

Contradictory Policies

Written for The Catholic Register.) Any person following the public...

and under exceedingly different circumstances the same Government was playing another kind of game...

United Irish League in America

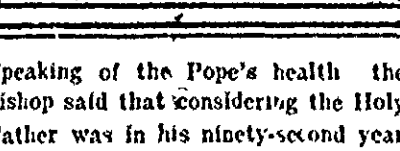
(Special to The Register.) The forthcoming convention of delegates of the United Irish League...

From a Newfoundland Correspondent

Right Rev. M. F. Howley, Bishop of St. John's diocese, arrived from Rome this week. He was accompanied on his visit by Monsignor Reardon...

Saving is EARNING

It is not so easy to save, though it can only be done by regularly and systematically "putting away" a portion of your income.



Speaking of the Pope's health the Bishop said that considering the Holy Father was in his ninety-second year...

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S MOTHER

Accuses Him of Cowardice in Signing the Decree for the Expulsion of the French Sisters (Le Peuple Francaise)

ever for they will rid me of a terrible suspicion. But if what they tell me is, unfortunately, but too true, if the papers read to me of late are right when they say that these outrages against our beloved Sisters have been committed with your consent...

Justin McCarthy on Premier Balfour

Justin McCarthy, in a brief paper in The Independent, "England After the Coronation," gave this estimate of Premier Balfour

DINEEN'S CHILDREN'S HATS. We are showing a full line of hats for children, Tams and Knockabouts, of all descriptions both in New York and London styles.

DEATH OF W. A. JOBBITT. On Friday last, in Brooklyn, N.Y., the death occurred of Mr. W. A. Jobbitt.

SPOONER'S "PHENYLE" POWDER. A Good Germicide Disinfectant. It is not expensive. It holds Prof. Ellis' Certificate and two World's Fair Gold Medals.

OFFICE AND WRITING DESKS. YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO. Peer of Pianos. Canada's Favorite Piano.

YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO. Peer of Pianos. Canada's Favorite Piano. Anyone who has attended the many great musical concerts given by world-famed artists visiting Toronto and cities in Canada will be impressed with the fact that on all these occasions a piano of this celebrated firm was used.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA. Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has provided a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

Diamond Security. Diamonds come to us directly from the "cutters" in Amsterdam. Ryrie Bros., Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED STATES (San Francisco Leader)

At a time when the sacred vestments were exposed for sale in our second hand shops, at a time when the Mass chalice were used by drunken soldiers as goblets, at a time when Funston was exhibiting the petticoat stolen from the image of the Blessed Virgin as an anti-macassar, men had the hardihood to deny that there was any looting of churches in the Philippines. We know, because we have seen, that there was looting, not only of the silver and gold, of the silks and satins, but of the very wooden candlesticks of the altar. We know how statues were mutilated and how their heads and arms ornament the curiosity cabinet of a dirty preacher. We know how the consecrated bells of the churches were carried off in sheer wantonness by a licentious soldiery and we know how the graves of the dead were turned into latrines to serve the necessities of a camp and to vent the spite of barbarians on the ancestors of a people they pretended to civilize.

WATER COURE FOR PRIEST

Washington, Sept. 23.—General George B. Davis, Judge Advocate of the army, is engaged in investigating the charges made against army officers and men in the Philippines.

The investigation is the result of a communication relative to alleged military atrocities in the Philippines sent President Roosevelt in July by Charles Schurz, Charles Francis Adams, Edwin Burritt Smith and Herbert Welsh, anti-imperialists following is the gist of a "specific case" as detailed by Chairman Adams:

"During the latter part of the year 1900 a certain company of volunteers was stationed at Banate, a coast town near Iloilo, on the Island of Panay. The company had been stationed at the place a little over six months when a gunboat arrived from Iloilo, having on board a prisoner, who was delivered, presumably for safe keeping, to the officer commanding the post. The man was a Filipino, about forty years of age and familiar with the Spanish tongue. It was afterwards understood among the soldiers that he was a priest of the Roman Catholic faith, called Father Augustine. He was confined, not with the other prisoners, but alone, in a small room under the officers' quarters. He was not supplied with a sufficient quantity of food until a guard secretly furnished it.

"On the 8th of December, 1900, the prisoner was subjected to the 'water cure.' Most of the soldiers believed it was for the purpose of forcing him to tell the whereabouts of a sum of money either in the possession of the prisoner or secreted in some place known to him. On the afternoon of the following day he was treated in the same manner. A sergeant and private applied the torture under direction and in the presence of the commanding officer. The next night he was removed to a house and again tortured. The night following the third application the prisoner died. He was at once buried by a party of native prisoners detailed for the work."

Chairman Adams asserts that the names of the persons concerned in the proceedings are known.

FATHER AND SON CONVERTS

(Catholic Universe, Cleveland) Among the thirty-two converts in the immense class that received Confirmation at the hands of Bishop Horstmann at St. Thomas Aquinas Church last Sunday afternoon, September 14, were two whose conversion is of special interest. They are Mr. Stephen W. Wilson, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church, and his aged father.

Mr. Wilson has been studying Catholicity for years. It was his father who first unsettled his faith in Episcopalianism and led him to consider the claims of the Catholic Church. And it was the fear that his father, already an old man, might die without solving the problems that perplexed him that led the young clergyman to pursue his investigations unflinchingly, even when he foresaw

where they would lead him and what revolutionizing changes they would make in the whole plan and habit of his life.

Mr. Wilson will study for the priesthood. He left Cleveland Wednesday afternoon for Baltimore, where he will immediately enter St. Mary's Seminary. He will take the regular theological course and one year in philosophy and will be ordained for this diocese in four or five years. His venerable father and mother accompanied him to Baltimore. They will reside there until his ordination.

Mr. Wilson is thirty-three years of age. He was born in Princeton, Ill. He was graduated from the divinity school at Nashota, Wis., with the degree of bachelor of divinity in 1890 and was ordained to the Episcopal ministry in Kansas City in 1893.

ENGLAND

MEMORIAL TO AN IRISH PATRIOT

The London-Irish pilgrimage to Maldstone in connection with unveiling three stained glass windows erected in the Catholic Church as a memorial to Father O'Coigley, recalls a foul judicial murder. Father O'Coigley, a patriot Irish priest, who had been tracked by the Castle bloodhounds, McNally, Turner, Dalton and other informers and spies, was arrested at Margate in February, 1798, on his way to France, and in his great coat, the police witness swore, was found an address from the "Secret Convention" in England to the French Executive, strongly urging an invasion of England. Father O'Coigley was tried at Maldstone in May, 1798, and convicted and sentenced to death. When Mr. Justice Buller, in passing the savage sentence by which Father O'Coigley was doomed to be "hanged, drawn and quartered," was descending on the mildness and clemency of the Government the prisoner quietly took a pinch of snuff and said "ahem." He met his fate with courage and resignation, but asserted his innocence to the last. He was hanged on Penningden Heath on June 7th, 1798.

"O'Coigley," writes Lord Holland, "was condemned on false and contradictory evidence. I do not mean to aver, as Lord Chancellor Thurlow assured me he did to Judge Buller, who tried him, that 'if ever a poor man was murdered it was O'Coigley,' but simply to allude to a circumstance which in the case of a common felon would have saved his life. The street officer who swore to finding the fatal paper in his pocketbook, and remarked in Court the folding of the paper as fitting that pocketbook, had sworn before the Privy Council that the same paper was found loose in O'Coigley's great coat, and I think he added that he himself has put it into the pocketbook." The prototypes of Sergeant Sheridan were at work in procuring the conviction of Father O'Coigley.

FONTENOY

(Henry O'Brien, in The Freeman's Journal, Dublin.)

Between 1740 and 1748 the war of the Austrian succession convulsed Europe. In 1713 Charles VI., Archduke of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Emperor of Germany, had promulgated the new law called "pragmatic sanction" by which in default of male descendants, the succession to his dominions was secured in the female line. In 1740 he died, leaving no male issue, whereupon his daughter, Maria Theresa, succeeded to his ample possessions. But her rights were disputed. Frederic the Great claimed the province of Silesia, Charles, Elector of Bavaria, claimed the Kingdom of Bohemia, while the King of Spain made still larger demands. The dismemberment of the Austrian-Hungarian Monarchy seemed imminent, and each European State was eager to range itself upon the side which appeared most conducive to its own interests. England and Holland were among the Powers which fought in support of the Pragmatic Sanction. France ranged herself upon the side of the Elector of Bavaria—an old ally. Frederic and the Elector soon began hostilities. The one seized Silesia, the other marched into Bohemia and was crowned King. The flame thus kindled spread over Europe, and blazed out in regions far beyond "the whole world," says Macaulay, "sprang to arms." And he adds: "On the head of Frederic is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years, and

in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column at Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness (for he had struck the first blow) were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown, and, in order that he might rob a neighbor, whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Comorandiel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

We need not follow the fortunes of this war. Irish interest in it centres in a single battle, and Irishmen who, it may be, know little else of the history of their country, can tell the story of Fontenoy.

In 1743 England and France came to blows in Germany, and France was defeated at Vellingon. In 1745 they came to blows again in the Netherlands, and Vellingon was avenged. There was something more avenged, too, and the men who led the crowning charge at Fontenoy shouted, as they closed with the enemies of their race, "Remember Limerick; down with the Sassenach!"

