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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. X. No. 3

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## The "Roman Sphinx"

(Written for The Catholic Register by Canadensis.)

A week or so ago I came upon a recently published pamphlet, in which the late Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge, Wells, at Leeds, England, is quoted as having compared the Catholic Church to the Sphinx. "On the seven hills of Rome sets a religious Sphinx as enigmatical and mysterious as the famed structure by the Nile." This appeared to me, at first sight, a very peculiar and unjust comparison; but, as I have not had the advantage of reading the context in the late Canon's sermon, I presume that he merely wished to be poetical in order to give effect to whatever adverse criticisms of the Catholic Church he was then making. Still, on reflection, I discovered that there really is a certain similarity between the Church and the Egyptian monument—but I doubt very much if any comparison would run on the same lines as that which the Reverend Canon must have instituted. It is unnecessary for me to state for the readers of The Catholic Register what the famous Sphinx really is. The story has been told times out of mind.

Crouching, as it were, on the confines of the desert, and gazing steadily out over the vast undulations of sand that race, wave upon wave, to the rim of the Oriental horizon, that vast structure, with its stony glance, its unaltered features, has thus watched, unmoved, throughout the long space of unnumbered centuries. Generation followed generation, age succeeded age, cycle rolled over cycle, Kingdoms, Empires, Republics were born, sprang into power, flourished for a period, crumbled to decay, vanished for all time, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence upon the face of earth, and all the while immutable, silent, mysterious, the Sphinx remained—as men see it to-day—looking out upon the burning expanse, apparently waiting for some long-expected apparition. Caravan after caravan passed under its shadow, moving out into the solitude of the desert, disappearing below the unbroken horizon. The legions of Cambyses rested at its base, and the battalions of Napoleon rushed to victory within range of its vision—a mighty span from the remotest antiquity down to what we might call the present. And all these have come and gone, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mohammedan, the Crusader, the conquering Corsican, the very heroes of yesterday, and the giant phantoms that loom out of the misty past; still the Sphinx remains, as perfect, as solid, as wonderful, as when the last touch of its unknown constructor completed its monumental perfection.

Most rightly, in this sense, might the learned Canon have compared the Catholic Church to the Egyptian Sphinx. The immutability, the unchanging and unchangeable nature, the defiance of time, the stability amidst ruins, and the immortality amidst vanishing institutions fashioned by man, all of which constitute characteristic of

the Catholic Church, in a material sense may be accorded to the hoary Sphinx. On the vein of that vast desert of nineteen hundred years the Church gazes calmly over the shifting sands, taking in every object that came or went within the circumference of the horizon—which horizon begins at the point where the sunrise of Redemption illumined space, and ends where at some unknown date, a generation of the future will behold the sunset of Time.

What wonderful caravans has not that "Roman Sphinx" beheld moving over those sands, arising out of the distance, drawing closer to view, passing steadily onward, and finally vanishing forever in the haze of oblivion?

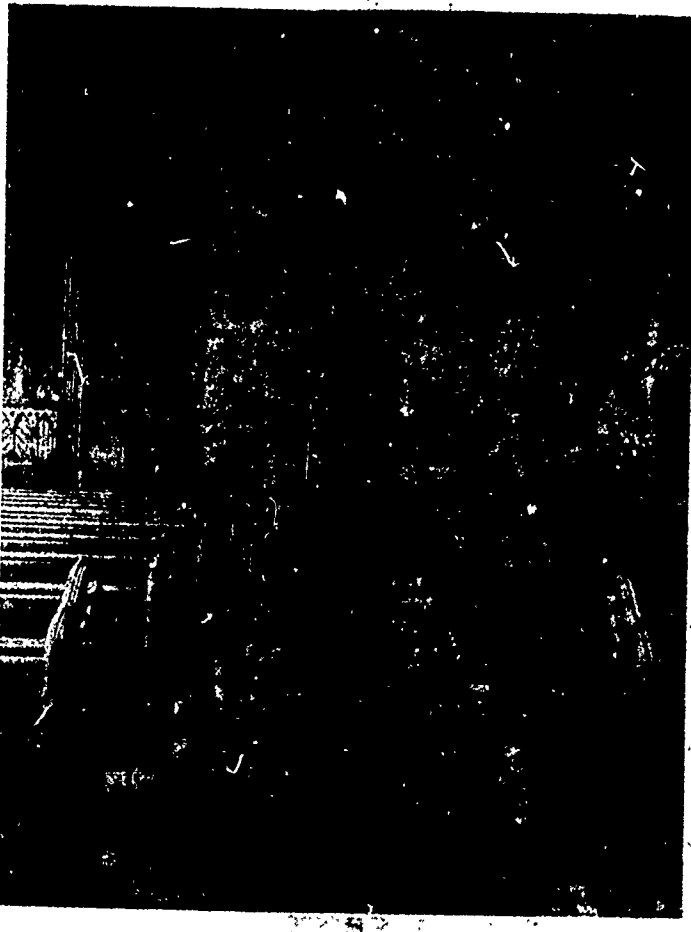
The fires lit by the hand of Nero; the fangs of the wild beasts in the Flavian Amphitheatre; the javelin of the Saracins; the sword of the Goth; the Hun, the Vandal; the stake of the savage; the rille of the Illuminate; every imaginable weapon of destruction battered and slashed the adamant proportions of that "Roman Sphinx," and yet it stands erect, powerful as ever, solid as when founded by the constructive omnipotence of Divinity. Wave after wave of fragmentary Christianity has undulated over that desert expanse, has circled around the base of that unique structure, and has disappeared to leave the giant of ages still gazing into futurity, still repeating the unbroken and unchangeable story of the past.

It is thus that I have discovered a comparison that might possibly have been instituted between the Catholic Church and the Sphinx. It was away back in the days when O'Connell was gradually framing the great work of Emancipation, that the Protestant Irish orator, Charles Phillips, addressed the Catholics of Cork on the very subject that has thus been suggested to my mind. He had a grand command of language, and like a host of other Protestant Irishmen, from Grattan to Davis, he was imbued with a deep love for his people and animated with a liberal spirit of justice in regard to his Catholic fellow-countrymen. On that occasion he thus referred to that Church, which the Reverend Canon Hoare regarded as a Sphinx. "I behold your church, to-day rising sublimely, like the last mountain of the deluge, solid in its foundations, magnificent in its proportions, divine in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the broken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the debris by which it is surrounded.

Men may differ, and differ honestly, on questions of faith; but when it comes to the steady and impartial contemplation of the past, no mind can ignore the traditional stability and the unchanging characteristics of the Catholic Church. In that astounding march down the avenue of centuries do we see one of the strongest evidences of the divine commission which she claims to alone possess. This aspect of Catholicity has impressed the greatest thinkers of the non-Catholic world in almost every land and every age. It challenged the admiration of Macaulay when least inclined to favor the adherents of a Faith that he was forced to declare sublime. Like the Sphinx that Church belongs to the Past, to the Present and to the Future. Turning, then, from the Sphinx, and Canon Hoare, and all comparisons that might or might not be constructed, I will leave the subject with a quotation from one of Denis Florence McCarthy's inimitable lyrics:

"The Past shines clear and pleasant,  
 There is glory in the Present,  
 And the Future, like a crescent,  
 Lights the deepening sky of Time;  
 And that sky will yet grow brighter,  
 If the Worker and the Writer,  
 And the Sceptre and the Mitre,  
 Join in sacred bonds sublime—  
 With two glories shining o'er them,  
 Up the coming years they'll climb  
 Earth's great evening, as its prime."

IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever uses it will not be without it.



INTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

### Sir William Hingston

Sir William Hingston has been honored at his home in Montreal by a large number of his confreres and friends, who have presented him with a very handsomely framed oil painting of himself.

The occasion was the celebration of his professional jubilee and was rendered more momentous by the fact that every one concedes to Sir William a first place in the ranks of the profession he has so long and faithfully adorned. A graduate of McGill University in 1851 and of the University of Surgery of Edinburgh in 1852. Since that time he has been intimately connected with the progress of medicine throughout the country. He organized the first Board of Health in the Dominion, was president of the Canadian Medical Association, is an honorary D. C. L. of Bishop's College University, an honorary LL. D. of Victoria University, Toronto, and a vice-president of the Montreal branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

Among those present were: Rev. Father Quinlivan, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Mr. Justice J. J. Curran, Mr. Justice Purcell, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Hackett, Dr. Harrison, H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; Frank J. Curran, W. E. Doran, Frank Hart, Charles F. Smith, Michael Burke, W. McNally, F. Casey, J. H. Semple, T. P. Tansey, B. J. Coghlin, Walter Kavanagh, P. Wright, M. Hicks, P. McCrory, H. J. McKeown, Frank Donovan, Jas. Rogers, Mr. Colin Forbes and Dr. Curran.

On behalf of the subscribers, Rev. Father Quinlivan presented an address and made the presentation. In the course of his remarks, the Rev. Father referred to the pleasure it afforded Sir William's confreres, fellow-citizens and co-religionists to be able to take advantage of the present occasion to offer him a slight token of their esteem. His name was high among his colleagues, not only in Canada, but in the United States and Europe. He had received marks of honor from the Supreme Pontiff, their late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, and the Federal Government. But long before these honors came he had won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and they were pleased to give him what had been considered by all who had seen it, a perfect portrait.

In his reply, Sir William said that it would be affectation not to say he was deeply touched by the testimonial that their sentiment rather than their judgment had suggested, and by the eloquent and feeling address which Father Quinlivan had read. He had not anticipated so kind and formal a speech, so that he could not reply categorically to their points, but he could not pass over what had been said about the poor. It was a satisfaction to him now, and he hoped it would be a consolation to him at the end to know that he had never refused to respond at any hour of the day or night to the call of the poorest citizen. As to the portrait, he thought he could in justice say that the artist, Mr. J. Colin Forbes, had refused to flatter him or leave out as much as one vertical line. Above all things else, however, he wished to tender his sincere thanks to the committee and large number of subscribers for the delicate compliment they had paid him, in presenting such a beautiful portrait to himself and his family.

