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VOL XI, No. 6

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1903

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THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

Interesting Facts Taken from the Almanac of the Church published in Rome

Rome, Jan. 15.—The beginning of a New Year in Rome is marked by the appearance of the Calendar or "Almanac" of the Catholic Hierarchy, "La Gerarchia Cattolica." Here, again, as on former occasions, the review of the Sees of the Catholic world opens with that of Rome, "whose Bishop is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Sovereign Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church." Though more than thirty-two years have passed since the last portion of these dominions were seized by force of arms by the army of the King of Italy, Victor Emanuel II., the Pontiff has never ceased to assert his claim and right to their possession.

Leo XIII., the 263rd Pope, was born on the 2nd of March, 1810, and on that day in 1903 he completes ninety-three years. He was elected Pope on 20th of February, 1878, and, therefore, on that day in the next month he will complete twenty-five years of Pontificate.

The Pope is Prefect of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, chief of the Congregations of the Consistorial and of the Apostolic Visit; he is also Protector of the Religious Orders of the Benedictines, Dominicans and Friars Minor.

Immediately after the Pope in the Hierarchical order comes the Sacred College of Cardinals.

When the "Gerarchia" was issued a few days ago the Sacred College consisted of 59 Cardinals. The death of Cardinal Parocchi, which occurred today, reduces this number to 58. Amongst these, one Cardinal, Oreglia di Santo Stefano, is the only one left of all those created by Pius IX. Of the members of the Sacred College living, the oldest, according to date of creation, is Cardinal Nello, Patriarch of Lisbon, created Cardinal in the Consistory of 24th March, 1884.

The Cardinal oldest in years is His Eminence Cardinal Colesia, born 13th January, 1814, and, therefore, now entering his 90th year. The Dean by age, of the Sacred College is Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, who is 74 years of age and 29 in the Cardinals.

The youngest Cardinal is De Sherbrensky, 40 years of age; then follow Vives y Tuto, 49; Svampa, 52; Ferrati and Richelmy, 53, and Martinielli, 54.

Of the 58 Cardinals, 35 are Italians and 23 from other countries; 27 reside in Rome, comprising 23 foreigners, and these are called Cardinals in Curia; the other 31 reside in their respective dioceses in Italy and abroad.

In 1902 the Sacred College lost seven of its members by death—Cardinals Dell'Olio, Ciasca, Riboldi, Missia,

Schlauch, Ledochowski, and Aloisi-Masella. The number of Cardinals who have died since the election of Leo XIII. reaches 145; so that the number of Cardinals created by the present Sovereign Pontiff—14—reaches almost the number of Cardinals who have died during his Pontificate. Leo XIII. has thus renewed the Sacred College. Of these 145 Cardinals, 4 were created by Gregory XVI., 57 created by Pius IX., and 84 by Leo XIII. At the present moment there are 12 Cardinal-hats vacant.

The sum total of the dignitaries composing the Catholic Hierarchy on 1st January, 1903, were as follows: Sacred College, 58; Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops of the Latin and Oriental Rites, and Prelates, 1,308; making in all 1,367. Such is the worldly list of the Bishops of the Catholic world at the beginning of this year 1903.

The Commission of Cardinals for Biblical Studies suspended its sitting on account of the illness of Cardinal Parocchi, one of its chief members. It is reported that in the former sitting Cardinal Satolli manifested the idea of the propriety of establishing an authoritative Biblical Institute at Rome before establishing a review. The Most Rev. Father David Fleming, General of the Franciscan Order, is the Secretary of this Commission.

Knights of St. John

At the last meeting of St. Patrick's Commandery, Knights of St. John, the following officers were installed for 1903:

President, J. J. Nightingale; first vice-president, P. Gannon; second vice-president, J. S. Dunn; recording secretary, J. Kelz; financial secretary, M. Healy; treasurer, G. P. McCann; trustees, M. Garvin, R. Walsh, J. Dykes; messenger, M. J. Griffin; sergeant-at-arms, W. Walsh; guard, J. Thomas.

Two new members were initiated at this meeting and several applications for membership were received. The annual report was presented, showing the Commandery to be in a good condition financially and everything points to a very prosperous year.

I.C.B.U. Convention

Hamilton, Feb. 3.—The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada has been holding its annual convention in this city the past two days, and the convention was wound up to-night by a banquet and dance at the Mountain View Hotel. The reports have been very satisfactory, showing as they do that the order is prospering. It has a large surplus in the treasury, and its membership has increased during the year. Following are the officers for the year: Grand President, F. Hallett, Toronto; Grand Vice-Presidents, S. Cheeseman of Hamilton, Miss Susie Kelly of Toronto; Grand Treasurer, H. Barber, Toronto; Grand Secretary, J. J. O'Regan, Toronto; Assistant Grand Secretary, P. Paton, Oakville; Grand Solicitor, Frank Slatery, Toronto; Grand Trustees, Brothers Paton, Cummings, Slatery, Miss Kelly and Mrs. Smith, Toronto. At the banquet to-night President Charles Baikie, of Branch No. 4, of this city, was in the chair, and Bro. John Williams was in the vice-chair. A feature of the banquet was the presentation of an address and a gold watch to Past President and Treasurer James E. Cummings, of the local branch, as a token of appreciation of his six years' service as President. About 75 couples took in the dance which followed the banquet.

Feast on Fast Days

To the Editor of The Register:
Dear Sir—Referring to the article which recently appeared in your paper headed, "The Inconsistencies of Some Protestants," I desire to call your attention to others. They are very numerous, but the following will suffice for to-day:

A large and important sect in Ontario and also in North Britain, who pride themselves on eminent Christianity, appear to ignore, or at least hold in slight regard, three of the most important days in the calendar, namely: Christmas Day, Good Friday and Easter Sunday. It is well known that very little attention is paid to them in the sect referred to, and it has been said that the reason of this is because these days are conspicuous in the Catholic year as feasts or fasts as the case may be. Other days set apart in the Catholic Church for special services, etc., are also ignored. This appears to me to be inconsistent, if not worse. Perhaps, however, our friends in North Britain or elsewhere may be able to give a logical explanation of the matter.

IMPORTANT PROJECTS

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

There is no end to the list of important projects that are being hatched for the coming session of Parliament. One scarcely knows where to commence with the consideration of all these projected enterprises. In the first place The Canada Gazette has already given us over one hundred and twenty notices of private Bills to be introduced; we may safely calculate on half a hundred more before the end of March. It has been decided to put in force the rule of Parliamentary procedure which ordains that all petitions for private legislation must be presented within the first three weeks of the session. Parliament having been called for second week in March, there will remain only about one-half of that month for the introduction of private Bills. But were there no more notices to come, already are there sufficient to constitute an immense programme for our legislators. Then some of these projected enactments are of grave and paramount importance—all likely to provoke considerable discussion both in committee and in the House.

Of the public measures to be submitted there is one lengthy Bill which affects the Federal supervision of railways in general, and the clauses of which will certainly occupy the House for a few weeks. Already I have made mention, in your columns, of the redistribution and the tariff questions, so there is no necessity, especially at this date, of going over the same ground. But another, and a very serious subject has come before the public within the past ten days, and this cannot be ignored. The conference held at Quebec last autumn by the Premiers of the various Provinces, had its effect last week when the members of that conference met the Premier of the Dominion at Ottawa. Already has the result of that interview been published broadcast over the country. The whole matter may be summed up in a few words. The various Provincial Governments agree that they all stand badly in need of larger subsidies from the Federal Government, and have consequently placed before Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues a memorandum of about three millions yearly, that they wish to have proportioned out to them by the Dominion Government. This is not the time, nor is your correspondent the person, to discuss details of the demand in question. But the resolutions of that Quebec conference, as presented to the Premier, will have to come before Parliament during the approaching session, and apart from the lengthy debate that the subject will provoke, we expect to hear a number of speeches from the advocates of Provincial autonomy. There are a few members in the House who never lose an opportunity of airing their views upon "this" topic. The stranger in the gallery would almost be led to believe that there was a systematic invasion of Provincial rights and privileges constantly under contemplation at Ottawa. Yet we cannot deny that such debates eventually have their beneficial effects. They serve as safety-valves for those who have a certain amount of compressed steam, or gas, within their compositions, and who would be in danger of exploding at an untimely moment and possibly doing some damage to those in their vicinity, were it not that they are afforded like opportunities of relieving their surcharged breasts. Then, there is another advantage; invariably the result is a positive confirmation in the public mind of the patriotic, honest and national intentions of the Government, both as regards the Dominion as a whole, and each particular Province belonging to our Confederation.

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Separate School Estimates

The estimates of the Separate School Board for the year have been struck as follows: Salaries, \$28,284; fuel, \$4,500; school furniture and supplies, \$2,500; general repairs, \$5,500; interest on debentures issued by the city and the board, \$10,715; interest on mortgage, \$1,125; interest to the city re collection of rates, \$400; general purposes, \$3,000; insurance premiums, \$500; water rates, \$700; tin-smith work, \$500; total, \$57,899. This, reduced by the Government grant of \$3,404, and taxes from West Toronto of \$550, leaves the amount of the estimates to go before the City Council at \$53,945. Accounts aggregating \$3,571 were passed. The board discussed the propriety of taking legal action against the city to recover \$1,200, withheld from the city's grant to the board for rent of the room occupied for a year in the City Hall. The members held that they had been given to understand that no rent would be charged. Vice-General McCann, Mr. William Ray and Mr. David Carey were instructed to interview the Board of Control on the matter.

St. Mary's School Honor Roll

Fourth Form—Excellent, J. McColl, H. Campbell, B. Buckel, J. Witmer, J. McClean, F. Martin, J. Clarke, J. Haffey, W. Orr, J. Carolan, F. Kelly, M. Keating, Chas. McCurdy, A. Dee, W. Hyland.

General Proficiency—Senior Fourth, A. Dee, B. Buckel, W. Orr. Junior Fourth—J. Clarke, J. Witmer, J. McColl.

Testimonials for January—Form III. Senior—Excellent, W. Maloney, W. Overend, N. Kelly, J. McTague, W. Dennison, T. McConvey, W. Hanson, J. Byrne, J. Bauer, W. Monahan, J. Bellmore; good, M. Christie, L. Wade, H. Ferry, L. Jenkins, J. Martin, F. Sicking, T. Foley.

Form III. Junior—Excellent, T. O'Brien, T. Lundy, F. Campbell, F. O'Brien, L. Albert, W. Vahey, E. Lane, L. Ryan, W. Gibbs, E. Curtis, E. Hanson; good, W. Ayers, R. Grossi, C. McEvoy, E. Doyle, J. Emmons, J. Hartford, N. Brodie, B. Donovan.

Senior Second Form—Excellent, L. Murphy, T. Shannon, H. Landreville; good, H. Doran, J. Deferari, A. Gav-in, T. Cavanagh, J. Ryan, F. Fen-som, E. McTague, G. Moore, F. Reilly, E. Devine, P. Haffey, A. Massey, L. Snider, O. Byron, O. Hickey, J. Smith, A. Vonzuben, F. Hickey, D. Lee, C. Edwards, W. McKeown.

C. M. B. A.

Branch 11, C. M. B. A., are giving a complimentary concert and lecture on Friday evening, Feb. 13, in West Association Hall, corner Queen Street and Dovercourt road. Rev. J. E. Crinion, of Dunnville, one of the grand officers of the Association, will deliver a lecture on this occasion.

THE NEW IRISH PARISH LATELY OPENED AT MONTREAL

St. Michael's Parish, the new Irish Catholic parish opened last May in Montreal, is progressing beyond the most sanguine expectations. In the statement just issued by the Rev. Father Kiernan, the zealous pastor, it shows that the work extending over a period of eight months has been all that could be desired, taking the situation from a financial standpoint. In the first place the vestments, church ornaments and an organ, together with pews, are all paid for. In the second place, a piece of property has been purchased for the building of the new church, and that debt is also wiped out. A balance of nearly \$600 remains in the bank. The Rev. Pastor, and his able assistant, Rev. Father McGinnis, hope that before the year 1903 will have sunk into oblivion, bringing with it its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, that one great success will go down as a worthy undertaking, that is the building of St. Michael's new church will be completed, and that one more monument of religion will stand as an example of the zeal and devotedness of the Irish priests and people of Montreal.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARY BYRNES.

On Friday, Jan. 23rd, at 161 Sackville street, in St. Paul's parish, Toronto, the death occurred of Mrs. Byrnes, beloved wife of Edward Byrnes, for many years a resident of Thornton, Ont.

Deceased had for some years been in delicate health and her attacks of illness on many occasions were accompanied by severe suffering, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. About three weeks previous to her death deceased contracted an attack of pleurisy, which although severe was not considered serious, and in a comparatively short time she was on the road to recovery, but in the designs of Almighty Providence her sojourn in this world was nearing its end. On the evening previous to her death a sudden change for the worse manifested itself and on the following morning, surrounded by her sorrowing family, she passed peacefully away.

A husband, four daughters and two sons are left to mourn the loss of a loving wife and kind and exemplary mother. The funeral took place on Monday, the 26th of January, to St. Paul's Church, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Donnell, thence to Mount Hope Cemetery, the burial service being conducted by Rev. Father Heydon, of St. Basil's Novitiate, cousin of the deceased, where all that was mortal of a loving and gentle wife and mother was tenderly laid to rest. May her soul rest in peace.

DEATH OF BERNARD COSGROVE.

Bernard Cosgrove, the oldest of the Markham pioneer settlers left in the vicinity of Richmond Hill, died at his home, lot 30, concession 2, Markham Township, where he had resided for the past 62 years, on Thursday morning, Jan. 29, in his 90th year. Mr. Cosgrove came to Canada from Ireland in 1837, and settled in the vicinity of Barrie, where he resided for two years. He then came to Markham which was then a comparative wilderness, and purchased a farm on which he spent the remainder of his days.

Mrs. Cosgrove, wife of the deceased, died some 18 years ago. Their family consisted of five sons and one daughter, as follows: James, who resides near the old home; Francis, of Bond Lake; John, of the Inland Revenue Department, Toronto; Mrs. Marshall, of Pine Gove, Township of Vaughan; Thomas, who died a few weeks ago in this city, and William, who resides on the old homestead.

Mr. Cosgrove was an honorable man, respected by his neighbors and all who came in contact with him for his sterling qualities. The funeral took place on Saturday, leaving those at 9 a.m., for the Catholic Cemetery at Thornhill.

