keep alive the appearances of a fancied antagonism between Irish and French Catholics. The great body of Irish-Canadians throughout the Dominion fully realize how much they owe to the self-reliant sympathy of the French-Canadian people, a sympathy that has never been concealed by the leaders of French-Canadian public opinion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Dominion Government, Premier Parent in Quebec, and without an exception all their supporters are warmly attached to the Irish people in this land.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott has not fought in vain, though the clique did split his vote and kept him out of the mayor's chair. Ald. Enright may be acquitted of blame, or at least spared reproach. The 700 votes he received need no commentary. But as for the men who brought him out and induced Protestants to rally round Ald. Ellis by means of the Fenian cry, whilst they at the same time tried to frighten French-Canadian voters with a companion ghost-story, all that need be said concerning their hypocritical pretences to ultra loyalty and advanced patriotism is this, that the best-prints of the patriots means novel phase of patriotism which is the last refuge of scoundrels are seen all over their performance.

TORONTO MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS
The result of the municipal elections in the city of Toronto is being made the subject of varied comment. It would appear that the electors have given Commissioner of Assessment and Property (abbreviated Cap.) Fleming the title deeds of the Board of Control, but that the hereinbefore entitled official is left without a handle wherewithal to work the Council. "Cap" Fleming has been fishing with a long pole in our municipal waters. But it is still doubtful whether he will this year have a new office created for his emolument. He would be a sort of Pooh Beh over the staff of permanent municipal officials with the title of "Comptroller." This little matter has already been fixed up to the satisfaction of the Telegram. The Comptroller would be placed above the heads of the City Treasurer, the Clerk, the Engineer, the Surveyor, et al, and he would only draw \$10,000 per annum. The ratepayers would not be consulted with regard to the new office. It would be approved by the usual newspaper claptrap and whipping the Council into line. But it is as we have said, uncertain whether the new Council will come to heel. The election displayed the weakness of the "Cap" rather than his strength. The sum of Mr. Fleming's ambition would have been the return of a subservient Board of Control and Aldermanic Council. If he could not have the two, he would have to be content with one, and the Board of Control was the easier capture.

The pro-Fleming press professed the tenderest affection for Controllers Burns and Oliver; and as the profane Fleming press is all Liberal except in a few spots, Messrs. Burns and Oliver felt easily persuaded that they would receive the votes of Toronto Liberals between them. So upon polling day over 50,000 cards were distributed telling the electors how to vote for Burns and Oliver. These are copies of the cards:

BOARD OF CONTROL
KINDLY MARK YOUR BALLOT THUS
BURNS X

BOARD OF CONTROL
MARK YOUR BALLOT FOR
OLIVER X

The above directions to voters were given out at the polling booths with the approval of the two Liberal lads. It is safe to say that each of them lost thousands of votes by asking for one vote only where they might have had four. Controller Burns met late opposition because he proposed the appointment of the city architect at a salary twice as large as the man himself was looking for, and also because he refused to bend obediently to the caprice of Cap. Fleming when he threw away the cattle market fees. But both Burns and Oliver were "jollied" primarily because of the possibility of one or other of them opposing the reversion of the mayoralty next year to Ald. Spence. It may be thought absurd that the Liberal press of Toronto could be made a party to such a scheme against two of the strongest Liberals in the city. Nevertheless that is what the Liberal press amounts to. Messrs. Burns and Oliver were encouraged and flattered weeks before the election, but from all the final slates pressed upon the electors in the closing days of the campaign their names were carefully dropped. The two victims, nevertheless, went blind to the polls, directing their supporters to give them but one vote, whilst their opponents in the race were making a determined canvass for lumped votes.

This incident is likely to terminate Mr. Fleming's career as an adviser on elections. He is playing his own game, and it is all one to him whether he shuffles the cards with Liberals or Conservatives. Yesterday it was John Shaw. To-day it is William Burns or Joseph Oliver. To-morrow it may be Urquhart or Spence—though, as the poet tells us, cats are harder to kill than lambs. The incoming council will be worth watching.

ALD. WILLIAM BURNS.
The Register regrets to mark the defeat of Ald. William Burns' candidature for the Board of Control. At the same time no reproach can be cast upon the electors of Toronto in regard to the result, for we feel assured that no member of the old Council enjoys at this moment more fully the confidence of the electors at large than the Catholic who for so many years represented the Fourth Ward. Mr. Burns' record entitles him to this esteem. He has been a watchful guardian of the people's rights and interests and a popular representative of unassailable integrity. The Register speaks of him as a Catholic for no other reason than to allow the declaration on our part that his defeat can in no way be attributed to prejudice on the part of the electors of this intelligent city. Mr. Burns was overconfident. His friends were too sure that he would head the poll. Those electors who came to the polling booths were asked for one vote only, because, we suppose, Mr. Burns had it in his mind that his running partner, Mr. Joseph Oliver, an Orangeman, would be taken at a disadvantage if a Catholic candidate were to follow the example of the general run of candidates and ask his friends to lump their votes for him under the cumulative system. There is no use regretting lost battles. Mr. Burns leaves the municipal council, we hope temporarily, after a term of service as honorable and useful as it has been long. We hope next year to see him restored to the Board of Control, because there are few men better qualified by experience and character to serve the citizens well.

TWO PERILS.
Whether Russia and Japan will temporarily once more with their mutual fears or rush into the arbitration of arms at a few hours' notice is uncertain at the moment of writing. What is about as certain as anything in the domain of human probability, however, is that these opposing empires will ultimately clash either on Chinese or Korean territory. The Far Eastern question, as it is called, in the newspapers, has two aspects, one for the East, the other for the West. To the European mind the Far Eastern question con-

West Toronto. However, nothing more need be said now since the assertion is emphatically denied by the prospective Lochinvar who will come out of the west for a second bride, except that the denial should have been sent to the daily press in the first place.

SUNNYSIDE ORPHANAGE.
The Sisters in charge of the Orphanage at Sunnyside desire to express their thanks through The Register to the generous friends who remembered the institution at Christmas. The gratitude of the children is likewise conveyed in this message to the many whom the spirit of Christmas past thus warmed. The orphans had a merry Christmas. In the long and happy history of this Christ-like work the experience of a merrier Christmas has not been known. It is borne in mind to be sure that the Catholic people of Toronto have never neglected Sunnyside either at Christmas or any other season. But the Christmas remembrance makes an especially good and pleasant impression, an impression all the closer and warmer because time doth not wither nor custom stale the sweetness of doing good in order that some motherless little ones may share the joys of the season of good will equally with those children towards whom God's love and Providence appear to assume a more indulgent form.

The Sisters are not publishing a list of donations to the orphans' Christmas tree. Nor do the donors desire it. To each and all the assurance is given that scores of innocent hearts have been made happy and content.

EDITORIAL NOTES
The public school pupils and their teachers who marched out of a burning school-house in Toronto on Monday without panic or personal injury to a single individual, have shown the practical value of the exercise known as "Fire Drill." Their performance is a credit to their discipline.

According to the London Daily News Cardinal Merry del Val has been charged by the Pope to obtain certain information from the Roman congregations with the view of promoting their efficiency concerning the names and number of functionaries employed in which each is engaged, their stipends and perquisites of all kinds, sources of revenues, and methods of administration.

The Rome correspondent of the London Times gives the most unqualified and circumstantial contradiction to the story of the bequest left by Pope Leo to his present Holiness. He says that there is not one jot or tittle of foundation for the story from start to finish. In anti-clerical circles in Rome a canard was started immediately upon the Pope's death that His Holiness had left a large sum of money to his family. This was denied. It was then stated that a large amount of money had "disappeared." This was also shown to be untrue—and now this fairy-tale about the restitution of the money through the medium of Cardinal Gotti was invented to bolster the preceding fabrications.

Mr. William Halley supplies a special letter to-day upon the Chicago theatre fire. This horror has spread alarm throughout the world concerning the safety of theatres. Mr. R. J. Fleming, in Toronto, affects to be more alarmed about the churches. The great elements of danger in theatres, the stage draught, the galleries and the narrow aisles are absent from most churches. Another feature is the greater crush of people in the theatres. Why is this so? An expert in the Forum answers the question by saying that the public have been stricken by a complex malady of morbid English immorality, French vice and American vulgarity which are practically the only things now presented upon the stage.