The subscribers were afterwards entertained by Sir William and Lady Hingston.

### Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union

The second meeting of the delegates from the Catholic Literary Clubs of the city took place in St. Mary's Club Rooms last Sunday. The following delegates from the different clubs were present: St. Mary's, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue and Mr. W. H. Johnston; St. Clement's, Mr. W. McGuire and Mr. W. H. Gough; St. Joseph's (Leslieville) Mr. R. J. Heaney and Mr. J. N. O'Connor; Catholic Students, Mr. S. B. Henderson and Mr. B. F. Quinnlan; St. Peter's, Mr. R. Walsh and Mr. J. Shanley, and St. Basil's, Mr. M. G. Kernahan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan. The following programme of debates was arranged:

Series A.—St. Mary's vs. St. Joseph's Subject: Resolved that Departmental Stores are for the best interests of the People. St. Mary's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in St. Mary's Hall on February 4th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series B.—Catholic Student's Union vs. St. Peter's. Subject: Resolved that the Permanent Connection of the Colonies with the Mother Country is Desirable. St. Peter's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in the Student's Club Rooms on February 11th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series C.—St. Basil's vs. St. Clement's. Subject: Resolved that a Total Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic is in the best interest of the Country. St. Clement's take the affirmative. Debate to be held in St. Clement's Club Rooms on February 18th, 1902, at 8 p.m.

Series D.—Not yet arranged. The winners of A will meet the winners of C, and the winners of B and D will meet. The final will be between the winners of these two series and will decide the championship. These debates will be public and everyone is invited to attend them. The judges will be three prominent Catholics, who will be chosen for each debate.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

### St. Mary's C. L. & A.

The last regular meeting was presided over by Mr. C. J. Read, and Mr. J. B. Covic acted as secretary.

Messrs. Walsh and Shanley were present, representing St. Peter's Literary and Debating Society, and Messrs. Henderson and Quinnlan the Student's Union, in connection with the Inter-Catholic Debating Union, the formation of which will soon be accomplished. St. Clement's Club, St. Basil's and St. Joseph's, Leslieville, were also represented.

On Tuesday evening a lecture was delivered in the rooms of the association by Dr. T. F. McMahon, which was much appreciated by the members.

The annual re-union in the form of a banquet will be held at an early date.

The St. Aloysius Club have been invited to attend the next meeting.

Condolences were extended to Mr. J. L. Sharkey and Mr. A. J. Curran on the occasion of the recent bereavements in their families.

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## The Late Father Flannery

We take the following sketch of the life of the late Father Flannery from The Dublin Freeman's Journal:

We regret to have to announce the death of the Very Rev. Wm. Flannery, D. D., P. P., Dean of Windsor, Ontario, which sad event took place at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh Delany, C. B. G., Borrisokane. Dr. Flannery came of a good old Irish family which for many generations has given generously of its sons and daughters to the service of the Church. Born in Nenagh, County Tipperary, in 1830, from his earliest years he felt a call to priesthood, and he was only fifteen when he left his native land for France to enter the College at Annoney, to prepare for Holy Orders. He commenced his studies with the intention of being ordained for the diocese of Killaloe; but at the age of twenty-two he volunteered for the Canadian Mission, and in 1853 he was ordained a priest in Toronto by Bishop De Charbonnell. During the months of his probation Dr. De Charbonnell had formed so high an opinion of his ability and learning that he appointed him professor in St. Michael's College, Toronto. He remained teaching there for seven years, until his health broke down, and he received permission to come back to Ireland. He was too zealous a worker to make holiday for long, thus shortly after his return to Nenagh the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan appointed him to the Curacy of Toomevara, and he might have remained on the home mission to the end of his days, had not Dr. Vaughan's successor, another Dr. Flannery, recognizing his eloquence and energy, sent him to the States to quest for the funds of a cathedral which he intended to build in Nenagh. Before he sailed for America his fellow-countrymen gave a banquet in his honor, and the list of those present reads like the roll-call of a past generation—the generation of vigorous Irish manhood that sprang up after Catholic Emancipation—and amongst them stands out the historic figure of the Rev. John Kenyon, close friend of the immortal John Mitchell, and the names of men whose personality is indissolubly linked with every public movement in Nenagh in "The brave days of old." Anthony Nolan, Daniel Flannery, Hugh Delany, Jas. Roche, Martin Corbett, James Hanley, etc., etc., and all those who assembled to give the Soggarth Aroon a royal Irish send-off have gone before him, signed with the sign of Faith, and verily with this venerable priest has passed away the last link between the Young Ireland A. M. Sullivan wrote of and Ireland of to-day.

Shortly after Father Flannery's arrival in the States the Federal war broke out and upset all his arrangements; and it was reserved for the present reverend Dean of Killaloe, the Very Rev. Dr. White, to successfully carry through the arduous work of building a new church in Nenagh.

Meantime Father Flannery returned to Canada, and was appointed parish priest of Streetsville, where he remained until the consecration of Bishop Walsh, in 1867, when he removed with him to London. He remained with Dr. Walsh for two years, during which time he did a large amount of collecting in all parts of the diocese and assisted in materially reducing the enormous debt which the Bishop formed on his accession in 1859 he took charge of the parish of Amherstburg, where he labored successfully until October, 1870, when he was sent to St. Thomas to build up the flock in the Faith and the church in its finances. Shortly after his arrival the pressing necessity for larger quarters was felt, and on July 2nd, 1871, the cornerstone of the present fine church was laid by the late Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and so successfully did the zealous parish priest press forward the work that the church was consecrated November 10th, 1872. The schoolhouse and residence of the Sisters of St. Joseph, which adjoined the church, and the new cemetery of ten acres, are amongst the benefactions for which the good people of St. Thomas are indebted to Dr. Flannery's indefatigable zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of his flock.

Arduous as these labors were, Dr. Flannery still found time for a deal of literary work. He was writing in his support of the Catholic press, and from time to time helped to edit the leading Catholic

journals in Canada. A leading article, a tender hymn, a humorous versatile pen, thus his wholesome influence on Catholic home-life was deep and widespread, and not the least of the kindly memories he leaves behind him is the recollection of his ready sympathy with struggling journalists. His interest in all public questions touching on religion or morality was keen and vigorous. Thus burdened as he was with parish work, he plunged into the agitation on the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act (Canada), and triumphantly refuted the calumnies which the Rev. B. F. Austin and a clique of Toronto Orangemen industriously circulated about that much-abused Order. The series of able letters, in which Dr. Flannery exposed the lies of this representative of these bigots, have been compiled into a neat pamphlet, and they might be very seasonably republished now by the Catholic Truth Society, for the same old lies are being unscrupulously resuscitated in English papers to stir up public feeling against the Jesuits, who have been expelled by an infidel Government from France.

In recognition of his services to Catholic truth, the Georgetown College, Washington, conferred on Father Flannery the degree of Doctor of Divinity; but, with all his devotion to the land of his adoption, he remained ever an Irish patriot. We find him one of the delegates to the General Convention of Irishmen who foregathered in Dublin in 1896 from every quarter of the globe to promote the cause of National Unity. It was a day of mingled sorrow and rejoicing when their beloved pastor was raised to the Deanery of Windsor. Dr. Flannery entered on the duties of his new parish with the ardor and the zeal of a spirit ever young. Nor could he be got to understand until his health broke down that Nature has set a limit to the work that men of three score years and ten can do. Even then he would have remained at his post, but in obedience to the wishes of his Bishop he consented to take a sea voyage in the hope of recovering his strength. God willed otherwise, and called him "home." After a brief sojourn in his native land, surrounded by loving friends, his pure soul whose life had been devoted to "the love and worship of God, the love and service of his neighbor," passed to its reward, R. I. P.

### Without the Pale of the Church

When we believe that outside of the Church there is no salvation, we do not express a despairing judgment as to the eternal future of the millions who are not counted as Catholics. The fervor of Christianity is the warmth of charity, not the warmth of hell fire. How many will be damned we do not know. It is no pleasure to us to think that any considerable number will.

We gain no access of spiritual life in convincing ourselves of the total depravity of the majority. Without detracting in the least from the duty of seeking the truth and finding it, without any disposition to fall into the indolent moral feeling that a man's life, not his faith, determines his salvation, we realize nevertheless that there are many who are living right "according to their lights" outside of the visible communion of the Catholic Church. They are of "the invisible church," and what their number may be we cannot judge. We hope it is large. Some members of the visible church may not be saved. Many members of the invisible will be. But is all right living is based on right principles the faith in which men live and die should ever be made a matter of supreme importance.—Catholic School Journal.

### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SON OF ST. PATRICK.

New York, Jan. 8. — President Roosevelt was elected an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at the quarterly meeting of the society just held. It is probable that he will be invited to attend the annual dinner of the society on March 17 next.

### CONDOLENCE.

I C B U Branch No. 9 (St. Agnes) passed a resolution of condolence on the death of Mrs. Bellmore, mother of Miss M. Bellmore and sister of Mrs. Cross. Also on the death of Mr. J. Keilher, brother of Mrs. Bateman.

**DINEEN'S**  
**A NEW YEAR SALE**  
 This is a special sale of fur garments which have been delayed in our work rooms by the press of Christmas orders. It is necessary that we move them on, and we intend to do so at these low prices:

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- 9 Mink Capes, very handsome and rare, 30 to 33 inches long, \$20.00 to \$35.00.
- 36 No. 1 Electric Seal Jackets, beautifully finished, heavy brown satin lining, large collars and revers, \$30.00.
- 24 Unbeared Electric Seal Jackets, 22 and 24 in. long, \$25.00.
- 12 Electric Seal Jackets, with Columbia sable collars and 1 size revers fronts, \$30.00.
- 29 extra Fine Near Seal Jackets, 24 inches long, \$40.00.