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THE LATE CARDINAL PAROCCHI

Sketch of His Remarkable Career. His Holiness and Learning

One of the most striking personalities of the Sacred College has passed away. His Eminence Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, Cardinal Bishop of Porto and San Rufino, and Sub-Dean of the Sacred College, died in his residence at Rome on January 15. The immediate cause of death was heart disease and pulmonary paralysis, the result of influenza—a malady now prevalent at Rome. He received the last Sacraments from his Secretary, Rev. Giuseppe Neri, and the Pope sent him his Apostolic Benediction.

Lucido Maria Parocchi was born 13th August at Mantua, and when he was scarcely 15 years old he entered the Ecclesiastical College in his native place, and afterwards proceeded to Rome, where he made brilliant studies in the Gregorian University. In 1856 he was raised to the priesthood, and in the following year received the laurea in Theology. It would be a long task to tell of the various work he did prior to his nomination to the Cardinalate in the Consistory held by Pius IX., 22nd of June, 1877, while he was Archbishop of Bologna.

Endowed with a keen and penetrating intelligence, said a writer a few years ago in treating of the late Cardinal, and gifted with a great capacity for work, he acquired a remarkable erudition. Limpidly clear in his lectures, sagacious theologian and philosopher, filled with dignity and readiness in preaching, Cardinal Parocchi made a profound impression on his hearers and his readers. Prior to the Council of the Vatican, the future Cardinal published his "Protestantism and Rationalism." Immediately after he was nominated to the Roman Prelature. After the disastrous events of 1870 he was one of the most ardent inspirers and propagators of the Catholic press in Upper Italy. In conjunction with a select group of young clerics, he founded a review of ecclesiastical sciences, "The Scelta Cattolica," which he continued to direct even after he became Bishop.

Raised to the See of Pavia in October, 1871, he entered his diocese in December, and he remained there five years without obtaining the exequatur from the Italian Government, which would permit him to live in the Episcopal residence, and enjoy the revenues of the See. He joined to the pastoral charge that of Superior of the Seminary. The Episcopal residence being closed to him by the Government, he lodged at the Seminary, where he taught Dogmatic Theology, and lived on the voluntary contributions of the faithful. This is the mode in which the Italian Government interprets Cavour's maxim: "A free Church in a free State." The State makes very free, indeed, with all that belongs to the Church.

Mgr. Charles Daniel relates that from Pavia Mgr. Parocchi was transferred to Bologna in 1877. Loved and venerated by the people, who appreciated his virtues, his learning, and his devotedness, he had to struggle against the underhand hostility of a group of Catholics whose efforts contributed to the continuance of the refusal of the Exequatur. Pius IX., in order to reward the services he had rendered to the Church, and as a means of removing difficulties, raised him to the Cardinalate in June, 1877. In spite of the labors required in a diocese so important as that of Bologna, Cardinal Parocchi found time to publish a Latin commentary on the Vatican Council in two volumes.

In 1882 Cardinal Parocchi was called to Rome by Leo XIII., and lived in retirement until 1884, when the Holy Father nominated him Vicar-General of Rome. For close upon fifteen years this important office was occupied by Cardinal Parocchi; afterwards he was nominated Chancellor of Holy Church. By his death only one Cardinal of the creation of Pius IX. is left—Oreglia di Santi Stefano. If he should die during the life-time of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. would be in a position similar to that of Pope Urban VIII., who is the only Pontiff who out-lived all his electors in the Sacred College.

House of Providence

The Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following offertory collections:

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CATHOLICS SHOULD STAND TOGETHER

Strong Address by Bishop Brindle, the Hero of the Battlefield.

A Birmingham telegram says that speaking at the forty-eighth annual Catholic Reunion, held in that city, the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, Lord Bishop of Nottingham, said that, whilst an enormous growth in the Catholic religion had taken place during the past fifty years, the Catholic spirit of union had not grown in the same proportion. Members of the same congregation, and who stood side by side at the altar rails, would, when they got outside the church door, take their different ways, one being a Liberal, another a Conservative, or maybe nothing. The Catholic body of to-day ought to be the representative of the Catholic guilds of old, and sink his politics when it became a question of what his Faith demanded. They were now passing through a crisis in one of the most important items of the Christian faith—namely, the education of Catholic children. He wondered at the men who now said that they objected to the Bill being passed because it gave relief to Catholic children. What they complained of now was not that they did not get their way, because they got it now as much as ever, but they complained because he got a little more of his way. He declared that every Catholic who had got a vote, if it became a question of the election of a member of a Town Council or of a member of Parliament, was bound to vote for the man who said, "I will do my best for the education of Catholic children." They had had their difficulties in the past, and they had won their way through them. They would still have the care and cost of the school buildings laid upon them, and people who now thought it was all right with them would be astonished when they found that the collector would come round as usual. They were paying the penalty still for the Faith which they held dearer than life, but they were willing to pay it, provided they got fair treatment for the education of their children. His Lordship proposed: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is more than ever indispensable for Catholics to act in union for the defence of Catholic interests, and especially as those interests will be affected by the recent Education Bill."

Father Hand Retires

Rev. Father Hand has retired from the Chairmanship of the Committee on School Management and Supplies of the Separate School Board, a position which he has occupied for several years. At the last meeting of the committee a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to him for the able and efficient manner in which he discharged his duties.

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Feb. 3, 1903.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND GOING TO ROME. Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, London last week, on a visit to the Pope...

LORD ROSEBERY'S MATRIMONIAL PLANS. It is a curious thing how gossiping people will assume that Lord Rosebery is a marrying man...

IRELAND A LINK WITH THE PAST. The death of that well-known old citizen of Limerick, Dr. O'Shaughnessy, sunders one of the few remaining ties that bind us to the far-off days of the pre-Emancipation era...

FRANCE CATHOLIC MISSIONS. The sixth volume of the monumental work on the "French Catholic Missions in the Nineteenth Century" edited by Father Piolet...

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY. Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., son of Gen. William T. Sherman, well known as "Old Tecumseh" lectured last week at the Cathedral Lyceum, Pittsburg, on Social Democracy...

UNITED STATES According to advance sheets of the official Catholic directory for the year 1903 there is a total Catholic population of 11,289,710 in the United States...

that the present economic system is out of gear, was admitted, but that in Social Democracy lies the remedy he denied. At the start Father Sherman stated that the theory of Carl Marx, who in 1870 advocated that state should own all productive capital and be the distributing agent...

As to whether a Catholic or American could be a Social Democrat, he was of the opinion that he could not. Social Democracy would make the state absolute, would make us exist for the State, whereas both the Catholic and American believe the state to exist for the individual.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' TACT. From a very readable sketch of the daily life and characteristics of Cardinal Gibbons, in last Sunday's New York Sun, we quote the following: The Cardinal has had a large experience with newspaper men, and understands what is news and the value of it perfectly...

NEVER FAINTED IN HIS LIFE. "There is no truth, then, in current stories about his fainting fits?" the correspondent asked. "They are the idlest fables," Dr. Laponi replied. "The Pope never fainted in his life, at least, so far as I know. I know for certain he did not faint when Dr. Mazzoni put him under the knife several years ago..."

SEVEN TALENTS ARE NOT SO GOOD AN ENDOWMENT AS TACT. The Cardinal possesses this quality in a supreme degree, and it has often been remarked of him that in his speeches on public occasions he may always be counted upon to say precisely the right thing...

With this discretion goes much simplicity of character, a dislike of parade or show, gentle manners, kindness of heart and warmth of feeling. He is amiable, yet also strong and firm. He makes up his mind with care, and is very decided when a conclusion has been reached...

SECRET OF LONG LIFE. "I have now served as private physician to the Pope for fourteen years, and during all that time he has given me little anxiety. His Holiness has caught colds from time to time, but they have never been serious. He also has suffered, as most who live in Rome do suffer, from the changes of the weather, but he is a good patient, very good, indeed."

A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF. "Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., in which rests with it."

It is true religion that we need, and more of it. In our professed belief we have a God enthroned, but in our daily life we have a God dethroned. In our heart of hearts we do not have confidence in Him, but act as though there were no God at all.

That the condition of the laborer of to-day should be improved, and that the present economic system is out of gear, was admitted, but that in Social Democracy lies the remedy he denied.

The Pope's Physician Interviewed

"Pope Has Stopped Growing Old" - Leo's Physician Tells a Reporter the Secrets of the Pontiff's Methods to Secure Long Life. (From The New York American.) Rome, Jan. 24.—There has been such a strange recrudescence during the week of the reports of the Pope's health being precarious that the American correspondent visited Dr. Laponi, the Pope's private physician, and asked for the facts in the case.

The correspondent asked Dr. Laponi to tell all about the Pope's health, his inner life, his daily regime, and, above all, the secret of his wonderful longevity. "How," the correspondent asked, "do you manage to keep His Holiness so well?"

"I would be glad to write an article for you," replied Dr. Laponi, "but I cannot. I will, however, do what is just as good, and what is more than I have ever done for any newspaper. Ask me all the questions you like and I will answer them. Then I will read your manuscript and correct it, if it needs correction."

REGULARITY OF LIFE. "Will you say to what you attribute the Pope's longevity?" the correspondent asked. "To the regularity of his life," Dr. Laponi answered, "he is as balanced in his habits as in his words, and always has been so. The Peccis are a long-lived family, but, excepting the Pope, none of them has got into the nineties. The Holy Father inherited a magnificent constitution, and strengthened it still further in his youth by plenty of athletic exercise."

"From the beginning of November until the middle of June," Dr. Laponi answered, "he never puts foot outside the Vatican, but during the summer months he spends a few hours two or three times a week in the Vatican gardens, and at intervals treats himself to a half holiday there."

"You have been quoted as saying that the Pope may easily live to attain a hundred. Are you still of that opinion?" the correspondent asked. "Yes," Dr. Laponi answered. "Just as strongly as ever. Indeed, I have no intention of limiting Pope Leo to a hundred years. If he goes on as well as he has done during the past eight years he may live to attain any age. Indeed, His Holiness is not getting any older."

"Fully; every word of it is truth. Do you have my warrant for it," answered Dr. Laponi, bringing the interview to a close. TROUBLE AHEAD IN ROME. The authorities of the Vatican are greatly disturbed over a series of events that have happened in different parts of Italy during the past few weeks.

They began in the Church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli by a man pulling out during Mass an anti-clerical newspaper containing cartoons against the clergy and studying it in evident enjoyment. Yesterday a mob attempted to make a demonstration in St. Peter's while Cardinal Rampolla was officiating.

The evening before a mob of anti-clerical students appeared in the Vatican Basilica with copies of anti-clerical cartoons, which they loudly began to read. He does not sleep all that time, the high altar. The sacristan who interfered would have been mauled by the students except for the intervention of the police. Yesterday's demonstration was ostensibly meant as a protest by the friends of the students against the action of the police, but the prelates of the Vatican are reported to believe there is something more behind the business. They are convinced it is the first step in a plan of the Italian Government to declare St. Peter's is henceforth to be regarded as Italian territory.

It is now feared at the Vatican that the most radical section of the present Government is endeavoring to create a number of incidents of the sort mentioned in order to render the intervention of the Italian police more frequent and more necessary in order that the extra-territoriality of the

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Vatican and St. Peter's may ipso facto cease to exist. It is regarded as ominous that the movement should have been inaugurated a month before the closing ceremony of the Pontifical jubilee, which will be attended by the Pope and 40 Cardinals.

MONSIGNOR O'CONNELL. The American correspondent has seen Mgr. O'Connell, the newly-appointed rector of the Catholic University at Washington, and Cardinal Salotti, with whom, as Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, the appointment rested. Cardinal Salotti not only consented to the plea of Cardinal Gibbons in favor of Mgr. O'Connell, but honored Mgr. O'Connell by presenting him with a beautifully decorated parchment as a document of appointment.

OFFERED HIS LIFE FOR HIS BROTHER IN RELIGION. A touching incident is connected with the death at the Hotel Dieu, Quebec, of Rev. Nicholas Burton, O. M. I., aged 70 years.

This venerable religious came from France to this country in the early fifties. After teaching for a short time in the College of Ottawa, now the University of Ottawa, he was sent to Caugawaga, Province of Quebec, to labor among the Iroquois Indians of that mission. He remained for over thirty years, emulating among that tribe the zeal shown centuries ago, to its fierce ancestors, by the Jesuit missionaries.

Early in December last Rev. Father Guertin, O. M. I., a young member of the Montreal community, fell sick and was taken to a hospital in that city. An operation was deemed necessary in his case, and fears were entertained by the physicians lest he might not survive it. This news was conveyed to Father Burton, who at once exclaimed: "My God, preserve the life of this young religious who can yet be useful to the Church. If it is necessary, take my life, in return for his recovery. But, before removing me from this world, allow me to celebrate the golden jubilee of my ordination to the priesthood." The sacrifice was acceptable to God. The venerable priest celebrated his jubilee on the 18th of December. That same evening he felt unwell, and was taken to the hospital. On Christmas Eve, as the last sacraments were being administered to him, a despatch was received from Montreal, announcing that having safely passed through the operation the young priest had gone back to his community. A few minutes later Father Burton expired.

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| SECOND MONTH | | February | | THE HOLY-FAMILY | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|--------------------|---|-----------------|--|
| 28 DAYS | | 1903 | | | |
| DAY OF MONTH | DAY OF WEEK | COLOR OF VESTMENTS | | | |
| 4th Sunday after Epiphany | | | | | |
| 1 | Su. | r. | S. Ignatius, Martyr. Vesper Hymn "Ave Maris Stella." | | |
| 2 | M. | w. | Purification of B. V. Mary. | | |
| 3 | T. | w. | S. Dionysius, Pope. | | |
| 4 | W. | w. | S. Andrew Corsini. | | |
| 5 | T. | w. | S. Agatha. | | |
| 6 | F. | w. | S. Hyacinth Mariscotti | | |
| 7 | S. | w. | S. Romuald. | | |
| Septuagesima Sunday. | | | | | |
| 8 | Su. | v. | At Principal Mass and at Vespers, Solemnity of the Purification. Vesper Hymn. "Ave Maris Stella." | | |
| 9 | M. | w. | S. Zosimus. | | |
| 10 | T. | w. | Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. | | |
| 11 | W. | w. | Our Lady of Lourdes. | | |
| 12 | T. | w. | S. Telephore. | | |
| 13 | F. | w. | S. Gregory II. | | |
| 14 | S. | w. | S. Agatho. | | |
| Sexagesima Sunday | | | | | |
| 15 | Su. | v. | Vesper Hymn "Iste Confessor." | | |
| 16 | M. | w. | Blessed Gregory X. | | |
| 17 | T. | w. | Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord. | | |
| 18 | W. | w. | S. Raymund of Penafort. | | |
| 19 | T. | w. | S. Titus. | | |
| 20 | F. | w. | S. Cyril of Alexandria. | | |
| 21 | S. | w. | Seven Founders of the Servite Order. | | |
| Quinquagesima Sunday | | | | | |
| 22 | Su. | v. | Vesper Hymn. "Iste Confessor." | | |
| 23 | M. | w. | S. Peter Damian. | | |
| 24 | T. | w. | S. Mathias Apostle. | | |
| 25 | W. | w. | Ash Wednesday. | | |
| 26 | T. | w. | S. Margaret of Cortona. | | |
| 27 | F. | w. | The Crown of Thorns of our Lord. | | |
| 28 | S. | w. | S. Peter's Chair at Rome. | | |

COMFORT'S LADY

The fishing smack, the Betsy Jane, in lead, was only a dot on the horizon, and a mother and her little boy were standing on a big rock watching her disappear. The mother wore a blue home-spun gown and a sunbonnet to match. The lad was bareheaded. Neither wore shoes nor stockings. The wind was strong, and due east, and the skirt of the blue gown was blown so fiercely that it looked like a sail. The big rock was on an island, some three leagues out at sea; and there were other islands near—all low white shoals, except to the seaward where the big clean cliffs reared their heads. Beside the lighthouse, there were no dwellings in sight other than the poor huts where the fishermen lived. Perched on a high rock, like an eagle sunning its wings, was a little stone meeting-house, where a man from the mainland preached several times a year, and where the fish were stored all seasons.

