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VOL. X. No. 38

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Minister of Justice Entertained

Catholic Club's Enthusiastic Tribute to Mr. Fitzpatrick—His Eloquent and Patriotic Speech

Winnipeg, Sept. 20.—The reception tendered to Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick at the Catholic Club was a most successful affair, the handsome and spacious club rooms being crowded with a representative company which had assembled to extend a cordial welcome to the minister and the members of his party.

The rooms were handsomely decorated for the occasion and an orchestra discoursed musical selections from time to time in the main room of the club. The affair in its entirety was a great and spontaneous tribute to the popularity of the Minister of Justice and one of the most flattering receptions ever given to any public man in Winnipeg. Throughout the reception was of a pleasant social nature, and every section of political and religious creed was represented. Amongst those noticed in the throng were Chief Justice Killam, Mr. Justice Dubuc, Judge Prendergast, Rev. Father Guillet, Rev. Father Kulawy, Hon. C. H. Campbell, Hon. Speaker Hespeler, Mr. Isaac Campbell, Mr. Andrew Strang, Mr. A. H. Pulford, Mr. D. W. Bole, Mr. J. S. Ewart, K. C., Mr. A. J. Andrews, Dr. Devine, Dr. Barrett, Mr. A. W. Puttee, M. P.; Ald. Russell, Ald. Barclay, Ald. McCarthy, Major Gardner, D. O. C.; Comte de Beauvriere, M. J. W. Dufour.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, with his party, consisting of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. John Sharples, Mr. and Mrs. Bellord and Miss Davies, arrived about 9 o'clock and were conducted into one of the inner rooms of the club, where the Minister and Mrs. Fitzpatrick received, assisted by Mr. T. D. Deegan, president of the club.

The reception lasted from 9 until 10 o'clock, when the party returned to the main club room and listened to a musical entertainment, which was participated in by Miss Denham, Miss Perkins, Miss Holroyde and Mr. A. Codd.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Following the musical part of the programme President T. D. Deegan delivered a short address of welcome and then called upon Ald. Russell, the acting mayor, who welcomed the distinguished guest to the city on behalf of the council.

The following address was then read by Mr. F. W. Russell, the hon-

orary secretary, on behalf of the Catholic Club:

To the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice:
Sir—Before you leave us this evening, the members of the Catholic Club wish to tender you an expression of the great pleasure it has been to them to receive you here and to give our people the opportunity of meeting you during your visit to the City of Winnipeg.

Established as we are for the promotion of the material and social interests of the Catholics of this city, as well as for their moral and spiritual well being, we delight to do honor to one of our co-religionists and compatriots who has attained such a distinguished position in the councils of Canada as that which you now fill and it was this spirit and this intention that prompted us to ask you to give us one evening of your present stay in Winnipeg. We sincerely thank you for your kind acceptance of our invitation and assure you that in no part of the Dominion not even in your own home, will your future career as one of Canada's public men be followed with more interest than it will be by the members of the Catholic Club of Winnipeg. So far as the administration of the affairs of the Dominion is concerned the Catholics of Manitoba both collectively and individually have such vast and important interests at stake that it is absolutely essential we should have an influential voice in the central governing body of the Dominion and we recognize the fact that in the present government you are to a very considerable extent that voice and that influence. Irrespective of party affiliations the members of our club and their friends welcome you here as one who is

AN HONOR TO OUR RACE

and our faith, and as one of Canada's public men under whose administration the foundation is being laid of the great nation that is springing up in the west. We feel that it is a matter of vital interest to our Catholic people that this foundation should be well and truly laid in justice to all and without violence to the rights and privileges of any and it is gratifying, therefore, to us to think that we have in the Cabinet a representative who can look at public affairs from a Catholic point of view and watch over Catholic interests.

Hoping that yourself and the ladies and gentlemen who accompany you will have a very enjoyable trip, and that you will carry back with you to your home in the east pleasant recollections of the evening spent in our club. We have the honor to remain on behalf of the members of the club,

Your obedient servants,
T. D. Deegan, President.
F. W. Russell, Hon. Sec.

THE MINISTER'S REPLY.

On rising to reply Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick was greeted with a round of applause and remarked that he need not say that he was indeed truly thankful for the flattering address and also obliged for the warmth of his reception. He appreciated the fact that he was largely indebted to his friend, the president of the club, for the honor which he had received. He and Mr. Deegan had lived together in old Quebec in past years, and for a long time their lives had run on almost parallel lines, until Mr. Deegan had gone out to the land of promise, as it was known then, in order to better his fortune. It is now a land of realized anticipations and he had heard it described as a land where the furrows of the plow are measured by the miles.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick then went on to say that mention had been made in the address that he is an Irishman and he felt that he would have to plead guilty to the gentle imputation. The hall marks of the race cropped out upon him and there are no men who can point to a purer source of ancestry than those who can boast of the blood of their brave Irish forefathers and immaculate purity of their Irish mothers. While he

should dearly love the old land and its history we should allow that love to merge into a deeper and

MORE LASTING AFFECTION

for this land, which in some cases is the land of our adoption, but in the far greater number the land of our birth. It is a glorious land, not only in its present prosperity but in the vastness of its future possibilities.

The Minister said he was proud of the ancient faith of his Irish forefathers which had been handed down from father to son. He recalled the narrow, winding streets of old Quebec and the great procession of priests, soldiers and traders who had passed through them and who had left the indelible imprint of their footsteps and the evidences of their work along the course of the St. Lawrence, and away out to the western confines of this great continent. These were the early French pioneers and missionaries who carried the fleur-de-lis of France in one hand and the cross of the Redeemer in the other. These placed the milestones on the route which we have followed into this great country. In following on and preserving their traditions we should do well by our country, and our country deserves that we should do well by it, for it has done well by us.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO CANADA.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick then entered into an eloquent and glowing description of the riches of Canada, from Cape Breton to the Pacific, speaking of development of its resources, the harnessing of its water powers and its vast potentialities. "It had been said that the continued supremacy of England depends upon its glowing furnace bars, but we are now face to face with another energy which is every day being used more and more in the manufactures and industries of the world, and it is this power which shall give Canada an immense advantage in the future. What is going to become of Canada when its countless acres shall have been touched by the hand of man. We must remember that this abundance is not wealth and the great question which Canada has to settle and which the men who are guiding the destinies of the country have to settle is markets, good markets and cheap transportation.

A FUTURE NONE CAN FORESEE.

There is no man who can foresee the future which heaven has in store for this country if we are only true to ourselves. In being true to ourselves, we must preserve our rights of others, and treat with respect what we may consider the prejudices of others.

In closing, Mr. Fitzpatrick said he wished to see this country the greatest and brightest jewel in the British crown, and we should work out our destiny under the old flag which now floats over us, the flag which stands for liberty, equality and justice.

At the close of his address, the Minister of Justice was accorded a long and spontaneous outburst of applause.

Following the speech-making refreshments were served, and the reception was over shortly after 11 o'clock.

"It was terrible even to see the villain die," said the emotional girl at the melodrama. "Oh, well, consolation the old lady," he would have died anyway. Did you notice how many cigarettes he smoked?"