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most expert... In the most recesses of his soul, that Nicholas Hogaboom was not far from the truth. He had caught over a score on the faces of detectives and policemen when he had been expounding his theories...

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Depends upon the name Scott's Emulsion is a name that has value. Maybe it doesn't mean much to you—but to the consumptive who has been strengthened and fattened...

SHE SIGNALS ALL SAILORS. "The Little Light-house Girl" Never Fails to greet ships that Pass. Sailormen who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savannah...

Do to Others, Etc. Little Johnnie—I wonder why men always like to talk about their school days? Little Willie—Oh, I guess it's because after they get grown up they want to find out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by.

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LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ACCEPTS LORD ROSEBERRY.

THE MEETING NOT SO FAVORABLY DISPOSED.

CHIEF MISS HIGHHOUSE AND HISSES HIS LORDSHIP.

London, Jan. 13.—The inaugural meeting of the London Liberal Association at St. James' Hall to-night has been awaited with great interest, principally because it was probable that light would be thrown upon the future relations between Lord Roseberry and the Liberal party. Viewed as a whole, the demonstration could hardly be taken as an enthusiastic welcome to Lord Roseberry's reappearance in public life. Lord Roseberry was not present at the meeting, at which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader in the House of Commons, and Earl Spencer were the principal speakers. The temper of the meeting was distinctly hostile to the ex-Premier. The speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman clearly indicated that if Lord Roseberry returned to the Liberal fold he must come unreservedly, and in full accord with the present policy of the Liberal party.

The hall was crowded. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Earl Spencer were greeted vociferously. Miss Highhouse, who was the first person to salute regarding the condition of the concentration camps in South Africa, was called to the platform and received an ovation. In the meantime pamphlets denouncing Lord Roseberry as a traitor to the party were thrown broadcast from the galleries. The reading of Lord Roseberry's letter of regret was received with mingled cheers, hisses and hisses, the latter predominating.

In his letter Lord Roseberry said he hoped that the meeting would aim to secure the unity of "common-sense Liberalism," to which the writer hoped he had contributed in his recent speech at Chichester. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did not follow the cue which noisy objectors in the gallery gave him at St. James' Hall last night. They groaned and hissed when Lord Roseberry's letter was read, and furiously demand that the traitor should be turned out of the party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman took a statesmanlike course, highly creditable to him, and minimizing the differences between the Chesterfield speech and his own views on the Boer war enlarged upon the points of agreement and virtually accepted Lord Roseberry's leadership by welcoming him back to public life. The audience was not wholly pleased, but retired in a thoughtful mood, conscious that great progress had been made toward the restoration of harmony in the Liberal party. The conversion of many malcontents will be required before a reunion of the demoralized Liberal party can be effected, but the heaven is work-

SURPRISED AT DAWN.

Major Wolmarans and Forty-one Other Boers Captured. London, Jan. 12.—General Kitchener reports to the War Office that Colonel Wing surprised a laager at Boschman's Kraal, twenty miles from Ermelo, on dawn Saturday, and captured 42 Boers, including Major Wolmarans and two officers of the Staats Artillery.

TRUE BILL AGAINST DR. KRAUSE.

Committed For Trial on Charge of Inciting to Murder. London, Jan. 13.—The grand jury today found a true bill against Dr. Krause, the former Governor of Johannesburg, on the charge of inciting Cornelius Broese van Groenou, the ex-Public Prosecutor of Johannesburg who was executed Sept. 30 last, to murder John Douglas Foster, an English lawyer, who was attached to Lord Roberts' staff.

A LETTER FROM BERLIN.

The Kaiser Sends a Special Mission to King Edward. London, Jan. 14.—The court circular announces that Admiral Baron Von Zenden-Bibran, Chief of the Naval Cabinet of Emperor William, has been received in audience by King Edward and that he delivered a letter from the German Emperor. The Times suggests that the letter is intended to assuage the present feeling.

THE NEWCHWANG INCIDENT.

United States Consul Denies that Sailors Killed a Russian. Peking, Jan. 13.—The United States Consul at Newchwang has replied to the Russian Administrator's charge that sailors belonging to the United States gunboat Vicksburg shot a Russian soldier during the recent disturbances at Newchwang. The Consul says that he and the commandant of the Vicksburg investigated the affair thoroughly, and found there was no evidence whatever connecting Americans with the shooting. Mr. Conger, the United States Minister here, has received copies of the recent correspondence between the Consul and the Russian Administrator of Newchwang. The Consul complained repeatedly of the oppressive regulations and of the encroaching on the rights of foreigners.

An American Soldier Executed.

Washington, Jan. 13.—The War Department has been advised of the execution of Phineas Fouts, late Corporal of Company K, 10th Infantry, at Cebu, Philippine Islands. Fouts was convicted of the wilful murder of a native girl in the Philippines.

A Rebel Leader Caught.

Caracas, Venezuela, Jan. 13.—Forces of the Government of Venezuela have captured Senor Lutowsky, Lutowsky, who was Minister of War in former President Crispio's Cabinet, with Lucio Gonsales and Antonio Fernandez, rebel leaders on December 19 against President Castro.

A CLOSE CALL.

Harold Ward's Flight With an Angry Eagle.

Harold C. Ward, son of Major A. H. Ward, of 723 Pine street, Alameda, returned recently from a trip into the mountains of southern Santa Clara county, where he had an exciting night adventure while robbing the nest of a golden eagle. Ward is carrying his left arm in a sling. Describing his singular experience he said: "I went down to Sargent's Station to spend a week with the eagles, intending to study their nesting habits and to collect some of their handsome eggs."

"It was suggested that we try our luck by the light of the moon, and we determined to visit an eagle's nest which we knew of in a big sycamore three or four miles distant. We set out with a fish basket to hold the eggs and a pair of climbing irons. It was about 10 o'clock when I began to climb the sycamore. There were no birds in sight, but just as I reached the branch near which the nest was built in a big fork I saw that the eagle was at home. "It rose, bristling out all its feathers and making a hissing sound. I had not expected any such opposition and with a startled yell I struck at the creature with my hat. There was a swish of wings and the bird sailed off."

"I moved along nearer the nest, built of sticks as big as my arm, and then suddenly I got a grip on the limb and ducked. There was a rush through the air a few inches from my head that seemed to me like a small cyclone. "Fight him off!" called out my companion, and summoning all the nerve I had left I got out my big clasp-knife.

"I had not long to wait for a chance to use it. With an angry scream I saw the eagle swooping down for me. Locking my legs tightly about my neck and seizing hold of a limb on my left, I was just in time to prepare for the blow. The bird struck me squarely in the breast, nearly stunning me, with its wings, while it sank its talons in my left arm to the bone. I struck at it with the knife, but it was blind with fury, and, perhaps, taking me for a marauding wildcat or coon, fought desperately for my eyes. "I felt my blood flowing while my clothes were being torn into shreds by the wild passes it made. I knew that I soon must fall to the ground or be cut to pieces away up there in the tree. It was a dreadful sensation. With a howl of pain and terror I made a last effort and plunged the knife deep into the eagle's body. It seemed for a moment that it would keep on fighting me, but weakening, it released its hold and fell off slantingly, to be lost in the gloom, carrying by halves with it.

"I was too weak to do anything but hold on for some minutes, and then you can imagine I took a long breath of relief. Feeling sure I was now well quit of the eagle I recalled what I was up in the tree for, and, looking into the nest, saw two fine eggs, which I lowered safely into the basket."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Contrast of White Chalk.



BABIES OF THE WORLD.

Unique Calculation of the Boys and Girls Born Every Year. It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, says Woman's Life. The rate of production is, therefore, about seventy per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not every one who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find, on the authority of a well-known statistician, that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the world. The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of twenty a minute, 1,200 an hour during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would have seen only the sixth part of the infantile host.

In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

Cultivated Plants.

The different varieties of wheat are believed by some to have had their origin in an unimproved forage grass, and a wild plant still growing on English and French coasts has given us the white and red cabbages, cauliflower and perhaps even the common turnip. From the little explored bacteria and fungi may be expected many useful products.

OUR ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Why It is Our Girls Are Stupidest at Use of Slang.

There is no reason at all why any girl, in however humble a station in life, should not try her very best to speak good English. Reading the best literature and listening to well educated people are both great means of helping her, especially if she offers both the sincere sincerity of imitation. There are a good many every-day faults in speaking, which one hears often from the lips of people in different stations of life. They are the weeds of speech, and the moment one is recognized it should be promptly pulled up by the roots and cast aside. The curtailing and alterations of certain words is not pretty. Say an "invitation," not a "invite;" a "face," not a "phiz;" or, worse still, a "mug;" a "coustun," not a "coz;" and remember to say "photograph," and not "photo."

That poor word "got" is often sadly used, or rather misused. It is wrong to say that A is "going to get married," she is "going to be married;" and you can express your meaning quite as well by "I have a brother" as by "I have got a brother." People who speak good English avoid long words and prefer saying "buy" to "purchase," "house" to "residence," "begin" to "commence. Also those never speak of "sherry wine" or "carriage drive," but "sherry" and a "drive." They also recollect to apply "ride" to its proper use. "They ride" a bicycle, a horse, or a donkey, but they "drive" in a carriage, team, or omnibus, and "travel" in a train. There are some expressions which are not pretty or indicative of gentle breeding. I dislike the word "vulgar" so very much that I must denote these expressions by the term "coarseness."