The meeting-house represented the boy's idea of grandeur, although he did not care to listen to the buffoonery called "preaching" on the island. There were no trees anywhere in sight. There might have been even in that inhospitable climate, but the fisher people burned the saplings whenever the supply of driftwood gave out. Even the low blueberry bushes shared the same fate. On the whole it was a dreary scene on which the mother's eyes and those of the boy rested as at last, the dot which was the Betsy Jane having disappeared, they turned their faces homeward. "When will father come back?" asked the little fellow, as they climbed down the granite rocks worn smooth by the beating waves of countless years.

The mother did not answer, and the boy, gazing quickly into her face, saw the look that always came whenever the Betsy Jane sailed for the fishing banks. He knew what the look meant; young as he was, he knew that she was "queer," and that she would not be herself again until the fishing boat and its skipper were safe once more in the little cove under the cliff.

He was not a heritage of happiness. He was poor, he was lonely, and as he gained level ground one could see that he had a crooked back and the sad face that ever accompanies such deformity. But his great grief was his mother's "queerness," as the islanders called it. She was his companion, almost his only friend; and when the vacant, strange look settled upon her face it seemed as if the sun had been put out.

She had come from the mainland, the mysterious region of which the boy had seen but a bit of the edge. Her husband, a stalwart young fellow then, had brought her back when he returned from one of his cruises. No one ever knew where her former home had been. She was gentle-voiced, shy as a violet, and kept her own counsel and company; and for that the fisherwomen hated her in a pitying, contemptuous way. When her husband was at sea she was utterly bereft. Her little boy was born during one of these seasons of loneliness, and so she named him Comfort. A comfort he proved to be—her only one; for her husband fell a victim to the sailor's fondness for geog. Her terror when he was at home was almost equal to her anxiety when he was away. And yet—he was her husband, and she loved him.

Comfort was about five years old when he first noticed the queer look in her face and the taciturn manner that went with it. She would spend long days up on the highest peak of the cliff, looking out over the water for the ragged sails of the Betsy Jane, and he was left to himself. It was then he began to find out Nature's secrets. He knew the note of the song sparrow and the habits of the white-winged gulls; he learned the time of the tides and the ways of the deep sea fish; he became familiar with the coast-line and every little inlet with its dancing bit of surf. He could detect sounds unknown to most of the islanders. He knew how the song of the ripples on the short sands differed from that of the lazy breakers farther away; and pebbles and shells were his toys, as marbles and tops are the playthings of most boys. He could tell the name of every weed and flower and bush; and had his own little garden, where he planted the seeds that his father brought him from what was to him the great world. Curiously enough, he never had any wish to see that world. He learned the lesson—oh, so sadly soon!—that the world has no place for a little fellow with a big head and crooked back.

So the smack had sailed away once more. Comfort went to bed early that night, and slept the dreamless sleep of a tired boy. He had helped his father from sunrise to the hour of sailing; and after that he had done odd jobs about the house, and tried to forget that he was different from the straight little fisher lads with whom he disdained to fraternize. Perhaps, too, he was trying to forget his loneliness; for there is not a child in the world so lonely as one whose mother is "queer"—that is if he loves her. Otherwise it doesn't matter so much. Comfort loved his mother very tenderly.

He tried to keep awake, but Nature prevailed; and so he crept into his little cot—oh, such a small cot!—and, thinking "I will sleep just a few moments, and then wake and keep mother company," was lost to all the woes of his young life. When he opened his eyes his mother was gone; they never found her. The blue bonnet was fast in a crevice of the cliff, where the wind had taken it, but there was no other clue. The poor, distraught woman had evidently tried to follow the Betsy Jane, and was somewhere under the swelling waters.

This is not, so far, a cheerful story. Perhaps that is because it is a true one. It would be pleasant to be able to tell how Comfort's father came home reformed, and how the little fellow's maternal kindred from the mainland sought him and enriched him with love and possessions. But the Betsy Jane never came back. Her captain drank too freely one night, and steered her on to some rocks that were her sudden ruin and his death; and the fair, smiling land from whence the little hunchback's mother had come never yielded up the secret of her identity.

And yet, so used to tragic sadness were those low islands, all these events were but material for a few days' wonder. At the end of that time other fishermen were in peril, other boys were orphaned, other mothers were made "queer," and, alas! poor Comfort's story was now ancient history.

A new life—if any life could be new in those circumscribed limits—now began for him; and, strange as it may seem, it was a life in which he found a certain happiness. He went to live with an old fisherman who spent most of his time out on the deep water searching for the wily cod. At long intervals Comfort went with him; but his usual fashion was to stay on the island, doing the slight housework and mending the nets and sails. That done, his time was his own. All the sweet, long summer days he could lie upon the rocks or watch his tiny garden thrive, or walk on the short beach to find what the waves had left behind them. Often these were curious things brought to that shining strip of sand—a little boat set afloat by some happy child, a dead bird with bright feathers, an oar lost from a dory, a sailor's cap snatched by the freshening breeze. And then sometimes there were objects the sight of which made his heart beat very fast—garments which looked like his mother's old blue gown, or the pea-jacket which his father buttoned about him as he shouted to a sailor to weigh the anchor of the Betsy Jane. The figure of his father was secure in the boy's memory; for mackerel fishers have a strange likeness to one another. But, in spite of himself, the mental picture of his poor mother began to grow dim.

"Oh, I don't want to forget her—I don't want to forget her!" he would cry all to himself. There was no one to say this to—that is, no one would quite understand.

Once in a while a Spanish ship would stop at the islands—a lazy old hulk, manned with gay sailors, with whom Comfort liked to talk, sometimes even exchanging his own treasures for a handful of spices or a foreign coin. The Spanish vessels took away the well-cured fish, stopping on their way from Boston, where they had left their cargo of dried fruits and fine fabrics.

Thus the years went on. One night in September, when the fierce, equinoctial storm had passed, leaving destruction in its wake, a rumor flew from mouth to mouth that wreckage more valuable than usual was coming in with the tide. Evidently one of the Bilbao ships had come to grief. All that night, and for days and nights afterwards, the wild, fierce faces of men and women were eager and drawn with the lust for treasure, as pieces of fine silks, water-soaked bales of broad-cloth, and fragments of rare woods came from the breakers that roared and dashed and broke into white foam upon the rocks.

A dead parrot was all of Comfort's floss, until, when it seemed as if the ocean had no more to give the island people, something that at first he took for a log came ashore beneath the cliff from which he and his mother had so long waved their hands as the Betsy Jane put out to sea. With some difficulty he rescued his prize, and found it to be the carved figure of a woman with a face into which the artist had put the immortal look. It was no less than a wooden statue of Our Lady—the figurehead of the good ship Santa Maria, wrecked on the coast of Maine. Comfort had seen it before, for the Santa Maria had stopped at the island in the spring; but his knowledge of Spanish was scant, and the English of the sailors quite as little; and when he had pointed to the figurehead they had said "Santa Maria; in English you say St. Mary. She Our Lady!" Poor little Comfort had never heard of a saint, and remembered the figurehead just as a lady—a lady who looked as if she was somebody's mother; something as his own mother looked when she was happiest and not a bit queer. And now the sea had given the Lady to him for his very own.

Ben, the old fisherman, very, very old now, was sleeping when Comfort carried the figure into the loft which he on the little table so that the full harvest moon was striking the face; and, looking at it, fell asleep. He awoke with a start. "Mother!" he said, and was a little child again,

stretching out his arms to be taken up and soothed. Then the sun, rising from the water, following the moonbeams with its rays, illumined the carved face once more; and the boy remembered; and, remembering, was never again quite alone, for the face was with him.

The strange coming of the "Lady"—in his thoughts she was always called that—he kept a secret, knowing too well what would happen the next time the villagers had a carousel if they knew that the figurehead of the Santa Maria was within reach. Upon such occasions they burned everything combustible. Twice they had burned their meeting-house, and would have destroyed the land if it could be made to ignite.

"Somehow it looks as if it was somebody's mother—" usually Comfort got no further than that if he attempted to explain why a piece of wood made his little loiter a so quaint place. But once in a while, when the light was right, there was a suggestion of a face of his own mother. And then he was doubly glad; for his Lady, he thought, would keep him from forgetting, and that he might forget his mother was his one haunting fear.

If, however, Comfort could keep a secret, old Ben could not; and the next time he went fishing he told some of his friends of the silent companion of the boy's solitude.

"It's my sartin' and sure belief," said a listener, "that he makes a idol out of that tarnal old figurehead."

The other fishermen pricked up their ears—not because they had any deep-rooted objection to idols, but because they craved excitement, and a quarrel was better than nothing.

"Idols is heathenish. Make him burn it," suggested one. "If he don't, we'll burn it for him."

Old Ben began to fear he had raised a storm he could not quell.

"Oh, he don't mean nothin' wrong!" he explained.

"Idols is wrong," insisted one who shouted the loudest in the grotesque services in the meeting-house and drank more rum than any man on the island. "They're graven images. Ye're spoolin' that boy, anyhow. Why don't he work like the rest of us?"

"Why, you see," said the panic-stricken, tender-hearted old Ben, "he's always been so spindlin' and weakly. And he does work."

"Work! He works about as much as a jelly-fish. But that's your business; when it comes to idols, though, it's the business of the hull island."

"How do you know it's an idol, anyway?" retorted old Ben, goaded to brave speech. "What harm can a whittled-out log do? A figurehead's just a figurehead, and it's nobody's consarn but his."

"Figureheads is idols sometimes, you old sea sarpint! If it was a mermaid or Neptoon, it'd be different; but I guess I ain't been to Spain for nothin', and I say it's an idol, and a disgrace to the community."

The sudden bite of an unsuspecting cod interrupted their conversation, but old Ben had had his warning.

That night the islanders discussed the matter, and their indignation waxed hot. By the end of the week the indifferent had been won over, and one evening a motley procession tramped over the sharp rocks to the hut old Ben called home. He was not, as was usual at that season, smoking his comfortable pipe beside the door.

The leader of the mob called out, in pompous and authoritative tones: "Bring out that idol in the name of the law!"

"Fush!" said old Ben, whose face, somewhat pale, appeared at the little window in the loft. "Keep quiet, there! Comfort's dead!"

"Tell that to the lobster," said the leader of the expedition, "and heave the image out of the window!"

"I tell you he's dead," repeated old Ben. "Come and see. His heart's always bin wrong, and he's dead."

"They, incredulous, filed up the ladder into the poor little chamber, and, one by one, came down convinced. But even the presence of death cannot quench that fever that burns in the veins of those bent on mad destruction; and Comfort's Lady not being found, they went away to burn the school-house as the best substitute for a graven image.

Yes, Comfort was dead. His lonely young soul had fared forth upon the "unknown sea that rolls round the world." He died with an infant prayer upon his lips, and the pitying face of his Lady looking down upon him.

The mob vented its enthusiasm upon the school-house and decided to let the "idol" wait until Comfort was buried. Then they gave him the best funeral their resources afforded, making him a grave in his own little garden, soil being rare and precious.

They never burned the "idol." That night, while the island slept, old Ben opened the earth again and laid Comfort's Lady beside him; and there they moulder away together—the bones of the orphaned hunchback and the figurehead of the good ship Santa Maria. In summer the tourists trip carelessly and unthinkingly over the spot, and in winter the snows protect the scant earth from the ravages of the storms.

All this happened long, long ago, and the fishing village is a thing of the remote past; but the memories of one or two of the ancient inhabitants still preserve for us the story of Comfort's Lady.

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BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

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

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

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

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN.

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

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

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

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

85 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East:
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are to be credited with the efficacy of Benedictine Salve as entitling to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

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

Toronto, April 10, 1902.

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

13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

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

72 Wolsley street, City. 114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:
DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith.

Address C. R. 199 KING ST. E. JOHN O'CONNOR, FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

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...The HOME CIRCLE

AT HOME IS BEST.

The sun's rim dips, the west shows gray;
The red kite take their evening way
Slowly along a darkening world
Whose skirts have all but lost their gold.
Afar the shepherd gathers in,
His scattered flock, and homeward win
God's feathered songsters to their nest,
O east and west, Home's best.

My life's sun sinks, night falls, and I,
With faltering feet and slow, pass by,
Earth's traveler, soon no more to roam.
Home of my God, my Father's home,
Let me direct my steps toward thee,
Where all is thronged, there all should be,
Not here, my heart, not here thy rest;
O east and west, Home's best!

THE HOME OF BEAUTY.

In my home, the Home of Beauty,
I am happy all the day,
Discontent and care and trouble
By love's smiles are chased away,
In my home, the Home of Beauty,
Want and misery dare not stay.

HOW WOMEN EXCEL.

At all times when men have had things all their own way in the literary world. But there is one thing, however slight it may seem, in which women excel, and that is letter-writing. Their pens are ready with those turns and expressions which men often discover after long and tedious research. They are happy in their choice of words, and place them so well, that they have all the charm of novelty. They alone have the gift of moving the hearts of their readers by a single word, and of putting with delicacy a delicate thought. What they say depends upon the sense and not upon any rules of composition.