In April, 1745, a French army of 80,000 men, under Marshal Saxe (Count Laudovand being second in command) marched into the Austrian Netherlands, and in the presence of King Louis XV. and Dauphin laid siege to Tournai. An allied army, consisting of English under the Duke of Cumberland, Austrians under Marshal Konigsceck, and Dutch under the Prince of Waldeck (numbering in all some 60,000, of which 25,000 were English) advanced to save the town. Saxe, leaving 18,000 men before Tournai, threw himself across the enemy's path on the gentle heights which overlook the little villages of St. Antoin and Fontenoy. The ground was well chosen and its natural advantages were improved by the military skill of the French General. On the right were the River Scheid and the villages of St. Antoin and Fontenoy. On the left were the village of Hamecroix and the wood of Barri. In front was a narrow valley stretching between Fontenoy and the wood of Barri. Saxe's first thought was to command the valley, and for this purpose he erected one redoubt on the left of Fontenoy (called d'Eu) and another opposite to it on the outskirts of the wood, the distance between the two redoubts being about 900 yards, and he calculated that the cross-fire from the guns in the redoubts would make it impossible for any force to march through the valley to attack the French centre.

He also erected a redoubt at St. Antoin (on the right flank), and the space between St. Antoin and Fontenoy (which was in front of Antoin, near the French centre) is protected, as the suggestion, it is said, of the Irishman Lally—by three more redoubts. Thus a force making any attempt on the French right would have to fight with the river in its rear and the three redoubts in its front. An attack on the right flank would have been met by the batteries of St. Antoin. The French left was sheltered by the wood of Barri, while the centre was guarded by the redoubts d'Eu and Fontenoy.

The centre, which extended from a point in the rear of Fontenoy to a point in the rear of d'Eu, was composed (among other forces) of the regiment of the King, the regiment of Auvergne, the Swiss Guards, and the French Guards. The three redoubts on the right were manned by Swiss, while d'Eu and Fontenoy were held by French regiments. Frenchmen also composed the right and left wings generally in reserve were the regiment des vaisseaux and the Brigade of Normandy (both posted in the village of Hamecroix), and the Irish Brigade (posted under the cover of the wood of Barri).

The Irish Brigade—"excellent troops," says a contemporary French authority—consisted of the infantry regiments of Clare, Dillon, Buckley, Rath, Berwick, and Lally. There was also the cavalry regiment of Fitzjames, which, however, acted with the French Horse, and was, therefore, detached from the main body of their fellow-countrymen.

On the 10th of May the allies encamped at Vezen (within about six miles of Tournai) in front of the French position. After reconnoitring the situation, Konigsceck proposed that no direct attack should be made on the French, but that Saxe should be harassed and forced by this means, to raise the siege of Tournai. But Cumberland insisted on a direct attack and he overbore his colleagues.

On the 11th of May the allies were drawn up in battle array. Austrians and Dutch on the French right, English and Hanoverians on the left and in the centre. At 5 a m operations began. Bigadier-General Ingoldby was sent forward with an English force, comprising the 12th and 13th Foot and 42nd Highlanders) to storm d'Eu, but so warm his reception that he retreated precipitately and did not distinguish himself in any other part of the field during the remainder of the day. Afterwards he was tried by court-martial and censured for his conduct before d'Eu. Between 5 and 8 a m there was a fierce artillery duel and many fell on both sides, but the French redoubts were not silenced. At 8 a m the Austrians and Dutch were ordered to storm St. Antoin and turn the French position. But they failed as signally as Ingoldby had failed, for all their show much inclination subsequently to renew the assault, the English attacks on d'Eu and Fontenoy were repulsed.

berland opened fire on the redoubt of Fontenoy, but he too discovered that the French artilleryists were invincible. There was now a pause in the conflict, and Cumberland surveyed the situation anew. The prospects were black, but not hopeless. The redoubt at Fontenoy could not be silenced. The redoubt at d'Eu could not be silenced. The three redoubts, raised at the suggestion of Lally, made it impossible to break through the French right between St. Antoin and Fontenoy. The French left was amply protected by the wood of Barri and the forces in its vicinity. In these circumstances only one course seemed open to Cumberland. It was a desperate course, but retreat appeared to be the alternative. "Sans peur et sans avis" (to quote Carlyle), he resolved to cross the valley between d'Eu and Fontenoy, and to grapple with the French centre beyond Forming his men into three columns, he ordered them to march forward, trailing their guns with them, but reserving their fire until they had run the gauntlet of the redoubts and came to close quarters with the French centre. Riding at the head of the columns, he led the way, and English and Hanoverians marched forward. The batteries of d'Eu and Fontenoy open a terrific cross-fire; English and Hanoverians fall in hundreds; but Cumberland cries "Forward!" On press the men, doggedly, silently. Fiercely thunder the batteries, the columns are decimated, but Cumberland cries "Forward!" An English officer, panic-stricken under the raking fire, turns his horse's head to fly. Cumberland flashes a pistol in his face, and shouts "Forward!" Saxe beholds the allied advance with amazement, and expects every moment to see the columns retreat under the terrible cannonade from the redoubts, but onward they steadily roll. Soon the three columns are crushed into one by the French fire. But Cumberland still cries "Forward!" Slowly and painfully English and Hanoverians march through the valley, strewn the path with their dead, but Cumberland can see nothing except the French lines ahead. And now the column is abreast the redoubts. The slaughter is terrible, but, though staggering under the fire, the column still rolls onward. Saxe surveys the situation with some anxiety. Should the column run the gauntlet between d'Eu and Fontenoy successfully, he has erected no redoubt on the heights to bar its progress. The one oversight he committed on this memorable day—believing that no force could survive the cross-fire from the redoubts commanding the valley. Yet the column is forging steadily ahead, while the batteries are now playing havoc on its right and left flank—for it is creeping past the redoubts—and English and Hanoverians fall as fast as over. At length Cumberland, with decimated ranks, but undaunted spirit, has passed out of range of the redoubts, and is within striking distance of the French centre. Pausing to re-form, he prepares to ascend the rising ground, and to drive the French from the heights. The French Guards descend the slopes to check the advancing column, but are met with a furious musketry fire, and driven back in confusion. The Swiss Guards and the regiment of Auvergne are sent forward to support their comrades, but the English dash up the rising ground, sweeping everything before them, and not waiting to draw breath until they reach the heights and plant their guns. There Cumberland has turned the tables on his enemies and now pours a deadly fire into them. Regiment after regiment is sent forward to take the guns, but are driven back, broken and pulverized.

Even as the redoubts of d'Eu and Fontenoy had decimated the column, the column now decimates the French regiments. Cumberland is master of the situation. Konigsceck gallops up to him and congratulates him on his "victory." Saxe is in despair, and prepares to retreat. Turning to the King, he urges Louis to fly while there is yet time, for the Hanoverians are pressing to the French right and threatening the line of retreat across the Scheld. But Louis refuses to quit the field, and expresses his determination to share the fortunes of the day with his army. The Duc de Richelieu, the King's Aide-de-Camp, rides from point to point to inspect the various positions. St. Antoin is safe. The redoubts between it and Fontenoy are still impregnable. At Fontenoy the ammunition is exhausted, but d'Eu is still able to give a good account of itself. He rides to Hamecroix and finds the Brigade of Normandy which has not yet been in action, eager to be fray, and then passing to the Irish Brigade also fresh and keen for the contest, he sees that carefully, and even hopefully, surveying the situation. We have seen that it was at Lally's suggestion that the three redoubts between St. Antoin and Fontenoy had been constructed. The Irish commander made a still more valuable suggestion now. The column, he said, could only be checked, in the first instance by artillery, then, under the cover of the batteries, cavalry and infantry should advance, and drive the English from the heights, and he indicated the point where the batteries might be placed. Richelieu appreciated the suggestion, and quickly submitted it to the General. Saxe approves of the suggestion, and orders the guns to be placed in position.

It is now one o'clock. The battle had commenced at five in the morning by an artillery duel, and it seemed as if it would end by an artillery

duel too. Fiercely the French batteries open, and fiercely the English reply. French regiments, horse and foot, dash up the heights where the English resolutely stand, but they are blown from the cannon's mouth or scattered by a raking musketry fire. The column not only holds its own, but gains ground inch by inch. Still the French batteries thunder, and shot and shell break over the column or drive through its serried ranks. But Cumberland grimly holds his ground, and French cavalry and infantry throw themselves in vain against the English squares. Saxe, who is suffering acutely from dropsy, and has to be borne on a litter (sucking a leaden bullet all day long to assuage his thirst), is carried around the field, where he encourages the men to make one supreme effort to recover the day. He passes the points at which the reserves are posted, and bids the Brigade of Normandy and the Irish Brigade to prepare for action. The French regiments—cavalry and infantry—on the right, left, and in the centre have been in the thick of the fight throughout the day, and are terribly cut up. Even the regiment of Vaisseux and the Brigade of the Crown, which were in reserve, had to be called out. The only fresh regiments are the Brigade of Normandy and the Irish Brigade.