Great interest is taken in Catholic circles in the coming marriage of the Duke of Norfolk with the Honorable Miss Herries, who is only twenty-six years old. It is earnestly hoped that the marriage will be blessed with children. At present the hope of continuing the elder branch of the House of Howard rests on two delicate boys, the sons of Lord Edward Talbot and Lord Howard of Glossop. If both died without male issue, the title and estates would pass to a distant cousin, a Protestant. The greatest subject in Europe is undoubtedly that "high, mighty, and puissant Prince, Sir Henry Fitzalan Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey and Norfolk, a Baron of four Lordships, Knight of the Garter, Premier Duke, Premier Earl, and Earl Marshal of England." The pedigree of the Duke goes back to Hereward (or Howard) the Wake, the gallant foe of William the Conqueror, and the Duke had as his ancestors Tudor and Plantagenet, Kings of France and Kings of Scotland.

The Kaiser has a method of his own of correcting newspaper yarns. Just as the world had begun to believe that William had lost his voice as the result of the recent operation on his throat, His Majesty took it into his head to talk of Waterloo by way of "only trying his voice." He ought to be satisfied with its carrying power. It has penetrated all over the world. "The Kaiser's version of Waterloo," is undoubtedly correct. "The German Legion," in conjunction with Blucher and the Prussians, rescued the English army from destruction at Waterloo. British jingoes who have taken it for granted that Waterloo was a purely British episode are purple with rage; but they will be slow to believe any more yarns about the Kaiser's voice.

Father Lavan Dead
The death occurred at Pakenham, Ont., of the Rev. Dominic Lavan, parish priest of that place. The late Father Lavan was born in 1842 and ordained priest in 1865, being appointed to the parish of Pakenham shortly after. During his long pastorate he has endeared himself to all classes of the community. His illness, due to cancer of the stomach, caused him great suffering, which he bore with remarkable fortitude, and when visited by His Grace Archbishop Duhamel and Monsignor Houthier, evinced the utmost resignation to the divine will.

McCahey-Gannon
A very pretty though quiet wedding took place at St. Daniel's Church, South Mountain, on the morning of November 18th, when Mr. P. J. McCahey, only son of Mr. P. McCahey of North Mountain, led to the altar Miss Ella Gannon, eldest daughter of Mr. James Gannon of Mountain Ridge. The ceremony took place amidst a profusion of floral decorations, the Rev. Father O'Connor officiating. Long before the appointed hour a large number of friends and acquaintances of the bride and groom assembled in the church to witness the ceremony. The bride was charmingly attired in a suit of blue broadcloth with hat to match, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Annie, who was beautifully gowned in grey. Mr. M. Delaney of Chesterville was best man. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride, where a grand dinner was served. The many costly and useful presents of which they were the recipients help to testify to the high esteem in which both young people are held by all who know them.

St. Michael's Hospital
The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Michael's Hospital, gratefully acknowledge the following Christmas donations: Rev. F. F. Rohleder, turkey; Rev. J. Walsh, turkey; Rev. J. P. Treacy, candies; Rev. H. Murray, candies; Mr. Wm. Rennie, case of holy; Miss Doyle, three turkeys; Misses Smith, case of oranges; case of lemons and two turkeys; Mrs. J. J. Kenny, case of jelly; Mrs. J. Cosgrave, turkey; Messrs. J. Sloan Co., nuts, figs and raisins; The Wm. Ryan Co., three hams, four tongues and four partridges; Messrs. Christie Brown & Co., barrel of biscuits; Mr. J. Ferrier, case of oranges; Messrs. Hastings, glassware; Mr. Geo. Coleman, cake; Messrs. Kelly Bros., lamb; Mr. H. T. Bailey, fruit; Mrs. Hynes, two palms; Miss Fogarty, rubber plant; Mr. H. Coleman, flowers; A. Friend, \$25; Mr. Cornue, Chicago, \$10; Mr. L. Cosgrave, \$10; Mrs. Gravelle, \$10; A. Friend, \$10; Mr. Geo. Coleman, \$1.

The Separate School Board should be serious about the appointment of representatives on the Board of Education. It may be accepted at once as a truth that no man who canvasses a member for his vote is at all worthy of support. The Public School supporters of Toronto have elected a respectable and representative body of persons upon the Board of Education. The Catholic members who go in among them by delegated right in law should be gentlemen certain of commanding the respect of their colleagues. They should be representative men, and representative not only of the Catholic community, but of the business and intelligence of the city as a whole. We have heard of much canvassing for the vacant appointments. This sort of thing is a slur upon the citizenship of Toronto Catholics.

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SOON TO BECOME
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OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.
JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Rev. P. J. Galvin Ordained Priest
Peterborough, Rec. 24.—There was an unusually large congregation at St. Martin's Church, Ennismore, yesterday morning, when Rev. P. J. Galvin of that township was ordained to the priesthood by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay, Rev. Father McColl, and Dr. O'Brien of Peterborough, Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, of Ennismore, Rev. O. D. Brotherton, of Emily, and Rev. C. J. Phelan of Young's Point.

Condolence
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst Bro. John J. Ryan, father of our esteemed Bro. John Ryan, who departed this life on Friday, Dec. 25, 1903, Resolved that the officers and members of Branch No. 1 of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada, that while bowing in humble submission to the supreme will of our Heavenly Father, respectfully tender to the widow and family of our late brother our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in this their sad hour of bereavement, and we pray that All-merciful God may grant eternal rest unto the soul of the deceased. Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. Ryan, a copy inserted in the minutes of the Branch, and a copy forwarded to The Catholic Register for publication. Signed on behalf of the Branch, G. T. Wright, R. Scollard, Secretary, President.

The Metropolitan Bank
Capital Paid Up . . . \$1,000,000
Reserve Fund . . . \$1,000,000
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Interest allowed from date of deposit on all sums of \$1.00 and upwards at highest current rate.
BRANCHES IN TORONTO
7 and 9 King St. E. (HEAD OFFICE)
Cor. Collis and Bathurst sts.
" Dundas and Arthur sts.
Queen and McCaul sts.

My Valet
DRESS SUITS TO RENT
Pressing, Repairing,
Cleaning and Dyeing.
Goods called for and returned to any part of city

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MURPHY N. MURPHY COAL BURNS TO THE ASH, NO CLINKERS. CURE FOR A COLD HOUSE. Imperial Coal Co. 1184 Yonge St. Phone North 2046

SHORTHAND, KEEPING, ETC.

SHORTHAND, KEEPING, ETC. TAUGHT AT THE Commercial Business College 100 C. A. BUILDING ONTARIO

Wishes for the New Year

Written for The Register.

1903 has entered into oblivion with its joys and sorrows, its successes and its failures, its victories and its defeats, its days and hours and its darkened everything that went into the year's work will be forgotten on one side, while on the other side and disappointment would have to be recorded.

What a sad thing it is to see so many of our young men take no interest in that place which should be most sacred to him—his home. The home that was built up with so many sacrifices of toil and labor by devoted parents. A young man should keep reasonable hours. Many a heart-broken mother paces up and down the room of her home, praying for the erring son who has just started out on life's journey, but unfortunately has wandered off the right path and is led on by other temptations into blindness and often destruction.

Count life a stage upon which you are to play. To whom you speak, to whom you bow, and when, and where.

What a grand thing it is to do a good deed in a mannerly way, and in all places. There are many, however, who seem to have no regard for special occasions, when they are in the presence of the so-called big folks.

Every thought should be directed heavenward through the live-long day. Sinful thoughts should be rejected, and we should keep the fiend away.

Our Catholic young men, the future hope of our Catholic parishes, have many duties to perform. We naturally expect more from Catholics in the way of good example, though often we don't get it, than from our separated brethren.

Read over the above advice well, try to put it in practice, and by so doing the year 1904 just beginning will be one of joy, victory, and success.