"That fat is in the fire," an expressive of a quarrel or scene, is much used by uneducated people, who also speak of "outings," and worse still, "airings." Instead of saying, "I got that pattern from," they say, "I had it off her," which sounds very bad indeed. In alluding to servants, do not say, "the girl," or "Mits A keeps two girls," but use the word "maid," or "servant." It is better to say, "I had to stay in doors," and "stay at home," rather than "stop at home." The words "stylish" and "genteel," are equally objectionable terms. "Father" and "Mother" are far preferable to "papa" and "mamma," and the latter words sound very foolish in the mouths of those who have passed childhood. In speaking of your parents to acquaintances say "my mother," "my father," not omitting the possessive pronoun. When anyone is speaking to you, do not jog them by saying "yes, yes" constantly; it is not polite. Let them take their own time for saying what they want to say. As for slang, a little bit of it is perhaps permissible nowadays from girls who in former years would have been greatly condemned for using any. However, it is well to use a little discrimination for a great deal of slang used by school boys, men, or others, is very unbecoming to a girl. A peculiar expression used by some people should be avoided, and that is "out." Some persons when they are going away for a holiday, or to leave the place they are in, say they are going "out." If they said they were "going out of town" it was quite correct; but "out" by itself is ugly and incorrect. To hear a person say they "enjoy bad health" is absurd and foolish on the face of the matter. You may say, "I dined," or "lunched," or "breakfasted," but never "lead;" you may say, "had tea." The habit which obtains among some people of nipping off the "g's" is extremely ugly. To hear of "travelin'," "sittin'," "goin'," etc., "grates on one's ear, as all incorrect speech does, or ought to do. Russian says: "A well educated gentleman"—and it applies equally to a woman—may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own. But whatever languages he knows, he knows precisely whatever words he pronounces he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the peage of words, knows the words of true decent and ancient blood at a glance from words of modern cannibalism.

"Provincial dialect, he also remarks, "is not vulgar, but cockney dialect is so in a deep degree, because it is the corruption of a finer language continually heard." With care and attention a great deal may be done, and good annunciation be attained, as well as a selection of words in speech, which will show a knowledge of English "As she should be spoken."

Verdi's New Opera.

Verdi has now gone back to Milan, where he is keeping a paternal eye on the house of retreat for old musicians which he is founding there and which is now rapidly approaching completion. At the same time he is working, says "M. A. P.," on a new opera. For several months past he has kept this a dead secret, and even his most intimate friends know nothing whatever about his project. But eventually they began to make discreet inquiries as to the reason why the maestro shut himself up so many hours daily in his study, and it was thus that they learned at last that he was writing an opera.

But even now Verdi is very reserved upon this subject. All that is really definitely known is that the hero of the work is Nero and that a few of the passages, which have been played over to his intimate circle, are of exquisite beauty. Before giving the opera to the world Verdi will take the advice of his friends, for he is afraid that (to use his own words) his child of my old age may come into the world weak, sickly and ill-favored.

Daily exercise with light dumbbells cause round backs.

Daily exercise with light dumbbells cause round backs.

THE TALE OF THE TAIL OF A DOG

By Herman V. Hietze.

I've bin in dis country 'bout five or six year, Und vorkt at dose chobs I could git; But verfer dey took me, I always hat near, My leadle dog, Brinzy, who goes mit

I vorkt in de factry, vere dey unke shoes, Six vecks um a day I vos down, "Dere's too many footgear," dot vos de news, So Brinzy und U leaf de town.

I vorkt in de sugar house, up under de roof, Vere de heat boiled bote syrup und me; But dey "over-produced" und ve hat to mool, Dot set Brinzy und me again free.

I vorkt on de highway, I dugt in de ditch, Vos bromsed dree kvarters a day, De boss failed, or run off, I do not know vich, So again Brinzy und me took our vay.

Mit hunger ve vandert, four days didn't eat, Und hungry slept under de sky, At vonce I bedink me Vy, dot dog, he is meat! O Brinzy, I'm 'fraid you must diel

Knife open, I call him, Brinzy's ears pricked, Und vaggung his tail as in blay, Looked right in my face, my rough hands he licked— No, Brinzy, I vont do it dis vay.

I did it kvite difrent, de conditions vere such, From vich dere is no appeal; I cut off his tail, dot didn't hurt much, For Brinzy und me as a meal.

On a flat board I fried it, yust like a shad, In a fireball buldet mit sthones, So tender, like chicken, it filled me mit glad, Und I give Brinzy a feast of de bones.

Dot doggie he like it, he vaggled his ears, D'vas de best he vas able to do, Mit a paw for his master, und a look vot endears, My Brinzy vas glad ve pulled droo.

Und now I am dinking, is not dis de vay Dot Philanthropy is helping de poor? My Brinzy's exberience, vot occurs every day, Is offered as poverty's cure.

FROM OLD QUEBEC

The Historic Capital furnishes a story of interest to many.

The newspapers in and around the city of Quebec are just now relating the story of a well known French-Canadian gentleman who for years has been a martyr to Dyspepsia. The sufferings Mons. Bouchard endured have been beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. His pains were very severe, so much so that for two years he had but little pleasure in life. Dyspepsia wrought its worst punishment in him and nothing he could get seemed able to in any way alleviate his distress.

At last however he found a cure. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have met and conquered his Dyspepsia, have relieved him of all his pains and distress, and have made an all round well man of him. He is very grateful and is full of praise for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, which he says "have made a new man of me."

This story should be of the greatest interest to thousands who are now suffering just as Mons. Bouchard did before he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. If this remedy can aid does cure such acute and advanced cases it surely will cure any case of Stomach Trouble.

It is but reasonable to at least give a trial to a medicine that has proven itself to be effectual in so very many cases. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are no experiment but a tried and proven remedy for Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Palpitation of the Heart, or any of the many symptoms of deranged or impaired digestive machinery.

Mons. Bouchard's address is, 300 St. Vallier, Quebec.

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ARCHBISHOP IRELAND TO YOUNG MEN. Avoid, as you advance in years, the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is the generous, open-hearted men that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation I would advise every young man to go forth armed; stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it, without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say "I will take only one glass;" but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point, we surely shall practice it in everything—Catholic Sentinel.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES. — Among the many good qualities which Parmales's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprising active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

ANYONE WHO HAS A SICKLE CELL ANEMIA OR WHO IS WEAK AND PALE SHOULD TAKE DR. J. C. WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of Sick Cell Anemia, Chlorosis, and other blood diseases. It is sold by all druggists and chemists.

156 POPULAR SONGS. With Words and Music. A collection of 156 popular songs, including "The Rose Tree," "The Bird Song," "The Old Maid," etc. Published by G. Schirmer, New York.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE. Monday, the twentieth day of January next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills. Monday, the twenty-seventh day of January next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to the House. Friday, the seventh day of February next, will be the last day for presenting Reports of Committees relative to Private Bills. CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 10th December, 1901.

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The Catholic Register
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CROHIN,
Editor and Manager.

Telephone Main 489
THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1902.
SIDE LIGHTS ON RURAL ONTARIO

What manner of people are the non-Catholics who inhabit the town of Midland on the shore of Georgian Bay? The question is suggested by a recent issue of The Free Press, the local paper.

On Tuesday evening in the Baptist Church Rev. and Mrs. Linton, returned missionaries from South America, delivered addresses on the neglected continent and on their work in that country.

These earnest missionaries went to South America some five years ago, and entered upon mission work there, unsupported by any church or denomination, but depending entirely upon the Lord for their support.

Mrs. Linton first told of her work among the women of the northern part of the Argentine Republic, where they were stationed. There is a splendid opening for lady workers among the ignorant and wretched women of that dark and benighted land.

Roman Catholicism has held sway for hundreds of years, and yet the people are in as deep ignorance and superstition as those who have never heard God's name. The priests are corrupt in the extreme, and the entire people live lives of vice and corruption.

Mr. Linton described the country, using a large map to illustrate, and told of the multitudes who had never heard of the 'Good News to Men.' The workers in South America were few, and the Baptist was the only Canadian denomination which had missionaries in that continent.

Mr. Linton made an earnest plea for interest in mission work in that benighted land. It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. and Mrs. Linton are an ordinary pair of adventurers.

The only wonder is that they are an actual product of Midland. Without credentials from any church or denomination they have been making a living among the very tolerant people of South America. And they are now 'at home' drumming up fresh funds by slandering the communities upon whose good nature they have for some time been subsisting.

Let us imagine, if we can, a pair of unknown Catholics going into the town of Midland and expecting to knock a living out of the place by lecturing upon the backward condition of Ontario, attributing the fact to the Protestantism of the majority of the people. They would be lynched in a reasonably short space of time we should say.

The Latin-Americans, 'benighted,' 'ignorant,' 'superstitious' and the rest of it, must really be very easy-going, when they suffer to pass unnoticed every crude Protestant tramp who has lived upon their hospitality and abuses them in return. It is an extraordinary state of affairs.

But the explanation is not hard to find. The Latin-American countries are confronted with burning national questions. Having broken away from European tutelage and patronage they are shaping their own destiny under the jealous gaze of the nations. Threatened by Germany, France, England and sometimes by the United States, they are handicapped as well by their own animosities, which are of the usual kind bred between small but rapidly growing states.

ment is quite astonishing. The population is growing more rapidly than in any other part of the world saving the United States alone. Their military and naval power if combined would be formidable even now. The present era of days of storm and stress for them, to be sure, but their future is assuredly great. A pair of crude Canadian villagers, like Mr. and Mrs. Linton, can naturally live among these people unmolested. But when they come back to an obscure and rude community and gather silver collections by retailing old slanders about priestly domination and corruption we cannot wonder why rural Ontario is shunned by its own young men and women, once they open their eyes and see what the world abroad is like.

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

Only a few short months ago Mr Chamberlain hinted at the top of his lungs at an alliance between Germany and England and invited the United States to come in, so that the combination could start business at once in 'defying the world.' Mr Chamberlain is remarkably strong in the defiance line. To day England and Germany are drifting into relations that bring preparation for war into their calculations, and Mr Chamberlain alone is the cause of the trouble.

The Times, of course, says the source of the peril lies in the anti-British tone of the German press, over South Africa, which 'in coarseness, obscenity and venom are without a parallel in modern times.' But it is not merely within the past month or year that the tone of the German press has been one of extreme hostility to England. The difference was in the disposition of the English people themselves to overlook it, as they still overlook the accumulating hostility of the American press and people on the same subject.