The French on the right are now ordered to attack the Hanoverians. Richelieu at the head of the Household troops leads the way, and French and Hanoverians are soon locked in a death struggle. On the left Count Lowendal, placing himself at the head of the Irish Brigade, and followed by the Brigade of Normandy and the French Guards (which he had rallied), points to the English position. Lally addresses his men "Forward," he says, "against the enemies of France and the enemies of Ireland. Reserve your fire, trust to the bayonet forward!" An Irish officer—Anthony Macdonough—is in advance of his men. An English officer steps out of his lines, and dashes at the Irishman. There is a struggle—short, sharp and decisive—the English officer is wounded, disarmed and made a prisoner. A cheer breaks from the Irish lines, and the men press forward again. Then the French Carbineers, deceived by the red uniform of the Brigade, fires into them, and many fall, but this untoward mistake is soon put right by the Irish cries of "Vive la France," and the Irishmen dash forward once more. Onward and upward they go, and coolly and silently the English watch and wait. "Give them the bayonet, charge!" shouts Lally, and fiercely the men plunge at their enemies. Then there is a raking musketry fire from the English lines, and Irish dead and wounded strew the ground in all directions. Clare falls pierced by two bullets, and is borne wounded to the rear. Dillon is killed at the head of his regiment, officers, bravely struggling to close the ranks are struck down everywhere. But Lally bears a charmed life. Quickly he rallies his men, and fiercely they renew the combat. With cries of "Remember Limerick!" they close with the enemy. Foot to foot and bayonet to bayonet English and Irish now fight for victory. Cumberland is the inspiring figure on one side and Lally on the other. The Coldstream Guards in the English front, fight like lions, but the Irishmen charge home, and the famous Scotch regiment suffers severely—guns and colors are captured by the Brigade. The Grenadiers and the Royal Dragoons try to bar the way, but the onset of these Irish exiles, impelled by the memory of terrible wrongs, and facing the destroyers of their nation, is irresistible. Back they roll the foe, and slowly and sullenly, but steadily and surely, Cumberland—desperately but hopelessly resisting the combined attack of Irish and Norman, and now pressed on all sides by rallying French—re-crosses the narrow valley, which a few hours before he had so gallantly traversed. That night the allies passed through Vezen, retreating along the Brussels road, and the Irish encamped upon the heights they had so splendidly won.

The Highest Type of Excellence in Musical Instruments is Exemplified in

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TORONTO SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL

Bernard Cairns RUBBER STAMPS

ANGELS of light, spread your bright wings and keep Near me at night! Not in the stormy eve, nor midnight deep, Leave me forlorn.

TENTH MONTH OF DAYS October THE ROSARY OF THE HOLY ANGELS

Table with columns for date, feast name, and liturgical details. Includes feasts like 'Twenty-first Sunday After Pentecost' and 'Twenty-second Sunday After Pentecost'.

Indulgenced Prayer Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom I have commended my soul...

HOME CIRCLE advertisement with decorative border and text.

THE BAD BOY. His hair is red and tangled, and he has a turned-up nose. His voice is loud and strident...

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE RESCUE LEAGUE. Several Ladies of the Dun and Bradstreet Aristocracy received an invitation one day to chip in on a new and glorious movement...

but wisely dealing that simplicity is the essence of all true politeness, gave him but one caution. "Act, Tom, as if you were at home, take what you want with a 'Yes, please,' and decline anything with a polite 'No, thank you'..."

GRANNY LANE'S VACATION. (By Ella Lauder) The sultry summer days were oppressive everywhere, but nowhere more so than in the narrow court and tiny rooms which Granny Lane called home...

who got the position because she was a Chromo. The Gripman's offspring may watch Mother hang out the wash and see Father sail by on the down-town car...

GATHERING PINS. (Eleanor Root in Sunday School Times.) "My wife," said an old farmer proudly, "had a paper of pins given her on her wedding day forty years ago..."

was in lame Susie. Although unable to leave the great chair which had been devoted to her use, except when carried in the farmer's strong arms, she had thriven amazingly on the pure air and generous diet.

Mrs. True walked down to the grape arbor where Granny sat, dividing her eyes between God's written Word on her knee and his created wonders about her. "Dear Granny," she began at once...

Mrs. Barclay's letter, as Granny Lane expected, put an end to all plans in that direction. While she appreciated the great kindness of the offer, she felt that her child was all she had to live for...

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache...

Cowan's Coffee advertisement featuring an image of a coffee pot and text: "It is often said 'we cannot get good coffee.' Try Cowan's Famous Blend Coffee."

NICKEL PLATED Bathroom Fittings advertisement with an image of a faucet and text: "Rice Lewis & Son Limited 52 and 54 King St. East, Toronto."

"My Valet" advertisement with an image of a man in a tuxedo and text: "30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074 Dress Suits to Rent"

Second Hand Pipe Organs advertisement with text: "We have several good Second Hand Pipe Organs for sale. These instruments have been put in first-class repair and will be sold cheap."

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED advertisement with text: "Van's Pianos, Road Organs, Pipe Organs and Pianinos WOODSTOCK, ONT."

Typewriters advertisement with text: "All makes, rented \$2.50 to \$5.00 per month CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO. Toronto."

MONUMENTS advertisement with text: "The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co. Limited 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Toronto) 1119 St. Car. Route. Telephone North 1248. TORONTO."

Good Serviceable Rugs advertisement with text: "TORONTO RUG WORKS 92 QUEEN ST. EAST"

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HOUSEHOLD ART GLASS advertisement with text: "Robert McCausland, Limited 88 Wellington St. W. - Toronto"

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARD LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER Surpassing all Competitors

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.

OUR BRANDS advertisement showing five bottles of liquor with labels: SPECIAL, OLD SCOTCH WHISKY, VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKY, VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKY, VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale advertisement with an image of a bottle and text: "Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF."

Account Books Stationery Office Supplies Leather Goods Bookbinding Fountain Pens THE BROWN BROS. LIMITED 51-53 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

Toronto, May 7, 1902. To the Advertising Manager Catholic Register. Dear Sir—In renewing my advertisement for the current year in your paper, I feel obliged to compliment you on its merit as an advertising medium.

THE TORONTO BAKERY advertisement with text: "H. O. TOMLIN, The Toronto Bakery."

CHURCH BELLS advertisement with text: "Church Bells Chimes and Peals, Bell Foundry and Repairing, MORGAN BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md."

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

F. ROSAR Undertaker. 240 King St. East, Toronto. Telephone Main 1081.

MCCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS Telephone Main 88 222 QUEEN STREET EAST.

LADY AGENTS WANTED advertisement with text: "One bright agent wanted in every district to introduce and supply our Electric Self-Polishing Cloths to housewives."

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THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1902

DEATH OF ZOLA.

The death of Emile Zola, the French novelist, who was asphyxiated on Sunday night by the fumes of gas escaping from a defective bed-room stove, falls short in sensational features of the common end of many of the leading characters in his fiction. But, probably, if one of the few remaining "realists"—if it be that any now survive—should penetrate that chamber and turn over and over the smallest details of the fatality in a mind surcharged with morbid imagination, a story might be produced equal to Zola's best—or worst. What irony does fate not conceal from us!

Zola was a Frenchman who wrote not for the French. The Gallic peasant, or the Parisian street-walker may be no better or worse than the average of their lot in other lands, but it is impossible to believe them so fantastically sorted out as Zola has revealed them. It was but natural that such "realism" as Zola's should most readily appeal to the credulity of people who can see nothing admirable in the French. It has been stated somewhere that for one copy of Zola, sold in France, one hundred English translations were demanded. The United States took more than England, but both in America and Britain it was still the fashion for those who fed upon Zola to decry him as a perverted creature. They who would read all he was able to turn out affected the least sympathy with his mission in literature. That affectation in time exposed as the rankest hypocrisy, for just as soon as the Dreyfus matter permitted the English to publicly take the monster to their hearts, never was there witnessed such a national embracing.

Zola was wildly "honored" in England on the occasion of his visit following the Dreyfus trial. The leading newspapers and reviews rang with the praise of his genius. But the French Academy maintained its former attitude of contemptuous indifference. Zola was not a moulder in mud alone. He attempted to handle hard material in the "Debauche," which turned out a libel, less perhaps through malice than because of the author's ignorance of the history of the Franco-Prussian war. His "Lourdes" and "Rome" failed to please the fancy of any numerous circle. That was not exactly the description of work the readers of translations were looking for in a "French novelist."

The unhappy end of the man is deplorable. It must move even those who abhorred his work to pity. Deeply though he stirred the dirty waters of impurity, and made the multitude acclaim the achievement as art, his misused powers must be regretted as those of a man who might have accomplished really great things by his courage and literary skill. But courage alone could not gain worthy recognition for talents that seemingly could not be turned from the study and exploitation of depravity.

ENGLAND'S SCHOOL QUESTION. The British "Nonconformist conscience" is in the throes of another struggle for "right and justice." To come to a more exact definition, the Nonconformists take the view that a "free school system supported by local taxation must be essentially secular, and that the catechism and tenets of no religious body can be taught at the public expense. This is the exact wording of the Press despatches of yesterday. The Education Bill around which the fight rages simply permits religious education in the schools. The territorialism is common to all, including the Nonconformists, who do not want it. They want the American system, which will compel all taxpayers who believe in religious education for the young to maintain an equal share in those schools which the State is bound to support.

would attend, and at the same time oblige English Churchmen and Catholics to support voluntary schools of their own. The State schools must be essentially secular or without religion—except of course the religion of the Nonconformists who consider that Bible reading for the young is all that is necessary.