God grant you many and happy years. Till the last has crowned you; The dawn of endless day appears, And heaven is shining round you!

Montreal, Jan. 5th, 1904. FELIX.

The man with a vice wonders why so many persons think it their duty to make public the fact.

The test of friendship is its fidelity when every charm of fortune and environment has been swept away, and the bare, undraped character alone remains.

It is an Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding place, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

P. SHEERIN Wholesale Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof and Gaiterette Rain-coats and Garments

Wholesale Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof and Gaiterette Rain-coats and Garments 1184 Yonge St. West, Toronto

Our Montreal Budget

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The report of Coroner McMahon of Montreal for the year 1903 shows the cases reported to him as being 1,240. This is a high record and shows an increase over other years. The mighty hand of Time has rolled by, and in a large city hundreds have gone to the Great Beyond in the twinkling of an eye, without a moment's warning.

Sudden deaths, heart disease, apoplexy, etc., 204; drowning, 53; children died without being attended, 11; their illness by a physician, 41; succumbed to burns and scalds, 28; killed by the Grand Trunk Railway, 25; killed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, 11; by building accidents, 16; by street cars, 16; run over by carriages, 14; overdoses of soothing syrups, 7; died in jail, 16; infanticides, 6; killed on the wharf, 5; killed by horses, 4; homicides, 3; died as the result of elevator accidents, 2; children accidentally killed while in bed with their mothers, 4; falls, 14; suicides, 12; dropped dead on the street, 3; electric shocks, 4; asphyxiated by gas, 2; killed by dynamite explosions, 2; fall from a horse, 1; killed while horse racing, 1; frozen to death, 1. In one case the jury returned a verdict of death by unknown causes.

The banquet at Place Viger Hotel to Messrs. Laugel and Giroux of the Custom House was a qualified success. The guests of the evening were Mr. Harry McLaughlin, the newly appointed surveyor of the ports, and Mr. A. E. Giroux, who now fills Mr. McLaughlin's old position.

Mr. Richard S. White, Collector, presided. On his right sat Mr. McLaughlin, and on his left Mr. Giroux. Others at this table were: Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Mr. P. Wright, Mr. James McLaughlin, Mr. J. H. Douglas, Mr. C. A. Giroux, Mr. Jules de E. Clement, and Mr. C. Meunier. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. J. Hachette and H. A. Lemieux.

After the toast to "The King," Dr. Scanlan sang and then Mr. White proposed "Our Guests." The Collector said that he knew them to be men of integrity and honest purpose. Eight years ago he became associated with Mr. McLaughlin, and a more many man he had never met. As to Mr. Giroux, he had entered the Montreal Custom House since that time, and the only thing he could say was that he merited his promotion.

Such a banquet as had been tendered these two gentlemen was a remarkable tribute to both of them. Mr. McLaughlin, in his response, said that he had been 21 years in the service, and from his boyhood days, when he joined, he had endeavored to do what he considered a golden motto, "treat a man as you find him." He had dealt with his staff from this standpoint, and industry and merit had always been taken into consideration when a promotion was to be made.

In conclusion, he said that he required no greater vindication of his career than the gathering he saw around him, but he could not conclude without tendering his thanks to the Minister of Customs and the officers of the department at Ottawa.

Mr. White then proposed the Dominion Government, coupling with it the name of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. In doing so he pointed out many things regarding the port of Montreal, how it had grown in importance, since he became collector and in the past year had held its own in the matter of collections.

The committee in charge of the banquet was as follows: President, R. S. White; vice-presidents, H. A. Lemieux and J. Hachette; treasurer, W. J. McKenna; secretary, J. M. Bessette and J. Z. Corbett; J. H. Douglas, A. L. Barlow, T. Butler, T. F. Slattery, A. Malouin, N. P. Martin, J. C. Briere, M. Roach, C. Meunier and J. Rochette.

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan gave a synopsis of the work done in St. Patrick's Parish since the change has taken place, that is since the parish was transferred from the Sulpicians to the Secular clergy.

"Many changes have taken place," said the pastor, "which were unanticipated except by the few that belonged to the inner circle. What is that most deserving of being noticed is the transfer of St. Patrick's parish from the Sulpician Fathers to His Grace the Archbishop, from a most influential community to the Irish secular clergy. This transfer caused a profound sensation, not only throughout this city, but far beyond its boundaries. The news was anything but welcome to the parish. No wonder. For upwards of fifty years it was served by a class of priests who were loved, esteemed and revered. Not less distinguished were they for their learning than their piety, for their noble disinterestedness than their unabated zeal in promoting the glory of God and the welfare of souls. Their memory is enshrined and embalmed in all hearts. The gentlemen of the Seminary were at all times devoted to the Irish people. From the day they took them under their charge till the hour they were died from all responsibility they did their utmost to preserve and transmit the faith of the Emerald Isle. Most assuredly they are entitled to a tribute of gratitude of which nothing will dispossess them.

You must have had to suffer in your feelings from the transfer in question. Was it not the greatest prudence on your part not to have said or done anything that might give scandal and that you might regret. You trusted in the Providence of God and you have not been disappointed. You felt confident that no serious injury could be inflicted upon a parish over which watched St. Patrick, our national Apostle.

If at certain moments you were afraid of contingencies that presented themselves to your minds you have dispelled all fear. In your breasts you nourish now nothing but the most sanguine hopes.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH. The Christmas music on Sunday was excellent. The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist and choir-master, who is now recognized as one of the foremost Catholic musicians of Montreal, rendered the beautiful and intricate Mass by Kalliwoda with much artistic taste. The difficult work of the choruses which is calculated to tax the ability of even professionals was interpreted in a manner which bore evidence of much study. The solos which were entrusted to Messrs. Perce Dunbar, soprano, and Eddie Ravetto; Messrs. William Murphy and J.

Never was the state of affairs more satisfactory, prosperous or promising. It was in the spring of this year that the warden system was introduced. This system is calculated to awaken the most practical interest in whatever concerns your welfare, though it does not prevail amongst English-speaking Catholics and may degenerate into an evil of the most alarming magnitude. Our canonical parish is enlarged and its civil erection gazetted. You may consider it unnecessary to advocate compulsory education. Scarcely any of our children fail to attend school. Our children may choose between at least a score of educational establishments most admirably conducted. The average attendance may be computed to 3,300 pupils; 600 boys and 700 girls are daily educated. All our children are fond of study and qualified for the most unlimited progress in all kind of knowledge.

We have had in our midst a High School. It could not be continued, as it started. For its continuation it would be necessary to paralyze all the energies of the parish and drain all its pecuniary resources; it would be necessary to exhaust all the funds in the exchequer of St. Bridget's Rectory. Was it fair that I should be left severely alone to face all that it would cost to run an institution which was of an inter-parochial and international character whatever else it might have appeared to be? The High School has not ceased to exist. It has always held and still holds a place of distinction in the hearts of a chartered board of prominent citizens. With the reforms in certain ways and the amount of money on hand nothing will be easier for the Catholic High School than to assert itself in the proper form and guarantee to the public all the success that might be desired to the friends and patrons of education.

The St. Patrick's Cadets are not in any sense a disappointment or embarrassment. They are really a credit to the parish, to themselves, and their parents. The junior division is in first class condition. It is composed of boys who frequent St. Patrick's School, the senior division drill in the Catholic High School building. A number of gentlemen who are not by any means deficient in brain, heart or prominence, have volunteered to see after this division in all kinds of ways. Our Cadets should be congratulated upon the reputation which they have earned for themselves. They have served to enhance our parades and celebrations. They cannot but contribute towards the prestige of our parish.

This parish can be visited without any difficulty in the space of a month by four priests. We have just visited it in all its length and breadth. The number of widows, or widowers and unmarrieds is almost incredible. We have reckoned 1,800 families, 6,000 communicants, 8,000 souls. Five priests suffice for the ministry. We could not in our visitations have been accorded a better reception. We have been treated like princes. St. Patrick's parish has to depend less upon the members living in the vicinity of the church as well as at a comparative distance. Stand by one another and by the priests in charge of your spiritual welfare. Nothing of disloyalty or an injudicious dismemberment. Should it go down it will remain down never to rise. I must avail myself of this opportunity to express my unfeigned delight in having as curates the priests sent me by His Grace the Archbishop. No pastor could have worthier curates than the pastor of St. Patrick's. They are high-minded, true-hearted and self-sacrificing.