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DEATH OF MRS. MUNGOVAN

On Thursday, Sept. 18, Mary Quinlan, widow of the late Thos. Mungovan, of the township of North Easthope, Perth Co., died in Orangeville at the residence of her son, Mr. D. J. Mungovan, editor and proprietor of The Dufferin Post, at the age of 76 years. The deceased was one of the pioneers of North Easthope, settling with her husband on lot 39, con. 1, about four miles from Stratford, in 1845. The now flourishing city of Stratford was then little more than a clearing and the country about one vast wilderness. The late Mrs. Mungovan was a native of Clare Co., Ireland, and immigrated to Canada with her mother and other members of the family in 1842. She was married at Paris in 1845, and immediately removed to North Easthope, where the remaining period of her life was spent, with the exception of the last year, which she passed in Orangeville. She underwent all the toil and hardships incidental to pioneer life and was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom, together with her husband, predeceased her. She was sorely and exceptionally tried with affliction, but, being a devout Christian, she bore all her trials and sorrows with sublime patience and resignation. Her eldest son was the late Rev. Michael Mungovan, C. S. B., treasurer of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who died in the latter city in March of last year. Her declining days were passed in ease and comfort and on her entrance upon the dark valley she was consoled and fortified by the last rites of the church. At 7.30 o'clock on Friday morning the remains were taken to St. Peter's Church, Orangeville, where Requiem Mass was said by Rev. H. J. Sweeney, P. P., who, at the close of the services, delivered a brief but touching discourse on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. The body was then put on board the C.P.R. train for Brampton, at which point it was met by Very Rev. Dean Egan, of Barrie, and several friends and transferred to the G.T.R. depot. The pallbearers at Brampton were J. Smith, M. P. P.; J. Burrell, E. J. Walsh, S. Charters, Wm. Harrison and Jno. Hannigan. At 1.20 a. m. train arrived at Stratford and a large concourse followed the remains to their final resting place in the Catholic Cemetery in Elice. Among those at the station were Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy, and as the solemn cortege moved through the city the bell of St. Joseph's Church tolled in tribute to the memory of one of the most respected pioneers of the district.

The pallbearers were W. S. Bolger, Jno. Makin, Jno. Way, M. J. Dillon, Wm. Makin and C. Quinlan.

Sadly and tenderly the body of Mary Mungovan, who had been sorely tried in life with many afflictions and who had set a sublime Christian example in her patience and resignation, was laid to rest beside those of the husband, who died 23 years ago, and the children for whom she had struggled and had been so solicitous in life. May she rest in peace.

SIR WILFRID AND LADY LAURIER

Received in Private Audience by Pope Leo, Who Shows Much Interest in Canada.

Rome, Sept. 22.—His Holiness the Pope to-day accorded a private audience to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, and Lady Laurier, and was very cordial to them. The Pontiff showed much interest in Canada, and said he had closely followed the proceedings of the Premiers' conference in London.

Father Strubbe's Good-Bye

Montreal, Sept. 20.—Rarely has such a crowd been seen on the Allan wharf and on the deck of the steamer Numidian as thronged down last night to bid good-bye to Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., who sailed to-day for Belgium. It was difficult to make a way across the wharf and along the decks. All the way along the streets, to St. Ann's presbytery, the crowd had congregated, and amid cheers and words of farewell, the reverend father was driven along Ottawa street to the wharf.

He was stopped at every step on the way to the steamer by parishioners of St. Ann's, who wished to say good-bye to their "soggarth" and get his blessing once more ere he left them for many years, and perhaps for ever. Fully three thousand people were in the throng which pressed down to see him, and it was late before the last of them returned to their homes. Among the last to leave the ship last night were Hon. Dr. Guerin, M. P., and Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy. Several of the good father's friends even accompanied him as far as Quebec to-day. Among those who went down were his brother, Mr. Charles Strubbe; his son, George, and a deputation of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, including Messrs J. Johnson, P. T. O'Brien, T. McArthur and Ed. Quinn. There were many affecting scenes at the parting last night, and all wished Father Strubbe a pleasant journey to his old home and a speedy return to Montreal.

KENSIT GOES TO JAIL.

A London cable despatch says: Mr. John Kensit, jr., who has been addressing meetings in the streets, was ordered to enter into recognizances of £200 and two sureties of £100 each to keep the peace for twelve months, the alternative being three months' imprisonment. The defendant elected to go to prison.

FATHER SPETZ'S JUBILEE.

Reverend Theobald Spetz, C. R., celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood at Berlin on Monday. The Jubilee High Mass was sung at St. Mary's Church at 10.20 a. m., and the evening services were held in St. Louis Church, Waterloo, at 7.30.

ALONG THE KING'S HIGHWAY

My lucubrations are read, sometimes by those who have nothing else to read, and whilst I appreciate the favor as a personal compliment, I cannot admire the literary taste of those who are willing to sacrifice time, which might otherwise be better employed. I am asked why have I been silent for weeks, if not for months? Well the plain, unvarnished truth is that in your truly Ottawa had for a great portion of this time a pretty sick man whose bed was almost his inseparable companion. "What on earth has been the matter with you?" is a question which I hear on many sides. Well, my disease was as unique in its character as its cause was solitary in its nature. Perambulating recently through the beautiful streets of the "Washington of the North" I visited the home of a warm-hearted fellow-countryman, whose daughter, a young lady of modern finish, kindly volunteered to treat me to some music. "What will you have?" said she, as we adjourned to the parlor. I answered by stating that there might be fairly good music in other countries besides Ireland, but to me Irish airs were above and beyond everything else. Unfortunately she had no "pieces," and more unfortunately still she was out of "practice," but how would I like a "Russian Sottische?" Of course, there was nothing on top of the earth, nor under the earth, nothing on top of the sea nor under the sea, nothing between the Arctic and the Antarctic circles which I preferred to the "Sottische." I had heard a good deal about the Russian Czar, the Russian ukase, the Russian knout, the Russian bear, and several other things that were Russian, but high above the whole lot in my mind, stood the inimitable "Sottische," upon which I always fairly doted. Putting herself in order she commenced pounding with two ponderous fists, a squeaking, consumptive piano which evidently hovered between life and destruction as I felt for the poor, sickly piano. I also felt some strange feeling creeping over my anatomy. What it was I cannot now describe, but it was enough to accelerate my departure. Day and night for several weeks since has that Russian Sottische haunted me. When I retired for the night the Sottische had full possession of my mind, if I dreamt it was all about Sottische, when I arose in the morning the Sottische was on hand, and when I went to my daily routine it was my companion. Thus did I pine away until a blast of the luckiest kind of wind blew me to the home of that clever and patriotic Irishwoman, Mrs. J. H. Mahon, of Nicholas Street. Here I was treated by Miss Martina Mahon, the talented organist of St. Joseph's Church, to such airs as "The Harp of Tara," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Kathleen Mavourneen," etc. Of course, my recovery sat in at once, and now I have increased fifty pounds of honest weight and have become so active that I can kick football, kick against "Russian Sottisches," or kick like a steer if I can't get a fat office. Thanks to Mrs. Mahon and Miss Mahon, thanks everlastingly to both those excellent ladies.

Irish sentiment and feeling is now rapidly looking up in the Dominion Capital, thanks to the excellent young man who has been instrumental in providing a suitable meeting place for young and old in Ottawa. For many years this city stood badly in need of a central point, where Irishmen could congregate for social intercourse, and for the interchange of views and opinions. Mr. D'Arcy Scott, the young man to whom I allude, has by his untiring zeal in the cause which should be dear to the heart of every son of Erin placed his compatriots under a very deep obligation to him. An account of his recent trip through Ireland, which was given a week ago in the St. Patrick's Hall, was most interesting, and was listened to most attentively by an appreciative audience, who

occasionally punctured it with loud applause. A convention of representative Irishmen will in the course of a month or so be held either in Montreal or Ottawa for the purpose of devising some ways and means for assisting the men in the gap at home in their struggles for the political and social amelioration for that land of coercion acts and exterminating landlords. Already has Mr. Scott sent out circulars to prominent Irishmen, from most of whom answers have been received, cordially endorsing the idea of a convention and promising their heartiest co-operation.

THE CONNAUGHT SETTLEMENT.

My last correspondence, which appeared in The Catholic Register was brought to a close at Green Valley, a station of the Canadian Pacific Railway about four miles south of Alexandria, but, like the tedious old stories which we sometimes read, a promise was made that it would be continued. From Green Valley my route is westward until the pleasant village of Chesterville, which lies in the heart of a fine agricultural country in the northern part of the County of Dundas is reached. In the Parish of Chesterville are to be met two flourishing Irish Catholic settlements, one bearing the name of the Imerick Settlement, called after the County of that name in Ireland, and the other named the Connaught Settlement, although those who were its first colonizers came directly from the County of Mayo and located on the Banks of the Nation River. Amongst the names which one encounters here may be mentioned those of Coyne, Kearns, Barrett, Martin, Reddy, Chambers, Manley, Jordan, McGowan, Galvin, Flynn, O'Grady, and Cliver, men who have had their homes in both these settlements. A few years ago all that was mortal of poor Patrick Jordan, one of the ablest and one of the most useful men in the County of Dundas was consigned to the tomb, where it was followed by the largest mournful cavalcade ever witnessed in this section. The Imerick Settlement has been the birthplace of Mr. Thomas McDonald, whose home is now in Morrisburg, where, with honor to himself, and with advantage to the public, he discharges the duties of Registrar of the County of Dundas. The eloquent voice of "Tom" McDonald has been heard from many a platform in the various counties of Eastern Ontario, and it is no exaggeration to say that few men were better equipped to delight and instruct an audience. Once he offered himself for the representation of Dundas, and although the County is regarded as a Tory hive, Mr. McDonald, a Catholic Liberal, made a most excellent run, yet it must be regretted that Irishmen of Ontario upon whom purse-proud duces are too frequently trusted never had the good fortune of being represented by so capable a man as Thomas McDonald. I shall resume the subject in my future correspondence.