The Government is threatened by the agitation of this question. The Nonconformists say they will offer "passive resistance" to the collection of school taxes under the new law, as proposed Sir Michael Hicks Beach, unbending Tory that he is, answers that this "passive resistance" would be anarchy. But Mr Chamberlain and the Unionists are quite afraid to answer the challenge in any form. They expect the Irish members for conscience sake to help them vote the Bill through. They expect this whilst they punish Ireland with coercion and martial law, because in that country "passive resistance" to the payment of unjust rents is preached by the leaders of the people.

The Irish members have voted for the Education Bill so far and probably will support it to the end. It must be an exasperating experience for them, as the Bill is only intended for the benefit of the Church of England schools, although the Catholic schools of England will share its provisions in a much smaller degree.

SCANDALOUS STORIES.

There have been many reports spread about the wickedness of St Pierre, the capital of Martinique, destroyed by volcanic eruption. It has also been stated that Martinique in general is a depraved place, and the burned cities mentioned in the Bible were quoted in connection with the French West Indian Island. There was one story to the effect that the bad characters of St. Pierre had put a pig on a Cross last Good Friday. All the scandalous stories about Martinique have now been flatly controverted by Father Sebire, Superior of the Belgian Apostolic School of Antwerp, Province. He says that the people of Martinique are essentially religious, that no such things as those reported in the French and Belgian press ever happened. Whites, creoles, and negroes are most attentive to religious duties, so much so that it has frequently been said by the enemies of the Church that Martinique was more clerical than Brittany. The only persons who may be regarded as irreligious are the Mulattoes, numbering seventy thousand. These people, the men, affect to despise religion because they think that by so doing they will please the Government.

It is no doubt among the seventy thousand Mulattoes to whom the Belgian ecclesiastic refers that the miscreants were, who, on Good Friday, carried a Cross from St Pierre to the volcano and flung it into the crater. The fact is related by Col de la Panouze in The Paris Gaulois. The Freethinkers who did this, had previously a gluttonous orgy in the principal hotel of St Pierre, while the Catholics were eating boiled codfish and rice. On the way to the mountain the miscreants travestied the Stations of the Cross. As Col de la Panouze says a few weeks afterwards, on the day of the Ascension, the burning mountain belched its boiling mud and flaming ashes on the doomed town of St Pierre. The Colonel says that he has had the whole narrative of what happened on Good Friday at St Pierre from an inhabitant of Martinique, who was among those lucky enough to escape from the destruction which overtook so many other residents in the island.

INCREASING STRAIN ON IRELAND.

Mr I N Ford, London correspondent of The Tribune, New York, and The Globe, Toronto, who is a more submissive apologist for all the acts of the Tory Government in England than any English party editor, has the following to say of the present situation in Ireland: "Ireland is distracted by the land war. The Duke of Abercorn, Lord Barrington and Colonel Sanderson, three wealthy Irish landowners, have refused to discuss the situation with the tenants' representatives, but moderate Unionist opinion is in favor of some kind of a conference. The present position is perhaps the most curious that has been known in Ireland for many years. The Chief Secretary for Ireland sympathizes in a great measure with the tenants, but his hand is bound by the landlords, and

he is applying the Crimes Act with astonishing vigor. Lord Dudley, the new Viceroy, can afford to look on with indifference. Premier Balfour excluded him from the Cabinet and he is consequently not responsible for the orders which are carried out in his name, and the value of Irish land does not appeal to a man who derives his wealth mainly from collieries on English soil."

In another despatch it is said that half the Irish members are in jail under the coercion law, for sympathy with the cause of the tenants. The conference which Mr Ford alludes to was proposed by Captain Shaw-Taylor, of Limerick, and was rejected by his own friends of the landlord combination.

The remainder of Mr Ford's despatch is a servile apology for Mr Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary, who has chosen to commit himself to a policy of "pacifying" Ireland where crime is almost unknown by "coercion" and for whose sake the Lord Lieutenant has been excluded from the Cabinet, so that the Secretary should have a free hand over the head of his nominal superior in the Irish office.

Mr Wyndham is too weak and self-conscious a young man to succeed in his hasty policy. The Irish people are united, their leaders and representatives are solid and America and the Colonies are in active sympathy with them. In another column we publish an outline of the proposed organization of the United Irish League in the United States and Canada in which Hon Edward Blake will participate. Active preparations are already being made in Canada to co-operate in the movement.

CONFERENCE OF THE HIERARCHY.

A conference of the hierarchy of Canada is taking place to-day in Ottawa. Mgr Falconio, Apostolic Delegate, will preside. All signs point to the conclusion that the Delegate will shortly be translated to Washington. Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Archbishop Hegin, of Quebec, Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, Bishop McEvay, London, and others, including Mgr Racicot, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Montreal in the absence of Archbishop Bruchesi, are in Ottawa. Matters of importance affecting the welfare of the faithful and the promotion of religion, in the various dioceses will be discussed with the Apostolic Delegate.

IS DISTRESS AHEAD?

The confusion of the past few weeks in the stock market may cripple the resources of hundreds of people who have been indulging in rash speculation. The coal strike is apparently as far from settlement as before, and with the approach of winter may have a disturbing influence on various industries employing labor. Prices for all necessities are now extremely high, and fuel is not to be had. A French economist a few months ago predicted that a wave of depression is coming upon the United States, and if the prophecy be good Canada will not escape. No one can look forward to the approaching winter with an easy mind.

THESE MEDIEVAL MONKS!

The London Daily Chronicle's Rome correspondent announces that Father Vincent, rector of the Passionist Monastery, leaped into the water one day last week and saved a woman who was in danger of drowning at Nettuno, a small port near Rome.

It is reported that the Holy Father will soon grant an Episcopal See to Norway, owing to the growth of Catholicity in that country.

The Pall Mall Gazette is "authoritative" for the statement that the Irish members are preparing to throw Mr Balfour to the ground on the Education Bill. If we read the signs of the times aught it is Mr Chamberlain who is training for this feat.

The niece of the late Cardinal Ledochowski is devoting herself to the work of evangelizing the natives of Africa. The Holy Father takes a deep interest in the Society of St Peter Claver, of which the Cardinal's niece is Superior-General, and which has its headquarters at Via Giove Lanza, 129, Rome.

London Truth thinks the best thing the Home Secretary can do is to release Mr. Kinnaird, whom it is said he is to get out.

using himself and raising funds on the strength of his imprisonment. Mr Labouchere thinks: "It is always a mistake to give a man, whatever his motives, an opportunity of posing as a martyr for the sake of religion. And it is doubly foolish to do so where the martyr for the sake of 'God's truth' and 'freedom of speech' is avowedly engaged in a commercial undertaking which only requires advertising to keep it flourishing."

Cardinal Vaughan is reported to be seriously ill. The London Chronicle says His Eminence intends to remain in Yorkshire for some time. This means that he is unfit for work in London, and also that Derwent Hall and the solicited attention of his host and hostess, Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, are doing him good. How serious his illness has been may be judged by the fact that the Cardinal has been unable for some weeks to say Mass, a deprivation to which doctors find that a priest very unwillingly submits. Encouraging as the reports received from Derwent Hall now are, the Cardinal is not likely to be able to stand or walk without the aid of a stick for several weeks to come, and for that period, therefore, he will be unable "to celebrate," as he has done daily, almost without intermission, over a priestly career of now over forty years.

A handsome silver casket contains the beautifully illuminated address which the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party purpose presenting to His Holiness Leo XIII on the occasion of his jubilee. The casket takes the form of a reproduction of the Shrine of Lough Erne, with all the beautiful and varied interlacings only to be found in pure Celtic ornamentation. The casket is surmounted by the Pontifical Arms—namely, Azure, on a mount, a poplar tree, P.P.R. between two fleur-de-lis on base, in the dexter chief point a blazing star, streaming in bend argent, over all a fesse, resting on the cross-keys, and surmounted by a tiara. Underneath is the motto, "Lumen in Coelo"—Light from Heaven. The casket is supported by four fibulae, which harmonize beautifully with the whole design and decoration.

mentation. Unfortunately, curiosity tempts folk to assemble, if only that they may gain a glimpse of the notorious leader of a crazy, but much-talked-of, sect. But what a light it all sheds on the vagaries of Protestantism, and on the worth of the principle of private interpretation of the Holy Scriptures!