You should thank God for all His mercies. The best manifestation of your gratitude will consist in not offending Him and in accomplishing His holy will.

An old and respected lady has passed away in the person of Mrs. Martin Hart, widow of the late Martin Hart, and mother of the late Frank Hart, and Mrs. Martin Eagen.

Deceased was a native of the County of Sligo, and came to Montreal in 1848, a year which closed with the shadows of the disastrous and death dealing famine upon it. Deceased well remembered the sad scenes in the streets of Montreal during the following years of the shiver and frost, and post-pastoral and soul-stirring were her recitals of the sad events of that gloomy period.

Mrs. Hart had attained the grand old age of 77 years at the time of her death, and were it not through the terrible shock consequent upon the sudden death of her much-loved son, Mr. Frank J. Hart, in March, 1902, her years would have been extended.

The remains were received at the main entrance of the sacred edifice by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, who pastor, Rev. Martin Callaghan, officiated at the Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. James Killoran and Rev. Edward Polan as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Representatives of the Grey Nuns and Congregation de Notre Dame, as well as a large number of parishioners were present. The altar-parishioners, pulpit and galleries of the church were draped in mourning. The choir under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler rendered the impressive "Messa de Requiem" by Perreault, in which the solo parts were sung with touching effect by Mr. La-moureux.

After the service the remains were transferred to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where they were placed in the vault.

R.I.P.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH. The Christmas music on Sunday was excellent. The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist and choir-master, who is now recognized as one of the foremost Catholic musicians of Montreal, rendered the beautiful and intricate Mass by Kalliwoda with much artistic taste. The difficult work of the choruses which is calculated to tax the ability of even professionals was interpreted in a manner which bore evidence of much study. The solos which were entrusted to Messrs. Perce Dunbar, soprano, and Eddie Ravetto; Messrs. William Murphy and J.

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Lessons in Christian Charity (For The Register.) Oh! how sweet is Christian charity. How noble! How God-like! That charity which our Divine Saviour taught so well by example, and which has been handed down to us by Him as a precious heritage. Practically, Charity, which the many Saints of God also gave beautiful examples, notably St. Vincent de Paul, St. John of God, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The great St. Elizabeth loved to carry secretly to the poor, not only money, but provisions and other matters which she destined for them. She went thus laden, by the winding paths that led from the castle to the city; and to cabins of the neighboring valleys, and yet in our own days and times we have many persons like St. Elizabeth, the devoted Sisters of Providence, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Grey Nuns, these are all veritable angels in disguise. But such examples were given by the Master. And yet such things are of rare occurrence in the Hierarchy. At the annual Christmas banquet for the sick at Notre Dame Hospital of Montreal, His Grace Archbishop Bruchet presided. Before the banquet he visited all the wards and imparted the Apostolic Benediction to all the sufferers, and then waited on the patients by bringing them food. His heart went out to those whom the heavy hand of sickness lays low, but the sufferers were cheered when they saw their noble Archbishop before them ministering unto them, thus imitating the Divine Master. The giving of nearly fourteen thousand dollars (\$14,000) the gift of his recent silver jubilee

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Honors Bay Wharf" will be received at this office until Friday, January 15, 1904, for the construction of a wharf with approach, on Honors Bay, Manitoulin Island, Algoma County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge, Harbour Works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the P. S. Master of Honors, Manitoulin Island, Algoma County, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the Order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to comply with the work specified, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, December 17, 1903. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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to the Hospital for incurables, is a mark that he is following the work of real, sincere, practical Catholic charity, which is worthy of admiration and imitation even by those outside the ranks of priests even by side the ranks of priests.

"To all let us wish a true bliss, and a joy that shall ever endure. And in such a moment as this, oh

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TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN Catholic Separate School, Section No. 6, Toronto City for the year 1904. State qualifications and salary expected and address. D. Pendergast, T. Byrne, E. O'Reilly, Trustees, Wildfield P.O., Ont. Christians, just think of God's poor, Where hunger and misery dwell, send comfort and pity to cheer, And the Angels who record will tell of deeds in a happier sphere. FELIX. Montreal, Jan. 5th, 1904.

The Pope and His Sisters

(By William E. Curtis, special correspondent to the Commercial Advertiser and the Chicago Record-Herald.)

Rome, Dec. 6.—One cannot help admiring the manner in which the Pope's family are behaving. They have shown a wisdom and discretion; they have said nothing foolish; but have kept their heads in a remarkable manner. Pope Pius X. comes from the same class as President Abraham Lincoln, "the plain people," as Mr. Lincoln used to call them. He has never been dignified because of eminence to which he has been elevated, and there is admirable dignity in the refusal of his brothers and sisters to come to Rome until they were asked. Thousands from their neighborhood have already been here to see "Don Giuseppe," as they affectionately call him, have received his blessing, have heard his voice, and have returned to their homes in Venice to tell the wonderful story of the Sarto family who have not yet appeared in public.

Pope Pius is one of eight children, three sons and five daughters. One of his brothers is a letter carrier, and his wife keeps a little tobacco and stationery store in a village called Le Grazie, near the City of Mantua; his name is Angelo and his salary is \$30 a year. Another brother is a member of the carabinieri, a splendid corps of civil guards to which the political police of Italy is intrusted. One of his sisters is married to the keeper of a wine shop, who also sells cheese and other farm produce at the town of Riese, where the Pope was born. It is a village of about 1,000 inhabitants, two hours from Padua. You take the railroad from the station of Castel-Franco and go six miles in a carriage. Another sister is married to the sacristan of the Church of Riese, and three unmarried ones have for many years kept house for their brother. Their mother, now dead, refused to live with her son, the Cardinal, in Venice, although during her widowhood she was frequently urged to do so. She preferred to remain in Riese because, as she often explained to her neighbors, she was more accustomed to a cottage than a palace.

A gentleman now in Rome had the honor of Cardinal Sarto pointed out to him when he went to Venice last year to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the new campanile. They were seated on folding stools in the Square of St. Mark during the dedication ceremonies, making face in their laps and chatting with the wives of gondoliers and other persons who sat around them, dressed exactly like their companions. At that time no one dreamed that Joseph Sarto would ever be Pope, but his splendid figure, his placid in the quiet robes of a Cardinal, was the most imposing of all those that appeared on the platform and when he came forward to pronounce the benediction, the attention of my friend was attracted by his appearance and benevolent countenance that he was as good as a prophet, and then pointed out to me the sisters yesterday. They were typical peasant women with ruddy faces, large waists, big red hands and heavy-lidded eyes, and feet shod like mountain boots; muscular, vigorous and accustomed to labor, trained to rugged habits, and familiar with all the household arts. They are all married, between fifty and sixty years of age, and their names are Maria, Rosa and Anna. They have with them a niece, Ghilda Sarto, about twenty-five years old, a burly, strong woman who like them is seen in Rome for the first time. Indeed, most of the brothers have ever been seen, nor have any other members of the family, nor had the Pope himself before his election made more than a dozen brief visits to the capital. He is not a traveller. He has never passed beyond the boundaries of Italy and his life has been spent in practical, earnest labor, within a single diocese, even the province of Venice, where he was born, raised, educated, and served as priest, bishop, cardinal and patriarch. His life has been a busy one, and most of it has been spent in the open air. He is not a scholar like Leo XIII., his learning is limited; he has never been a man of books; he has no library, while Leo XIII. inherited a vast collection of volumes from his father and grandfather, who were classical scholars.

Pope X. was not brought up with books, but among the practical affairs of life. He could not live in a cloister; he is unaccustomed to sitting at a desk, and his only accomplishment is at music. He is a fair performer upon the organ and the piano, a natural gift that has not been much cultivated, and his most congenial friend at Venice was the Abbe Lorenzo Perosi, director of the choir at St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice for several years, and since 1896 director of the choir of the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. He is indebted to Pius X. for his musical education and his present post, to which he was appointed by Leo XIII.