RAMBLER.



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What One of Canada's Leading Business Men Thinks of Our Paper. Toronto, March 8, 1902: The Catholic Register Co., City: We have been using the columns of The Register in connection with our business for some years and are pleased to say that results have always been very satisfactory.

ANENT SOCIETIES IN CANADA. (Antigonish Casket) A question having arisen as to whether the decrees of the Holy See to the bishops of the United States prohibiting Catholics from belonging to any of the three societies known as the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and Knights of Pythias, applied also to Canada, the matter was recently submitted to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate who has of ficially declared that it does. Following is the text of the reply: Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa Aug. 20, 1902.

Very Reverend Father. His Excellency is in receipt of your letter of the 14th instant, and in reply requests me to state that the decree issued August 20, 1894, declaring the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Sons of Temperance prohibited societies, applies also to Canada. His Excellency has the faculties to dispense in such cases where the conditions obtain which are enumerated in the instructions given to Cardinal Satolli by the S. O. off., Jan. 10, 1894.

Believe me, Very Rev. Father, sincerely yours, FR. FRANCIS S. SCHAEFER, Sec. Apost. Delegation to Canada. The Very Rev. ALEX. M'DONALD, D. D., V. G. Antigonish, Nova Scotia

EXILED FRENCH RELIGIOUS COMING TO CANADA The sorrows of the exiled French religious continue to increase. Last week a resolution was passed by the Federal Council of Switzerland which forbids them even to rest for a moment in that country. The decision is all the more strange, inasmuch as Switzerland has hitherto enjoyed a reputation for hospitality toward the afflicted. The Italian Liberal papers continue to invoke stringent regulations against the admission of French religious into Italy, but hitherto the government has not thought it well to take any notice of their protests, partly, no doubt, because the religious have shown very little inclination to enter a country where their brethren have been so ruthlessly robbed. So far the great majority of monks and nuns have taken themselves to Belgium; large numbers, too, have been welcomed in Germany; England has opened its doors to many hundreds, and it is not unlikely that if the persecution lasts very long many more will find their way to Canada. —Vox Urbis in New York Freeman's Journal.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to arrange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions have not been taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will find that Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

MARTIAL LAW IN CRIMELESS IRELAND. The London Speaker says that "the Blue Book of Irish criminal statistics for 1901 is a curious commentary on the recent decision of the Government to proclaim the Irish Capital and several counties in a state of anarchy. It shows that in Ireland there is decidedly less crime than in England and Wales. The difference will be appreciated when it is stated, as The Manchester Guardian points out, that there are only two offenders in Ireland for every three offenders in England and Wales. Another interesting point is the distribution of crime. It turns out that the districts where there was least crime last year are just those where the Government made the greatest haste this year to apply the Crimes Act. The Government are finding out that they are, as Mr. John Morley warned them, on an inclined plane. They are doing their best to create disorder and insurrection in a country which they do not pretend they are punishing for any other offence than its opinions.

IN FIELDS FAR OFF.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store for all medicinal purposes.

That little bit of a woman's hands Reached up into my breast, And rent apart my scolding heart, And they buffet it still with such sweet art As cannot be expressed.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power That makes me wholly thine, And I'm proud to say that I bless the day When a little woman wrought her way Into this life of mine. —Eugene Field.

JIM'S BUTTONS Jim Hendricks, an uncomplaining and fairly industrious citizen of a little Vermont town, had made the mistake early in life of marrying a shiftless woman, but he never complained. She was the wife of his youth, and he loved her with the love that excuses.

"Jennie," he said one day, in his affectionate, apologetic manner, "I wish you'd sew the buttons on my coat, there's two off." She sighed as people who work seldom sigh, but as lazy people always sigh when work is thrust upon them. In a day or two Jim approached her when she seemed especially at leisure. "The last button's off my coat, Jennie. Won't you sew 'em all on?"

THE TRIUMPH OF FORGOTTEN THINGS. There is a pity in forgotten things; Banished the heart they can no longer fill, Since restless Fancy, spreading swallows wings, Must seek new pleasures still. There is patience, too, in things forgot; They wait—they find the portals long unused; And knocking there, it shall refuse them not, Nor sought shall be refused.

TOO MANY FLOWERS AT FUNERALS ARE VULGAR. While we would not, if we could, abate one jot of the respect paid by friends and relatives to the dead, we protest against the growing custom of heaping flowers upon a coffin. As a distinguished writer in The Irish Ecclesiastical Record remarks: "Now it seems the moment death enters a house one must run to the florist for wreaths and bouquets. Every one, near relations or simple acquaintances, is expected to pay the deceased a tribute in flowers. Vanity coming in, every one strives to surpass his neighbor by the size or costliness of his wreath, taking care to attach a card which shall indicate the giver. The coffin is often hidden beneath the mass of flowers; tokens of so many varied sentiments. The custom seems to have stamped on it a clear expression of the naturalism of our day; and, so far, un-Christian. It is a custom intended not to suggest Christian ideas, but to rob death of its best lesson—i. e., its bitterness and painful side."

LIKE OTHER EVILS cramps and ailments come suddenly. Promptly give a dose of Perry's Pain-killer and the pain will go lame. A little of it will cure headache, toothache, neuralgia, etc.

Table with columns for Sun, Moon, and other celestial data for the month of September 1902. Includes dates for various feast days and religious observances.

30ulgenced 30 days. A plenary indulgence is granted once a month to all those who shall say the chaplet of the Seven Dolours every day for a month, if being truly penitent, after confession and communion, they shall pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. Other indulgences for the frequent saying of this chaplet are granted.

The HOME CIRCLE

DREAMING OF HOME. (By Eugene Field.) It comes to me often in silence; When the twilight sputters low— When the black, uncertain shadows seem worlds of long ago; Always with a throbbing heartache, That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing for the peace of home again.

When I go home again! There's music That never may die away; And it seems the hands of angels On a mystic harp at play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording, When I go home again.

THINKING OF NOTHING. What does one think about when one thinks of nothing? It would be of thrilling interest if we could make our way into what seems the vacant spaces of the minds of our friends and find with what visions they are really peopled. There are certain occasions, for example, on which everybody must be thinking of something and when it is yet conveniently allowable to make no sign.

When I go home again. A little bit of a woman came Athwart my path one day; So tiny was she that she seemed to be. A pixy strayed from the misty sea, Or a wandering greenwood fay. "Oh, you little elf!" I cried, "And what are you doing here? So tiny as you will never do. For the brutal fash and hullabaloo Of this practical world, I fear."

That little bit of a woman came. Her two eyes full of me, And they smote me sore, to my inmost core, And they held me, stayed forever, merrily, Yet would I not be free.

The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. O'DONNELL,
Business Manager and Editor.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1902

HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

As will be seen from our news columns to-day the Catholics of the West have taken advantage of the visit of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to honor him as a public man and as a representative Irish Catholic. This is as it should be. Catholics in all parts of the Dominion have for some time been more indifferent than their interest and sympathies devote to the question of representation.

After the demonstration in his honor that Winnipeg has witnessed, it is hardly to be expected that the eastern cities will allow the older provinces to be outdone. We have heard that both in Ontario and Quebec the wish is being expressed to show a signal honor to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

THE STRIKE SITUATION.