The Paris correspondent of a secular paper declares the fact that the greatest efforts are being made by the present French Government to take the education of the young out of the hands of the religious. This is now vowed for by no less a person than M. Melino, a Republican who was formerly a Communist, and who has been several times in the Cabinet. M Melino, who has taken over the once famous newspaper, La République Française, founded by his old master, Gambetta, distinctly says in an article: "How, then, is to be attacked the religious idea so deeply hidden in the folds of the human conscience? There is only one way. The State must take hold of the child's conscience and mould it according to its own formula, by directing its instruction and education, to the exclusion of the fathers of the families. That is the last word of anti-clerical doctrine as it is being passed into the legislation of the country at present. No more liberty of teaching, because liberty is contrary to the rights of the State, no more free teaching, for the State has the right to impose its doctrine on all citizens; no more liberty for professors, who must think as the State does."

work, "The Dream of Gerontius." The universal opinion among English musical critics was that Dr. Elgar's setting of Newman's great poem was masterly. One incident of the event does not redound to the credit of the Protestant authorities of Worcester Cathedral. These absolutely refused to allow the work to be performed within their walls, unless certain changes were introduced into the text. The special correspondent of The London Daily Telegraph says: "Gerontius was censored before its acceptance by the clergy of Worcester could be secured, and it would appear that Cardinal Newman's poem underwent a sort of purgatorial process before it could be admitted within the Cathedral's gates. There seems to have been no particular objection to the belief in 'cleansing fires,' but not to speak with irreverence, the clergy sent the Virgin Mary to Coventry, taking out en bloc the chorus 'Hail Mary, pray for Him,' and deleting in every doctrinal connection the name of her whom Canon Knox-Little, preaching in the Cathedral on Sunday last, described as 'Our Lady' and 'The Mother of God.' At the bottom of all this may be some profound reason to which the eyes of the lay mind are blind, but surely it is time for the Cathedral clergy to recognize that if a work of art cannot be performed in its entirety it should not be produced at all. That is a mere truism obvious even to a fourth-form boy, but neglect of it becomes absolutely offensive when a censor does violence to a poet's text. That the Roman Catholics who came to-day to hear the work of two co-religionists were hurt I have reason to believe, hurt also was every person of taste, who knew that the Cathedral clergy, having the right to reject 'Gerontius' altogether, preferred to tamper with the text. Great is the mystery of some godliness.

An interesting event of the week in England has been the great musical festival at Worcester, at which was witnessed the production in the Cathedral there of Dr Elgar's great

BROWN'S "Credit to All" "Make Your Own Terms" BROWN'S A COMPLETE DINING ROOM \$59 A \$67 OUTFIT FOR \$59 To the readers of the Catholic Register only—an unparalleled offer. This very handsome outfit comprises a large, solid, oak sideboard, golden finish; one long linen drawer; two cutlery drawers; good bevel plate mirror; one large extension table of solid oak, with six heavy fluted legs; one set of five solid oak dining chairs and one arm chair to match—all upholstered in real leather. Also a pair of beautiful pictures. An outfit that is a very marvel of value at \$67. If you mention this paper the price will be \$59. Parlor Rocking Chairs Just like the picture—mahogany finish; extra special \$7.75 Arm Chairs like picture, Solid Walnut, Solid Oak, or Birds-eye Maple upholstered in real leather. \$5 chairs 2.50 BE SURE TO MENTION THIS PAPER The Sunlight Range "The Range that pays for itself"—economical and handsome. The most uniform cooker and baker made. We control the sale of this wonderful range for Toronto. The J. F. BROWN CO. Limited, 3 to 23 Queen St. E. (Corner Yonge) TORONTO.

ST OF THE DE VERES.

Stephen De Vere has recovered from a recent severe illness, and as well as a man of ninety...

DEATH OF HERO OF MORNE ROUGE.

On September 2 the Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers received, at the general mother house...

BANQUET TO THE HON. CHAS FITZPATRICK

The banquet to be tendered Hon Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, by the Irishmen of Montreal...

MARRIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S

On Monday last Rev Father Rohleder united in marriage at St Michael's Cathedral, Miss Theresa Tymon, daughter of Capt. Tymon...

PLEASE MR DRUGGIST give me what I ask for—the one Painkiller, Perry Davis', I know it is the best thing on earth for summer complaints...

Advertisement for Neave's Food, featuring a gold medal awarded at the London 1900 exhibition. Text includes 'Neave's Food' and 'For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.'

Advertisement for W. E. A. FANNON, MUSIC Teachers WANTED. Text includes 'Optical Doctor' and 'EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED'.

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.

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...

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after rain is the relief when an obstinate cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balm.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN FURS. You are cordially invited to inspect our stock, comprising the latest novelties in Jackets, Neckwear and Ruffs.

OUR MORRIS CHAIRS Are great stay-at-home inducers, and every wife should have one by the fireside ready for use by the tired bread-winner when the day's work is done.

BACK TO DUTY AND DEATH. At last, broken down in health, covered with burns, poisoned by the noxious gases which he had breathed for so long a time...

During the first eruptions of Mont Pelee in May he remained at his post notwithstanding the danger so great at Morno Rouge, which is much nearer the volcano than St. Pierre was.

At last, broken down in health, covered with burns, poisoned by the noxious gases which he had breathed for so long a time, he was forced toward the end of July to go to the hospital at Port de France.

Here are some extracts from a letter written by Father Mary to his superior general, Mgr Le Roy, dated August 8, 1902:

"I have just received and will treasure up your kind note dated June the 7th. It reached me shortly after another eruption, the most disastrous of all for Morno Rouge. This time it received its death blow. At 10 o'clock in the morning a terrible discharge of the volcano bore down on the fated village, striking it full in the heart, partially destroying our church and many of the houses."

KAY'S—Canada's Greatest Home Furnishers—KAY'S

First in Carpets

There is no doubting our supremacy in carpets. Five minutes observation of the wonderful range of carpets on the first floor supplies indisputable evidence.

- 800 pieces of the Famous Hobbin Brussels has come to us from a leading English manufacturer, who did not wish to place them on the home market...

First in Rugs

Here victory is easily achieved. Other stores make no pretence to carry a stock of rugs of the variety and quantity you find here.

- Wilton Rugs, 12x9, \$25.00. -Axminster Rugs, 10'6x9, \$37.00; 12x9, \$35.00; 13x10, \$45.00; and up to \$12.50 per square yard.

First in Linoleums and Oilcloths

You'll find these in the basement—a name that you may say that is a misnomer as you understand a basement—a light, roomy, cheerful section of this big store.

- Stain' Inlaid Linoleums and other well-known makes. 6 ft. wide, per square yard, 75c, \$1.10, and \$1.35.

Business With Mail Order Customers

The business of this house extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the leading cities and towns of the Dominion you will find homes made more beautiful because furnished in part or whole from the stocks of this store.

Advertisement for John Kay, Son & Co., Limited. Text includes '36-38 King Street West, TORONTO, CANADA.'

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merit 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King St. East. I was a sufferer for four months of a 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 me enough of it to apply twice to my arm.

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.

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.

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.

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

John O'Connor, Esq. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve.

Bert's Tenth Sale

His face was half freckles and generally, too, half dirt. In spite of this, however, if by some curious arithmetic you were to put everything together, you would find in that youth of thirteen years a face all sincerity and candor and simple honesty. Life is a glorious thing to some, but to poor Bert Tibbs life shaped itself into one continuous penance—and this, too, without his ever once suspecting it. He had in him the rare real stuff which citizens and soldiers are made of—a gameness of nature which prevented him from murmuring and a cheeriness of disposition which could put up placidly with such plebeian ills as cold and hunger and the lack of household comforts. If he had lived in the days which Plutarch chronicles Bert would have belonged to the Laololes or the Spartans. As it was, he grew up amid the obscurity of modern times, and his lonely home was set up by the waterside in the City of Churches.

Bert's mother had died long before he was old enough to realize the full meaning of such a loss. Ever since that bereaving event the Tibbs family of three members had dragged along in the squalor and darkness of Lower Emmett street. An elder sister, Maggie, who was but sixteen herself, kept house for them in a nominal sort of a way. At least she made the beds and swept out the rooms and managed the cooking, which latter was indeed very elementary. The other member of the family group was Bert's father, Waldo Tibbs, a man of extraordinary ability, who never had any regular avocation or employment, but took odd, straggling jobs, sometimes laboring as a doc's hand and at other times serving in a nondescript capacity as spur hand at the electric car barns. The history of that father could be set up in two omnibus words, he drank.

Occasionally Maggie used to work at making artificial flowers, and in the engagement of this occupation she had picked up acquaintance with a young co-worker named Helen Waters, whose home was out in suburban Flatbush. The two became firm friends, and Helen, pitying the other's more straitened lot, often implored Maggie Tibbs to come out and spend a week at Flatbush. She promised, moreover, to render that sojourn an extremely pleasant one.

At length the opportunity presented itself, or at least Maggie so decided. Her father had just entered upon the riotous festivities of a characteristic spree, and Maggie Tibbs quietly resolved that during the indefinite period of his carousal there would be no special need of any housekeeping. Bert, being of no account, could take care of himself, he was not old enough to be helpless, like her father.

"I'll leave you seventy-five cents," Bert, she said, "do you think that'll be enough?"
"Oh, sure, Maggie; that'll do, that'll do!"
"I'll make it seventy-five," she said, generously; "that'll not be too much for a whole week. You won't have to buy much of anything, you know, and then, too, things are so much nicer when they're cooked fresh."

"Don't mind me; I'll get along."
"Always grease the pan well before you fry anything, Bert. Don't forget that."
"I think I'll buy sausages every day."
"Do they're the easiest thing in the world to cook—and Mr. Maloney has such lovely ones, and he always gives you honest measure. Burkhardt doesn't; he'll skin you, Bert, every time, if you don't watch him putting them on the scales. Now, don't grease the pan too much, there's a hot of grease anyway, in sausages, you know. If it happens to come home before I get back, you can get him some eggs."
"All right."
"And there are two different kinds, you know, there's the barrelled eggs and the farmer's eggs. Be sure and ask Maloney for the barrelled eggs, because you can get more of 'em for the same money; and you know that when dad comes home and gets all sobered he's terribly hungry and he eats a whole lot. You can tell dad that I've gone out to stay with Helen for a few days."

"If he comes home, I will."

"And you won't be very lonesome yourself, will you, Bert?"