Mr Chamberlain saw fit to take up the glove and cast it in the teeth not of the German editors, but of the German army, an achievement which dragged the Government at Berlin into the turmoil. And the end is not yet. Mr Chamberlain having succeeded in drawing the Empire into a little war may not feel content until he has launched it on a big one. The London newspapers declare he has the country at his back, so it is impossible to say where he may stop.

The Imperial Parliament will meet within the next few days and there is good reason to hope that this dangerous talk, which has been left too much to an irresponsible press, may be influenced for the better by the national voice. The Liberals are not misled by the attempts of the Rosebery element to 'nobble' the party on the eve of the session.

Mr Campbell-Bannerman has informed the noble ex-leader that if he intends coming back to public life, there is work for him to do under the Liberal banner, but there is none for the Liberal party on the platform or in the lonely furrow of Lord Rosebery. The session before the country may mark an epoch in Parliamentary Government which has fallen somewhat into derision. Progress, if not immediate salvation, rests with the Liberal party being true to itself, and Mr Campbell-Bannerman's latest speech, supported by so respected a figure in the history of Liberalism as Earl Spencer, is a warning to the Imperialists that they are but mutineers on the ship and will not be allowed to scuttle it.

THE CURSE OF MEDIOCRITY.

To live in Lower Canada and read the history of the French-Canadian people is one thing. To accept the revelation which Gilbert Parker offers of French-Canada and its people is quite another. Mr Parker is notwithstanding a popular novelist, because he has written what he has been pleased to call French-Canadian romances. Perhaps if he were qualified by truth or training to write he would not be popular. But taking him for what he is, a literary accident, there is surely nothing in his make-up to justify his pose as a heaven-born statesman.

Mr Parker was in Toronto a few days ago and was dined and wined by some half-baked admirers. In the flush of the occasion he dispensed the Imperial sceptre with Rudyard Kipling and prattled of the 'mistake' of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule measure as a thing akin to crime. Persons of sense who suffer much from all these minor poets, authors and lakirs at large, see in the influence gained by the brood in the affairs of the nation the surest sign of the decay of British representative institutions.

Kipling may be tolerated for his audacity and undeniable cleverness, but patience is overstrained when a dull fellow, wholly lacking in the sense of humor or novelty, comes along to settle the destiny of the future and obliterate great reputations in a selection of set phrases as dry as the cinders that come from any garbage crematorium. What a pity it is that the satirists are all dead. What a boon to this age a Byron, a Burns or a Moore would be. Mediocrity is the mark of the modern British nation. The mediocrities have killed all sense of proportion in the public mind. The last lofty stature on the stage was Gladstone's, and he left the nation entirely at the mercy of the mediocrities.

POLITICAL PRESS SYNDICATE.

The Rosebery boom in England was attempted to be carried by a political press syndicate, formed by the Harmsworths, and incorporated under the title of the 'Amalgamated Press, Limited.' There is a school of politicians and adventurers in England to-day whose only creed is the power of the press.

Whittaker Wright, while under examination in London, on Tuesday, swore that practically every paper in London dealing with financial matters may be controlled for a consideration by company promoters like himself. The British press evidently is not what it is cracked up to be by British publicists. It is syndicated and manipulated by different classes of schemers engaged in the manufacture of fictitious public opinion for one motive or another. A very common and familiar trick is practised upon political leaders, whose attitude it is desired to misrepresent. We had an example of this thing near home last week. The Globe is at present obviously at variance with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the Irish question. But it cannot afford to say so plainly. It gets round the difficulty another way, however.

An Ottawa weekly published by the ex-correspondent of The Globe, boldly misrepresents Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and The Globe copies the misrepresentation into its editorial columns. This is the way the same thing is done. The misrepresentation will next be credited to the official organ of Sir Wilfrid, and then to Sir Wilfrid himself.

MR. BARRY HAYES.

Mr. Barry Hayes, who is retiring on superannuation allowance from the Debates staff at Ottawa, is an Irishman of the finest type, whose excellent record as a translator, should not be allowed to pass without recognition. Mr. Hayes is not only an accomplished French scholar, he is a student and lover of literature in a broad sense. His connection with the Irish cause, we may add, has been unbroken from the rise of the Parnell movement, and he has taken

a leading part in the promotion of Canadian co-operative effort at all times, sparing neither his time nor his pocketbook.

We need scarcely express the opinion that the vacancy in the service created by the retirement of Mr. Hayes should be filled by an Irish-Catholic. If an eastern man be preferred, there would be no cause for dissatisfaction. The position is perhaps one for which an Irish Catholic educated side by side with French-Canadians is best fitted.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY OFF DAY.

The session of Parliament that will open at Ottawa on February 13 promises nothing in the way of notable legislation. The House will give Sir Wilfrid Laurier a send-off to the Coronation and the oratory of the session will probably be pinned to that event as the most conspicuous of the year.

The session of the Ontario Legislature now in progress opened with even more than the usual sameness, so that the public may reasonably expect to be saved from a prolonged attention to the conflict of the local parties. This is something to be thanked for. The Prohibition question is still very far from a critical stage, and

burning question between two Hamilton contemporaries last week.

'It seems to me,' said the Chief Justice, 'to come very close to the ordinary case of a tradesman pulling his own wares and comparing them with the goods of people carrying on the same business in the same locality, or in any other locality. I do not see there is anything I can submit to a jury.'

It is indeed a remarkable fact that both editors express themselves as amply satisfied with the result. Like two gamecocks, having got a dash of cold water, they suddenly came to a discreet conclusion. Common sense upon the bench is an excellent aid to the law. Judges could shorten the longest chapter of litigation by using it like the Chief Justice in this Hamilton episode.

INTOLERABLE CRIMES.

Once again is the horrible crime of grave robbing reported from Kingston. This time the circumstances surrounding the deed are of the most revoltingly ghoulish description. As in the past, the Catholic Cemetery was chosen for desecration, and one can scarcely escape the impression given by the general similarity marking the whole long series of outrages that



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there is really nothing to keep the Chamber sitting longer than the law requires of the members. Before paying indemnity.

While England remains tied up in the South African trouble, with its fitful and occasionally startling reflections upon the glass of international opinion, Canada in short, may look for a Parliamentary off day. Dominated as all Colonial affairs are by the Colonial Office and dependent as Colonial effort necessarily is upon British initiative or support, it is idle for the present to talk of broader trade policies or enlarged effort in the markets of the world.

If the cable correspondents have got the right cue we may, however, receive a mild surprise from the Imperial Parliament during the forthcoming session. It is a duty of a shilling a quarter is to be placed upon Corn, will England exempt the Colonies from the new tax? That is the question. Fresh taxes must be raised to meet the increasing burden of the war, and many hints have been thrown out that corn will fall at the very first surrender of the free trade policy.

If England will not give a preference to the Colonies there will be an unavoidable reaction here and in Australia after all the noise that has lately been made about the interdependence of the Mother Country and the Colonies. For ourselves we do not believe that the Colonies will get any preference. But the future will quickly clear up a doubt in this regard which the Canadian papers cannot thus far summon up sufficient courage to discuss.

A LESSON FOR EDITORS.

Editors of newspapers prone to quarrelsomeness and recrimination on the subject of circulation would do well to read, and inwardly digest the few sentences of quiet common-sense with which Chief Justice Falconbridge settled this

perpetrators have some barbaric notion about Catholic places of sepulture, and if they but escape the law have no moral or religious feeling at all in the matter. The responsibility for the crimes of the past is fixed in the city of Kingston. While the present crime is still unproved it is, we suppose, but right to withhold further censure. It will soon, however, become necessary to speak and write of the Kingston ghoulis—for ghoulis they are in the strict literal sense—in a manner to impress others in addition to the actual criminals.

CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE.

The London Tablet says: 'We are privileged to make an announcement which must necessarily be of the profoundest interest to the whole Christian world. The Pope has appointed a spiritual Pontifical commission for the consideration of all the questions connected with the Biblical studies. Catholic scholars all over the world will have the fullest opportunity of stating their views and difficulties, and of bringing them to the direct notice of the Holy See.'

'England will be represented on the commission by Rev. Robert Francis Clarke, of Chiswick.'

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Ald Fred Cook, of Ottawa, was introduced to his Council by Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, of the Mayors of old Bytown.

Col. Ivor Herbert, of Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire, late G. O. C. at Ottawa, who was in charge of the foreign military attaches at the commencement of the Boer war, has received from them a gold cigarette box, set with jewels and engraved with an autograph of all the donors. The gallant Colonel is a Catholic.

The cable on Tuesday reported with impartial unconcern the approaching death of Lord Dufferin in Ireland, and the cynical carelessness of the notorious company promoter, Whittaker Wright, on the witness stand in London. Lord Dufferin was the most distinguished victim of Whittaker Wright, in his hands the reputation of the distinguished diplomat was played. The whole truth was told by the late Harold Frederic in his novel, 'The Market Place,' long before the exposure of the company promoter.

Some of the anti-Irish journals of England are fond of persisting in the opinion that New York is a lawless city, because they hold that the faith which is in them is sustained by the presence of so many Irishmen among the police officials of Gotham. There are probably more Irish police in London than in New York, and it is worth while noticing that the orders of the Metropolitan Police of the latest British capital contained the announcement that Inspector P. Quinn, of New Scotland Yard, had been promoted to the rank of Chief Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department from the 1st of January. The Chief-Inspector, who is a Catholic, is a native of the County Mayo, and has served over 20 years in the Metropolitan Police.