The Pope has composed the music to several hymns and a portion of at least one mass, which have been sung in the churches of his former diocese, but are not known in Rome. Abbe Perosi, who revised them for him, does not boast of their merits, so that we may assume that they are not of a high order.

Who perhaps read in the newspapers a story of the manner in which the new Pope shocked Mr. Della Chise, his major domo, and other officials of the Papal household, shortly after his coronation by instructing them to prepare dinner for three persons. The major domo recovered himself sufficiently to explain that such an arrangement was not possible because no human being was of sufficient rank to dine with the Pope of Rome. Pius X. looked at Della Chise with curiosity for a moment and remarked quietly:

"Always set the table for three." Abbe Perosi was the guest for whom this extraordinary innovation was made, and the third place at the table was occupied by Father Brasano, an old friend and fellow student in the seminary, whom the Pope has brought from a little village near Venice to become his chaplain and confessor.

But I started to tell you of the Pope's sisters, who have always been his housekeepers. Three of them have generally lived with him, have cooked his simple macaroni and polenta, have washed his clothing and have kept his house in order. He has never had a servant; he has never owned a carriage; his parochial work has been done on foot or on the back of some steady mule borrowed from a parishioner. His sisters are good cooks, but his niece, Ghilda, makes his favorite dishes, and only the other day His Holiness remarked to an old Venetian neighbor that he wished the Ghilda could come to the Vatican and cook for him.

These women wore the ordinary peasant costumes of Northern Italy when they came to Rome, with ribbons in their hair, full short skirts gathered at the waist, handkerchiefs tied over their shoulders, large, coarse shoes without heels, but with heavy soles, and stockings knitted by their own needles. They never wore a hat or bonnet in their lives, and are accustomed to carrying bundles upon their heads. They are simple, sensible women, and the advancement of their brother to the head of the Church has not affected their pride, their manners, or their habits any more than his advancement from parish priest to Cardinal.

After he was elected Pope he sent for them to join him at Rome. They bought third-class tickets, as usual, when they made their little journeys, and were quite overcome when the officials of the railway attached a saloon car to the train for their exclusive use. They had never ridden in one before. The Pope intended that they should occupy a villa in the Vatican Park, which was erected about twenty years ago for the comfort of Leo XIII., who was accustomed to occupy it during the summer months, when the walls of the Vatican became saturated with the summer heat, but the sisters did not like the arrangement. The villa was too much like a gilded prison; they would be compelled to observe formalities to which they were unaccustomed; they could not enter or leave the Vatican park without attracting a great deal of attention; they would be shut away from all the world, and in their solitude could make no friends and would have nobody to gossip with. They wanted to live with their brother in the Vatican, and take care of him, and do his cooking, as they had done for twenty-five years, and he would have been glad if such an arrangement could have been made, but the officials persuaded him that such a thing could not be. So he had his secretary secure them a comfortable but modest flat in the third story of a new apartment house on the Corso Victor Emmanuel, one of the busiest streets of new Rome, where they can live as quietly as they like, can go and come without attracting observation, and can see what is going on around them.

This street leads to the Tiber and the old castle of St. Angelo, which was originally built by the Emperor Hadrian for his tomb, but has been a fortress for sixteen centuries, and is one of the first sights of the city. It is only four blocks from the Vatican.

Thus the sisters are within ten minutes' walk of the Papal palace, but they find it very difficult to see their brother as often as they would like, and complain of the formalities which he is surrounded by. He has away with much ceremony and the restrictions that surrounded his predecessor, but the Pope of Rome is a very busy man, and has little time to spare for visiting with his family. His sisters and nieces have been in the habit of going to his apartments about twice a week in the early evening, for hours when he is receptive, and have dined with him several times.

A question agitating the mind of many silly people concerns their reception by Roman society, which is not yet back from its summer vacation. Rome is divided into two great sets, between which an impassable gulf is fixed. One set, which adheres to the civil authority, and worships at the palace of the King, we called "the whites"; the other set, "blacks," as they are called, regard the King and the royal court as wicked intruders, and will not recognize them in any way. They adhere to all the old precedents and traditions, and regard the Pope as their temporal as well as spiritual sovereign. Many of them will not vote at a civil election, for that would be a recognition of the authority of the King. To this class belong most of the famous old Roman families, those who trace their ancestry back beyond the Middle Ages and occupy the old palaces along the banks of the Tiber and in the ancient parts of the city. They are not very lively companions, and their lives and habits are restricted by their poverty and their pride. They are exceedingly formal and ceremonious, and the red-handed peasant women who have come down from Venice have no place or part with them, and would be miserable in their company. There-

fore, it is to be hoped that the leaders of the black society will let them alone in the enjoyment of their simple pleasures.

In order that his sisters may be well looked after the Pope has provided them a capable chaperon in the person of an experienced Roman woman of the middle class, who is wise in the ways of the world and can look out for their happiness and protect them from the adventures which swarm in Rome as in the other European capitals.

The Roman lady who has taken the Pope's sisters in charge has already persuaded them to make some modifications in their costumes which will render them less conspicuous, and before many weeks I suppose they will be dressing and looking like the ordinary Roman of the middle class. But it is evident that they are too sensible to be spoiled, and that Pius X. will not follow the example of the famous Cardinal Antonelli, who brought his father and mother from their peasant home in the country, set them up in a Roman palace and made them ridiculous.

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"It cost-a-much-a money—to die." Mrs. Lewis started, and almost dropped the change which she was taking from the hand of the Italian fruit-vender. The remark was so pathetic, and her sympathy, such an expressed appeal for sympathy. She looked at the face of the Italian. It was haggard, not with disease, but with care and anxiety.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Tina, my-a wife," he said. "It cost-a-much-a money—to die."

Then he told the story of his life; how, out of poverty and street life that, hardly had known the name or meaning of home. Fruit had come from Naples to America; he had come from Naples he had worked at sewer-digging with a great gang of his countrymen; how the smallness of the pay and the dishonesty of the padrones had left him little at the end, and how he had started in business for himself with a hand-cart and a load of bananas. Prosperity had come to him, and he had been able to buy a poor old skeleton of a horse and a tumble-down rattle-trap of a wagon, and had gone into business on a larger scale.

But all this was no means to an end, and the end was the importation of Tina. Tina had come, and he had met her at the dock in all the bravery of his American clothes that made Tina, fresh from the steamer, feel almost unclean beside him; but this was not for long, for great was the array of finery which he had accumulated for her, and in which she looked a queen at the wedding; and the wedding-table was loaded with all things counted good in Italy, besides those two American wonders, apple pie and ice-cream. More merrily the old horse rattled the rickety old wagon down the alley, and more merrily the voice of Joe rang out the lists of his reasonable fruits.

But Tina did not thrive in the new home. The winter was coming on, and she took a heavy cold. Joe went forth daily to his work, but came back to find the smile on Tina's face more wan and the cough more alarming. The doctor came often, but Tina grew sicker and sicker, and high and hard to get, and some of it had frozen. There were days when Joe did not go out, but sat with Tina and other days when he went, but with a heavy heart. Last night Tina died. Joe felt as if he could never sell fruit again, but the undertaker must have money in advance. So Joe had harnessed his old horse and wagon, and he did not want any gifts. But one of his customers knew the burden on his heart that day, and Mrs. Lewis had always been kind. He wanted some one to know.

Mrs. Lewis went to the squalid home, the more pathetic in its poverty for the attempts that had been made to brighten it. There lay the breast, the candles burning at the head of Tina, the crucifix on her head and foot, and the picture of the Madonna and Child looking down at her. She went to the funeral, too, and stood at the grave while the priest consigned all that was mortal of Tina to earth.

"I had not thought much of it before," said she. "I thought of Joe and men like him simply as the means of getting my daily supply of fruit. I had not realized the human side of Joe and his fellows, or that their affections, their faith and their sorrows, are like other people's, and that they stand in as much need of help from God and of the sympathy of their fellow men. I am sure that hereafter I shall consider more how I can help 'the best of these' in the spirit of our common Lord."—Youth's Companion.