A GIRL'S CHARACTER.

A girl cannot be too careful about her character, for like a snowy lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty. Some girls do not really mean any harm, but they seem to lack a delicate sense of propriety and frequently invite criticism of an unkind nature. They laugh loudly, make acquaintances too freely and consider reticence a requisite best suited for our grandmother's day. The girl who is slow to make acquaintances is, generally speaking, the best sort of girl. When you get to know her, you feel her worth and place her on the list of your friends with a feeling of pleasure. A little dignity is an excellent thing. It checks the familiarity of others and affords a superior attitude of mind. The girl who is truly up to date in her ideas follows the dictates of good form. Thus she proves herself to be well-bred and smart, shielding herself from the unpleasantness that is sure to come from a careless demeanor.

INFLUENCE OF THE HOME.

The home is a divine institution, and hence the elements of a true and pure home-life are spiritual in their character. As we value the sacredness and peace of the family circle; as we deem important the individual soul-needs of loved ones; as we rightly estimate the demand of the nations for true men and noble women, so should we deem important beyond our highest estimation the religious life of the home.

No man can afford to slight his home religion that he may gain time to lay up dollars for his children. No woman dare neglect the spiritual culture of those whom she holds most dear, in order that she may give more time to the follies of fashion and the demands of society. It rests with the woman of the home, no matter in what condition of life she may be—the poorest like the richest—to form the characters and give the minds of her children a religious training. Home-life approaches its ideal, only as the children are made to look upward, and who, but the mother, can interest her little hearers so as to make religious topics pleasing subjects of conversation in her home-circle.

Home-life is not complete without the merry prattle and ringing laughter of little children through the house. But let us remember that the house is not the home. It may be a hotel or a palace, but it is home only where hearts, bound together by the golden chain of love, beat in unison and join in harmonious praise to the Lord of the home.

KEEP CLEAR OF ROCKS.

"Keep clear of rocks, my son," cried the old skipper, who had passed sixty years of his life on the ocean, to his self-confident son, who for the first time received command of a ship. The reply from the boat was a careless laugh. The weather-beaten sailor waxed his tear-stained handkerchief, and uttered yet another warning in a broken voice.

That night the young captain ordered all hands to make merry with the future chief of the "Royal Queen." They caroused far into the night, when a terrific storm burst from the western sky. The rain fell in torrents; the wind lashed the waves high over the ship. The young skipper, forgetful of his father's warning, left his ship to the mercy of the sea. A cloud formed between the moon and the vessel; when it passed away only the spars of the sinking ship could be seen. As other mariners sail the sea, they hear the wail of those coffin dead that slumber in the depths below.

I have also known a young skipper who entered the sea of life heedless of the advice of those who had spent years on it. His self-confidence and pride swept him to the hidden rocks where he was lost forever, and I know when saints keep their midnight vigils, they hear the angels weep for his wrecked soul.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all the time Peppy Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomachache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations. 25c. and 50c.

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PATRICK F. CRONIN,
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THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1903.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

The subject of Catholic societies still continues to occupy the thoughts of many of our most active and representative men. Propositions are constantly coming up looking to the formation of new organizations. At the same time it is the general opinion that we have too many already.

It is the same here as in England. Catholics cannot afford to go into associations that keep them apart on any class lines. If we are true to our relationship and our traditions, we will remember, as Mr. Justice Walton says, only the ties that bind us in common relationship one to another as Catholics, not as a group claiming an exclusive distinction in a class apart.

TRAINING THE HOUNDS.

The balance of political parties in this Province affords an unprecedented opportunity to those who, by the influence of money, are enabled to take advantage of it. It is generally supposed that the recent purchase of The Toronto Evening News was made with a view to turning the political change of the hour in the favor of certain moneyed interests. A little while ago The Register told its readers not to be at all surprised if The News should be used towards Catholics as other so-called "independent" papers have been used in the past. It almost invariably happens that your "independent" people in Ontario politics whose hope is to turn the scale of public opinion in a pretty even balance, think an anti-Catholic cry would help their programme.

A column editorial on the French law under which the expulsion of the Religious Orders is being carried out appeared in The News of Feb. 3. We make the following extract:

"The State in France maintains at its own expense eighteen archbishops, seventy-two bishops, 33,452 priest and 6,923 assistant priests or curates. All of these clerics, though appointed by the State, and amenable to its laws, draw their religious authority from the Vatican. Apart from these are the religious orders, who draw their authority from their own executives, and have been known to go contrary to the will of the Vatican. These orders, possessing 18,468 establishments formed in France, until the passing of the law providing for their expulsion, an imperium in imperio. Readmitted to France under the Emperor,

they had steadily employed their power and their influence towards political ends. They have always been friends of monarchy or empire; they have always been bitter enemies of the republic. In 1899, when the smoke lifted from the Dreyfus case, it was clear that the republic had narrowly escaped destruction. While the French general staff was doing its best to conceal the crime of its army chief from the eyes of France, the religious orders, through their press and pulpits, were industrious to convince the public that the army could do no wrong. When the Dreyfus case was settled the French statesmen of Republican faith asked themselves what made the army so ready to stand by the persecution of Dreyfus and shield its forgers and traitors. The answer was found in the fact that the army chiefs, who had shown themselves enemies of the republic, were all the products of clerical schools. The discipline (sic) that the end justifies the means these men carried into their army careers. A large part of the French public, receiving the same pernicious discipline (sic) from the same sources, naturally supported the army chiefs. The settlement of the Dreyfus case cleared the air so that the French people had their eyes opened to the difference between the one who shouted 'Vive la Republique,' and 'Vive la France.' There was a great difference."

The News cannot be suspected for one moment of knowing anything about the Religious Orders in France. The foregoing is almost word for word what we have seen in different anti-Catholic prints. This version of the case against the Religious Orders originated in certain Parisian sheets, where it was regarded by those who know anything of the situation as resolute and rather clever lying. In England the story was re-dressed in a degree to suit the insular taste. The old threadbare slanders about the end justifying the means and the rest of it were tacked on. It can be readily understood how tasty the A. P. A.'s in the United States found the bold representation that Catholics brought up in schools under clerical control are taught to hate and plot against republicanism. But in Canada, even The Orange Sentinel considered such stuff below its standard.

The News got the lying statements to which it devotes its editorial space in some description of anti-Catholic print. It was on the look-out for it, and Catholics may expect more of the same sample through a journalistic medium at once reckless and uninformed.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY ARRANGEMENTS.

A policy of silence cannot help the trustees of Toronto University over the trouble called down upon the institution by the Greek Letter fraternities. The trustees may as well open their eyes now to the responsibility confronting them of meeting an arraignment that increases in damaging force each day. They must understand that the Kappa Alpha deal amounts to a public scandal. That legislative authority was secured to bolster it up, only makes the case so much the worse for the trustees. The legislative authority merely serves to bring the political pull and nepotism of the trustees under a more glaring light. A Toronto graduate furnishes the following particulars to the press:

"The official University lists name nine trustees. Two are dead. Of the remaining seven President Loudon has two nephews in the fraternities; Chancellor Sir William Meredith and Mr. J. Herbert Mason have sons in the fraternities; Principal Hutton is himself a member of a fraternity."

Here then we have the Board of Trustees and the fraternities brought upon a plain family footing. What advantage has been taken of that footing is the concern of the public. The trustees have given to a Greek Letter Society of twelve members a \$5,000 site free and \$6,610 at 3 1/2 per cent. for the building of a luxurious club house. If the trustees propose, as is pretended, that they will, when finances allow, endow three other sect societies in like fashion, then the sooner they are pulled up for what they have so far accomplished, and prevented from going deeper into the thing, the better for the University and for the people who support it.

the school funds, what opinion would the taxpayers of Toronto have of them? And yet there would be no particle of difference between such an incredible transaction as that and what has actually been done by the trustees of the University of Toronto. The existence of the University residence does not constitute a difference. The relationship of the University to the state does not make a difference. One transaction exactly parallels the other. There is no way out of it. Chancellor Meredith and Principal Loudon must bear the brunt of the position taken by the trustees. Silence will not exonerate them. Silence only spells acknowledgement of the seriousness of the whole affair. If these gentlemen do not speak in defence of the trustees they thereby acknowledge absolute unfitness of the trustees for the positions they occupy.

President Loudon in an especial manner is called upon to answer for the moral tone of the University. In a signed communication which has appeared in at least one journal, indescribable immorality in residence is alluded to. More than that, the writer says: "Let none think this a hasty, wanton exposure. As evidence upon the deserts of the fraternities and upon the danger of ill-supervised residences (fraternity homes are unsupervised) I submitted the above in a lengthy article to President Loudon in March last. With Chancellor Sir William Meredith he pigeon-holed it and permitted the erection, on a lease presumably void of the Kappa Alpha house last summer."

The time has passed when pigeon-holes and silence can serve the trustees. Let an official investigation into the condition of the University be demanded.

BLOWITZ DIED A CATHOLIC.

A great deal has been printed during the week about the late M. de Blowitz, the famous Paris correspondent of The London Times. Some of our Canadian papers gave several columns each of interesting particulars of his achievements, acquaintances, habits and so on. But not one of them considered it of interest to say that he died a Catholic and received the last Sacraments from one of the English Passionist Fathers from the Avenue Hoche.

No other journalist in the history of printing met so many distinguished personages as M. de Blowitz. He always kept his head above his surroundings and made copy of a Bismarck as confidently as of an excitable member of the Chamber of Deputies. His memory chiefly made him the journalist he was. The following incident tells how he made his first success. Whilst he was on probation in The Times office in Paris, he had to write from memory a lengthy oration made in the Chamber by Thiers. Blowitz was accompanied on that occasion by Delane, who said he should like, above anything, to have a full report of the speech in The Times next morning. He thought it quite impracticable, however. Blowitz, without saying anything to Delane, who left that evening for London, went straight to the telegraph office and retained the wire for the evening as if he had not done so it would have been closed in an hour. He then wrote out the speech, and on opening his Times in London the next morning, Delane was astounded to find two columns and a half of the Thiers oration before him. It was the retention of the wire for that evening that gave the idea of a "special wire" which every daily newspaper worth buying now boasts.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Two women were hanged yesterday in the capital of the British Empire. No doubt they deserved their fate as fully as the average wretch who is led to execution. But the announcement in cold type seems to tell us that our civilization is still in a poor way.

The coercion policy in Ireland has failed once more. It has not failed too soon, however. The country has been dragoned within the last year more perhaps than at any period since the rebellion of 1798. Now there is to be a change. The wounds are to be dressed with a new land bill and the way paved for Home Rule. Coercion proclamations have been withdrawn in thirteen counties and William Redmond's sentence for free speech has been broken off short. How far the re-

pairing process may go is hard to say. It is even a matter of guessing at the motives which have rendered the new order necessary. However, the Irish in the United States and the Colonies may rest assured that the support they have given the United Irish League has not passed unnoticed.

The death was reported from Ireland last week of Mrs. Eleanor Francis Robertson, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson. Mrs. Robertson was a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, the well-known Irish novelist, and author of the brilliant ballad, "Shemus O'Brien." Mr. Lefanu, as everyone knows, was long editor of The Dublin University Magazine, of which he was, in conjunction with Mr. Isaac Butt, a founder. In later years he entrusted to Mrs. Robertson, then a young girl of nineteen, the editorial management of the magazine, which she discharged with success till her marriage and departure with her husband from this country for India. Mrs. Robertson inherited from her father that curious tendency to morbid sensibility which appears in his writings, and also the gift or faculty which is known in the Scotch Highlands as "second sight." She was on one occasion sitting in an Indian station with the wife of one of her husband's brother officers. Her husband and her friend's husband were momentarily expected to join them, and were known to be approaching the station in a carriage. Mrs. Robertson suddenly started up, saying that she saw the carriage overturned and the gentlemen thrown out. Shortly afterwards news came of the accident, which occurred just as she had seen it, some miles away, and with a hill intervening.

The Register pointed out a week ago that Archbishop Langevin was clearly misrepresented in the report of a recent sermon telegraphed to the press throughout the country. The Northwest Review, now to hand, says The Winnipeg Free Press published what purported to be an extract from Archbishop Langevin's sermon. "This extract, the publication of which the Archbishop did not authorize or approve, is only partially correct. It omits qualifying clauses of the greatest importance. It places in juxtaposition two ideas which were distinctly separated in the original: 'Any,' (which should, of course, be 'every') man is bound to vote according to his conscience, but in any matter pertaining to the conscience, the duty of a Roman Catholic is to follow the directions of his priest. This collocation of two separate ideas would lead one to infer that a Catholic should always consult his priest before voting on any question whatsoever. This, His Grace authorizes us to say, is ridiculous and was never taught by him. In matters that have no bearing on faith or morals the Archbishop holds, with all the Church that Catholic voters may please themselves."

Emperor William, who has shown his ability on many occasions to score at the expense of a rival nation, made his influence felt in the decision just announced to re-admit the Jesuits into the German Empire. While France is wasting her national energies expelling the Religious Orders Germany is making up for past errors. Emperor William's attitude towards the Church is illustrated by the following incident of the week:

From Germany it is reported that the Count Hoensbroeck, a former Jesuit, who had become a Protestant, sent some time ago to the Emperor William II. of Germany a copy of his work on "Ultramontanism and the means of combatting it," and a copy of another work of his, entitled "The Papacy and its civilizing and social value." The two works, by order of the Emperor, were returned, unopened, by their author. The ex-Jesuit relates in a review that he received from the Minister of Worship a letter saying that the Emperor had refused to accept the two books because they contained attacks against Catholicism, and were offensive to the Catholic subjects of his Majesty. There is a keen sense of propriety in the conduct of William II.; one cannot imagine him taking an oath bristling with blasphemies against the religion of his Catholic subjects.

JESUIT MISSION IN BELLEVILLE

Editor Catholic Register:

Dear Sir—One of the most successful Missions that could possibly be looked for was brought to a close here last evening by the renowned Jesuits, Fathers O'Brian and Devlin. The Mission commenced on Sunday, the 18th inst., when a very elaborate programme was outlined for the laborious work of the following two weeks. The first was given exclusively to the women of the parish, as it was found that the seating capacity of the church was totally inadequate for the accommodation of a mixed congregation. The ceremonies consisted of an early Mass at 5 o'clock, and a second Mass at 8 and beads and benediction at 7.30 p.m. Short instructions were given at the early Masses, and a powerful sermon by one of the Fathers at each of the evening services.