Lord Mithern, when a Tory editorial writer, was no doubt a success. His speeches in South Africa to-day, however, read too much like Tory editorials to be considered diplomatic or statesmanlike. The same fault is clearly seen in the speeches of that other young statesman-editor, Mr. Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is a pronounced opponent of Home Rule, is frank enough to say so. In The Weekly Sun he writes:

'Mr. Wyndham's speech, therefore, in the old style of vituperative insolence, was little worthy of a statesman. Suppose the Irish leaders are paid the expenses of their attendance at Parliament, does it follow that there is anything mercenary or discreditable in the connection between them and their constituents? If wealthy men cannot be found to champion what the people deem the national cause, payment of representatives is the only course. The Irish Nationalist members are pledged not to take any office under Government, or share political spoils of any kind. Mr. Wyndham, who impugns their disinterestedness, is himself a salaried Minister. We are told that the Government intends to take in hand the question of Irish land. This is well, but it would be well to remember that, besides their interests in land, the Irish have feelings, naturally keen, and made keener by centuries of helotage, which sound statesmanship will studiously respect.'

The British Empire is overrun with toy Disraelis. They are cropping up everywhere.

PATIENCE AND DETRACTION.

'It goes hard with the natures of most people to withstand patiently the tongues of detractors,' says The Calendar, 'but that is how Our Lord bore the calumnies of His enemies, and that is what we bring ourselves to do, even though it means the struggle of a life-time. Thou art still what thou art! Let the tongues of detractors wag; so long as charity or justice does not compel you to answer, you need fear nothing, for before God 'thou art still what thou art.' And as for your reputation before men, over anxiety to shield your name from detractors seldom helps, while on the other hand patience is always the best policy; for, after all, the detractor is sure to be found out, and men will think more of you for having meekly borne the injury.'

Among our advertisers this week will be found the City Dairy Co., Ltd., whose building and plant, situated on Spadina Crescent, is the largest and most completely equipped sanitary dairy on the continent. Every quart of milk received by this company comes from under veterinary inspection, from farms whose surroundings, drainage, etc., is also regularly inspected by a practical dairyman. The milk is closely tested at the dairy building, after which it is clarified, aerated and bottled in high-pressure sterilized bottles. The process of clarifying removes every particle of dust, dirt and sediments that non-clarified milk is subject to, without interfering in the slightest degree with its digestibility or nutritive properties, as is the case with sterilized and pasteurized milks. Visitors are welcome to the City Dairy building between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. A large promenade gallery affords a splendid view of the whole process. We advise all our city readers to visit the City Dairy building.

THE LITTLE GREEN LINNET OF BOE. (By Seumas Macnab, in Dona Hoe's Magazine.) The lovely little linnet, The pretty, gentle linnet, The soft, and sweet tongued linnet, That charms the groves of Boe.

When I was young my life was glad as Murlo's crooning stream, Each moment was a sparkling joy, and every day a dream. Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet the sun was low, And listened to the linnet green that waked the woods of Boe.

I knew the mavis of Monea, the blackbird of Stragar, I loved the lark of Carroo, the gooldie of Glenvar— But of all the birds in bush or sky that sunny long ago, None could compare the linnet rare that charmed the groves of Boe.

Oh, wander west, or wander east, Oh, fare me far or near, That little linnet's piping voice is pleading in my ear, Still calling, calling, calling, 'Oh, why will you wander so! Why leave these happy, happy woods! Come back! Come back to Boe!'

Ah, weary's me on wandering! and weary's me on gold! It sours the nature in the breast, it turns the warm heart cold, It chokes the lilt in my life, it drowns the gladdening glow I felt what time my linnet green awaked the woods of Boe.

Please God, I'll tie my bundle up, I'll take my stout blackthorn, And the risin' sun will meet me on the road the morrow's morn: 'Farewell!' I'll cry, and wave my hand—'Farewell to gilded woe! 'Tis wealth I seek—a singing heart, and the linnet's lilt in Boe.'

I know a red-lipped callin there, as bright as May-morn beam; I know a white-walled cabin long-side a purling stream, I know a hundred, hundred joys that o'er our days will flow, While the lovely little linnet green makes glad the groves of Boe.

ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION.

Last Monday night the regular meeting of the St. Basil's Catholic Union took place. After some discussion about the arrangements for the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union, the President, Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan, left the chair and called upon the Second Vice-President, Mr. J. M. Ferguson, to occupy it during the debate. The debate was: Resolved, That Newspapers do More Harm Than Good, and was carried on for the affirmative by Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, and for the negative by Mr. M. G. Kernahan and Mr. R. Walsh. The debate was of first-class order and reflects great credit upon the participants. Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan and Mr. J. M. Ferguson were chosen to represent St. Basil's in the coming debate against St. Clement's Club on Feb. 15th, next week. Prohibition, which is the subject in the coming debate, will be discussed in the mock Parliament.

MASS AT ST. FRANCIS.

On Sunday morning at 9 o'clock the first Mass in the new parish of St. Francis was celebrated by Rev. Wm. McCann, in St. Francis school house, which is to be used temporarily until the erection of the new church. There was a very good attendance. Mass will be celebrated at the same hour each Sunday in future, and it will be a great convenience to those living in the neighborhood.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

IMPORTANT SPEECH OF HIS HOLINESS.

Mr. P. L. Connelan, correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing from Rome on Christmas Eve, says: The Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. received the Cardinals yesterday morning in the Throne Room of the Vatican. They presented to him on this occasion their good wishes and congratulations for Christmas time and for the New Year. It was midday when they were received. When the Pontiff had taken his place upon the Throne His Eminence Cardinal Luigi Oreglia di Santo Stefano, who is Dean of the Sacred College, read the address.

The approaching feast of Christmas, he said, furnished the Sacred College with the occasion of reviewing the homage of their sentiments and good wishes to His Holiness. As the reason of their rejoicings is one and common, so one and common is the wish which ascends from their hearts to Heaven; and implores upon the Pontiff the abundance of supernal and extraordinary favors.

In fact, wheresoever we turn our eyes nothing is to be seen but the efforts being constantly made to corrupt the people, and to confuse still more the working classes, whom it is sought to drive into excesses and disorders by the flattery of fallacious hopes. On the other hand, there is no less sadness caused by the condition to which the Church is reduced by the frequent attempts on its supreme independence, and by the obstacles put in the way of the faithful in the exercise of religious acts, and in all that regards their spiritual interests.

The Sacred College, whilst it deplores such a state of things, takes this occasion of uniting its protest with the noble protest put forth recently by His Holiness against the menace of a law the effects of which would be exceedingly calamitous. The Cardinal, on the part of his colleagues, hopes that His Holiness may benignantly accept the sentiments and the wishes of the Sacred College and bestow his Apostolic Benediction upon them.

The Pope, in his reply, said that he was especially grateful for the good wishes which the Cardinal Dean had just addressed to him in the name of the whole Sacred College. He reciprocated these wishes with his whole heart, imploring likewise on the College of Cardinals great abundance of exceptional favors. He also prayed that extraordinary supernal favors might descend upon the whole Church of God, afflicted, as they might see, by distresses and calamities equal to the rudest which she ever suffered. From a liberty of thought, unbridled and arrogant, which puts its boast in the reputation of revealed truths and of Christian influences, there springs forth continually a most evil harvest of criminal precepts and of death-dealing errors. Every act is

directed to deviate the multitude, to render them enemies of the Church, to snatch them from the fold of Rome, the predestined centre of truth and of universal salvation. Vexations and proscriptions are the lot of the Religious Orders—those Orders which deserve so well, not only of the great interests of souls, but of those also which belong to the well-being of terrestrial life; rash and disastrous laws are passed in manifest contradiction with the eternal laws of God. Oh! how many causes for bitter sorrow there are to those who reflect upon the moral conditions of the present age.

Comforted by the Divine assistance, the Pontiff declares that he will never fall in his high office from withdrawing the Christian flock from poisoned pastures, which to its great misfortune, are being abundantly prepared for it on all sides. A few days ago, he says, he raised his voice, as it was his duty to do, against the sinister attempt which is impending in Italy over the sanctity of marriage. He pointed out the intrinsic evil and the fatal effects which would follow from it, and he did so with the liberty of the Gospel, and with the intention that his words should be understood, especially by those whom it concerned. The wise words uttered by the Cardinal Dean respond, said His Holiness, to the gravity of the danger.

Nor is he less concerned with the menacing advance of that rebellious movement which goes straight to overturn the bases of the social order. In regard to such a point, he has, on other occasions, issued exhortations, and to-day he returns to exhort Catholics that they should strive to oppose, as far as they can, the progress of the subversive socialistic maxims. But since it is a question of an enterprise, where the most efficacious guarantee of real success consists in the spirit of obedience and in harmony of minds, it is fitting that they be obedient and concordant, so far as they aim, in harmony with the Church, at striving for the relief of the classes of the people. He asks the unanimous and harmonious concurrence of all men of good will. Let young men come, and willingly offer the energetic and ardent efforts proper to their age; let the more mature come in all confidence, bringing their tried fidelity and their authority and good sense, which are the fruits of their experience. One and common is their aim; equal should be their zeal, and equally sincere in the one case and in the other. No diffidence but reciprocal confidence, no censure, but Christian forbearance; no contention, but mutual charity.

The Divine Redeemer, continued Leo XIII., who at His first appearance among men consoled them with a new spiritual sweetness, by means of the announcement of peace, deigns now to rejoice the Church with the perfect concord of all its children. And to this gift of peace is united the abundance of heavenly graces, which on the vigil

of the joyous solemnity of Christmas the Pontiff universally wished and prayed might be granted in a peculiar mode to the College of Cardinals, to the Bishops, to the Prelates, and to all others there present, imparting to them with paternal affection the Apostolic Benediction.

These words of the Supreme Pontiff have a special meaning and importance at the present moment throughout the Catholic world, and more particularly in Italy. Here "Christian Democracy" is becoming an element of future importance in the lives of Catholics. In some places a slight tendency to resist the influences of the clergy has been expressed, and it is considered that the Pontiff's recommendation to obedience and mutual charity and forbearance is directed to the adherents of this "Democracy." The Unita Cattolica, which is a great supporter of obedience to the wishes of the Pope in this matter, says that it would be an act of irreverence to comment on the words of the Pope who once more recommends peace and concord amongst Catholics through a spirit of obedience. The Unita thanks the venerable Pontiff for his admonitions, so full of sweetness and affection, and, at the same time, so opportune and wise, so as to guide Catholic action to a good result.