AN OPEN CONFESSION—THE FIRST YEAR

My friend Ida and I were very fond of visiting Mrs. Landthorpe, whose home was always so agreeable. There never was a jar in kitchen, dining-room or parlor—an ideal visiting place. Well, my friend and I, having won the "very best man in the world," received his proposal to enter into a trust company of two, and answered affirmatively, even to the fixing of a certain day soon after Easter for the ratification of the contract at the altar of His Majesty King of kings and Lord of lords, we poured forth our heart's happiness into the friendly ears of Mrs. Landthorpe, confident of her unbounded sympathy.

"Girls, I congratulate you," she began, "but, listen to the story of my first year of wedded life. When I pledged my troth to Mr. Landthorpe, my heart throbbled with an enthusiasm like yours, but—My parents were practical Catholics yet when they emigrated to this country, they located where there were no other Catholics. The consequence was that for a number of years they were deprived of Holy Mass and what ever pertains to the public manifestations of our faith. I was their eldest child. They took pains to imprint on my soul the doctrines and practices learned in the home of their fathers—a village of Catholics. But deeper teaching than that laid in occasional instruction, is required in a non-Catholic locality.

When not more than seventeen years of age, I became enamored of a stylish gentleman who was without faith; and when he proposed marriage I almost broke the hearts of my parents by accepting him. A few months of constant devotion ensued. Scarcely a day passed without my seeing him or receiving a note and some love tokens. This exclusiveness of my foolish fancy, assured of quickly making a princely fortune in the far West, with tender parting words, bade me good-bye. For a few weeks his letters came regularly. Suddenly, the anxiously-looked-for missives came no more. This turn in affairs gratified my parents, until they perceived that with constant weeping and anxiety my health was seriously threatened. The first change in my feelings was, however, due to a former rival who had sought to win my quondam lover's affection. I chanced to overhear her entertaining a group of our associates with the recital of my persistent efforts to win him, only to be jilted at last. Pride was roused by this view of the matter; my weeping was actually interrupted for the moment by a petulant complaint against this false-hearted cause of my humiliation. Bye-and-bye this wound to my pride nerved my will to conceal my disappointment. I determined to enter society with my old cheerfulness, yet with constant weeping, which had away some moments. I assured myself that I should never trust one of the male sex again. Yielding to this mood, I found a certain zest and relish in establishing the fact that I could command the attention even of the favorites in our circle. It was not in my nature to be a coquette, yet playing the unworthy role, my bogus love affair ceased to give me pain.

Nearly a year had passed. Mr. Landthorpe had been received with marked favor. He was the first Catholic gentleman thus to be recognized; at first, however, his religion was not suspected. I must explain the mystery of his appearance in our town. Scarcely a year before, a young priest had been sent to reside in our district. He had built and neatly furnished a small church. Now, as I learned long afterwards, this priest, even previously to his ordination persuaded that practical Catholic young men were a desideratum in a newly-formed parish, had spared no pains to place expository young people in the congregation. By persuasive argument, he induced his old-time friend, Mr. Landthorpe, to share the future of our town. A devoted monthly communicant, he won his way speedily in a non-Catholic atmosphere. His head is now sprinkled with many a white filament of premature age. My face, in my early maturity. Some one has said that whatever culture persons outside of the Catholic Church may have acquired, one thoroughly trained from childhood in the unflinching courtliness of Catholic manners, which if real, must spring from Christian ethics implanted and flourishing in the heart, will win, at once, respect and commendation in the midst of any select four hundred. With marked affability, Mr. Landthorpe, by his dignified bearing, effectually repelled coquetry and flirtation, yet he soon became a favorite.

This, girls, is a lengthy interlude. I was not pious, yet the day came when, with the cordial approval of my parents and of Mr. Landthorpe's reverent friend, I gave my heart and hand to him, whom I now delight to call my honored husband, at a nuptial Mass, which all my friends attended. One of my companions afterward said, it was the most solemn and beautiful ceremonial she had ever witnessed. I was not worthy to be the bride on that occasion—you will see. Our honeymoon passed all too quickly. A series of receptions given in our honor were all that could be desired; then we entered upon the sacred duties of home. Suddenly, an evanescent angel from the bottomless pit seemed to swoop down upon our Eden. One day, just before our dinner hour, a letter was handed to me from my ill-starred lover. Refraining from explanations of my unreasoning folly, I must admit that the familiar assurances of tender regard, protestations of ever-abiding faithfulness, notwithstanding an enforced and painful silence, appealed to my sympathies; I burst into tears and wept so freely that my eyes were swollen to distortion. My husband's approach startled me; quickly driving my eyes, I hid the letter in a fold of my dress. Coming to my side he begged to know the cause of my distress and bent over to kiss me. Fearing that the letter would be discovered, I repelled his advances. I should have frankly confessed the real reason of my emotion and trusted his noble generosity to charitably extenuate the fault. My nerves, however, were more demoralized than my heart and the movement to repel his advances effected what I had tried to avoid. The letter fell at his feet, and in spite of my endeavor to prevent him, he picked up the letter and read it. He insisted on being told what it all meant.

Certainly, I had not the slightest affection for the writer of the letter; yet, instead of answering, I shed tears. Casting the letter into the house, Mr. Landthorpe left the house, his dinner untasted. Ordering its removal I repaired to my sleeping apartment to pass the remainder of the day in the tortures of a nervous headache. My anger was roused by his destroying the letter without my consent, and, over and over, in the paroxysms of pain, I mentally repeated: "He could not trust me to destroy my own letter; a woman must forsooth, have a master to act for her; he does not know the American woman does not relinquish her rights as rational beings. This time I would let it pass with a simple statement of my displeasure, but never again.

"Learning of my illness upon his return, my husband came at once and greeted me most tenderly. I asked his pardon for not replying to his question at noon, rehearsed the story of the old love affair, adding that for the life of me I could not tell why I was so foolish as to shed tears over the letter which I should quite willingly have destroyed. In an offended tone of voice I continued: "I felt his taking reading and destroying the letter without my consent as a personal insult. He petted me a little, and our first rupture was ended. "Similar misunderstandings occurred through the summer, ever and anon, and I was always the one to ask forgiveness. The subtle passion, pride, which I firmly resolved that the next time, though the heavens should fall, he would be the suppliant. During all this period I failed to consider these ruptures of the bond of matrimonial peace, matter for the resort to that tribunal of advice. Pride told me my own judgment sufficed for the case, and I was assured, as usual, so I had no inclination that the whole blame was on my husband's side. Time passed, Christmas was near, when an old school companion, Letty Taylor, asked me to dine with her one evening, and after dinner to accompany her to a Woman's Rights Convention, where she thought there would be interesting speeches and amusing entertainments. Choosing to accept, although for the first time my husband would be left to himself, I penned him a note, telling that Letty wished me to dine and spend the evening with her, but I should not be out late. Observing, as we seated ourselves, the class of persons congregated in the hall, I should gladly have escaped and gone home could I have excused the act to Letty. Judge of my discomfiture when, about half-past eight, I espied my husband slowly moving down the aisle casting glances right and left until he reached my side. He courteously saluted Letty, then, in a low voice said: "This, my dear, is no place for my wife; you will please be so good as to accompany me home. My face reddened with intense anger; but, making pretense that he had brought alarming news, I begged Letty to excuse me, and followed him. When outside, I accused him of impertinence and asked if he employed a detective to dog the steps of his wife. He made no reply, but handed me into the carriage. In unbroken silence we reached home. I thought he designed purposely to provoke me by his silence and assumed patience. It would be too great a humiliation to expose to you, girls, the ridiculous revenge to which I resorted. Christmas, not a very merry one, came and elided into the past and New Year's day also. My mother expressed her surprise at not having seen me approach the Communion rail on those great feasts. To blind her to the unpleasant facts, I felt obliged to go to confession.