Every sermon given throughout the two weeks was marked by the forceful eloquence, power and logical reasoning peculiar to these holy and learned men, who have given up the world and all its vanities in order to devote their whole time and wonderful gifts to the grand work of reaching out after the careless and the wayward, and bringing all to a knowledge of the great duties we owe to our Creator.

That men who have given up their whole lives for the rescue, elevation and salvation of their fellow-men—the wayward Christian and the savage Indian—who fear no danger, the taunts of the malicious and the ignorant, the poisoned arrow or the rifle ball, when there is a soul to be saved, should be subjects of persecution, misrepresentation and slander throughout the world, should be a subject of thoughtful study for all of us. We see them day after day, without any thought for themselves—the most unselfish of all men—laboring in season and out of season, instructing the ignorant bringing light and grace and hope to the sinner, comfort to the afflicted, and joy to all. And yet a wicked world continually maligns and slanders and persecutes them. The work these men have done here during the past two weeks is really wonderful. Probably we sometimes think, like the Pharisees, that we are not like other men, or other congregations, and it is well that the white light should occasionally be thrown upon our transgressions and omissions. And this is what the Jesuit Fathers have been doing here with signal success during the past two weeks.

Many men and women, who have forgotten their religious duties for years, who have been estranged from the Church and who have been leading lives of dissipation and scandal, have been brought back, like the Prodigal Son, to their Father's House, and a sense of their duties. There are, I am sure, none amongst us who have listened to the powerful sermons on the enormity of sin or in explanation of the Sacraments, upon the glories of Heaven, or the awful punishments of hell, or upon the duties of our various states of life, but have felt that we have not been quite as good as we ought to be, and will not fail to profit by the Mission and bless the holy men who have been instrumental in our regeneration.

Between seven and eight hundred women, and I presume as many men, approached the Sacraments.

About sixty adults of various ages, from twenty to eighty, who have for some reason or other neglected the Sacrament of Confirmation, were prepared for the rite by our energetic young curate, Father Picotte, and were confirmed yesterday by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier who, with his secretary, Father A. J. Hanley, was present to give his sanction and words of encouragement to the grand and noble work that good fathers had accomplished amongst us. Wherever good is to be accomplished, or advice needed in his archdiocese, like an angel of peace, you will find there Archbishop Gauthier, and it must be a source of real pleasure and delight to the zealous missionary who seeks no reward at this side of Heaven, to have the sanction and approval of such an eminent authority. The Mission closed last (Sunday) evening with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the bestowal of the Papal Blessing. The Fathers leave today for other fields of labor, with the blessing and good will of every member of St. Michael's congregation, and the unfeigned gratitude of many a stray sheep, who may otherwise be lost forever.

I am sure that in his long years of usefulness and labor amongst us our venerable pastor, Very Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, has seen nothing to bring him more genuine pleasure and consolation than the good work he has witnessed during the past two weeks, and he would be an unworthy member indeed who would fail to thank God that, through him, the congregation has been so signally blessed by the labors of the grand men to whom we now reluctantly bid adieu. Belleville, Feb. 2, 1903.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whither he went for the purpose of discovery the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that then unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

(Written for The Register.)

A solemn profession of six members of the English Section of the Third Order was duly celebrated at the Franciscan Church on Sunday, Jan. 25th.

The ceremony opened with the recitation of the office, after which Rev. Father Christopher, who lately arrived from the Franciscan Missionary House in England, addressed the candidates and the congregation. Taking his text from St. John, 1st Epistle, chap. iii., verse 2: "Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God, and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be," he dwelt on the dignity and privilege of being Christians, and said in part:

"Adam was created in a state of happiness. He fell from this state and lost the friendship of God. He had received gifts of the mind and gifts of immortality. He had to subdue the earth. He refused the obedience due to his Creator. Thus the harmony of things was broken, and he knew right and wrong. 'You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.' All earthly dignity comes from men, but the dignity of being Christians comes from God.

By Baptism we are cleansed from original sin, made children of God, and heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven. St. John referring to the goodness of God says: "Behold the greatness of the charity of God." If we suffer with Him here we shall share in His glory hereafter. We are members of Christ's mystical body, the Church. "Know you not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" St. Peter, speaking to the first Christians, said: "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, and a purchased people." "Non fecit taliter omni nationi." In the Mass the priest says: "Ora te Fratres" "Pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty."

The dignity of a Christian is great. St. Paul, speaking of the reward of the Christian, says: "The eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the grandeur which God has prepared for those that know and love Him." By Baptism we are not freed from the consequences of original sin.

St. Louis, King of France, was waited on by some ambassadors, who came to congratulate him on being the ruler of such a great realm. When they had finished he said: "I pride myself in being a Christian, and not in being master of such a flourishing realm." When he was told he should go each year to Rheims in order to celebrate the anniversary of his coronation, instead of going to Poissy, where he was baptized, which was his custom, he said: "At Rheims I received a perishable crown, but at Poissy an imperishable one."

The preacher concluded his practical discourse by exhorting his hearers to walk faithfully in the footsteps of Christ in order to be joint heirs with Him in His Kingdom.

After the sermon the candidates for profession advanced to the altar rail, when the "Veni Creator" was sung. Mr. Bernard Feeney read aloud the act of consecration, to which the others subscribed.

The following is the form of profession: "I, N., in the presence of Almighty God, to the honor of the Immaculate Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the Blessed Francis and of all the Saints, promise to observe, all my life, the commandments of God, and the Rule of the Third Order instituted by the same Blessed Francis, according to the form approved by Pope Nicholas IV., and Leo XIII., also to satisfy, at the pleasure of the Visitor, for transgressions committed against the same Rule."

The beautiful hymn the "Te Deum," was intoned by Rev. Father Christopher and was taken up by the members of the Choir. As it rang through the stately edifice its echo seemed to repeat:

"Give me back the sweet rapture again,
Oh! my God! I will guard it with care
As I climb the dark mountains of sorrow
To offer with angels my prayer."

Where shall I stand in the valley?
Oh, Lord! in that terrible hour,
When the matter of ages shall perish
Reduced by the might of Thy power."

The "Te Deum" being finished, the priest blessed the habits, crucifixes and beads and then imparts the same blessing which our Holy Father St. Francis gave to his disciple, Brother Leo.

The new professed members of the Third Order are Messrs. Bernard Feeney, Patrick Whelan, William McPherson, Patrick Keyes, Patrick Desmond and David Bennett. In religion, Brothers Anthony, Francis, Aloysius, Francis, Francis, Raphael.

The musical programme was very fine. Mr. Joseph Hewitt presided at the organ. The following selections were rendered: "Holy God we Praise Thy Name," "Cor Jesu," "Adeste Fideles," "Alma Redemptoris," "Tantum Ergo," "Laudate Dominum." Here are a few of the Rules of the Third Order:
Chap. I.—It is forbidden to take

any one as a member unless he be more than fourteen, of good morals, of peaceable disposition, and above all exact in the practice of the Catholic religion, and of tried obedience to the Roman Church and Apostolic See.
2.—Married women are not to be admitted without the knowledge and consent of their husbands; if it is thought this knowledge and consent should in any case be dispensed with, it should only be done on the motion of the priest who is the judge of the conscience of the woman.
3.—Those admitted into the Sodality must wear the customary small scapular and cord, else they will be deprived of the privileges and rights.
4.—All who enter the Third Order, whether men or women, shall make a year's novitiate; then making the profession prescribed by Rule of the Order, they shall promise to observe the laws of God, to obey the Church, and if they fail in their profession, to make the required satisfaction.

Chapter. II.—1.—Members of the Third Order will refrain from excessive cost and elegance in their dress and toilet, and will observe — each according to his state of life — the rule of moderation.
2.—They will refrain with the utmost caution from dangerous stage plays, and dances and from all revelry.
3.—They will be frugal in eating and drinking, and they will neither sit down to table nor rise up from it without first devoutly and gratefully invoking God.
4.—Each will fast on the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Virgin Mary and on that of their Father Francis; those who merit great praise who, in addition, in accordance with the original rule of the Tertiaries, either fast on Friday or abstain from flesh meat on Wednesday.
5.—Members will confess their sins each month, and will also approach the Holy Table monthly.

It is very gratifying to see the choir of the Order advancing in that music which can add devotion to the exercises each month. At a recent service the orchestra added greatly to the singing. The following account speaks for itself:
A string quartette, consisting of Messrs. J. Keenan and M. Dwyer, first violins, J. Poole and J. Tymon, added greatly to the music. The singing of "Noel," by T. A. Laing, was sweetly rendered, as well as the well known Christmas Hymn "Adeste Fideles," which was rendered by M. Creagan. The other soloists being John Holland, M. Dwyer and W. McPherson. Mr. Joseph Hewitt presided at the organ. The members were greatly pleased, with the fine music, and both the leader, organist and orchestra members deserved thanks for the able manner in which they handled the difficult task before them.

In the past three months thirty-three have been admitted as novices and members, besides several postulants. The largest number of novices that ever received the cord and scapular at one time—twenty-five—were enrolled two months ago.
It is a great source of joy to the members to see the English section of the Third Order increase in numbers, and it is to be hoped that many others will take advantage of this great and noble Order. The meetings are held on the last Sunday of every month at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street.

A TERTIARY.
Montreal, Feb. 2, 1903.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
The shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company held their fourth annual meeting on Tuesday at the head office of the company in Toronto, President S. F. McKinnon in the chair. A large number of shareholders were present. The report presented by the directors was an exceptionally good one, and showed that the actual profits on the year's business amounted to \$61,870.03, out of which a dividend, etc., was paid, leaving a net profit for the year's business of \$51,635.32. The Reserve Fund of the company now stands at \$106,854. The premium income for the year ending 1902, including interest on company's investments, amounted to \$308,749.27, showing an increase over the year 1901 of \$94,869.58. The company's net income for the year 1902, after deducting all re-insurance, amounted to \$232,294.26. The shareholders are certainly to be congratulated on the fine exhibit General Manager Dean has enabled the directors to present to them. Hard, conscientious work on the part of the general manager has brought the Anglo-American up to the high standard that it now occupies. That the utmost care has been used is apparent from the handsome profits shown. Mr. Emil Nerlich has been elected a director in place of Mr. John Gowan, deceased.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parlee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life-saving vessel through storm tossed seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier yet.

The Late John B. Costigan

A Promising Man in the Northwest—A Speech Delivered by Him Reproduced.

At Calgary, Alta., on the 27th of November last, a social was held under the auspices of the C. M. B. A., at which an eloquent speech was delivered by Mr. John R. Costigan, of Ottawa.

Mr. Costigan, in response to the toast: "The Legal Profession," expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to meet so many of his co-religionists of Calgary in this social manner.

The speaker thanked the meeting for the hearty manner in which the toast of "The Legal Profession" had been received, and while not attempting to do justice to a subject of such magnitude and importance, would like to remind his hearers that nearly all of the really great men in civil life in Canada had been members of the legal profession.

The speaker felt sure he would be forgiven if he acknowledged a thrill of pride in being even a very humble member of a profession which had given to our common country the services of such men as those to whom he had referred.

The laws of the country in which we live are the very basis and foundation of good society and safe citizenship, and we owe it to the members of the legal profession in the different legislatures of the Dominion that our laws are as near perfection as those of any other portion of the world.

Mr. Costigan desired before taking his seat to say a few words to the Catholic young men present with reference to the C. M. B. A. and Catholic societies generally.

The Hon. Edward Blake, a marvel of intellect, a giant in debate, was so great a man that he was able to step from the floor of the Canadian House of Commons into that of Westminster, the greatest assemblage of statesmanship in the world, and to at once take his place in the foremost ranks of the great men of that historic chamber.

Sir John Thompson, the speaker believed to have been one of the greatest men of his century. Born and reared in the Protestant faith, he had lived the last twenty-four years of his life a practical and devout Catholic.

Premier of this broad Dominion, and Privy Councillor of England—and this, in spite of the bitter feeling of animosity and antagonism which had been aroused against him in the Protestant bosom of Canada because of the brightness of his intellect and the sincerity of his search for religious truth had enabled him to stretch forth his arms through the darkness that surrounded him and seize and grapple to his heart the grand truths of our holy religion.

This great man, as all know, had died in the prime of his manhood, in the fulness of his power; almost in the presence of his sovereign, who had just conferred upon him a distinctive mark of their appreciation of his great ability and of his great services to Canada and to the Empire.

Sir John Thompson's death conveys to us a very solemn lesson and impresses us with the truth of the proverb, "In the midst of life we are in death."

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blazoned upon its standard and all the powers of darkness at its back it is waging silent but incessant warfare against the Almighty and the teachings of His Divine Son; its object, the dethronement of the Ruler of the universe—its purpose the enthronement of the Goddess of Reason; and we know that when the supreme struggle comes the brunt of the battle will fall where it has always fallen—upon the Roman Catholic Church.

Let me appeal to you then as members of that grand old Church which was built upon the rock; and which for eighteen centuries has withstood the onslaught of her foes, and has gone proudly on accomplishing her divine mission.

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The speaker felt sure he would be forgiven if he acknowledged a thrill of pride in being even a very humble member of a profession which had given to our common country the services of such men as those to whom he had referred.

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Beautiful Silver Jubilee Engraving

On Tuesday, March 3, 1907, Pope Leo XIII celebrates his Silver Jubilee, the occasion being the 54th year of his holy work. It is a great event in the history of the Catholic Church and so important that the International Committee on the Silver Jubilee celebration, composed of noted prelates and dignitaries of the church, has decided that every family, home, community, state and nation shall set the day aside and render Thanksgiving for the long life and health of Pope Leo XIII.



CATHOLIC REGISTER has made arrangements with the International Art Company whereby we are able to offer as a present to our readers in time for the Silver Jubilee celebration and as a souvenir of the occasion, a copy of their beautiful office engraving of his Holiness Leo XIII, a facsimile of which is shown in the cut.

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Application to Parliament.

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MODERN CIVILIZATION

(Continued from last week.)

In connection with the church's attitude toward Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the approval of her policy expressed in the Bangor resolutions, let us have a few words of consideration of the "Gaelic revival," as it is called.

Many Irishmen, even, wholly misunderstood this movement. And what is worse, when explained to them, they call it visionary, retrogressive and foolish, impracticable and undesirable. This cannot be said of the A. O. H. as a body, for to their lasting honor and glory they established a chair of Gaelic in the Catholic university of Washington, recognizing this as the first essential. It is not their fault, if so far, this Gaelic chair has been the occasion of grave scandal and bitter partisan feeling, rather than significant of the solidarity of the Irish race in America.