The time is gone by for discussing the rights and wrongs of the coal strike in the United States. Each side accuses the other of bad faith towards the public, and absolutely selfish ends in prolonging the struggle. This only means that both parties are playing for public sympathy.

DELEGATE APOSTOLIC.

I think, says the Rome correspondent of The Catholic Standard and Times, that I have already explained this choice of the first Delegate Apostolic to the Philippines. It was desirable to send a persona grata to deal with the representative of the American Administration; this Mgr. Marcellini was not in the circumstances considered to be, despite his qualities, his experience, and his fitness for the other post to which he was appointed on his resignation of the Philippine Delegation, of which he had been the titular for some time.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND THE CORONATION

The Irish Protestant Bishops had a mind of their own with regard to the authorized services for King Edward's Coronation. "When it was drawn up," says The Liverpool Post, "it was sent to the Irish Bishops for acceptance, seeing that the Church of Ireland, being disestablished, has, of course, the power of self-government. It will be remembered that in some of the tribunes of the special sec-

ed to Saint Edward's chair, where he seats himself. To this the Irish Bishops objected. They pointed out that as their Church in Ireland had not yet, as a Church, accepted Patrick as a Saint, she could hardly be expected to accept a mere English Edward. So the rubric was altered, and every church in Ireland where the Coronation service was used, the rubric read 'Here the King is led to King Edward's chair.' Of course the Irish Protestant Bishops did not lead the King to any chair.

THE POPE'S GREAT JEWEL

According to the Rome correspondent of a London evening paper Pope Leo XIII is soon to become the possessor of what is represented to be the largest jewel in the world. It is a topaz of Brazil, and will be a present from the Neapolitans on the occasion of his present Jubilee. It weighs about two English pounds, and is surrounded with a rich gold setting or frame. It is 18 centimetres long by 11.4 wide. This gem was brought to the Kingdom of Naples by Charles III, and the Bourbons later gave it to the Carliello family, whose heirs now have it in their possession, and from whom it will be bought, to be given to the Pontiff. On its magnificent bright surface is cut a figure of Christ breaking the Eucharist Bread, the work of Professor A. Carliello, a well-known artist belonging to the same family. An infinite number of cutting wheels of graded sizes were used, and an enormous quantity of diamond dust was used for the cutting of it. Between diamond dust wheels and other tools the committee have spent over \$4,000.

BUT WHY DO THEY LAUGH?

Risk is involved in something that is done in a now drama at the Star, says The New York Sun. The hero of "The King of Detectives" justifies his nickname by assuming many different disguises. In one of them he pretends to be the corpse at a wake. This idea has been brought forward from "Arra-na-Pogue," the Irish play by Dion Boucicault, in which that author and actor reproduced a wake during which he lay seemingly dead, with wailing mourners around him, until the time came for him to spring up and declare himself alive. There were no protests against it as sacrilegious so long as Mr. Boucicault played the part. His skill and popularity were sufficient to silence those religionists who were displeased. But when a less authoritative actor took up the role for a tour of the country he was hissed and hooted. In this week's turning of a wake into a joke on the stage the danger of disapproval is minimized as much as it can be. The counterfeit corpse is not exposed without warning, as in the Boucicault case. The good purpose of the deception is explained. The detective officer and his comic companion cover two trunks with a black cloth to make a bier, and joke while placing three lighted candles at the head. No crucifix or other religious emblem is shown. There is no mock solemnity nor any travesty of a rite. Fun is made with whiskey. All is farcical. Nevertheless, here is a burlesque wake in a theatre that holds about 4,000 persons at a time, surely hall of them Catholics, and who could have known beforehand that they wouldn't make a hostile demonstration? But they don't. They do nothing but laugh.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

General Dewet, who is at The Hague, received a telegram from South Africa announcing the death of his thirteen-year-old son.

At Indianapolis President Roosevelt was operated upon for an abscess on the left leg. He will be confined to bed for ten days.

It having been stated that the famous liqueur of the Grand Chartreuse has been sold to an American syndicate, at the head of which was the American representative of the firm of Mott and Chandon, the Paris correspondent of The London Observer has been at pains to ascertain the true facts of the case. As the result of his inquiries he is able to state that there is no truth whatever in the report. What has occurred is that as soon as the Association Bill became law one of the Fathers of the Grand Chartreuse, Dom Valerius, was "secularized" by a vote of the General Chapter of the Order, threw off his habit, and became sim-

ply the Abbe Rey. He was appointed "Procureur-General" of the Grand Chartreuse, and as such took over the direction of the liqueur factory, of which he is the sole legal proprietor. The monks are shortly leaving for Austria, where they have purchased a magnificent chateau. They have already sent on to their new home their priceless library and the portraits of the Generals of the Order extending over a period of a thousand years. For some time past no guests are accepted any longer at the monastery.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while in France made no effort to please the Parisian journalists. Some of them were very critical of him accordingly. A correspondent says "He had not had a 'bonne presse,' for he was attacked over the unnecessary energy of his assertion that he was a loyal Britisher, at the dinner when M. Ribot presided. There the Canadian Premier embarked on the British sentiment and proposed the health of King Edward VII. It was chalked against him that, although his family comes from France, he speaks the language of his forefathers with an English accent. Some of the men at the banquet, at the Quai d'Orsay Hotel, even said that they could not catch everything uttered by Sir Wilfrid in French, the peculiar British intonation being so strong." Now will the anti-French faction in Ontario be good?

The Protestants of England, if they cannot secure the expulsion of the Catholic religious orders from the country, are determined upon some form of opposition. This may possibly be the basis of the idea of an order of "Nonconformist Friars." Steps have been taken to establish a Nonconformist preaching order, to be called "The Brothers of the Common Life," says The Liverpool Post. The Rev. Richard Westroppe, of Westminster, may be regarded as the founder of the new order, and he has resigned his pastorate of the Westminster Chapel for the purpose of devoting himself to the work. The members of the order are to take vows, which are to be terminable and renewable from time to time. The Nonconformist Friars will adopt the rule of St. Francis of Assisi as their model, and are to wear a plain black gown and cape.

USAGE OF THE CHURCH IN REGARD TO RELICS.

The authorized teaching and practice of the Church with regard to relics is eminently simple, reasonable and Scriptural. It is based on the principle that matter is capable of being used as a channel or medium of grace, and is susceptible of a union with a divine presence and influence. Thus the Church specially venerates the bodies of the martyrs and other saints, because while they were on earth their bodies were the temples of the Holy Ghost and were the receptacles of countless graces. The graces and virtues were not virtues of the soul only; they belonged to the whole man, body and soul, which worked and suffered together. Next, Catholics believe that God is sometimes pleased to honor the relics of the saints by making them instruments of healing and other miracles, and also by bestowing spiritual graces on those who, for His sake, honor those whom He Himself has honored so greatly. In proof of this we appeal to the Old Testament, in which is recorded the resurrection of a dead body which touched the bones of Elisha, and to the New, which tells of grace and healing being imparted by the hem of Christ's own garment (Matt. ix. 22), by the shadow of St. Peter (Acts v. 15) and by towels which had touched the living body of St. Paul (Acts xix. 12). To the teaching of reason and of sacred Scripture may be added the testimony of the Fathers, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine and the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries generally, being witnesses to this belief in the Apostolic Church. No doubt in all ages abuses have occurred with regard to relics, but the Church cannot, with any truth or fairness, be held responsible for these. As a writer in a recent number of The Monthly remarks "Spurious relics and legends are no more part of the revelation guarded by the Church than the barnacles are part of the ship to which they adhere so tenaciously, nor has the Church ever really sanctioned them with her authority." On the con-

ble, made express provision for the prevention of such abuses. So long ago as 1215, Canon 6 of the Fourth Lateran Council, inserted in the "Corpus Juris," forbade relics to be sold or to be exposed outside of their cases or shrines, and prohibited the public veneration of new relics until their authenticity had been approved by the Pope. The Council of Trent renews these prohibitions, and requires Bishops to decide on the authenticity of new relics after careful consultation with theologians, or, if necessary, with the metropolitan and other Bishops of the province assembled in council. What has been said as to the Church's attitude and the Church's responsibility in regard to spurious relics applies also to unauthorized legendary devotions and prayers. Many Catholics who have a zeal, indeed, but not according to knowledge, rush eagerly after any new-fangled and much-advertised devotion, and this notwithstanding that there is a superabundance of excellent authorized prayers in all the prayer-books, and notwithstanding that by application to their priest they could ascertain at once the precise value of the particular prayer or devotion that is pressed upon them. —New Zealand Tablet.