FRANCE

The Christmas ceremonies were celebrated with exceptional pomp in the Paris churches this year. The attendance of people was enormous both at the midnight Masses and at the services on the day of the Nativity. At half-past eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve there was hardly standing room at the Madeleine, the Trinity, or even in the chapels of the Franciscans, the Passionists, the Oblates, or the Barnabites. The anti-clerical papers have raised howls over the enormous church-going and the remarkable devotion of multitudes of Parisians of both sexes who kept Christmas with piety. High Mass at Notre Dame on the 25th, where Widor's music was heard, with motets from Palestrina, Mozart, and Dubois, the head of the Paris Conservatoire of Music and Declamation. At St. Gervais the cantors gave, for the first time in Paris, the Mass "Assumptio Est" of Palestrina. At the Madeleine was heard Samuel Rousseau's "Mass of St. Cecilia," with the curious effects of the shepherd's pipes or reeds before the Sanctus. M. Rousseau's music was heard in nearly all the churches. By a sad coincidence his wife died on the 23rd instant, and her body was awaiting burial on Christmas Eve at Saint Clothilde's Church, where he conducted the music of the Midnight Mass in spite of his bereavement. A curious feature of the Christmas Day service was that nearly all the preachers at vespers were either Jesuits or Dominicans. The "anti-Clericals" are also howling like bears over this, especially as Father Du Lac, S. J., was among the preachers, and they complain bitterly that the Associations Bill is only a sham got up by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to secure the suffrages of the Socialists and the rest.

The cross-breakers at Arles, in sunny Provence, have not been allowed to have everything their own way. By order of the Masonic Municipal Council, all the religious emblems ornamenting public places in the town were smashed the other night. The Catholics, men and women, held a demonstration against these proceedings, and the Mayor and the Municipal Councilors were only saved from rough handling by the intervention of the gendarmes. The said Mayor and Municipal Councilors are now keeping prudently indoors. Owing to the sacrifice committed the Christmas services at Arles were curtailed. There were no midnight Masses, and at the Primatial Church on the 25th there were sung psalms of expiation. The Catholics are loaded with abuse by the scurrilous papers in the south, but the more respectable Republican journals express regret at the horrible work perpetrated at Arles by a handful of Socialists and Freemasons.

POSITION OF FRENCH CATHOLICS.

If the French Catholics resolve to follow the advice given to them by Senator De Lamarzelle, Francis Coppee, and others, who are preparing for action in view of the general elections, they will no longer expose themselves to criticism for apathy and inertness. Here is the substance of what M. De Lamarzelle, who represents Morbihan in the Upper House, said at a meeting the other day: Catholics are struck at as internationalists, but in France the Socialists are protected, although they are internationalists and avowed enemies of French influence abroad, while Catholics defend it. The Catholics want the Congregations to be put on the same level as the professional syndicates. Catholics are accused of wanting to suppress liberty, but are not the Belgian Catholics offering all the forms of liberty—just what French Catholics are ready to do if they had the power? We have a Government which obliges Religious to go into exile, while all sorts of shady foreigners can enter France. "They want to take our children away from us. Shall we stand it? By no means, and we must unite at the elections in order to make our rights respected. M. De Lamarzelle also protested with vigor against the attempts of the Government to create a National Church receiving no direction from Rome but domesticated, enslaved by the Government of the day. There was great enthusiasm when the Senator, referring to the Sovereign Pontiff, said that the Papacy still remained, in spite of its enemies, and that an old man of ninety years now ruled the world through his spiritual influence.

The point in M. De Lamarzelle's speech respecting the Socialists is significant. The Government is, undoubtedly, not only protecting but actually cherishing the Socialists, as was proved in Paris last Sunday, when M. Dausset, Nationalist President of the Municipal Council, was prevented from speaking at the unveiling of Baudin's statue. M. Dausset had a narrow escape from destruction by the Socialists, who deliberately persisted, and were, as a matter of fact, accredited by the Government to do so in shouting down and bullying the Nationalists, who were called Clericals and Jesuits. Francis Coppee says that some of the people hired by the Government had probably assisted in the attacks made some time since on the Church of St. Joseph, at Belleville, and on the parish church at Clichy. The politician seems to have the utmost confidence in the defeat of the anti-Clericals at the May elections.

TRUE BEAUTY.

In a work recently published entitled, "The Five Talents of Women," the author gives the following rules for beauty of expression, which, he claims, are much more attractive than beauty of features: 1. Learn to govern yourselves, and to be gentle and patient. 2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill health, irritation, and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors. 3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts. 4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable. 5. Do not expect too much from others, but forgive and forgive, as you desire forgiveness and forgiveness yourself. 6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel. 7. Beware of the first disagreement. 8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice. 9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers. 10. Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small. 11. Do not neglect little things, if they can affect the comfort of others in the smallest degree. 12. Avoid moods, and pets, and fits of sulking. 13. Learn to deny yourself, and prefer others. 14. Beware of meddling and tale-bearing. 15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable. 16. Be gentle and firm with children.

"Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost" is the cry of those who are well in front. "Ignorance is the mother of impudence;" no father is named.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A LITTLE FELLOW AND A BIG FELLOW

(Mary E. Q. Brush, in The Sunday School Times)

There were thirty-six plump muskmelon seeds, and Bobbie planted them very carefully, tucking nine in each one of the four mounds of earth his fat hands had heaped, smoothed, and patted down.

"My garden's to be all melons this year. I'll have enough to eat, and lots to sell," he called out proudly to Harry Woods.

Now Bobbie and Harry were great friends, though the former was only five years old and recently out of kilts, while the latter wore a stand-up collar, a butterfly necktie, and was even thinking about "putting on long trousers." Harry's tone, though patronizing, was kind, as he inquired, "So you really think, sonny, that you'll have a big crop of melons?"

"Of course!" and Bobbie's voice was full of pride. "I mean to take awfully good care of the plants." And, indeed, as the weeks went by, Bobbie did tend his melons most faithfully, and in spite of many discouragements. For in two of the brown mounds the seeds failed to appear—whether they had been planted too deep, or whether they had been nibbled by some wandering worm, nobody could tell.

However, the other two mounds soon bristled with luxuriant green plants. These, under Uncle Jed's advice, Bobbie thinned out carefully, weeded and watered. Then, alas! one night when the little boy was sound asleep (dreaming of luscious melons), an evil-minded cut-worm sawed away in the moonlight, and when morning came, half the plants lay withering and dying.

Bobbie would have cried over them, but then, salt water wasn't good for plants (only asparagus, Uncle Jed said), and, so, instead, he did his best to save the rest of his plants. Soot from the kitchen stove-pipe, tobacco from another pipe (the hired man's), routed the wicked wireworms. Then a warm rain, followed by sunshiny days, made the melons grow as fast as "Mr. Finney's turnip behind the barn." They got ahead of weeds, bugs, and worms, and began to put forth pert little runners dotted with yellow blossoms.

Then, one woful day, Mrs. O'Brien's cow got out of the pasture, and wandered about until she reached the Barker garden; and on her way to reach the dozen rows of young corn, what must she do but place her feet right on his last hill of melons—smashing every trailing vine but one!

And this time Bobbie cried. And Harry Wood, who came over to see the extent of the damage, tried to whistle cheerily, as he said, "Well, the old bossie didn't tread on your very best vine. See, you have one left, and—my stars, if there isn't a melon on it as large as my biggest agate marble!"

Now Bobbie hadn't noticed this, and he was so delighted that he quite forgot his tears.

The one lonely melon grew rapidly until it began to look very well. Then one day—it was when Bobbie rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock rooster squeezed himself through the chicken-yard palings, and what else must he do but stalk boldly up to that melon and begin to peck at it! Tap, tap, tap! went his yellow beak, until he broke right into the juicy, salmon-pink heart.

It was Harry Wood who saw him, and drove him back into the hen-yard. But most of the melon rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock.

Harry looked down mournfully at the bits of rind, scattered seeds, and pulp remaining on the melon-hill, then he gathered up the mess and threw it among the burdocks on the other side of the garden fence. After which his long legs carried him down to the Italian's fruit-store, and when he came out again, he bore a bulging paper bag. Hurrying up street, he reached the Barker yard—reached Bobbie's ill-fated melon-patch, and then—and then!

The Barkers came home from the county fair, and Bobbie went out to his "garden." There had been melons at the fair, and the sight of them had filled him with fresh affection for his own solitary treasure. He bent over the brown mound, parted the green leaves, and—oh, wonder of wonders!

"Ma, ma!" Bobbie shouted. "Do come here. Why, my melon has grown lots just while I've been gone! And it's so ripe that it's loosened itself from the stem. Oh-ee! it's perfectly lovely!" The Plymouth Rock stuck his red comb through the chicken-yard fence and crowed derisively, but Bobbie didn't notice him.

And Harry Wood was chuckling to himself across the street, as he said, "That quarter I was saving towards my new air-gun is gone, but I don't care. The joke's worth

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twenty-five cents. And, anyhow, a big fellow kind of ought to look out for a little fellow." Herkimer, N. Y.

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"A wise man is moved from his course neither by force nor entreaty," but the same often applies to a mule.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT REQUIRES immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy, containing nothing injurious, and will give immediate relief. 25 cts. a box.

OUT. AND READY FOR DELIVERY. Luke Delmege. Also "The One" for 1902: cloth or paper. Blake's Catholic Book Store 601 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO Phone Park 53.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited. Brewers and Malsters Toronto. Manufacturers of the celebrated

WHITE LABEL ALE Ask for it and see that our Brand is on every Cork. Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Detrimental Ingredients. Wm. ROSS, Manager.