Now, if we recollect what has been said of Anglo-Saxon civilization and realize what its true nature is, and if we are at all acquainted with the civilization that existed in Ireland and reached its fullest development before there was such a thing as an Anglo-Saxon, if then we say Ireland loathes and detests and abhors from her very soul this unholy, materialistic, Godless, bloody, grab-all Anglo-Saxon civilization, and means to shake off the last rag of its lying hypocrisy from her shoulders, substituting therefor the ancient Gaelic civilization that once made her the "Light of Europe" and the "Island of Saints," then we shall have stated precisely what

THE GAELIC REVIVAL MEANS.

This movement, therefore, means much more than the mere cultivation of the ancient tongue, one of the oldest of living languages and one of the richest; it means the restoration of all the ideals that lifted Ireland to such a proud position amongst the nations once, her high and heavenly ideals of song, of music, of poetry, of learning and holiness, and all the fairest flowering of the human mind on earth. She wants her home rule now, as much as she ever did. But she doesn't want and she will not have the home rule of Gratian or Wolfe Tone, or Lord Edward Fitzgerald or P. O'Connell, or John Mitchell, or Thomas Davis, or Isaac Butt, or Charles Stewart Parnell, or John Boyle O'Reilly, or of Tim Healy, or William O'Brien, or of John Redmond. She vows, by all that is sacred and holy in her history and her traditions that when she takes her place among the nations of the earth she'll wear the coronation robes fashioned by her own fiery, fervid, passionate, tender, fierce, romantic, chivalric and glowing Celtic genius, and not any base imitation of Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American nationality.

A great many Irishmen to-day, in consequence, will look at you as if you were mad if they hear you remark casually, and as a matter of course, that the Irish Nationalist press and the Irish Nationalist party have of themselves almost succeeded in wiping out the last traces of Irish nationality and Irish civilization. "These are the sort of Irish that think that the bogie is vulgar, and that only the dirty and the poor and the ignorant speak Irish; that call their children Adolphus, and Gladys, and Victoria, and Euphemia, Bidalia and Florodora, and who tell you "PAW AND MAW" WERE IRISH, apologetically, and that cringe and sneak, and flatter, and copy the rich, and are called "scoinins" in Ireland, which expressed the scorn and contempt of a high-minded people for what is probably the lowest and basest and meanest production of any civilization whatever. I have heard them called the "F.I.F." (the Irish families) and the "H.T.I.'s" (high-toned Irish in America). They ace the people the Anglo-Irish M. P.'s refer to as

"The millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave."

Millions indeed. How many Irish Americans of the second and third generations really care a rap, a "thraneen" about Ireland, or know anything of her history? I was in the office of the mayor of Boston once, and was introduced to his secretary (and half a dozen) others holding responsible positions, and as smart, alert and intelligent as most of their blood and race are everywhere. They all acknowledged names that shine like beacon lights across the stormy sea of Irish history. I said I was proud to meet so many Irish Americans rocking in the cradle of American liberty, and Know Nothingism. One of them remarked, "Oh, you see, we are all Americans now—we drop the hyphen." Archbishop Ireland says there must be no more talk of Irish or German or French Americanism! Archbishop Ireland was born in Kilkenny. He is just as much of an Irishman as Cardinal Cullen was. He was invited not long ago by the pastor of a big Irish parish in Chicago, where nearly

EVERYBODY SPEAKS IRISH,

or is learning to speak it to-day, to lecture on St. Patrick's day! He declined on the ground that it would not be consistent for him, who was so pledged to the Americanizing of

the Irish, to lecture on that day, which was so peculiarly Irish, the 17th of March. This is not hearsay; the priest himself is my authority.

A great many people will think you blasphemous if you say that the authorities of the Washington university dismissed Dr. Henebery from the chair of Gaelic, the greatest living Gaelic philologist of our race, because he was not sufficiently Anglo-Saxon or American for their taste. You in Calais know little of how things were managed at the Denver convention. But the end is not yet. And one at least of those who have helped to make Irish societies stink in the nostrils of decent Irishmen of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, has got his reward. He has been turned down.

The same low, tricky, mean, selfish, slanderous, petty, political partisan spirit almost wrecked the Gaelic league convention in Philadelphia the other day. But the A. O. H. of Philadelphia has officers who are not dishonest, and they turned the editor of The Gael down. He has been circulating copies of an infamous blackmailing sheet, published at San Francisco, to satisfy his spite against Father Yorke. The editor of the San Francisco paper was beaten and shot a few weeks ago, by two friends of a WELL KNOWN YOUNG LADY whom he had tried to blackmail. The other city papers said it was a pity he wasn't killed, that someone would yet have to do it. This fellow has been venting his spleen against Father Yorke, and sending it broadcast. Even such a man as Paddy Ford has permitted it to appear in his paper, that Father Yorke came to Philadelphia and travelled up and down the United States, and was in Chicago and Denver, with the proceeds of an enormous Irish fair he had held in San Francisco, ostensibly for church purposes, and The Gael and Paddy Ford's paper are strong supporters of the Catholic university clique that dismissed Dr. Henebery because he was too much of an Irishman. And Father Yorke is Dr. Henebery's personal friend and supporter. It is a rotten cause that must be upheld by such blackmailing as that, and it is impossible that a full expose of this whole discreditable business can be much longer delayed. The chair so generously endowed by the A. O. H. is empty, while some young fellow is studying up Irish in Harvard to fill it!

The officers of the A. O. H. will be called upon again and again to have this question ventilated, until the blame is laid where it properly belongs. This is a subject every A. O. H. man should thoroughly post himself on, and throw his influence in favor of the right. I have the honor of Father Yorke's acquaintance and friendship, and, as far as my judgment goes, he is easily the ablest churchman in America. He smashed the A. P. A. movement on the Pacific slope and successfully plotted

ONE OF THE WORST STRIKES

San Francisco has seen. He is continually lecturing and organizing in the interests of the Gaelic league, and his motto is "No more 'rameis,' no more green goods." Here are a few of the things Father Yorke lays down as axioms.

John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, was probably the only man in public life in the last century who knew thoroughly what Irish nationality really means (that probably Archbishop Croke also knew) and what Anglo-Irish nationality means, and therefore wouldn't have the national schools system either on religious or patriotic grounds, to the day of his death.

He also says that Archbishop Croke of Cashel probably knew, but probably thought it hopeless, and curious enough he judges from the famous interview with Mr. Stead in which Archbishop Croke was said to have declared, "We are all English now." And the Archbishop never contradicted it as far as I am aware. He says, amongst other things, and they are worth thinking over no matter how disagreeable they sound, that Daniel O'Connell did more harm to Irish nationality than any man of the last century in Ireland; and that John Boyle O'Reilly did the same in America; that

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROCESS of agitation has almost emasculated the race at home, and the miserable imitation or assumption of Americanism is sapping the honor and honesty of the Irish character here.

And the fellows who wave green flags and sport harps and shamrocks and talk through their hats every St. Patrick's day, and all the year round, and float themselves into office on the shoulders of a credulous, unthinking people, when they hear this, get scared, and cry out, "He's blasphemous! What need have we of further witness? Crucify him!"

But Father Yorke knows what he is talking about.

We have said enough now to give you a fair idea of these things at least.

1st. The true nature of this brutal, materialistic civilization of ours, and how distrustfully the church regards it, and with what good reason.

2nd. The precise nature of the Gaelic revival and the necessity there is of readjusting our judgments with regard to all the men and methods, of action of the last century. It is the lack of this that has made us what we are to-day, imitation Englishmen or imitation Americans having all the defects of what is only imitation, and sham and shoddy.

3rd. You have, I hope, realized that the A. O. H. of Bangor showed their true manliness and good sense, and

practical outlook on the world, by placing themselves unreservedly within the defences of the church. While they remain there the history of nineteen centuries assures them they are safe. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her."

THE POPE.

We must deal with the other resolutions briefly, as this lecture is already too long.

The second is a profession of love and reverence for the Holy Father. One of the characteristics of the Irish people has been love for the Popes. They are the one people, as Leo said lately to Sir F. Gratton Esmonde, who, in all its long history, have never given a moment's uncertainty of doubt, to the Head of the Church. "Ut Christiani, ita et Romani sibi," said St. Patrick, and his spiritual children have ever been mindful of the injunction.

The world agrees even during his lifetime that Leo is one of the greatest of the great men who have sat in the chair of Peter. He is spoken of as "Lumen in Coello," because of his extraordinary intellectual powers, and the Providential nature of his reign. So suited is his character and genius to the special needs of the age, that he is already distinguished by a title that will forever be the halo of his memory. He will be known to the ages as

"THE PEOPLE'S POPE."

Not because all the other Popes could claim no such title; on the contrary; but because his special work appears to have been the continuous championship of the poor and the laboring classes against the oppressions of the wealthy and the luxurious. How ably he has done this his grand encyclicals testify. The social problem of to-day is the proper adjustment of the relations between rich and poor, between capital and labor.

The scientists suggest the multiplication of schools, the change, or amendment of constitutions, emigration, expansion, extension of franchise, the nationalization of lands, control of trusts, co-operative systems, malthusianism, and the Lord knows what—if the famous Dean of St. Patrick had not patented long ago his corner in "Extract of Babies for Export," no doubt we should have had it from some wonderful philosopher of our own generation.

LEO XIII. SAYS,

and his voice reaches far above this crazy babel:

"If you would mend the horrible conditions of modern life, if you would have wealth and poverty properly co-ordinated, if you would solve the problem of labor and capital, of standing armies and taxes, of a living wage and the rights of property, if you would define the privileges of those in power, and the rights of those who are subject, if you would save your souls alive in this political and social maelstrom, turn back at once—to the first principles and practices of the Christian religion."

Progress and untold wealth are doubtless very fine things, but they have not yet added one inch to man's moral stature, given him one additional hour's unadulterated happiness, or spared him one agony of the thousands that dog his steps, from the cradle to the grave.

The truth is that wealth, power vast possessions, and all the concomitants of so-called progress, carry with them a countless train of curses. They are the ingredients of a veritable "Witch's Pot," wherein is brewed a concoction that ministers not to the peace, happiness, the content, the enjoyment of life, but to the burning of desire, the fever of ambition, the weariness of continual struggle, the despair of disillusionment, and the soul's disgust, which are the common experiences of our day, and which find expression in suicide which is almost universal.

True progress does not consist in the

MULTIPLICATION OF LUXURIES, of machinery, of armies and navies and railroads and mines; but in the cultivation of the mind and the soul according to the commandment of the Master. "Learn of me, because I am weak, and humble of heart."

We have not time to speak of the third resolution. It would be impossible to do anything like justice to the question of education on an occasion like this. It must suffice to say that the resolution reflects the greatest credit on the intelligence of its framers, that it calls attention most opportunely to the courage, patience, long suffering and self-sacrifice of our people in the cause of Christian education, an unstinted devotion, more than generous, and more than human or natural.

By and by, when we are no longer legislated to death, when we are really free, instead of bragging about our liberty, that is half the time license, the state will recognize the inalienable right of the parent to demand religious education for his children, and the intolerable assumption of its right to deny him.

THE LADIES.

To conclude, then, we pass to the last resolution, last but not least. Of course it concerns the ladies. I'm not foolish enough to attempt to discuss their merits at the tail end of a lecture. The enthusiastic crowd has a peculiar method of a few years ago of expressing their appreciation of Major General Corcoran, I think it was, as he rode at the head of the "69th," in all the paraphernalia of a 17th of Ireland procession in New York:

"What's de matter wid Gen. Corcoran?"
"He's all right."

If we could better that for the ladies, we would, "with a heart and a half," as they say on the old sod.

Many harsh things have been said of the ladies since Adam was a boy, but also many pleasant things.

It would take more courage than I lay claim to, to discuss so varied and perplexing a problem as this. We will content ourselves with the familiar and pertinent question, "What's the matter with the ladies?"

FATHER AUGUSTIN'S MURDER

American Soldiers Killed Him by "Water Cure" Torture.

Washington, Jan. 29. — The Attorney-General has rendered an opinion, in answer to an inquiry by the Secretary of War, to the effect that Captain Brownell who was a member of a Vermont volunteer regiment and whose name has been mentioned in connection with the killing of Father Augustin in the Philippines (by the "water cure") and whose conduct had been a subject of discussion in Congress is no longer amenable to either civil or military law for his actions while in command of a Vermont regiment in the Philippines.

Sharp words were spoken in the Senate yesterday, says The New York Herald, as the result of Senator Rawlins' remarks on his resolution directing the Secretary of War to furnish copies of the proceedings of several Philippine court-martials. Speaking on the Father Augustin affair, Mr. Rawlins said he was "murdered in cold blood. We have reason to infer that a foul crime has been committed and that the criminal is within our borders and under the present condition of the law cannot be reached."

To Mr. Beveridge's remark that he had hoped an end had been reached of the policy of badge about American soldiers, Mr. Rawlins said: "It is the old charge that we have been arraigning the American army. It is a false and infamous charge, and I will cram it down the teeth of the men who have falsely given it circulation."

Mr. Beveridge defended the army. He was interrupted by Mr. Hoar, who asked if it was fair to impute to anybody a desire to attack the American army when the Government of the United States itself, through its military authority, has made such charges.

Mr. Carmack characterized the charge that the Democrats were assailing the army as the "meanest and dirtiest" that had ever been made. "Whoever made the charge consciously took a falsehood upon his lips." He added: "Jake Smith is no more the American army than the Senator from Indiana is the American Senate, and not half as much as he thinks he is." Mr. Carmack said the Senate Committee on the Philippines had refused to investigate the facts of the murder of Father Augustin. Whatever action had been taken by the President and War Department was because they were driven to it by the minority of the Senate. Touching the investigation by the committee as to the conduct of the army in the Philippines, he said it occupied but four days of seven hours each, although the Secretary of War, with his "usual loose and lavish verbiage," had said it occupied five months.

Mr. Proctor defended Captain N. Brownell, who is charged in the Rawlins resolution with being responsible for the death of Father Augustin. He read a statement by Captain Brownell telling of a plot to massacre his company. Father Augustin, declared Mr. Proctor, was the head of the insurrection in his district. He had himself seen a man hanged for a much less flagrant violation of the rules of war than Father Augustin was guilty of.

Mr. Tillman declared that "for the honor of the American army, I would to God Father Augustin had been shot by a drumhead court-martial instead of tortured to death."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickler's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in

If we would not fear the terrors of the judgment seat on judgment day, let us regulate our lives, be faithful in the service of God, so that when our time comes we may approach the God of justice with joy, knowing that we have ever striven to be His faithful children.

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE FAIRY PRINCESS.

(By Mary Marshall Parks.)