IRISH LAND QUESTION

And its Results Described by Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe

In a letter just published Bishop O'Donnell of Raphoe, describes the land question in Ireland. He writes: "Any project that gave fair promise of settling the Irish land question on just lines would command my earnest sympathy. The land question in Ireland has blocked, and still continues to block, the most vital reforms. It stands in the way of the education question, however illogically, and if it were settled to-morrow a united Ireland would soon settle the National question itself on the terms of an almost universal demand. The land question, as left as by laws made in Westminster, would depopulate any agricultural country in the world. For no industry can thrive that is the victim of chronic unrest; and no country can thrive where the partners in the main industry are turned into contending litigants. To Irish agriculture and Ireland herself the incessant 'strife between landlord and tenant is little short of a game of death, and will, perhaps, yet be accounted by the historian as the most unnatural sport that was ever sanctioned by a civilized Government. The broad issue that all must face is simple enough. Does anyone suppose that agitation will cease until the occupiers are made proprietors of their holdings? Does anyone suppose that agitation ought to cease while in an agricultural country vast tracts of good land do far less to support human life than poor patches of reclaimed bog, the best land maintaining the fewest people? The public good points in the direction of the popular demand; and it is no answer to say that some of the new peasant proprietors would recklessly mortgage their holdings up to the full value, for wise law should prevent such an evil by giving timely notice that no such mortgages would be recoverable. The occupation of the grass lands for tillage purposes seems to me as inevitable as the conversion of the tenants into proprietors, and in both cases the classes that will suffer most by resistance to a reasonable measure of compulsion are the landowners and graziers. If compulsory sale has to wait on a bitter agitation, they more than the tenants, both will suffer; and in my opinion will have to pay for the delay. But both would do well to be earnest in demanding that some of the huge over-taxation of Ireland should be made available for a speedy solution of the Irish land question. It has been recently pointed out by a distinguished Irishman that in the end it injures both sides to fix rent on the tenant's improvements. The Irish tenants as a body are thoroughly honest; and if justice were done the cultivators in this matter of improvements there would be no more sympathy with a scheming tenant than with an swerving landlord. Over taxation, depopulation, wholesale eviction, confiscation of improvements, Coercion, the land question unsettled and every reform delayed, are the noxious fruits of the government of Ireland."

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

That our people are crimeless, under the operation of such an evil system is no slight evidence of their capacity to practice the restraint that becomes the exercise of self-government.

PATRICK O'DONNELL

CONDOLENCE

The following letter has been sent to Miss Mooney, 17 Grange Avenue Toronto, Sept 18, 1902. Dear Sister—On behalf of the Ladies' Auxiliary No 62 Knights of St John we wish to offer our sincere sympathy with you in your recent bereavement. Although your beloved sister has passed from your sight for a while do not grieve that she has left this life of toil, but rather pray that her soul may be happy in the presence of Almighty God. Assuring you that the Auxiliary will not forget your sister in their prayers, we remain, Yours in sympathy, M. CROWE, Fin Sec. Ladies Aux No. 62, Knights of St John

COMING TO CANADA

A London despatch says: Mr. James O'Mara, M. P., is about to leave London for Canada upon urgent business, and he has consequently been obliged to cancel all public engagements.

Thrilling Extract from a Novel—A veteran soldier fights his battles o'er again. He is telling how he was blinded by the explosion of a shell. "Ah," says he, "when I looked around me, and saw I was blind—"

FURS. If you are interested in FURS, you are cordially invited to inspect our stock, comprising the latest novelties in Jackets, Neckwear, and Ruffs. W. Kahnert, Manufacturer of High-Class Furs, 57 KING ST. WEST.

In the Matter of the Estate of Eliza McCarthy, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Widow, Deceased

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1907, cap 129, Sec. 38 and following acts, that all persons having claims against the Estate of the said Eliza McCarthy, who died on the Ninth day of June, A.D., 1902, are required to send by post prepaid, or to deliver to Messrs. McBrady & O'Connor, Solicitors for the Estate, Throssa O'Donnell at their office in the Canada Life Building, 48 King Street West, in the City of Toronto on or before the First day of October, 1902 their names, addresses and descriptions, and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature and amount thereof (if any) held by them, duly certified and that after the said day, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the decedent among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall have notice. Dated at Toronto this Nineteenth day of September, 1902. McBRADY & O'CONNOR, Solicitors for Throssa O'Donnell, the Executrix.

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Change of Time FOUR TRIPS. On and after Monday, Sept 15th, steamers will leave Yonge Street wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4 1/2 p.m. daily (except Sunday) for Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., Niagara Falls R.R. & River R.R., and Niagara Gorge R.R. JOHN FOY, Manager

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Divorce Question

For The Catholic Register.) The most important question came up for discussion at the Church of England Synod...

no room for argument. Be it a Parliament, or a court, or any other legal and administrative body, the Church does not recognize its right or its power to dissolve the marriage tie.

never that which God has joined together. My special purpose in touching upon this phase of the subject is to give to all Catholic legislators a broad hint as to the course they should take whenever a divorce question comes before them.

but failed to appear. The hearing of Messrs. Burke, Reddy, Lowry and Hogan was adjourned, and the four men were remanded to custody. Mr. Burke refused to accept bail because the others were not permitted to do so.

AN EXCELLENT FOOD, admirably adapted to the Wants of Infants. Neave's Food For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged. GOLD MEDAL, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

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

A Conductor's Conscience

The day was warm and overcast. There was no elasticity in the air. The season was spring-early spring—and it was suddenly, hot weather. The sun's rays, untempered, fell through the budding but still leafless trees with feverish intensity, making a glare upon the pavement, the balconies and roofs of the houses. The wind, which came up from the south, was still and gave no relief. It was a dry wind, charged with dust which got into people's mouths and eyes and which sported weakly with the bits of paper and the straws that lay about in odd angles and corners. Out in the country men in their shirt sleeves were planting peas in dusty rows, and bunches of blue-green garrets were thick and high in the pastures, where already the grass was waving in the fence corners. The willows were green by the brooks, and the farmers said that with rain, when it should come, the trees would burst into leaf in a day or two. But in town people were afraid to lay aside their winter garments, which were oppressive almost beyond endurance.

John Flinn, conductor of car 3198 on the People's Traction Co.'s line, always taciturn, was more than usually uncommunicative. He had a heavy, sullen face, a pair of forbidding gray eyes and a mouth shut close under his sagged, unkempt beard. It was plain at a glance that he was dull of thought, slow of apprehension and as obstinate as a mule. But, also, he was trustworthily. This last characteristic kept him in a place eagerly sought by many an apparently better man. The other men on his route felt sorry for him, a fact which he suspected and resented. Those who knew about his life might have told that his wife was a trial to him every day and that he found little pleasure in his children. There were few nights when he did not return late to find his home in disorder, the children in tears or crouching in corners away from the reach of their mother's heavy, if uncertain arm. The dinner in John's pocket was not always cooked at home. A sandwich of meat, cut in half, both from the shop at the corner, with half a pint of coffee made in the same place were his usual refreshments. But he always declined the offers of more heavily but appetizing fare from the man who took their noonday meal beside him, resenting the fact that they knew of his wife's shortcomings and gathered the fruits of their own wives' industry with a not unamiable pride.

John Flinn's route was a long one and through a most unpleasant section of the vast city. There were squares and squares of little, inadequate houses and plenty of empty, ragged lots, in some of which were impoverished stonemasons where material for other rows of miserable, cheap and unsanitary houses were being prepared by shifty stonecutters, who rarely worked for sharp contractors, who knew they were shifty. A man every other corner of many of the cross streets were grog shops of more or less flourishing character, and John often cast lowering looks at these, for were not just such places the curse of his life?