When, actually in the confessional, without premeditation I, almost the first thing, complained of the sorrow my husband caused me. "Calm, as the agent of Christ should ever be, the confessor asked, "And, my child, have you no sins of your own for which you are sorry and want absolution?" Who but God, can explain the special grace which accompanied these words. In a twinkling revealing my hideous pride—myself to myself! "I burst into tears. I wept like a child, by the grace of God, and the aid of my confessor, I trust I made a worthy confession. It was the pivot on which our home changed from unrest and repining to the harmony which you, girls, have often told me is not to be found elsewhere. From that date I went regularly with my husband to Communion. Affection has led me to this disclosure. Two living, breathing microcosms cannot come into one united life without mutual and continuous sacrifices. The grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony suffices for this, united with the good will of the parties concerned, and the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. Begin at once to form the habit of at least, monthly Communion and keep it up religiously after marriage. My story ends with this advice.—Dominicana.

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DODD'S ALMANAC NOTICE. The distribution of our Almanac for 1904 has been completed and as far as possible a copy has been delivered to every householder in Canada. If you have not received one and will drop us a post card mentioning this paper and giving your name and address, we will at once forward to you, free of all cost, a copy of the Almanac and Dodd's Magazine for 1904.

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HEAD BACK ACHE Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe. Painkiller taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time. There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS"

CULTURE OF LILIES

Recognized by those who judge that John Veridden is in which all human nature...

places, looking for the ore in a streak of gray dirt, seeking a flower mountain side, but I sleep in sterile soil...

He paused, and even the cynic before him was struck with the expression of his face.

of a novice with the habit of religion. The postulant was fair and slender, with eyes of luminous blue...

cers, boneless, warts, and had even drawn a bug when a little gal's ear with him. Well, sir, I didn't altogether like what I heard...

white it gleamed through, and golden was the heart of the flowers. On the top floor of the building...

When the two men, priest and cynic, had passed on they stood a few moments upon the pavement and looked about them.

After that Father Harvey from time to time heard many facts about John Veridden, his conduct, his startling lapses from conventional decorum...

UNCLE JIMMIE AND THE X-RAY DOCTOR. By profession Uncle Jimmie was the stage driver between Brasstown and Blue Ridge...

"What's the matter with you?" he sez. "I got the Lucker-dammer, 'bet he I could finish he drawn back, shet the door quick an' yelled through the keyhole..."

doing splendid, father!" answered the girl, and there was no mistaking the joyous recognition and the respect and reverence with which she regarded the man...

"Well, then," cried John Veridden, "putting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that the girl yonder has a beautiful nature, capable, if taught, of attaining the highest flights of intellect..."

"Why I say what do you mean?" blustered the cynic. "Simply that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments..."

"This was a hint the passenger was not slow to take. "Let's have it, Uncle Jimmie, I am as happy as a drum."

"I kin see the bones in yore neck," sez he. "And show 'nough he was settin' that in the dark behind me with a shade over his eyes. I riz up, an' I sez: 'Look 'ere, mister, I hain't never seen them bones myself, an' no nary is agwine tell pry arfter my skeleton 'till I git through with hit, fer I was mad.'"

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MOONLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE 1,000 Reward will be paid by the manufacturer to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever.

The Gregorian Chant

Rome, Dec. 28.—After long discussion with experts, principally with the famous composer, the Abbe Perosi, Director of the Sistine choir, Pope Pius X. has issued a note on the subject of sacred music in churches.

By a pastoral issued eight years ago, when he was Patriarch of Venice, Pope Pius X. caused a controversy among Catholics and musicians throughout Europe and America.

It was left to a Madrid paper, the Epoca, to recall the efforts of the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice to banish from the churches under his jurisdiction every form of music not strictly religious, and the Epoca in doing so made a prophecy, now fulfilled, to the effect that one of the first reforms instituted by the new Pontiff would be to restore to its rightful place the Gregorian chant.

Something About Giving

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give as much to the poor as you do," said the little girl, who had just finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable act toward the poor.

"Oh, food and clothes to make them comfortable, and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds and tops, and to the little girls I would give boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

Former Italian Premier Dead

Rome, Dec. 26.—Former Premier Zanardelli died this evening at Madonna, near Brescia, sixty miles from Milan. He was 77 years old.

WALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

Theatre Horror in Chicago

General Absolution for Fire Victims. Associated Press despatches describing the horrifying scenes witnessed at the fire in the Iniquity Theatre, Chicago, on Wednesday afternoon, 600 persons lost their lives, contain the following touching passages:

When Rev. F. O'Brien, of the Holy Name Cathedral, learned of the fire and heard that so many were dying, he rushed into the old Tremont House, which is now converted into the Northwestern University Law School, into which many victims had been taken, to administer the last sacrament to members of the Catholic Church.

During the brief moment that the two priests with uplifted hands besought God to pardon all the frailties of His dying servants, the poor mangled men and women who lay in dozens on the floor seemed to realize that they were face to face with the last scene in their lives.

Death of Superior of Paulist Order

Very Rev. George Deshon, Who Studied with General Grant.

New York, Dec. 30.—Very Rev. George Deshon, superior general of the Paulist Fathers, died at midnight in the parish house of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, from heart disease, after an illness of three weeks.

On Christmas Day Father Deshon had a premonition of his death, according to Father Doyle, to whom the superior told it. On Christmas morning he told Father Doyle that he believed his end was near, and he expressed the hope that his death would come just as it did.

The Beatification of Joan of Arc

Rome, Jan. 1.—Another stage towards the beatification of Joan of Arc will be completed on January 17, when the Pope will solemnly publish a decree admitting the heroic character of La Pucelle's virtues.

The Austrian Veto

Rome, Dec. 26.—The Osservatore Romano, the Vatican organ, contains another and it is considered more important answer to that part of the speech of Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Foreign Minister, delivered December 16, which referred to the veto of Austria against Cardinal Rampolla at the last conclave.

Former Italian Premier Dead

Rome, Dec. 26.—Former Premier Zanardelli died this evening at Madonna, near Brescia, sixty miles from Milan. He was 77 years old.

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

The Pope on Popular Christian Action

Rome, Jan. 1.—The "Osservatore Romano" publishes a "motu proprio" of the Pope, dated December 18th, dealing with popular Christian action, especially in Italy. His Holiness, after regretting the differences which have manifested themselves in leading circles, proceeds to lay down the fundamental principles which should be followed by Catholic action.

Separate School Board Elections

As the result of a sharp contest in the Fourth Ward for Separate School Trustee, Mr. J. J. O'Hearn was elected on Wednesday by a majority of three over A. Dubois, and Mr. A. J. Cottam was re-elected by a majority of 2 over Martin Dumphy.

The Toronto Suburban Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

Table with 2 columns: Route (Weston, Lambton) and Time (Cars leave cor. Keele and Dundas Streets, Toronto Junction, for Weston, on the hour and half hour).

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Portrait of the Late Pope Leo XIII.

Magnificent reproduction of Mothe's Celebrated Work. An Exceptional Offer to Readers of the Catholic Register.

The exact measurement of the magnificent picture is 22 x 28 inches. It has been sold at \$1.00. The Register Offers It Free to All Subscribers who pay Subscription up to 1904.

The Way Down Hill

At the car track, Mrs. Warner suddenly turned upon her husband. She was usually so calm and patient that her attack took him by surprise.

"Look at them!" she cried, pointing back up the road. "They are old and poor! He drank and went down hill and she went, too, even as I am going with you! But they have a daughter Sara to take care of them and we—we have only Vincent!"

"The man stared at her. 'What are you driving at?' he inquired, testily. 'But his wife went on, unheeding. 'Last night you said that we would go to the opera with the McCarthys, and I believed you and dressed and waited for you to come. The McCarthys have influence and they can help you to keep your place in the bank, and I believed you when you said that you were anxious to keep their regard! But you had lied to me again. You meant to go and drink and gamble! And while I was waiting for you, I slept and dreamed that I was on a high wall in the sunshine, and down at the bottom of the hill all was blackness and storm. I knew that destruction awaited me there, but a laughing boy with your face was dragging me down hill and I was going, going, against my will! Oh! don't say that I believe in dreams!' she cried. 'My faith is my only support now! I am praying to see my duty to my Maker and to my child! But I know that that dream was only a continuation of my waking thoughts, the thoughts I have scarcely dared express!'