"No, I never get lonesome. But say—why don't you put on your mitts, Maggie? Hain't you got any? Want mine? I'll bet you take 'em."

"What, wear boys' gloves? The idea!" and she laughed the notion away in pretty scorn. "I've got my own gloves, Bert," she added, "but I'm not going to wear 'em."

"Your hands will be awful cold."
"No matter about that. You see, Bert, my gloves are kinder soiled, and one of the fingers has a hole in the end of it, I wouldn't want to have Helen notice it. I wish you could only see Helen's beautiful gloves for once; drab kid, with a black silk threading."

"Must have cost lots of money."
"Sights of it, I suppose, but, then, they are folks who can well afford it. Helen's father is a floor-walker, you see, and everybody else works for him."

"Is he their boss?"
"Well, it's just like a boss; he doesn't have a thing to do himself except to walk around in a carpet store and see that everyone else is working."

"He must be awful rich!" sighed Bert.

"Well, Helen says he isn't, but she says, too, that he isn't poor, either, whatever she means by that. Now, good-bye, don't get one bit lonesome, will you, till I come back?"
"No, I won't, good-bye!" and she bent over and kissed him tenderly and was gone.

The night approached, a cold, bitter, wintry night, with shrieking wind and occasionally a flurrying gust of early snow. Bert, despite his promise of immunity, felt melancholy enough as he lay there through the long dark hours on his bed in those dingy quarters and listened to the rattle of the outer elements. He awoke early, very early, but only to find his squalid room of an icy temperature. A shingle which had served in lieu of a window pane was blown in by the strong night winds, and through the yawning aperture the cold outer currents penetrated with malign vehemence.

Bert rose and started a fire in the kitchen stove, but somehow nothing seemed to work right, dampers and draft brought only puzzling results, and the smoke reeled back from the chimney into the room in a way that made the youngster apprehensive. It was no use trying. He gave up the task and contented himself with a cold breakfast of bread and milk. Then, as if impelled by some instinctive wish to overcome the depressing loneliness of those silent rooms, he pulled on his winter jacket and darted out aimlessly into the bitter atmosphere.

A tide of hurrying people up the street made Bert dimly conscious of the fact that it was Sunday morning and that already many good Christians folks were on their way to the morning service. There was no thought of church-going in Bert's own mind, and yet he trudged on along with the others.

When he reached the porch of St. Peter's Church, the temple whither the throngs were tending, he halted sort and watched the others as they went hurrying in through the huge doorway. His little white teeth chattered with the cold and his hands, though buried in the pockets of his trousers, were by no means comfortable.

"Come, sonny," suddenly resounded a voice close beside him, "don't stand there freezing in the cold; get inside where you belong!"

"You ain't a cop!" answered Bert, looking strangely toward the speaker.

"No, I know I ain't a cop," answered the man, "but I'm the next thing to a cop I'm the sexton, and my word goes around here just the same as a cop's, so you get inside. It's almost time for Mass to begin, anyway."
Bert felt that there was some great mistake, but he stepped in as the stranger had bidden him. It was such a relief from the hard, crisp morning air! The smell of the steam heat was delightful, and yet Bert felt that it was not right for him to enjoy it; he seemed to regard himself almost as a pilferer, and still he wondered

that no one detected him and ordered him to leave.

"Go up and sit with the children, my boy," said another kindly voice near him, and Bert sauntered up the aisle, his heart all a-tremble with nervousness. No one else took the slightest notice of him. He sat down in a pew with several other youngsters, casting curious eyes himself around the big edifice, glancing up at the statues along the high walls, at the many pictures, too, that hung there and at the towering altar, with its candles and candelabra all ablaze. Everything was new and splendid and theatrical to Bert, and as no one came to turn him out he quietly determined that he would stay and see everything through to the end. He was happy to be in the companionship of so many silent, unmolested people, and the coziness of the place made him think he was getting the richest of luxuries for nothing.

The service began and Bert watched it eagerly, marveling what it all could mean. He listened with rapt ears to the choir, he drank in the words of the priest's instruction, and when all was over Bert lingered in the seat after the rest, wondering quietly what next would occur and speculating as to whether any one would come and turn him out.

A man robed in a long, black, trailing robe, such as Bert had never seen before, bent down to the latter.

"Well, my little man, which class are you in?"

"I dunno."

"Stranger here, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Down Emmett street."

"Well, that's in this parish all right. What catechism are you in?"

"Dunno."

"Have you learned all your prayers so as to say them perfectly?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you'd better start in and learn them before we send you higher, don't you think so?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I think you had come, I'll put you in the proper seat. Here, take this catechism, by the way. You be here every Sunday without fail hereafter—understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, you won't forget it, will you?"

"No, sir."

Bert was as good as his promise, and so on every Sunday morning he returned to St. Peter's Church, where he renewed the transports of the first morning. He was a quick learner, and seemed, indeed, such a conscientious lad that the teacher pushed him rapidly ahead, and so it turned out that before the year's end Bert was ranged among the children of the first Communion class. It was only then that he suddenly realized things in all their full momentousness.

"Father Halpin," he said one day to the priest in charge, "I don't think I can go to confession, can I?"

"Certainly, my child; why not?"

"I ain't no Catholic."

"No Catholic; why of course you are, and a mighty good little one at that. You rever miss Mass or Sunday school, do you?"

"Oh, no, I always come because you know I said I would."

"And what makes you think you're not a Catholic?"

"Coz my folks ain't Catholics, and I know I ain't never been baptized. I wish I could be, though. I wish you could make me one, Father Halpin."

"God bless your dear little heart, my child; of course I will. But there must be some kind of a story to all this. Come and sit down in here in the vestry with me and tell me everything. Never baptized, eh? Well, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of."

"Ever afterwards Father Halpin called Bert his little convert and was very proud of the youngster, making him an honored errand boy and then, too, a favored pupil at the parish school. The only circumstance that grieved the priest was to see poor Bert's young countenance grow whiter and thinner from day to day.

A few years rolled by into Time's illimitable gulf.

It was just at the close of the memorable mission given in St. Peter's Church by a missionary father of great fame, who had come from the Passionist monastery of Hoboken and had spoken night after night for two successive weeks. His sermons were preached with immense effect, and it seemed as if all Brooklyn crowded in to listen.

One of the topics which the venerable man touched earnestly upon in his nightly sermons was the importance of possessing good religious books in every household. He spoke with particular favor of the chief d'oeuvre of Cardinal Gibbons, entitled "The Faith of Our Fathers," and, indeed, recommended it as a literary necessity for every home in the parish.

The demand therefore grew up at once, and Father Halpin, wishing to accommodate the appeal, sent out an order immediately for two hundred copies of the celebrated work. By some accident of expressage, however, the consignment did not put in its appearance until the days of the mission had entirely elapsed, and then the problem of how to get rid of the books.

"Why don't you let us boys try and sell some of them for you, father?" said Bert Tibbs to the priest one day.

"Well, that an idea, sure enough," answered the clergyman, "a couple of dozen of you good, energetic youngsters might take them off my hands, suppose I give you nine or ten apiece?"

"Very well."
So the youthful agents started out on their travels, Bert Tibbs the happiest and proudest of the little band. After a few days Bert returned to the rectory to make his report. He had sold nine copies without the least trouble, but, do what he might, it seemed as if he never could dispose of the tenth. He gave it back in despair to Father Halpin.

Next day Bert rang again at the rectory bell.

"I want that other book again, Father Halpin," he said, "I think that I know a woman who will buy it."

"Good! Here it is. Who is your this time?"

"Mrs. Burdock, the lady who lives up on the corner in the big brown house."

"Mrs. Burdock—I know her well—that is, I know all about her."

"Well, I think I can sell her that book."

"Oh, no, Bert, my boy, you won't sell that lady a copy of the work. How came you to think of her?"

"I had to bring a message up to her this morning, and then I had to wait until she wrote the answer. She made me sit down in a big room that was completely filled with books, books on the tables, books piled along the walls, books everywhere."

"Yes, her library, I suppose."

"Well, I never saw so many books in my life, and she caught me looking around at them. She says to me: 'Interested in my books?' I says, 'Yes, ma'am, where did you get 'em all?' She laughed kinder, and then she said: 'Why, I imagine I must have bought them all.' Then I said: 'Well, I used to sell books once myself, I sold nine.'"

"Go on, Bert; you are interesting."

"Well, she said, 'I'm sorry I didn't know it, or I'd have purchased one of you.'"

"And so you think from that little remark that she'd buy this remaining volume, do you?"

"Yes, because since I left her house I spoke with some other people about her, and they tell me that she buys everything that comes along. A boy down in Henry street sold her eight quarts of blackberries once, and a man over in Atlantic avenue sold her a big clock."

"Yes," laughed Father Halpin, "that may all be very true, but did you know, Bert, that Mrs. Burdock is the woman who runs all those Gospel meetings over here behind our convent school? Did you know that she is leagued in everything with those who wage war against the Catholic Church?"

"No, I didn't know that, father."

"Well, she is. This book, you know, Bert, is written by a priest—by more than a priest, by a Cardinal—and it treats entirely of our Church. It's a Catholic book, you see. Mrs. Burdock wouldn't have much use for a Catholic book."

"Oh, I don't know about that. I saw some Catholic books right on her big centre table. I think they were Catholic books because I read their names."