Perhaps a daily passage through one cheerful and agreeable street might have brightened the poor man's eyes, occasionally. But he had passed several years already amid those dreary surroundings and had never thought of change. He was a man who in his slow way was observant of little things, a characteristic brought with much possibility for discomfort, and he well did know every yard of his route that it was quite within the range of possibility that he would often sleep where he stood, and yet attended to his duties. That he was often exhausted from fatigue was certain, for his hours for rest were very short and his sleep often broken by his wife's dream mutterings or the crying of the baby, who was cutting her teeth with difficulty and distress to herself and her entire family.

The warm day, following a night of more than common restlessness, had found John in a very depressed and cynical humor. As he boarded his car he gazed out a deep curse, and with that he pulled the strap and of his belt strap

long to gather, cloud by cloud, spreading over the blue almost imperceptibly. Always taciturn, he grew silent, more somber of aspect, less and less responsive to the good-natured advances of his fellow-workmen. His unappetizing meals were often untasted, and he fell into the way of bringing a bottle of ale or beer instead of coffee in his dinner pail. These exhilarating beverages had not, however, the effect of cheering him at all; in fact, after a while it looked as if more than mere creature comforts of meat and drink would be needed to arrest his progress to melancholia. In old times there were days when John seemed to look out upon the world with indulgence, if not downright kindness. But of late his eyes had changed in expression and had an unseeing, introspective look, as though their powers of outward perception were lost, and he appeared to dwell in thought far away from the things which surrounded him and should have claimed his undivided attention.

It was not often, however, that he missed the fulfillment of his monotonous duties. But he performed them with the air of a somnambulist, going up and down among the people who crowded his car at certain hours, with an automatic movement which, of course, no one noticed. For was he not, with all of his kind, a mere human machine at work for the public comfort and nothing more?

Whenever he came to the corner of the narrow court where he had taken up the woman and her child he looked out eagerly, as if almost expecting she would again be there. At such times he was totally oblivious of all else. Once he actually fancied he saw her, and pulled his bell, the sound of its ring and the stopping of the car rousing him from his reverie and bringing him to himself and to a flash of anger at his own stupidity, expressed by a contemptuous spitting aside and an oath.

The weather continued to grow warmer, and this may have accounted for the dull flush that came into John Flinn's face and the unguarded, glassy eyes which flashed unnaturally if any one addressed him. Any physician of the flesh would have told him that he was suffering from malaria. His wife said he had "the spring fever," and she bought some sarsaparilla, which she drank herself, being usually consumed with thirst.

"You'd better take a day or two off, Flinn," his motorman said to him one day, and the suggestion agreed with his own ideas. Whereupon he asked for leave, and another man—one of the hundreds waiting for the chance—slipped into his place, though the "boss" promised to take him "on" when he should be fit for work.

"It looks as if Flinn was took bad with some kind of fever," said the motorman to his new comrade. "Most likely it's worryment with that wife he's got."

So John sat at home in his shirt sleeves by the front window, looking out, but as usual seeming to see nothing. Generally he had the baby in his arms or on his knee, if she would stay with him, or when her mother, washing in the yard, left it to him to get her to sleep. But often he would sit quite alone and silent, while the neighbors passing by looked at him askance.

One night his wife's brother—a worthless fellow with a turn for emotional religion—came in for a visit. He was a talkative, entertaining creature, for whom every one had a good word, although he was universally acknowledged to be "good for nothing" and, like his sister, not always sober. For this reason John did not encourage his coming and gave him but a cool welcome.

"Did you know the Jesuit Fathers is givin' a mission up at St. John's? Won't you go up, Flinn?"

John made no answer. He was brooding and did not seem to hear what was said. But the brother-in-law continued the subject, describing with great gusto the splendid sermon of the evening before, when the church was crowded.

"They're great, them Jesuits! They've a power of words, every word of 'em, but this was the most of all I ever heard. There'll be hundreds of pledges took again the drink when his preachin' over."

"Will you take the pledge, Barney?" asked his sister, curiously.

"I will, be replied."

"Then it'll be the tenth time, to my knowin', that you've took it!" she commented, snidingly.

When the visitor was gone John got up an, putting on his coat and hat, went after him to the church, arriving in the middle of the sermon.

Patiently standing in a corner he waited until the preacher had finished, and then, cleverly threading his way through the crowd, he managed to reach the door of the sacristy at the same time with the priest and to whisper quickly a word in his ear. "Come to confession. My box is the first one from the door," was the reply.

But John shook his head and followed the priest until they reached a quiet spot. Then he said: "I've a thing I'd like to have settled if you've got a little time. It'll not take long."

The good man, though weary led the way to a room, where he sat himself down to examine the curious human study before him.

"You're not well," he began.

"No, I'm not well. But I'm strong enough most times for what I've got to do."

Then he began in a queer, rambling way to tell of a thing he had done. "It was nothin', just nothin' at all. It's not as if I done a real sin. Many a worse thing I've got back of it, and no worriment to speak of. But it sticks to my mind like a splinter, and I want to be shut out of it, and I know I'll get no rest till I tell it to some one who'll understand and not dog me about when once it's but."

The priest folded his hands and looked at John from under his eyebrows. All this was an old story to him.

"It it's a sin you have on your soul, why not come to confession and make the one telling of it and save your time and mine?"

"It's no sin," replied John, doggedly.

Then he told of the woman with her child; how he had taken her up where she stood, instead of making her walk to the next corner according to rule; how he had passed her by without taking her fare. He smiled with his eyes down and cast aside, as if there were a flavor in the story sweet to his memory.

It was such a trifle that the priest was astonished and about to smile himself, when his eye met the upward challenging flash in John's eye. Then he asked:

"But you know, of course, my man, that, while your motive was a charitable one, your act was wrong."

"Dishonest, you mean? She was poor and sick, tired and hungry. That was her last dollar. How do you suppose she come by it? Where do you judge she was going? I think of her all the time. Maybe he beats her and the child."

"It was right to be sorry for her, but—"

"But you think I was wrong to leave her pass. Which do you think could best bear the weight of that lost five-cent fare, the woman, poor like that and weak and helpless, or the great, big, selfish corporation?"

John's voice was deep and his words fell like blows.

"You had no right to judge of that. You know it as well as I do. It was stealing."

"Five cents!" exclaimed John, contemptuously.

"It would have been stealing had it been but one cent."

John shook his head stubbornly.

"Do you think one of them rich, fine folks that makes up the company would ever miss it?" he asked, with withering contempt.

"That's not the point as between you and your conscience. You cannot dictate to any one the amount of charity he shall give, nor give in charity for another without his knowledge and consent. Least of all are you in a position to dictate to the company which employs you or to contribute to charity out of that company's pocket."

"I'm glad I let her pass!" muttered John. "She might have been the Blessed Mother herself. I've many a time since thought she was. Why should I have stooped like that in the middle of the square for a common woman? I never done it before—never. She just stood there, helpless like, looking up at me, and I stooped like a shot and took her up. The Blessed Mother has appeared to other people, and maybe she comes like that just to try me. If she ever gets on my car again, whether she's just a poor woman or not (and I hope she will come, if she's not the Blessed Mother with her Son come to try me), I'll do the same thing again. I tell you, father, I couldn't

break that dollar bill, and I'm glad I didn't do it."

The priest watched him in silence. He waited for the excitement to fade out of his face. There was a look of exhaustion there that was not accounted for and showed the man incapable at that time of reasonable argument.

John, having spoken, sat brooding in his place. Suddenly the priest asked: "Why didn't you pay the woman's fare out of your own pocket?"

John looked up slowly, as though with difficulty putting aside his own thoughts to take in the meaning of the words he heard.

"A man with as kind a heart as you have should not be too mean to give his share."

Like a slowly kindling light in a place that was in darkness the face of John Flinn lost its haggard look. Rising to his feet he exclaimed, a ring of absolute joy in his voice: "O Lord! I never thought of it!"

True to his word, the "boss" gave his place to John Flinn when he reported "fit for duty" a few days later. His rest had evidently "done him good," for he had resumed his old appearance, never a very cheerful one, but subject to occasional flashes of amiability, and, at least, of toleration of the world at large. The morning he returned to work he was even cheerful, and his first act as he boarded his car and gave the signal to "start her up" was to transfer a nickel from one coat pocket to the other, and then to pull the strap that registers a fare.—E. Barnett Esler in The Irish Montly

SMALL ACTS.