Warner struck at the weeds with his cane. "You are melodramatic," he said, curtly. "I cannot say that I follow you, quite! The old parties went down the hill, did they? Well, they look it." "Yes," she said, wearily, her passion spent; they went down hill. We'll look just like them some day, only worse, and Vincent won't have any nickels to give us for street car rides."

"They took the homeward trip in silence. In the lonely grandeur of their home that night, Mrs. Warner went into her child's room. She had a bit of sewing in her lap, but her trembling fingers lay locked upon it, and her lips moved in a disconnected prayer. Vincent's gentle breathing was mingled with the insistent rhythm of a small clock on the mantle, and outside, in the distance, the burr, burr of the electric cars was borne to her ears. Only heaven knew how heavy her heart was! Early in her married life, when things first began to go wrong, she had learned that neither pleading nor storming brought her satisfactory results. Warner preferred his club to his home, and of late he was coming to count a night enjoyable spent only in gambling and debauchery.

He came into the room and stood before the fire, idly tapping his foot against the brass fender. "Did that old lady tell you all that stuff this morning?" he asked, abruptly. "Yes," the woman answered. "Mighty strange dream you had!" he said, after a pause.

Mrs. Warner crushed her hands together. "It was not strange," she dreamt of what I think hourly, and said. 'I told you that it was but I never cease to pray for strength to endure. It was myself and all that hurts me most! I have stayed with you so long only because I love you. The little old lady loved her husband, and she stayed with him through thick and thin, but her child was strong. I know to-night that I am not made of the strength of which she was made. She stayed until the bottom of the hill was reached, and after, but she had Sara. I have only Vincent and I cannot stay—much longer—even for his sake!'

"The face of the man had changed strangely. He was frowning, but he bit his lip nervously. "Come, come," he cried. "What a state you are in! You are not yourself to-night! Down hill? It's not so bad as that! I know I've been pretty much of a devil, but we can pull together again! Didn't I tell you? I'm going to throw up the house at the beach and the lodge in the woods, as you suggested, and we can keep the farm. It will make Vincent a rich man some day. I will quit drinking! I will quit gambling! I will—there!" said Warner with impatient contrition, "don't cry like that. God knows you have been an angel, and I do not deserve your forgiveness, but just trust me this time, dear wife and help me to be a decent, God-fearing man again!"

Mrs. Warner was trembling hysterically. "Oh! I've prayed and prayed!" she sobbed, "and sometimes I know God would answer my prayers! I don't deserve this! I don't deserve it!" "It is I who deserve nothing good," said Warner, humbly, with his arms about her. "I have been so black and sinful and I have visited the fruits of my folly upon those nearest and dearest to me. We'll cure our boy by faith, little woman! God is as good as he is merciful! He will help us back to prosperity!"

And He did.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Better Demand For Live Stock—Wheat is Lower—The Latest Quotations.

Tuesday Evening, Jan. 5 Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Trade was light at St. Lawrence Market today, although receipts on the street were fair. Prices all round have a marked tendency. The grain close amounted to 1100 bushels.

Wheat—Continued firm all round. One hundred bushels of white sold at 92c per bushel, 100 of red sold at 91c, 100 of spring sold at 88c and 100 of goose sold at 86c to 84c.

Barley—Two hundred bushels sold at 40c to 47c per bushel. Oats—Three hundred bushels sold steady at 22c. Buckwheat—One hundred bushels sold at 40c per bushel.

There was an improvement in trade at the Western Cattle Market today. The receipts were not heavy, but many cattle were delayed in transit, but the fair run that was on the market was picked up well. The demand for all kinds was good, and prices, if anything, showed a firm tendency. Sheep and lambs were firm in tone, and advanced 1c to 2c per cwt. The range amounted to 30 cents, and included 221 cattle, 722 sheep and lambs, 2,120 hogs and 25 calves.

Stocks and Feeder—Trade in this line was quiet, but the demand for cattle, and those offering well. Quotations are about steady at 1.10 to 1.30 for stock, and 1.10 to 1.15 for feeder. Milch Cows—Trade in this line was quiet, and they were mostly of poor quality. The range of prices was lower at 30 to 40 each.

Chicago Live Stock Chicago, Jan. 5.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; steady to lower; good to prime steers, 12.50 to 13.50; poor to medium, 8.75 to 11.00; stockers, 12.50 to 14.00; cows and heifers, 12 to 14.50; canners, 10 to 12.40; bulls, 12.50 to 14.50; calves, 18 to 20.00; hogs, 12 to 14; mixed, 12 to 14; mixed and butchers, 14 to 15.50; good to choice heavy, 14.00 to 15.00; light, 14.00 to 14.75; bulk of sales, 14 to 15.50; Sheep—Receipts, 15,000, sheep steady at 10.00; higher, lambs steady; good to choice wethers, 14 to 16.00; fair to mixed, 12.25 to 14; native lambs, 14 to 16.25.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day, To-day, Jan. 5, 1904. Chicago ... 89 3/4 89 3/4 89 3/4 Toledo ... 92 92 92 St. Louis ... 89 89 89 Detroit ... 89 89 89 Milwaukee ... 89 89 89 Minneapolis ... 89 89 89 Duluth ... 89 89 89

British Markets. Liverpool, Jan. 5.—Opening—Wheat—Spot firm, No. 2 northern Manitoba, 6s 6d to 6s 7d; futures quiet; American nominal; May, 6s 1/2 nominal. Corn—Spot firm; mixed American, per cental, 4s 1/2 to 4s 3/4; futures quiet; Jan., 4s 1/2 nominal; March, 4s 1/2 nominal. Flour—Minneapolis, 2s 3d to 2s 3d. Liverpool close—Wheat—Spot firm; No. 2 red, no stock; No. 2 northern Manitoba, 6s 5d to 6s 6d; futures easy; March, 6s 5d to 6s 6d; American nominal. Corn—Spot firm; mixed American, per cental, 4s 1/2 to 4s 3/4; futures quiet; Jan., 4s 1/2 nominal; March, 4s 1/2 nominal. Flour—Minneapolis, 2s 3d to 2s 3d. London, close—Corn—Spot quotations, American mixed, 2s 3d. Flour—Spot quotations, Minneapolis patent, 2s. Wheat—On passage, firm but not active; whole cargoes, New Zealand, prompt, 2s 3d; No. 2 northern Manitoba, parcel, 30s 3d. Corn—On passage, firm but not active; cargoes Odessa L.O.T., steam, Jan. 20; Jan. 18, 75d. Wheat—Parcel No. 2 hard winter, Feb. 2s 10 1/2d; parcels Karachi red, Jan. and Feb. 2s 5d. Antwerp, Jan. 5.—Opening—Wheat—On passage, firm but not active; cargoes La Plata L.O.T., steam, Jan. and Feb. 2s 10 1/2d. Corn—On passage, firm but not active; cargoes Danubian L.O.T., steam, Jan. 20; Jan. 18, 75d. Wheat—Parcel No. 2 hard winter, Feb. 2s 10 1/2d; parcels Karachi red, Jan. and Feb. 2s 5d.

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section in the Dominion of Manitoba, North-west Territories, and 26, which has not been staked, or reserved for provisos, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter of 160 acres, more or less.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

A settler who has been granted entry for a homestead is required to pay the provisions of the Dominion Act and the amendments thereto, and the conditions of the homestead, under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon cultivation of the land each year during the term of years. (2) If the father (or mother, father is deceased) of any person is eligible to make a homestead under the provisions of this Act, the land entered for by such a homesteader, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the homestead, if the second section is in the vicinity of the homestead. (3) If the settler has his residence upon farming land of him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Sub-Agent or the Homesteader. Before making application the settler must give months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION

Newly arrived immigrants at Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Office in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, information as to lands that are open for entry from the officers in charge, expense, advice and assistance in curing lands to suit them.

DEPUTY MINISTER OF THE LANDS

N.B.—In addition to the Lands, to which the Regulations apply, there are also available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Companies and private firms in West Canada.

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