"I that so? Well, what were the titles of them?"

"One of them was 'The Converted Catholic.'"

The priest laughed outright. "As the other what was the other, Bert?"

"The other was 'The Escaped Nun,' father."

Father Halpin patted the youngster on the shoulder. "If that be all, it was something new that you sold."

"I guess you'd better not try Mrs. Burdock."

Bert, however, was neither daunted nor convinced, and a few hours afterwards he came again to find Father Halpin.

"I've seen her," he said, "I've been up to Mrs. Burdock's house again, and she wants the book, here's the dollar she gave me to buy it with."

The boy's thin face grew whiter, and at length one spring day, when the skies were becoming clearer and the birds were chirping on the Linden trees, young Bert Tibbs died.

Father Halpin felt within his soul a deep and sincere sorrow as he thought of the young sufferer's early death, and yet that grief of the priest was tempered with something like celestial joy. A few days after the funeral Father Halpin, who had been so long a curate of St. Peter's, happened to get an appointment to Sag Harbor as rector of one of the seaside parishes. It was far out at the last point of Long Island, far away from city bustle and city jays. There a year passed with its engrossing works, and finally one day in the following Lent he came up to St. Peter's to preach a Lenten instruction for his old pastor, Father Brignoli.

After saying his Mass at the high altar next morning he turned in to see Father Brignoli in the latter's study.

"I thought I saw Mrs. Clement Burdock a Mass sitting in the front seat this morning," he mentioned.

"Oh, yes, she doesn't live far from here, you know."

"But how happens it that she comes to Mass?"

"I don't know, same as any other Christian, I suppose."

"Then she can't be quite as black as she used to be."

"As black as she used to be? Why, haven't you heard about Mrs. Burdock?"

"I've heard nothing at all since I left Brooklyn. What about her?"

"Why, we received her into the church some seven or eight months ago—an excellent woman, devout, strong charactered and the very soul of charity."

"And to what does she attribute her conversion?"

"Well, that's the strangest part of it. She says it was a copy of the

Cardinal's book which first turned her toward the Catholic Church, and she tells me, too, that she bought it from a ragged street urchin. He must have been an angel in disguise!"

"Ah, I remember it all now. Poor Young Bert Tibbs, I'm sure he's an angel by this time, but an angel without any disguise."—Joseph Gordon Daley in Catholic Transcript.

NEWSPAPER OWNER TO BE A JESUIT.

Albany, N. Y., September 15.—Joseph A. Farrell, son of the late John Henry Farrell, one of the most prominent editors in the State, has forsaken the newspaper field to enter the Society of Jesus.

Mr. Farrell's change in his life's vocation came as a great surprise, although for eight years he has been thinking of taking the step. He is about 28 years of age, and upon the death of his father succeeded him as proprietor of The Times-Union. He took as his partner in this venture Martin H. Glynn, former Representative.

His income from The Times-Union is large, and his announcement of his intention to forsake a life of wealth for one of exacting hard work has caused much comment. Mr. Glynn has succeeded him in control of the paper.

One of Mr. Farrell's sisters has become a nun.

THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces ineffectual chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Pariente's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

PIPE ORGANS

There are many churches throughout the country that are in dire need of a good pipe organ.

There are very few Catholic choirs which are not equal in musical ability to those of other denominations, but how frequently do we find them handicapped in the possession of a very poor church organ. Pipe organs are not so expensive as they once were.

An advertisement in another column of The D. W. Kern Co., Limited, speaks for itself on this point.



Meals cooked on a "Famous Active" are always on time. Because our specially constructed "Famous" dampers regulate the fire to a certainty, and a cook knows just the time required for the fire to reach the heat necessary for cooking any particular dish. Then, to absolutely exclude guessing, a "Famous" thermometer is fitted to the oven-door of every

"Famous Active" Range.

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The "Famous Active" will cook more with less fuel than any other range made.

For sale by all enterprising dealers.

Write for descriptive booklet.

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containing fullest information and statistics concerning the Catholic Church in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, is now in course of preparation.

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WINGTON'S BURBON ESSENCE The stipends of sixteen priests in Brittany have been suspended

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. I met the Good Shepherd But now on the plain, As homeward He carried His lost one again

"O Shepherd! Good Shepherd!" Thy wounds they are deep; The wolves have sore hurt Thee In helping Thy sheep.

"Ah me! how the thorns Have entangled Thy hair, And cruelly riven That forehead so fair!

"O Shepherd! Good Shepherd! And is it for me This grievous affliction Has fallen on Thee?

ODD THINGS ABOUT RAINBOWS. It cannot be formed in the west except in the afternoon.

It is never seen at midday because the sun is then above us, and we cannot therefore stand between it and the rain.

A TOKEN OF SYMPATHY. A sympathetic word helps in all troubles of life, from a pin-prick to a great bereavement.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT. Do you want to know how to become a saint? Yes! Well, listen and I will tell you how.

Well, you are mistaken, for I am going to tell you a simple way—the way saints are made outside the cloister as well as in. It can be expressed in three words: Fidelity to conscience.

What the Catholic Church needs more than anything else is men of intelligence and education, and its members must be, as much as possible, Catholics from conviction as well as from training.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POND'S EXTRACT FOR BRUISES, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN.

ery time your conscience prompts you to do good, every time it tells you a thing is wrong, don't do it. The chief difference between saints and ordinary Christians is simply this, that they always obey the slightest suggestion of the still, small voice, while others do not.

Chats With Young Men

PROPER EDUCATION IS SUPREME. Of the various problems which confront a young man at the beginning of his collegiate life one of the most important, and in many cases most difficult, says The Chicago New World, is the selection of a college which he will attend.

Fortunate is he who is influenced to choose a college because of what we might call ancestral reasons, that is, because that college has had a place in the traditions of his family.

But to the average American student such considerations are lacking, and he must be the primal mover, the protagonist, as it were, in the matter of college-going.

To the Catholic student in particular is this period of life important. The non-Catholic has always maintained that his education is a thing to be differentiated from his religion, so that to him it can make very little difference, other things being equal, with what educational community he casts his lot.

And this is the fundamental reason why it is of such importance that Catholic young men should choose to attend Catholic institutions of learning.

The day of argument that Catholic schools are inferior in point of educational efficiency to those of non-Catholic or non-religious persuasion, is past. That was a fallacy of tenacious life and wide dissemination, but the recent controversy between President Eliot of Harvard University and Father Broshnan, of Holy Cross College, has clearly put that question at rest.

"You do not educate a man," says Ruskin, "by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not," and this is precisely the key note of Catholic instruction. It recognizes that the province of education is not simply to communicate dry, isolated facts of science or history, but to train the mind to correct, logical thinking, to teach, as Bishop Spalding says, "habits of right thinking and right doing."

What the Catholic Church needs more than anything else is men of intelligence and education, and its members must be, as much as possible, Catholics from conviction as well as from training.

so a church must have a creed, but acceptance of the creed is not to be demanded of its members so much as that they regulate their lives by its code of morals. Religion is coming to be regarded as a mode of life rather than a way of thinking.

From this, probably, proceeds in a great measure, the religious indifference of the present day. If morals are everything and theological tenets unimportant, then it matters not to what church one belongs, provided he lives a good life.

The Catholic should know how fallacious is this argument, and the only means of insuring to him the state of mind and the clearness of logic which will enable him to deal with this as with all other fallacies of religion and of life is to bring him up educationally in an atmosphere of proper religious influence.

The Catholic student concluded, of course, that he could not afford to be handicapped by the inferiority which his attendance at a Catholic college would seem to imply.

The result will be to bring back to the Catholic lecture rooms the students who have formerly sought for instruction and social and educational prestige elsewhere, to generate in the minds of the students of Catholic colleges feelings of self-reliance and confidence to compete with those of non-Catholic schools, and to extend its beneficial influence to the whole Catholic population.

THE TRIUMPH OF FORGOTTEN THINGS

There is a pity in forgotten things, Banished the heart they can no longer fill, Since restless Fancy, spreading swallow wings, Must seek new pleasures still!

There is a patience, too, in things forgot; They wait—they find the portal long unused; And knocking there, it shall refuse them not, Nor aught shall be refused!

Ah, yes! though we, unheeding years on years, In alien pledges spend the heart's estate, They bide some blessed moment of quick tears— Some moment without date.

In Protestant writings the statement is sometimes met with that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Pope offered to approve the Anglican Prayer-book if she would accept its supremacy. The Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J., in the current issue of The Month, traces the rise of the legend. A letter of the Rev. Robert Persons, S. J., dated November 17, 1580, first mentions the story, but the writer expresses the opinion that it is merely "talk."

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† ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Bishop of Alexandria.
† F. P. McEVAY, Bishop of London.
† N. Z. LORRAIN, Bishop of Pembroke.

It contains list of The Ontario Clergy, The Parishes of Ontario, The Liturgical Calendar prepared by The Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto. A list of The Holy Days of Obligation, Fasting Days of Obligation, the Abstinence Days, the Rules of the Church regarding Marriages, Masses of the Dead, and Indulgences. It is pronounced to be a complete, handy and useful work by competent judges. Our readers should avail of this opportunity to procure a copy. Fill out the following:

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SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Box.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Business in the Wheat, Live Stock and Cattle Trade.

Tuesday Morning, Sept. 30.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Deerlings of produce on the street were heavy today, and the market was active.