"O Fred! come here. Hurry, hurry!" cried Bonnell wildly. A slat on one of the shutters of the house where the Fairy Princess lived had twinkled hard—and what if the shutter should open, and Fred not there to see!

The Fairy Princess' window was directly opposite Bonnell's, and so near—just across the narrow alley—that they could have talked together if only the cross old ogre who kept the Fairy Princess shut up there had allowed her to open the blinds. But he never did. Fred and Bonnell had never caught a glimpse of her, for not once in the two months they had lived there had those shutters been opened the least little mite. Now, who else but an ugly old ogre who had captured a charming princess would keep the blinds closed for two months? Fred and Bonnell were sure no one else would do such a thing, and they were sure they knew what the princess looked like. She was beautiful, of course.

It was a delightful game, and very exciting, and the children spent many an hour on stormy days watching with round eyes for the shutters to open, and telling wonderful stories about the ogre and the princess. Once in a while the shutter-slats would twinkle a little, as they had done just now, and that was quite sufficient to keep up the interest.

Nothing happened this time, but the very next evening, Bonnie glanced out of the sitting-room window and saw the mysterious shutters were open. Fred came running at her call, and they hurried upstairs and cuddled down by Bonnie's window in the dark, and waited breathlessly to see what would happen next. Something did happen this time. The gas flashed out suddenly, and there in the bright light stood the Fairy Princess—a little, wrinkled old woman with a green shade on! The children turned hastily from the window, and crept downstairs, too disappointed to speak.

The next day was stormy, so they could not go out, and they felt very dull. There seemed to be nothing left to wonder about. Then something happened again. The door-bell rang, and a boy left a large parcel, marked, "For the Children, 971 Harrow street." They had the string off in a trice, and inside the box were luscious little winter pears, and delicious little yellow sweet apples, and brown, shining chestnuts, and sharp-nosed hickory nuts. There was a note, too, and it said:

"For the dear little children whose sweet faces have brightened many a lonely hour.

"LUCRETIA BIARD,
"876 Adams street."

"Why, who can it be? Why, that's the next street. Can't we go and thank her this minute, mamma?" cried Fred, all in a breath.

Mamma consulted the weather, and then said yes, and the children started on their voyage of discovery. They found the right number without the least difficulty. A bright-faced girl showed them up two flights of stairs, and told them to knock at the door at the end of the hall. Fred rapped, the door flew open, and there stood—"The Fairy Princess!" cried Bonnell, before she thought. Then she blushed furiously, and Fred, blushing too, had to explain. You see, they knew only the back of the Fairy Princess' house, and as it was one of a row of brick houses all alike, they did not dream it was the same until they saw the little old woman again.

Fred told everything—even about the golden hair and the golden crown; the little old lady had such a way of getting things out of one, and all the time she laughed, and rocked back and forth in her chair like mad. Then she told her story. It seemed that her eyes had been bad, so bad that she had nearly lost her eyesight, and for months she had been obliged to stay in a perfectly dark room; then she was allowed to open the slats and look out a little on cloudy days. And that was why the slats had twinkled, and why she knew Fred and Bonnell so well, for, although they could not see her, she could see them quite plainly. At last her eyes were so much improved that, the day before, the doctor had told her she might open her shutters wide at twilight, and that she might have the gas lighted. She was all alone in the world but for one brother in the country, where she visited every summer, and that was where the nuts and apples came from.

The children soon discovered that she knew more stories and games and conundrums than "Arabian Nights" and "Andersen's Fairy Tales" and "Parlor Entertainments" all rolled into one; and that afternoon visit was the beginning of a friendship that lasted as long as the little old lady lived, and gladdened the last days of a rather lonely life.

"A real fairy princess is a heap better than a make-believe, even if she hasn't a golden crown," declared Fred as they trudged home through the falling snow.—Sunday School Times.

CAN YOU TELL?

Uncle Harry came into the nursery, where his four nieces and nephews were playing, and held up a big, round, rosy red apple.

"Children," he said, I am going to

OUR BRANDS

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited
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Office and Yard
PRINCESS STREET DOCK
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Hull, Canada.

OUR BRANDS

- "KING EDWARD" 1000 s
- "HEADLIGHT" 500 s
- "EAGLE" 100 s and 500 s
- "VICTORIA"
- "LITTLE COMET"

DON'T Experiment with other and inferior brands. **USE EDDY'S**

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited
"MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

White Label Ale

Their other brands, which are very fine, are:

- INDIA SPECIAL,
- AMBER,
- JUBILEE,
- CROWN SPECIAL,
- XXX PORTER and
- HALF-AND-HALF.

The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

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Dressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing. Goods Called for and returned to any part of the city.

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Chimes and Pells,
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McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Baltimore, Md.

The newest, the neatest, and the sweetest thing is

COWAN'S
Swiss Milk
CHOCOLATE

It is nice indeed. Try it.

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EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold.

Sold in 1/2 lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO. Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOUR

Use an Oxydonor, Absorb Oxygen and LIVE Write for Pamphlet to J. E. BRIGHT, Druggist Phone Main 2642 35 King St. W.

Fate and Marriage

By Clara Mutchlland

"But you're not me, you see. I must go after John. It's rather funny—with a sudden little laugh—"the way the Fanes are all running to London. First Beryl went—I am most anxious to see Beryl. They say she's like me. Did you ever happen to meet her—a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl called Beryl Fane, in London?"

Hugo laughed. "Poor auntie! What a sell! Margaret has been gone this long time."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Immediately after lunch Gerald Fairfax left Riversdale. He had made a successful sketch of Hugo, and told himself that the boy's portrait would be one of the best things he had ever done. "His likeness to Beryl will inspire me," was his thought.

Full of such thoughts, Gerald wandered down the road and stepped into the train at Grove Ferry. "How beautiful it all is and how peaceful," he murmured, looking out over the pretty landscape. "Truly, it's a pleasant part of the world, and I begin to regret Master Hugo's decision. A few days here would certainly be agreeable, and then I might have come to know Beryl's mother, have gradually drawn from her some information about her first husband. That, no matter how things go, would be invaluable. If she could assure me that he was not the man who married Madeline—was not the late Lord Linton, I would trouble my head no more about these other Fanes—but devote myself heart and soul to winning my Beryl's love."

"Farmers, especially New Zealand ones," said Gerald, watching every expression of the delicate face, "often belong to very good families. The late Lord Linton, your father's cousin, was, I believe, a farmer out there."

The train ran into Sturry, and, springing up, he jumped out on to the platform, saying with quick decision: "I'll call on Mrs. Otway now. There's no time like the present, and she will not look upon me as a stranger. She knows well who I am, and will be very glad, I am sure, to hear some news of Beryl."

"Was he? That's odd. I never heard that." "There are many things little boys of eight don't know."

Arrived at the little gate, he looked admiringly at the well-kept lawn, the gay flower beds, and splendid rose trees that poor Archibald had planted and tended with so much care in the days gone by, and which, for his sake and the great affection which still lay deep in her heart for him, Isabel now cherished and looked after as a labor of love.

"Oh! I forgive you. But do you really—really think John might be something to us—to me, after all?" Gerald reddened, and tried to cover his confusion with a nervous laugh.

"Yes, Mrs. Otway was at home, and would doubtless see him," the servant said, and, asking him to follow her, led him down a low-ceilinged, narrow passage into the drawing-room. Here everything was daintiness itself, and on every side he saw signs of Beryl's taste and artistic arrangement. He sighed, and turning away from the wall facing her suddenly caught sight of a picture that made him start and tremble.

"I'd far rather," Hugo said, with a frown, "go on thinking and talking about John. You've put a new idea into my head, and I'll root and ferret till I find—"

"Beryl's father!" he cried. "There is no mistaking it. The likeness is remarkable, the likeness to her and to Hugo Fane. Oh, God! I fear it is true. They must be related—and very nearly. Beryl's father—this man very, he whom I have so much reason to hate, Archibald Fane, the late Lord Linton."

"Proud as Lucifer," thought Gerald. "Of course she wouldn't. The Hon. Miss Fane would scorn the idea. A mere steward a relation! And yet my fine lady, for all your aristocratic looks, haughty carriage and disdainful upper lip, it's my belief he is perhaps a nearer relative than any of you would fancy—your respected parent least of all."

"My son is leaving us to go to London, Mr. Fairfax, and I am troubled at the thought of losing him."

"Hugo," cried Mrs. Danvers, "don't talk nonsense! John Fane is no relation of ours, so put that out of your head. His father was a New Zealand farmer."

"Then they went on to talk of Beryl, until Mrs. Otway asked: "Do you often come to this neighborhood, Mr. Fairfax?"

"Gerald bowed. "So I read in the papers some fifteen years ago. I remember the whole story distinctly."

"I think not, Mr. Fairfax," Isabel spoke with firm decision. "The more Lord Linton knew of John the less likely he would be to invite him to his house. I mean, of course," she added hastily, and in some confusion, "that a lawyer's clerk is not the person a man like Lord Linton, in his position, would seek as an associate for himself or his son."

come a lawyer. Sir Peter is an intimate friend of Lord Linton. Then, why should not John Fane be Hugo's friend?"

"There are reasons," she said in a low voice, "why John and Lord Linton or John and Lord Linton's children could never be friends in any sense of the word."

"I am very sorry," the young man said, his handsome face lit up with joy and excitement. "I was afraid you wouldn't come, and I've been longing so to see you. I couldn't sleep all night, and so, when I caught sight of you, I rushed forward and—"

"Oh, very well, but you are too serious, really. I," laughing a little nervously, as she allowed him to lead her across the road to a quiet shady walk, "am in a most frivolous mood. I always am after a dance, and before a wedding. You know Enid is to be married, Lord Hampton, in a few days now, and when that is over I am going back to Sturry."

"He despises me. This man loves me," flashed through her mind. "I don't love him. But perhaps, after all, that does not matter. Enid does not care much for Sir Henry Dunstable, and is still content to marry him. So why should I not marry Lord Hampton? If it were only to show Mr. Fairfax that I can live without him it would be—but then, there is John—a steward—and the mystery about father. Shall I try him? Yes, and if he still wishes to marry me!"

"Your sister? But he did not wrong her," burst from her indignantly. "Before our marriage, twenty-six years ago, he heard of her death, and in such a way that he could not doubt it."

"Gerald fell back with a cry, and a look of joy illumined his countenance. "Before our marriage, twenty-six years ago," His voice trembled with excitement. "Madeline Delorme, my sister, could have been barely ten years old."

"Then she could not have been Archibald Fane's wife."

"Not then, certainly."

"Then there must have been two women called Madeline Delorme."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The morning after the ball at the American Ambassador's Beryl, was restless and excited. Unable to sleep, she had risen early, and to the great astonishment of the servants was roaming about the house before the other ladies had begun to dress.

And, picking up a white parasol and a pair of dainty cream gloves, she ran downstairs, and out of the house.

"I am glad to have escaped Marion," she said, with a little gasp, as she tripped along through the park. "Ah!" with a start and a flush, "how you surprised me, Lord Hampton. I really felt startled for a moment."

"I don't care," he said in a cross voice. "I'll ask father to try and find out if those New Zealand Fanes are related to us. Of course, Archibald was a New Zealand farmer. Why, I declare, Aunt Miriam, John might even be his son."

"I don't care," he said in a cross voice. "I'll ask father to try and find out if those New Zealand Fanes are related to us. Of course, Archibald was a New Zealand farmer. Why, I declare, Aunt Miriam, John might even be his son."

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the contrary, for one reason for my liking him is that he encourages my idea that the dear fellow is a near relation of ours."

"That is such a strange fancy of yours, you foolish boy. Because he is called Fane it does not follow that he is a relation."

"I know. But I'd like John to be something better than an ordinary Fane. I'd like him to be—if my father were gone—the head of the family, Lord Linton."

"You are really incorrigible. Hugo. Please don't let Margaret hear you talk so."

"She won't mind one bit. She likes John awfully, and then she'd know it was a joke."

"I don't care," he said in a cross voice. "I'll ask father to try and find out if those New Zealand Fanes are related to us. Of course, Archibald was a New Zealand farmer. Why, I declare, Aunt Miriam, John might even be his son."

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THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN CO. LIMITED

E. M'CORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam

MONUMENTS

ANGLIN & MALLON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

HOY & KELLY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc.

H EARN & SLATTERY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

LATCHFORD, McDUGALL & DALE BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

L E E & O'DONOGHUE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

M O'BRYEN & O'CONNOR BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

M ACDONNELL BOLAND & THOMPSON BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

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ROOFING FORBES ROOFING COMPANY

COMPANIES National Assurance Company of Ireland

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN CO. LIMITED

E. M'CORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam

MONUMENTS The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co.

ANGLO-AMERICAN Fire Insurance Company

The Fourth Annual Meeting of Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. was held at the Head Office of the Company, McKinnon Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of February, 1903.

The President, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, having taken the chair, Mr. Armstrong, Dean, General Manager, was requested to act as secretary to the meeting.

After reading the notice convening the meeting, the Secretary read the following Directors' Report and Financial Statement:

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting their fourth annual report and the financial statement of the Company's business for the year ending 31st December, 1902, which is duly certified by the auditors.

The Premium income for the year ending 31st December, 1902, less rebates for cancellations, is \$303,716.58. Interest on the Company's investments is \$5,029.69.

Total Income \$308,746.27. Showing an increase of income over the year 1901 of \$94,869.58.

The Company's net income for the year 1902, after deducting all reinsurance, amounts to \$232,294.26.

You will note the outstanding unpaid losses at the 31st December amounted to the small sum of \$1,755.00. These losses occurred during the last days of December and were unadjusted.

Result of the workings of the year shows that after paying all losses, charges and expenses, and writing off the balance of our organization expenses in full, 10 per cent. off our office furniture and God's Plans, and paying Dividend No. 1 at rate of 7 per cent. per annum, we carry the handsome balance of \$51,635.32 forward to Profit and Loss Account, making the balance now standing at credit of this account \$106,854.60.

Your Directors have much pleasure in expressing their appreciation of the faithful manner in which the Manager, Office Staff, General Agents and Representatives of the Company have discharged their duties during the past year.

We cannot close this report without referring to the great loss we have sustained by the death of Mr. John Gowans, one of your most esteemed Directors, who has acted in this capacity since the inception of the Company.

Your Directors all retire, but are eligible for re-election.