We do not know the far-reaching influence of small acts. We perform a deed of simple honesty, justice, pity, helpfulness, and straightway forgot it, we do not think of the mustard seed which is to grow out of the smallest of seeds. It is said that the fuchsia was introduced into England by a sailor boy who brought it from a foreign clime as a present for his mother, she exposed it in her modest window, it became an attraction, and that plant pioneered all the fuchsias in the country. How little that sailor boy knew what he was doing! He did far more than he thought. He has gladdened thousands of eyes and hearts. If he could come back today, and see his plant blooming on the window sills of the poor, in the gardens of the rich in the conservatories of connoisseurs, how surprised and gladdened he would be! If he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what shall be said of him who makes a million plants bloom where only one bloomed before? So we perform nameless acts of kindness, forbearance and equity, we speak fugitive words of truthfulness and courtesy, and these have a self-propagating power and go on reproducing themselves in endless harvests.—W. L. Watkinson, D.D.

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 cough, and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balm loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

AN IDOLATER

The baby has no skies, But mother's eyes; Nor any God above, But mother's love;

His angel sees the Father's face, But he the mother's full of grace; And yet the heavenly kingdom is Of such as this.

—J. B. Tabb in Evangelist.

Husband (mildly)—

 You should remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived, was a man who (impatently)—Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of that man Job. Just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to put up with such a man.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

BETTY'S VICTORY.

Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own falls - boarding herself, walking home on Friday nights, making one gown do for Sundays and weekdays, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of forgotten fashion - and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturdays before graduation Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive and conscious only of that joy - save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit to-morrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in his buggy driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see that his face was grave.

"Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with measles. Mother is ailing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby - my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!"

"O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes."

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had a course of emergency lessons there and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

"I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty," he said. "I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other girls and boys to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and 'found'!"

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincidence, too, that the subject of that same essay had been, "Victory in Defeat."

- Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

There lived one time a poor widow who had seven children, and all must eat; so the poor mother had to go out to work all day, and only in winter evenings she could spin and weave shirts for her children that they might not go naked. Each child had but one shirt, and when the largest had outgrown his, it went to the next in size. So it happened that the shirt that came to the youngest was always so thin that the sun shone through it.

The child was a happy little fellow, four years old, who had a wondrous love for animals and flowers. Whenever he saw a lamb he ran to find fragrant leaves to feed it, when he found a young bird that had fallen from the nest, he carried it home and fed it till it was grown then let it fly away. He was fond of the spiders, too, and when he found one in the house he would carry it outdoors, saying: "This little creature shall also live." But one time his shirt had become so thin and old that it fell from his body, and as it was summer his mother had to go to her day's work, and she could not make him another. So he ran about just as the dear God had made him.

One day as he was hunting for berries in the forest he met a Lamb, which looked so kindly at him and said: "Where is your little shirt?" The little boy answered sadly: "I have none and my mother cannot make me one till next winter. But no, the new one will be for my oldest sister and mine will be the old one. Oh, if I only once could have a new shirt!" Then the Lamb said: "I am sorry for you; I will give you my wool and you can have a new shirt made of it." So the Lamb pulled off his wool and gave it to the little boy.

As he now passed by a thorn bush with his wool the Bush called: "What are you carrying there?" "Wool," said the little boy, "to make me a shirt." "Give it to me," said the bush; "I will card it for you." The boy gave his wool to the bush, which passed its thorny branches to and fro and carded the wool most beautifully. "Carry it carefully," cried the Bush, "so that you do not spoil it!"

So he carried the soft rolls along till he saw the web of a spider, and the spider sat in the middle of it and cried to him: "Give me your wool, little one. I will spin the threads and weave them. I see already how it is." Then the spider began and worked busily with his little feet and spun and wove the finest piece of cloth you ever saw and gave it to the child, who trotted merrily along until he came to the brook, and there sat a Crab, who called out: "Where so fast? What are you carrying there?" "Cloth," said the little boy, "for a new shirt."

"Then you came to the right one," said the Crab. "Let me take your cloth." And he took it and with his great shears cut out a little shirt very nicely. "There, little one," he said, "all that remains is to have it sewed."

Then the boy took it and went on sadly, for he was afraid that even then he could not have his new shirt till next winter, when his mother would have time to sew. But pretty soon he saw a little bird sitting on a bush, and the bird twittered: "Wait, little one, let me make your shirt." So the bird took a long thread, flew back and forth, working with his little beak, till the shirt was sewed together. "Now," said the bird, "you have as nice a shirt as one could have."

And the little boy put it on and ran happily home to show it to his sisters and brothers, and they all said they had never seen a nicer one.

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CARDINAL MORAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE AUSTRALIAN IRISH.

Speaking to the Urban Council of Letterkenny on Sept 7, Cardinal Moran paid the following hearty tribute to the Irish in Australia:

"I beg to assure you that in the distant land of Australia you will find your brothers and your sisters quickened by the very same spirit that quickens you at home, and I would venture even to say that the Irishmen in Australia and the daughters of Ireland there are animated by a more ardent spirit of enthusiasm for the land of their fathers than the most ardent and enthusiastic sons of Ireland at home (cheers). As an old Bishop and an old Irishman, I may perhaps be permitted to give a few words of exhortation to you (hear, hear). Those words will be, preserve unbroken that union which cements the hearts of your people and the hearts of your clergy (cheers). That union is the pledge of every blessing that Heaven can bestow, and so long as that union remains it will be impossible for any enemy of Ireland, no matter who he may be, to overcome the courage and devotedness and the self-sacrifice of Ireland's sons (cheers). It may be asked what will be done with those who would sow dissension amongst you. I would recommend you to take some island in your beautiful Lough Swilly, to prepare a comfortable hermitage there, to equip the hermitage with plenty of bread and water, and to give that as the portion of those who would sow dissension amongst you (laughter, and applause). Australia will pray that every success may attend the champions of Ireland's faith and of Ireland's freedom. In the same way you will pray that those blessings of faith and the true love of country may be the heritage of the sons of Ireland in Australia. You may rest assured that wherever the scattered Gaels may be found in Canada, in the United States, in Australia, from them one united prayer shall ascend day by day, and that prayer shall be that every grievance under which Ireland suffers may be redressed, and that Ireland's sons, Ireland's Bishops, and Ireland's priests may remain united in one invincible phalanx until Ireland becomes, as she is destined to be, the most beautiful island of the ocean, and the happiest and the holiest island of the Western world." (Loud cheers).

A PLEASANT MEDICINE -

There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmele's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

THE HEADMAN'S AXE RESERVED FOR IRELAND.

Among the relics preserved in Newgate Prison, which is on the eve of demolition, is, we are told, "the traitor's axe," supplied to Newgate very many years ago, but still unstained with blood. It has never been used, in fact, because an ancient law, providing that the body of a person executed for high treason shall be afterwards decapitated has not been enforced. That "ancient law" has, however, been enforced in Ireland to give one memorable illustration. Mr. John Fisher wrote to Dr. Madden the following account of Robert Emmet's execution, which he has incorporated in his "United Irishmen": "I saw poor Emmet executed, and immediately before his execution saw him put his hand in his pocket and pull out some silver and some halfpence, which he handed the executioner. The execution took place at the corner of the lane at St. Catherine's Church, in Thomas street, and he died without a struggle. He was immediately beheaded by a table lying on the temporary scaffold. The table was then brought down to the market house, opposite John Street, and left there against the wall exposed to public view for about two days. It was a deal table, like a common kitchen table - Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Tuner -

Your daughter left word that I should call and repair your piano Mr. Binks - What's wrong with it? Tuner - She says three strings are broken. Mr. Binks (confidentially) - Say, here's a dollar. Break the rest of them.

Mother - I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with on the street. You must not play with bad little boys, you know. Son - Oh, he's a good little boy, mamma! He's a good little boy. He's been to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of his good behavior.