THE CO. GRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Malsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO. Are supplying the trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS Brewed from the finest Malt and best Selected brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities. Awarded the Highest Prize at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Antwerp, 1885. Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE PARK 140.

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Hotels Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gould Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.00 per day. Special Cars from the Union Station every Hour. EDWARD DICKSON, Proprietor.

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MCCABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS. Telephone Main 2838 222 QUEEN STREET EAST.

Nervous Headache. Irritability, Sleeplessness, Feelings of Lassitude and Depression, Weakness and Irregularity of the Bodily Organs. These are the symptoms which point to a depleted nervous system. They tell of thin, weak, watery blood, of wasting vitality and lack of energy and ambition. They warn you that nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and even insanity are possibilities of the future. It is folly to neglect nervous diseases, folly to suppose that they will disappear of their own accord, and still greater folly to deaden and destroy the nerves by the use of poisonous narcotics. It is a serious matter to trifle with the nerves. It is a question of life and death. Mrs. Henry Clarke, Port Hope, Ontario, states: "I have used seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervousness and a completely run down system, and can heartily recommend it as a wonderfully effective treatment. Before using this remedy I had been in very poor health for some months. I seemed to have no energy or ambition, felt tired and listless most of the time, and could scarcely drag myself about the house. I was weak, irritable and nervous, could not sleep well, and felt discouraged about my health. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has taken away these symptoms and given back my usual health and vigor, consequently I endorse it fully." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Fills the shrivelled arteries with new rich blood, strengthens and reinvigorates the nerves by forming new nerve force and gradually and thoroughly overcomes disease and weakness. It forms new healthy tissues and gives a well rounded form and clear, healthy complexion to all who use it. 50 cts. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Mansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



THE NAME OF JESUS is an impregnable rampart. There is no pearl or ornament that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We sound the harp's sweet harmonies when we pronounce the name of Jesus.—B. Henry Van.

FIRST MONTH 31 DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Table with columns for Day, Sun, Moon, and various feast days like Epiphany, Circumcision, etc.

Indulgence Prayer An indulgence of 60 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at least contrite heart they shall make the sign of the cross...

Pethuel Penny's Son

Harriet A. Wash In Youth's Companion

On a bright midsummer day the few people passing along a country road in Northern Maine turned their heads toward a certain house with that expression of respectful awe which is man's tribute to the presence of death.

the friends who had kindly volunteered to "stay at the house." "It's a long ride and they'll all be hungry. I wouldn't have anything go wrong about the supper for the world. Sonny, run and get mother's best tablecloth from the parlor bureau. I'd go myself, but I don't want to get my feelings all worked up before the time comes."

it became a maiden brought up to be seen rather than heard. Neither Reuben nor Dorcas could tell just how it came about. There had been no long sleigh rides through wintry snow-drifts or lingering strolls through summer's shady lanes, but all at once Reuben found himself shut away from the cheerful fireside of the Colby kitchen and occupying a haircloth rocking-chair in the chilly best room, while Dorcas sat opposite with primly folded hands, looking regretfully at her completed work, which adorned the mantelpiece and swayed in the waves of heat from the air-tight stove.

Reuben might well have felt this an abrupt termination to the mild siege which had been laid to her affections, but she betrayed no surprise, only explaining that her parents preferred June tenth as the anniversary of their own wedding day. There bade fair to be a difficulty here, for Mrs. Colby, with whom sentiment was strong, declined to yield. An appeal to the two supposed to be most interested failed to settle the matter. Dorcas was sure she didn't care, and Reuben only wished the matter to be settled without a fuss.

"I always took to that kind of work," she said, wistfully. A few days before the wedding, when all Mrs. Penny's arrangements were completed and even her new gray cashmere lay ready on the spare room bed, Freeman Briggs, passing the open window of the Penny kitchen, heard sounds of grief within. Mrs. Penny sat swaying back and forth in the wooden rocking chair, dropping tears upon the pile of mending in her lap.

Reuben's Western trip lasted more than a year. It was a week before his return that Freeman brought a letter from the post-office addressed to Reuben in a legal hand. "Just as I expected!" announced Mrs. Penny, with satisfaction, tearing open the long envelope. "I knew he'd get into trouble somewhere!"

Reuben folded the letter and placed it reverently in his pocketbook. Then, turning his horse about, he drove rapidly toward the Colby farm. Dorcas, in the front yard, was working over her flowers with a shadow on her face. "Reuben," she had suggested a few days before, "do you suppose your mother will be willing for me to have a flower bed? And Reuben had hesitated a little as he answered. "Maybe so. But she thinks green grass looks neater."

WILL SEND \$2.50 FREE.

To Each Reader. Franklin Miles, M.D., LL.B., the Wealthy, Chicago Specialist, will Send \$2.50 Worth of His New Individual Treatment Free.

That Dr Miles is one of the most successful and reliable of physicians is proven by hundreds of testimonials from well-known people. One patient cured after failure of eleven Grand Rapids physicians, another after nine of the leading doctors in New York City, Philadelphia and Chicago failed. Thousands of testimonials sent on request.

Reuben looked grave. A fear lest he should take undue advantage of her rebellious mood troubled him. "Are you sure, Dorcas?" he questioned, anxiously. "Not at all!" "No, never," answered Dorcas, vehemently, without a glance at the tall figure beside her. "Do you mind?" she asked, with a little compunction, as he stood silent. "For answer he gave her the letter he had received. Dorcas read it with a look of awe.

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Queer Cases of Heredity.

DOCTORS disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it, others believe the contrary.

There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors.

Another queer coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native State.

A Loquacious Cockatoo. The most loquacious cockatoo in the world used to be owned by a civil servant in a Riverina township, Australia.

Holiday Reading. Froude, in his "Sea Studies," had a word to say on the subject of books for holiday reading.

A Child's Logic. He was very young. To be precise, he was five years and seven months.

A Man Who Knew It All. The late Plavius Josephus Cook was long on faith and short on love.

Midsummer Maxims. Old married folks never sit in the hammock together.

Allen's Lung Balsam. The best Cough Medicine. ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine.

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French and German Duels.

IT is announced from Berlin that on the invitation of Prince Loewenstein one hundred and forty representatives of the German nobility for the most part the heads of old Roman Catholic families, have signed a declaration against duelling.

After they have played until every one is out of breath they sit down to rest and talk it all over, and the children point out the mistakes made in the game by Mr. Jefferson, and he tells them that if they had done so and so they never would have been able to catch him.

A Swinging Rod. Here is a swinging rod which a venturesome boy has constructed and arranged to swing out of his window so as to sleep in the open air with no canopy except that of heaven above.

Every Sunday all the little strolling Italians—monkey-boys, concertina players, organ grinders, and plaster-image sellers—stay at home in their little houses of the Italian quarter.

Mrs. Maxwell Tells How Much Pain and Suffering May Be Remedied.

A Very Interesting Statement by an Elora Lady—She Has Found a Panacea for all Female Weakness and Wants Every Woman in Canada to Know of It.

This good lady, according to her statement, suffered for a long time with kidney trouble, enduring the greatest pain with a dizziness and headaches that made her very ill.

She is very grateful and in her letter she says, "I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for my marvellous cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world especially for those of my age."

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Dodd's Kidney Pills seem to be an infallible cure for Diseases of Women, as well as for Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Kidney disorders.

"A man who will not flee will make his foe flee," but what if his foe be made of the same metal? "Let a child have its will and it will not cry," but its parents will.

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D G HEARTED ACTOR.

An Incident of Joseph Jefferson's Love for Children.

The life of very young actors and actresses is generally a far from pleasant one, but from all appearances the experience of little Miss Virgie Glyndon and Master Harold Welsh, the two clever children in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, are notable exceptions.

It is said that during the long rehearsals when these two little folks were learning the parts which they have to play in "Rip Van Winkle," Mr. Jefferson would never allow the stage manager to be cross with them, and when he saw that they were getting tired he would suggest a game of tag or hide and seek.

After they have played until every one is out of breath they sit down to rest and talk it all over, and the children point out the mistakes made in the game by Mr. Jefferson, and he tells them that if they had done so and so they never would have been able to catch him.

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THE MANTLE OF CHARITY.

All day long at the loom of love, A beautiful angel sat and wove.

The wool was of silver threads of light, The wrap was of gossamer dainty white, Beaded with dew from the tender skies, That lay in the depths of the angel's eyes.

Back and forth the shuttle flew, Weaving a web of texture new. Nothing like it in heaven was known, From the veil that hung before the throne To the mist-like robes, so strangely fair, That the star-eyed infant angels wear.

Nothing like it in earth was seen, From the summer morning of golden sheen To the drapery draped of a winter night, O'er the window pane of crystal white; Naught in earth or heaven so fair That with this web it could compare.

As the pattern grew, a sweet surprise Came more and more in the angel's eyes, And the Rose of Sharon upon her cheek Blushed faintly, and, as if to speak, Her lips were open, as one by one The threads flashed through, till the work was done.

Alone, in silence the angel wrought The secret of her holy thought; Something was needed down there below, In the sin-cursed world of death and woe, To hide from the sight of earth and heaven The stains of sin by Christ forgiven.

Something to hide the faults of men From the vulture's eyes, whose greedy ken Hunted them out, by night and day, That human souls might be its prey; To meet this want, the angel wove That wonderful web in the loom of love.

And she fashioned a mantle, with sweeping train, That nothing of earth could ever stain; A mantle for Christian hands to take, And backward bear for Christ's dear sake, And cast, wherever a soul doth lie In shame, a sport for the passerby.—Mrs. S. M. Henry, in Liverpool Catholic Times.

TO WEAK WOMEN EVERYWHERE Mrs. Maxwell Tells How Much Pain and Suffering May Be Remedied

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Write Your Name and Address Plainly. There is nothing like Asthalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthalene received in good season. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with painful cough and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-given yourself, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,

Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel, New York, Jan. 3, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS., MED. CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

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