There was a fair demand for all lines, but prices did not show much change.

Wheat—500 bush of white soft at 82c to 83c, 1,000 bush of red at 82c and 600 bush of goosie at 82c to 83c.

Offerings were large and the market was active. 2,500 bush sold at 82c to 83c.

Hay—Market was active and barely steady. Timothy sold at \$1.10 to \$1.12.

Cheese—Market dull, with prices unchanged at \$9.50 to \$9.75 cwt.

Campbellford, Sept. 30.—At the Cheese Board 2,355 were headed. Sales at 10 1/2-10c.

Toronto Live Stock.

Business was dull and heavy at the Toronto Cattle Market today, and holders found a good deal of difficulty in disposing of their holdings.

Export Cattle—Cattle from the old country are more disappointing, reporting a drop of 10 to 15 lbs per lb.

Butchers' cattle—Export butchers are generally lower at \$12 to \$13, and the best supplies for the local trade could be obtained at these figures.

311th Cow—One pair of fine cows sold for \$112, but they were of exceptionally good quality.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 10,000 head; including 1,500 western; good steady.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Sept. 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,500 head; including 1,000 western; good steady.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Cash. Dec. 1901.

London, Sept. 30.—Opening—Wheat, on passage, rather easier.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL MICHAEL DAVITT'S GREAT BOOK 'The Boer Fight for Freedom'

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

IRON-OX TABLETS

The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Ltd. Walkerville, Ont.

SILVER JUBILEE OF FATHER SPETZ

Berlin, Sept. 23—One of the most impressive ceremonies that has taken place in St. Mary's Church for many a long day was that which was celebrated this forenoon in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Theo Spetz, to the priesthood of the church.

The opening ceremonies were held in St. Louis Church, Waterloo, on Sunday evening. They were in the nature chiefly of a children's service.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, was present together with the following priests: Rev. Father Spaeth, Port Huron; Brohman, St. Clements, and Fathers Klopfer, Spetz, Schweitzer, Feirenbach and Waechter, Berlin.

He was greeted by little Miss McCardle, who, on behalf of the others, presented him with a bouquet and in a suitable address bade this venerable and well-beloved churchman welcome.

The children of the Separate School gave a splendid programme of songs, recitations and fancy drill, and the choir rendered special music, comprising select hymns and songs.

It was an exceedingly interesting and pleasing service. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens. The Sisters of Waterloo Separate School deserve great praise for the successful manner in which the ceremonies were carried out.

To-night in the same church Father Spetz was presented with a golden chalice and a silver altar bread cup, and Father Brohman preached at 7.30.

AT BERLIN.

In addition to all the local clergy there had gathered to take part in the Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, and Revs. Spaeth, Port Huron; Rohleder, Toronto; Andrew Spetz, brother of the celebrant, of Chicago, Hahn, of Milwaukee; Brohman, St. Clements; Aeymans, St. Agatha; Lenhard, Galt; J. Wej, New Germany; Jos. E. Wej, Karlsruhe; Lehman, Acton; Gnam, Hesson, Phelan, Appleton, Wisconsin, and others.

Rev. Theo. Spetz celebrated Solemn High Mass and was escorted from the parish-house to the church by a procession which was taken part in by 400 school children; the St. Jerome's College students, clergy and assistants. The school children and the Collegians formed in two lines, between which the procession passed.

The cross bearers, acolytes and altar boys led the way; then came 25 of the smallest girls and the same number of little boys from the school. The girls were dressed in white and the boys with white blouses and pink sashes, and all carrying flowers, presented a pretty sight.

Then came the clergy numbering over a score, in order the deacon, sub-deacon, the little bride all in white and her two maids. These types were filled by little May Feirenbach, niece of the celebrant, and daughter of Mr. Jos. Feirenbach, little Rita McCullum and Frances Hickey were the maids.

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception.

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

For these reasons we announce that our proprietors are the principal shareholders in

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A WELLAND MERCHANT

Ho says He is Now Feeling Better than he has for Many Years.

An Open Letter in which a Prominent Citizen gives a Strong Recommendation for Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Remedy which He says Restored Him to Good Health.

Welland, Ont., Sept. 29.—(Special).—Mr. J. J. Yokom, grocer and provision merchant of this place, has given for publication an open letter as follows:

"For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of languor, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

"At times I was entirely incapacitated. I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience but got no benefit.

"At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them.

"From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

"Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true.

(Signed), J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within three miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

PERSONAL.

The engagement of Dr. J. A. MacCabe, Principal of the Normal School, Ottawa, and Miss Almira Sims, second daughter of Mr. Richard A. Sims, railway contractor, is announced.

Irritating Form of Itching Piles

A Source of Continual Worry and Annoyance—Sleep and Rest Impossible until Relief and Cure Come with the Use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment

All classes of people are subject to piles, but especially those who are exposed to dampness. Teamsters, farmers, railroad men and laborers suffer greatly from this distressing ailment.

While there are plenty of remedies recommended as a treatment for piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and guaranteed cure. It is truly wonderful how the merit of this preparation has become known throughout this continent and Europe.

A LETTER FROM FATHER MURPHY

He Suggests the holding of a Great Temperance Rally of Catholics in Toronto

To the Editor of The Catholic Register:

Dear Sir—Your paper comes as one of the exchanges to our office of The Catholic World. My attention has been called to the stand you are taking in regard to the formation of Total Abstinence Societies in Ontario.

There is no reason why your suggestions should not be taken up. There are any number of priests in Ontario who have been only waiting for an object-lesson in successful Total Abstinence Society work.

That object-lesson is now before them in St. Peter's T. A. Society of Peterborough. The Society was established less than three years ago. For some time it was looked upon as an experiment, and anxiously watched by friends and enemies.

It received every kind of discouragement at the hands of the liquor dealers and their friends. But the Rev. Director, Father Frank O'Sullivan, now of Lindsay, put his whole soul into the work, determined that it must succeed.

After his transfer, Rev. Father O'Brien was appointed to the direction of the Society by His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor. And the wisdom of the choice has been fully demonstrated in the fact that the membership increased by more than twelve hundred in one year from August, 1901, to August, 1902.

Ask any man or woman from Peterborough what they think of the T. A. S. Ask any Protestant minister in the town. Ask any traveller for a commercial house doing business in that town. And from each and everyone you will receive the same answer: "It is the best thing from a moral standpoint as well as from a business standpoint that ever struck the community."

The newspapers recently gave an account of the winning of the banner by this Society at the National Convention in Dubuque, Iowa. That called the attention of the public to the experiment. Am I correct now in saying that the time has come when the work should be taken up in every Catholic parish in Ontario? There is nothing in the world to prevent it from being as great a success in the Province as it is in the town where the experiment has been so carefully made.

It is the work of Jesus Christ for the protection of the home, and it should be done. There are men who will stand in its way. But there must be men enough both in the priesthood and among the laity of the Province to make the work a success. Why not take it up this Autumn. Why not have a mass meeting in Toronto to get it going? Why not fill Massey Hall with a mighty audience of Catholics to show the people of the city that we are not behind in any good work? You can get two or three speakers from the National Organization here in the United States. And their visit will cost nothing. You can get Rev. Dr. O'Brien of Peterborough, and others from your own fair city and other parts of the Province. Will you not take it up in your columns? Will you not try to get a committee of priests and laymen to work? Will you not bring home to the minds of your intelligent readers the fact that there is such a thing as an opportunity, and that it should be grasped? Talk it up among your business men. Now is the time. Yours in Christ, Patrick J. Murphy, C. S. P.

The Whole Story in a Letter! Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS)

From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—The frequently use Perry's Pain-Killer for pains in the head, back, rheumatism, sprains, frost bites, etc. It gives relief in all instances which I have mentioned in our bulletin. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy I have ever used.

Freehold Property in City of Toronto, FOR SALE OR LEASE.

THE UNDERSIGNED invites tenders, up to noon 1st of Tuesday, October 27th, 1902, for the lease for a term of 25 years, or for the purchase of the site of the Old Parliament Buildings, in this City, consisting of 2,814 acres, and bounded by Elgin, Front, John and Wellington Streets.

For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of languor, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

"At times I was entirely incapacitated. I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience but got no benefit.

"At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them.

"From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

"Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true.

(Signed), J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within three miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

PERSONAL.

The engagement of Dr. J. A. MacCabe, Principal of the Normal School, Ottawa, and Miss Almira Sims, second daughter of Mr. Richard A. Sims, railway contractor, is announced.

Irritating Form of Itching Piles

A Source of Continual Worry and Annoyance—Sleep and Rest Impossible until Relief and Cure Come with the Use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment

All classes of people are subject to piles, but especially those who are exposed to dampness. Teamsters, farmers, railroad men and laborers suffer greatly from this distressing ailment.

Anybody can make a delicious infusion with "SALADA"

There is no trick about it—"the Quality" is there—that is the whole secret. Sold only in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers.

The Ancient Enemy North American Life Solid Continent

Father Time will find you enjoying in old age the comforts and luxuries of life, if, while still young, you secure and keep in force a policy of endowment assurance.

If you live, it will prove a blessing for yourself—if you die, it will prove a blessing for your family. In event of death the policy may be made payable in instalments, either for a limited number of years, or during the entire lifetime of the beneficiary.

The North American Life offers the very best of security. A Policy in it pays.

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