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WE HAVE ON HAND a few hundred copies of "THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO," 1902, which we have been giving away as a **PREMIUM** to paid-up subscribers of our paper. Any of our readers who have not as yet procured a copy of same, may have a copy free by sending us 10c. (ten cents) for postage, etc., together with their name and post office address. Postage alone costs 5 cents. The Catholic Almanac bears the endorsement of:

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Well Made.

Pure flour and pure yeast do not necessarily mean good bread. It may be spoiled in the making. Just so; material is not everything. Prof. W. Hodgson Mills, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap."

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is weaker-The Live Stock Trade-Latest Quotations. Tuesday Evening, Sept. 23.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The receipts of grain and other farm products on the local street market to-day were quite liberal considering the fact that the farmers have been busy with the harvest at this season. Prices were generally steady for grain, eggs, butter and poultry.

There was a good demand for nearly all classes of stock at the Toronto Cattle Market to-day and the market was well supported. The demand was heavy and a great many poor cattle were offered. Everything was sold, however, the only exception being the lower grades.

Export Cattle-Trade was active and everything was sold at steady prices. The market is in good condition and all the offerings are being readily taken up. There is in the common run grades.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Sept. 23.-Cattle-Receipts 6,000, including 2,000 head of western steers; steady, good to prime steers, nominal at \$7.50 to \$8.50; poor to medium, \$4.50 to \$7; stockers and feeders, \$4.50 to \$7.50; cows, \$1.50 to \$4.50; heifers, \$2.50 to \$3.50; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.25 to \$3.50; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.50; sheep, \$3 to \$4.50; western steers, \$3.75 to \$5; hogs-Receipts, 7,000; tomorrow, 20,000; light, \$7 to \$8; heavy, \$7 to \$8; mixed and butchers, \$7.35 to \$7.50; good to choice heavy, \$7.50 to \$8; rough, \$7 to \$7.50; light, \$7 to \$7.50; sheep-Receipts, 22,000; sheep and lambs firm; good to choice western, \$3.75 to \$4.50; fall to choice mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.50; native lambs, \$3.00 to \$3.50.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. Buffalo, Sept. 23.-Cattle-Receipts, 4,000 head; nothing doing; veals steady, \$8 to \$9; stockers and feeders, \$4.50 to \$7.50; cows, \$1.50 to \$4.50; heifers, \$2.50 to \$3.50; calves, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2.25 to \$3.50; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.50; sheep, \$3 to \$4.50; western steers, \$3.75 to \$5; hogs-Receipts, 7,000; tomorrow, 20,000; light, \$7 to \$8; heavy, \$7 to \$8; mixed and butchers, \$7.35 to \$7.50; good to choice heavy, \$7.50 to \$8; rough, \$7 to \$7.50; light, \$7 to \$7.50; sheep-Receipts, 22,000; sheep and lambs firm; good to choice western, \$3.75 to \$4.50; fall to choice mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.50; native lambs, \$3.00 to \$3.50.

London, Sept. 23.-Wheat, on passage, rather firm. Corn, on passage, quiet. Yesterday's wheat, English count, markets of yesterday quiet and steady; French wheat, Sept. 23.-Wheat firm; September, 48c; January and April, 50c. Flour, 27c; September, 28c; January and April, 27c. Antwerp, Sept. 23.-No. 2 red winter, 38c.

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Agents Wanted to Sell Michael Davitt's Great Book 'The Boer Fight for Freedom'.

HAMILTON WEDDING.

Hamilton, Sept. 2.-At St. Lawrence's Church this morning Rev. Father Brady performed the ceremony which united in marriage Mr. Archie F. McGowan to Miss Minnie C. Kavanagh, both of this city.

The bridesmaid was Miss Maggie Kavanagh, sister of the bride, and the groomsmen were Joseph J. Harris. The bride was charmingly gowned in white serge and the bridesmaid was becomingly gowned in green with chiffon trimmings. After the ceremony, which was witnessed by a very large crowd, a reception was held at the home of the bride's father, 525 North Catharine street, after which the guests retired to the lawn, where a musical programme was rendered. Such well known artists took part as Misses Maggie Kavanagh, L. Callahan, N. O'Neill, Misses Nellie, Grace and Lily Kenny, Thomas J. Murphy, P. J. McGowan, Thomas Kavanagh. The young couple left for Montreal and eastern points. They will reside in the city.

MARRIED IN THE IRISH TONGUE

A marriage of unique interest was celebrated in the Catholic Church, Dockhead, London, last week, when for the first time in England for several hundred years the ceremony was performed in the Irish tongue. The parties were Mr. John O'Keane, who for the past three years has acted as hon. secretary to the London Gaelic League, and Miss Kathleen Dinneen, a young lady very popular in Gaelic circles here, where her singing of Irish songs has been much appreciated. The celebrant on the occasion was the Rev. M. Moloney, also a prominent member of the Gaelic League in London, and those present at the ceremony included almost every leading worker in the language movement here. Except in those portions where Latin is strictly prescribed by the Church, the service was conducted entirely in Irish.

THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By Michael Davitt. 603 pp. Profusely illustrated. 4th issue. This is the first authentic history of the Boer War. Price (Special) \$2.25. Express Prepaid. West Side Catholic Book Store, 402 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO. Phone Park 322.

ASK THE PAINTERS

What They Use for Backache, Kidney Pains and Stomach Troubles Common to Their Trade. Many Say Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

On account of the continual strain of reaching, stooping and twisting the body, the painter frequently suffers from backache and kidney pains. Then along with this the breathing of poison from the paints tends to upset the digestive organs and derange the kidneys, liver and bowels. You scarcely meet a painter who does not suffer more or less from these ailments, and very many of them have learned that no treatment is so prompt in removing their troubles as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. B. H. Barnaby, painter in the D.R.A. shops, Kentville, N. S., states: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for a number of years, whenever I would get constipated and suffer from kidney pains and derangements of the digestive system, and know of many others who have also used them for similar troubles. I can join with others in pronouncing them an excellent medicine. When constipated I find one pill sufficient to set me right, and am never without a box of these pills in the house. I consider them the best medicine I ever used."

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

Editor Catholic Register: I read with much interest in your last week's issue the able editorial headed "To Work," and those two words were indeed most aptly chosen. And it was with great pleasure that I read that The Register was receiving words of encouragement and appreciation for the stand it has taken in this important movement, for I cannot but sometimes think that many of our Catholic people fail to appreciate the efforts made and put forth for their betterment by an able Canadian Catholic press, and that we fail to give our Catholic papers that support which they deserve. Your strong appeal for a leader to come forth and lead the Catholic Temperance Canadian Army will surely touch and reach the heart of some one capable of filling that high and noble position, as you truly say: "There never has been a time when the opportunity did not call forth a leader." And it is an undeniable fact that we do need a leader in this proposed Catholic Temperance Movement, and as a humble member of the rank and file of the Catholic Church, I have every confidence that that leader will be found either in our beloved Bishops or priests, for no one more than they know the need of, and the good that cannot but come from a race of temperance men and women. As you say, Cardinal Moran is now preaching the good cause in Ireland, who, among us, will follow his example and preach it in Canada? Might I venture to suggest the name of him who has been so successful at Peterborough, the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, for owing to his success there, and at the recent conference of Catholic international temperance workers, his name is to-day a household word in many Catholic homes all over Canada, and is held in the highest esteem and respect by many who a short time ago did not know of him, the writer included.

There are to-day, Mr. Editor, among the Catholic clergy of this Province many able, bright, pious, holy and brilliant men, quite capable of leading to success this movement. Many thousands of Catholic laymen, fathers of families and others, are waiting and anxious to see it started. Many thousands of others are no doubt indifferent about it, but all must admit that naught but good can come of it, for as you truly say, in the editorial referred to: "The cause of temperance is at present neglected." Come forth then we say, ye men capable of being leaders-and lead us on-pardon me, if I repeat what I stated in a former letter: "The harvest is great, but the reapers are few."

Yours sincerely, A CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

The public bodies throughout Ireland continue to express their veneration for Leo XIII. Within the last week more than fifty public boards have adopted resolutions of congratulation on his jubilee, and each day adds to the number. The presentation of those resolutions to the Holy Father will be an important feature in the proceedings of the Irish Jubilee Pilgrimage.

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