S. F. MCKINNON, President.

Financial Statement for Year Ending 31st December, 1902.

| REVENUE ACCOUNT. | |
|---|----------------|
| Fire Losses for year paid (net) | \$90,226 13 |
| Fire losses un-der adjust-ment | \$1,755 00 |
| Less Reinsur-ance | 80 00 1,700 00 |
| Paid for Reinsurance | \$100,003 13 |
| Dividend No. 1 | 76,452 01 |
| Commission and other charges, including Government Fees, Licenses, and Taxes, 35 1/2 per cent. off Organization Expenses, being balance in full of same, and all Books, Stationery, etc., and 10 per cent. off Office Furniture, including God's Maps | 51,635 32 |
| Balance | \$908,746 27 |

| PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT. | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|
| Balance from 1901 | \$ 65,210 28 |
| Balance from Revenue Account | 51,635 32 |
| | \$106,854 60 |

| LIABILITIES. | | ASSETS. | |
|--|--------------|---|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid up | \$ 91,780 00 | Cash on hand and in Mails | \$125,448 90 |
| Sundry Accounts and Reinsur-ance | 9,310 84 | Bonds and Debentures deposited with Dominion Government | 54,309 20 |
| Losses under adjustment | 1,755 00 | Accrued Interest on above | 621 63 |
| Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account | 106,854 60 | Agents' Balances and other ac-counts | 24,958 00 |
| | \$209,700 44 | Office Furniture, including God's Maps | 7,177 57 |
| | | Balance | \$209,700 44 |

| SECURITY FOR POLICY-HOLDERS. | |
|--|--------------|
| Subscribed Capital—Paid on Stock | \$ 91,780 00 |
| Balance to Pay on Stock | 388,320 00 |
| Balance from Profit and Loss Account | 106,854 60 |
| | \$586,954 60 |

To the President, Directors and Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company:—Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned, having examined the Vouchers, checked the Bank Balances and audited the Books of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902, certify that we have found them correct, and that the Annexed Balance Sheet is a true statement as at above date.

J. P. LANGLEY, RICHARD LEE, Auditors.

Toronto, 27th January, 1903.

Mr. McKinnon, President.—In rising to move the adoption of the report of the Directors for the year ending 31st December, 1902, I feel it is unnecessary for me to say very much. It is always a pleasure to meet the Shareholders with a good statement. I think you will agree with me that the report is a very satisfactory one, and that we are making steady progress in the right direction. In common with other companies, we have shared in the light fire losses that have occurred throughout the Dominion, especially the latter half of the year.

The report of the Directors and Financial Statement, now in your hands for approval and adoption, or otherwise, shows a very considerable increase in the volume of business written, as also in premium income.

This being our fourth annual meeting, it may not be out of place to go back to the year of our inception and compare the increases made year by year. In 1899, the year we commenced business, was only a broken period of about seven months.

In 1899 the net premium income was \$54,242.98. In 1900 the net premium income was 132,877.73. In 1901 the net premium income was 210,193.54. In 1902 the net premium income was 303,716.58.

The premium income for the year 1902, as compared with 1901, without taking into account reinsurance, shows an increase of \$94,869.58. The loss ratio to premium income, 44 1/100 per cent., as also the expenses for conducting the business to premium income, 22 91/100 per cent., both of which show a favorable reduction over previous years.

Organization expenses have now been entirely written off, and therefore for the future will be eliminated from our accounts. After paying off all losses, expenses of conducting the business, writing off ten per cent. on furniture, God's Plans, and dividend of 7 per cent. for the year 1901, we carry to the credit of Profit and Loss for the year, \$51,635.32.

Turning to the Assets side of the statement, you will find them in a very satisfactory condition, nearly all in what is usually known as liquid form, or immediately available.

The security for Policy-holders now stands:—Capital paid in \$91,780.00. Uncalled subscribed capital 388,320.00. Credit to Profit and Loss Account 106,854.60. Making in all \$586,954.60.

The Anglo-American is now writing policies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but in the Dominion of Canada only. This is indeed a growing time in Canada. It is very gratifying to know that prosperity still prevails in all parts of the Dominion. All branches of trade and commerce, banking, etc., are flourishing; farmers are well-to-do and contented; labor is plentiful for those willing to work, and wages are good. Emigration to our country is increasing largely. Someone has said we are soon to become a nation. I am not inclined to dispute it.

I do not like to prophesy, but if I did I should say there is a great future for the Anglo-American, especially if managed on the same vigorous and conservative lines as in the past. The Anglo-American policy when issued or becomes a claim is as good as gold. The statement, "Canada for the Canadians" or "Made in Canada," is as applicable to fire insurance as to steel rails or rolls of carpet. If we are to have Canada for the Canadians, let us have it in fire insurance as well as in other lines. Why pay tribute to other countries for what we can supply as well at home.

Mr. John J. Long, Vice-President.—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen.—It affords me much pleasure to second the motion of the President for the adoption of the report of the Directors, the Financial Statement, and Auditors' Report of the business of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1902. I think it unnecessary to add anything to the very appropriate remarks of the President, but may say that when the business of a company or an individual is prospering satisfactorily, as I am happy to say the business of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. is, the adoption of such a report and financial statement as we have before us must, without a word of comment or commendation, be most pleasing to the Shareholders and assuring to all concerned. Our expectations of the growth and continuous success of the business of the Company, I am constantly saying, are being constantly realized. The income of the Company for 1902 was more than 44 per cent. greater than that of 1901. The proportion of working expenses to income in 1901 was 23.66 per cent., while in 1902 it was 22.91 per cent. The loss ratio in 1901 was 48.33 per cent., in 1902 it was 44.41 per cent.

To the prosperity of Canada, to which the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. confines its business, and to the great care constantly exercised by the Agents, the Manager, the Inspectors and the Directors in the selection and acceptance of risks, this improvement is mostly due. To the loyal co-operation of the office staff, the agents throughout Canada, and Inspectors, with the well-directed efforts of our excellent Managers, Mr. Dean, the satisfactory growth and results of the business of the Company are chiefly due.

The prospects of the Company for the year we are entering upon are bright, and I confidently hope the results for 1903 will be most satisfactory. The following gentlemen were elected as directors for the ensuing year:—

- PRESIDENT**
S. F. MCKINNON, ESQ. (S. F. McKinnon and Co., Toronto).
- VICE-PRESIDENT**
JOHN J. LONG, ESQ. (The T. Long and Brother Co., Collingwood).
- A. A. ALLAN, ESQ., Messrs. A. A. Allan and Co., Toronto.**
JOHN R. BARBER, ESQ., Pres. Toronto Paper Co., of Cornwall, Georgetown.
DR. GEORGE H. BOWLSBY, Berlin.
A. B. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., Barrister, Kingston.
H. P. ECKARDT, ESQ., Messrs. H. P. Eckardt and Co., Toronto.
JOHN FLETT, ESQ., Flett, Lownds and Co., Limited, Toronto.
W. J. GAGE, ESQ., The W. J. Gage Co., Limited, Toronto.
JOHN KNOX, ESQ., Messrs. Knox, Morgan and Co., Hamilton.
R. MILLICHAMP, ESQ., Messrs. Millichamp, Coyle and Co., Toronto.
DR. N. SHENSTONE, ESQ., Sec.-Treas. Massey-Harris Co., Limited, Toronto.
DR. URIAH M. STANLEY, Brantford.
HUGH WADDELL, ESQ., Peterborough.
EMIL NERLICH, ESQ., Messrs. Nerlich and Co., Toronto.

ST. ANN'S T. & B. SOCIETY, MONTREAL.

The annual election of officers for the St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society took place on Sunday last at St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, Montreal. A large number of the members were present. The Rev. Father McPhail, the newly-appointed director of the society, was present and delivered a short address. The Rev. Father is well known throughout Ontario and other parts of Canada as an active worker in the cause of temperance, and in many parts of Ontario he has founded temperance organizations.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.; President, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P.; Vice-President, Ald. M. J. Walsh; Financial Secretary, Bernard Feeney.

Recording secretary, J. Quinn. Assistant recording secretary, E. Rogers. Treasurer, M. J. Ryan. Assistant treasurer, William Howlett.

Executive committee, M. Fitzgerald, M. Griffin, P. Kent, M. Meade, T. Rogers, M. J. Darragh, John Hagan, J. Shanahan, G. Murray, M. Murphy, M. Cannon.

The financial report for the year showed that \$800 had been expended on sick benefits and mortuary claims, while there is a balance of \$5,600 to the credit of the society in the bank.

The membership at present numbers about 200, all of whom are in good standing in the society.

St. Ann's Temperance organization is the strongest of its kind amongst the Irish Catholic Societies, and its able, worthy and energetic President, Ald. D. Gallery, M. P., deserves a word of praise for his indefatigable work in order to increase the membership. The good work of the late Father Scanlan, C.S.S.R., who worked so strenuously for the cause of total abstinence, and also Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., who was sent to Belgium lately on another mission, is now bearing fruit in the parish. The society is fortunate in having such an able and zealous director as Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.

A VETERAN OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Montreal, Feb. 2.—By the death of Prof. M. P. Riordan, which occurred on Friday, the city, and especially the eastern portion, loses one of its oldest and most respected citizens, at the ripe age of 82 years. His death also removes another of the few remaining veterans of the Crimean War.

Prof. Riordan enlisted in the 17th Royal Irish Regiment in 1839, served throughout the Crimean War, was stationed in India for eight years during the troublesome times of that period, and was one of those chosen to form the body guard (Rear Rank Man to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII.) at the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

When the 17th Royal Irish were ordered to Canada, he accompanied his regiment and served as clerk to Col. Earl, later Major-General in the Commissariat Office in this city, then situated at the old Donegana Hotel. On the removal of the troops from Canada he retired from the service, bearing the rank of sergeant-major.

Prof. Riordan entered the service of the Catholic School Commissioners as professor of the commercial course at St. Mary's Academy, retiring from that position some ten years ago, after a service of twenty-two years, during which time he taught hundreds of young men now in the prime of life, who will learn of his death with regret.

Prof. Riordan was a staunch member of St. Mary's Church since its formation and served as warden and secretary for a number of years.

In 1880 Prof. Riordan saved, at the risk of his own life, that of a young man named Bennet, who had fallen into the St. Mary's Current.

This brave deed was brought to the notice of Major-General Earl, then stationed at Sandage, by an old comrade in arms, Mr. J. Snaedall, who was an eyewitness of the occurrence. He obtained from the Royal Humane Society, of London, England, a fitting recognition of his action.

In 1852 Prof. Riordan was married to Miss H. Sullivan, of Cork, Ireland, and celebrated his golden wedding in December, 1902. He is survived by his widow, five sons and one daughter, namely, Messrs. Frank A. and Jno. W. of the firm of Riordan Bros.; M. P. Riordan, of Housh, Texas; Denis Riordan, of Washington, D. C.; Edward J., of this city, and Mrs. Frank Landerman.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

The 18th anniversary of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, was celebrated with much eclat on Sunday evening, at St. Ann's Church, special music and a sermon being the feature.

The Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's Church, preached a very interesting and practical discourse. The Rev. gentleman spoke in particular of the great influence of the mother in the family. He warned the young men to keep away from saloons, gambling places and other evil resorts, and to listen to the practical counsels of their best friend—their mother.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then imparted by Rev. Father Caron, P.P., C.S.S.R., assisted by Rev. Fathers Saucier, C.S.S.R., and Lemaire, C.S.S.R. The high altar was tastefully decorated with flowers and was a blaze of lights. The director and organist of the church, Prof. Shea, had arranged a very elaborate programme of select music, and his choir handled it in a very creditable manner, the soloists being Messrs. Murphy and Quinn. The chorus work was particularly effective. Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., is the newly-appointed director of the society.

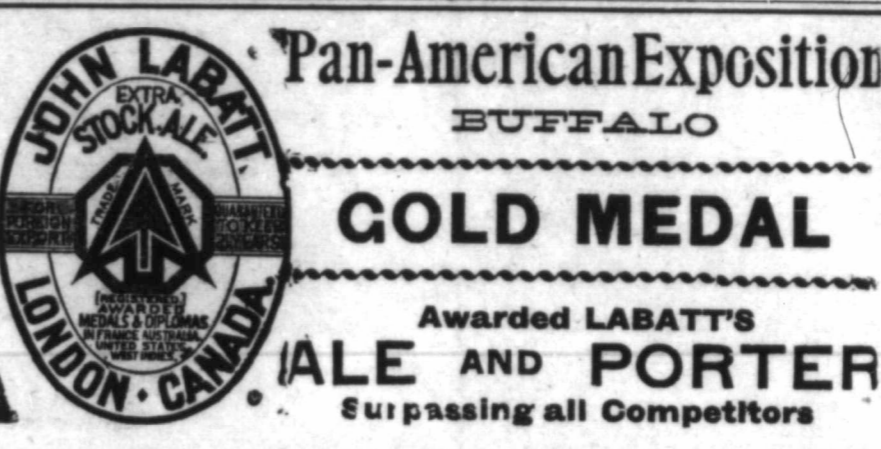
The dramatic portion of the Society, which is one of the best in the city, gave a very successful concert in aid of the Building Fund of St. Mary's Church.

FELIX. Montreal, Feb. 2, 1903.

BARRIE CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand Musical Church, Sunday the 8th inst., at 7 o'clock p.m. Miss Frastley, of Orillia, and others will assist.

Very Rev. Dean Egan will deliver a lecture on the Sacrament of Matrimony. Contribution in aid of Altar Society.



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Adulteration has grown to such a fine art, that it is almost impossible for a woman now-a-days to detect the false from the true; but a chemical analysis will always detect adulteration. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." Try Sunlight Soap—Oastagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he.

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Let us draw near to Jesus, that in His love and service we may find the happiness we have been looking for in vain all our lives.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are lightening their unseen troubles.

Family ties are not severed in Heaven; and Jesus, in raising His Blessed Mother above the saints and angels, teaches us that filial piety is a virtue of eternity.

Real tests of charity lie in trifles. It is not the overwhelming griefs or the great but rare emergencies of life which best unveil the soul and show forth its true stature and proportions. Many a man can rise to the heights of occasion and put forth a marvellous strength of will under excitement, who loses his equilibrium in the most unostentatious battlefields of daily experiences. He vanquishes the giant, and then surrenders to the dwarf.

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between Laxatives and Purgatives cannot be too clearly understood. The former are GENTLE, the latter VIOLENT. A LAXATIVE aids the organs; a PURGATIVE takes the work out of nature's hands. And every time that nature fails to perform its proper functions it is less disposed to perform them.

Purgatives, therefore, are at best a necessary evil, like an emetic to relieve the Stomach of undigested food.

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely:

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

INFORMATION

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

JAMES A. SMART,
Deputy-Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—In addition to Free 3711 Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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