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VOL. XI, No. 7

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903

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DIVORCE IN AMERICA

Cardinal Gibbons Scathingly Denounces Modern Barbarism of Society

One of the most notable and important contributions to the discussion of the divorce problem was supplied by Cardinal Gibbons' sermon delivered in the Cathedral at Baltimore. The text follows:

The Cardinal said: Jesus Christ is the only enduring name in history. He exerts today a vital influence on the political and social as well as on the moral and religious world, such as was never wielded by any earthly ruler. In contrast with the founders of empires. Of systems of religion, and of the framers of laws, we may say of Him, in the language of Holy Writ: "They shall perish, but Thou shalt remain, and all of them shall grow old as a garment. And as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou, O Christ, art always the selfsame, and Thy years shall not fail."

Kings and emperors have sought in various ways to perpetuate their name and fame. But their deeds and their very name have faded away in the lapse of ages; or they have left after them the shadow of a once mighty name which now evokes no enthusiasm and inspires no lofty sentiments.

The Kings of Egypt erected for themselves those mighty Pyramids, which were to serve as tombs to preserve their mortal remains and as monuments to immortalize their glorious deeds. The Pyramids exist unto this day amid the sands of Egypt after a lapse of 5,000 years, and they seem destined to be as enduring as the mountains. But who are the kings that built them? What have they done in their day? The diligent researches of historians and antiquarians leave us to no more or less conjecture as to the names of the monarchs who erected them.

Christ our Lord built for Himself no tomb, and He left no instructions to His disciples to erect one for Him. When living, He could say to Himself: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head;" and He had no monument when dead, which could be called His own. He was buried in the tomb of a stranger, Joseph of Arimathea. There was no inscription on His tomb, but His name is emblazoned on the pages of history and is indelibly stamped on the heart of humanity.

And even His tomb is honored today as no resting place was ever honored before or since His time. The Prophet Isaiah had predicted that "His tomb shall be glorious." And how well is the prophecy fulfilled! It is now the rendezvous of the nations of the earth. Christians and Mohammedans, Greeks and Latins, are contending among themselves as to which of them shall have the honor of guarding and adorning the church where His body was interred.

Other men have sought to immortalize themselves by military exploits and conquests. Alexander the Great extended his dominion over the continent of Asia. Kingdom after kingdom yielded to his sway. He longed for new worlds that he might subdue

them. But scarcely was he laid to rest in his tomb, when his vast empire was divided and parceled among his liege lords. Who cares now for Alexander? What enthusiasm does his name excite? Where is the mausoleum erected to his memory? His history is known to scholars, but the great mass of humanity know or care as little for Alexander as they know or care for Alexander the copper-smith mentioned by St. Paul.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Jesus Christ founded a spiritual republic. He established it not by the material sword, but by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. He established it not by brute force, but by an appeal to the conscience and intellect of humanity. He conquered not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from the bondage of sin. He conquered not by shedding the blood of others, but by the shedding of His own blood. And the spiritual kingdom which He founded exists to this day, and is continually extending its lines; and it is maintained and consolidated not by frowning fortifications and standing armies, but by the invincible influence of religious and moral sanctions.

Jesus Christ hanging from the cross has drawn to Himself a mightier host than ever followed the standard of Caesar and Alexander. "When I am lifted up from the earth," he declared, "I will draw all things to Myself. I will draw them by the cords of love." Other leaders have captured cities. Jesus Christ has captured the citadel of the heart.

In contemplating those great men who have been conspicuous in history, the predominant sentiment we feel toward them is one of admiration. And our admiration increases in proportion as we see them ascending the pinnacle of fame. But we cannot be said to love them. They are too far removed from us to be loved. They dazzle us by their splendor, but do not warm our hearts. A man to be loved must come down to our own level. We must be on familiar terms with him. Christ in this respect differs from all other great men. We not only admire and worship Him, we love Him. He has come down among us. He has become one of us. He has lowered Himself to our estate. He has shared in our sorrows and infirmities. He has become the Son of Man that we might be made the sons of God. He has been our Friend, our Brother, our Counselor. The great Christian world loves him. Millions in every age have enrolled themselves under His banner, and are ready to die for Him.

Other sovereigns have signalized their reigns by framing laws for the government of their respective countries. Numa, Pompilius, and long after him, Justinian, made laws for Rome. Solon and Lycurgus framed laws for ancient Greece. Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor legislated for England. Napoleon compiled laws for France, which are well known by the title of the Code of Napoleon. All these statutes were of most useful in their day and generation. They were justly admired for their wisdom. But these laws were national in character. They were suited to the type of one particular people, and were framed for one particular form of government. They grew more or less obsolete in the course of ages. The people outgrew them, and a change in the form of government, involved a change in the fundamental laws of the country.

Christ has left us a code of laws in the Gospels. These moral precepts are immutable, because they are founded on the eternal principles of truth and justice. They have already stood the test of 2,000 years; they are as vigorous and as authoritative to-day as when they came from the lips of their divine Founder. And they will be binding in the consciences of men as long as human society itself shall last.

They are adapted to all times, to all places, to all circumstances and conditions of life. They are in force in every system of government, in absolute empires in constitutional monarchies and in free republics.

They appealed to the intellect and conscience of the ancient Greek and Roman; they appeal now to the subjects of Great Britain and to the citizens of the United States, as well as to the native tribes of Australasia and North America. The Sermon on the Mount and the Great Commandment of charity: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and soul, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," are as much binding on us as they were on the primitive Christians.

Christ, then, is not merely a man of history. He is not like other great men who have appeared in the theatre of life, have played their part and disappeared from view. He is not a meteor that has flashed across the firmament of the world and was suddenly extinguished. No. He is the Sun of Justice, shining on men down the ages, enlightening their minds, warning their hearts and causing the

fruits of grace and sanctification to grow in their souls.

He is walking to-day on the troubled waters of life, and He walked of old on the Lake of Genesareth. When Peter beheld his Master walking on the sea, he fancied it was only an apparition. But Christ was there all the same. No less truly is He moving on the agitated ocean of the world. He is lifting up many a sinking soul from the sea of sorrow and tribulation, and saying to the warring elements, "Peace, be still."

Countless multitudes of hungering souls are following our Saviour to-day as they followed Him of old into the desert, and are receiving from Him the bread of heavenly consolation. Oh! how many a desolate heart cried out to Him in its anguish with Peter and says, "Lord, to whom shall we go but to Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Jesus Christ confronts us at every step. We see Him with the eyes of faith. We hear His friendly voice, we feel the warm pressure of His hand. His name is on everybody's lips. Lives innumerable are written of Him. Volumes are published commenting on every word that fell from His sacred lips. During the recent Christmas holidays the Christian world celebrated with joy the anniversary of His birth. Both houses of Congress were prorogued; the courts of justice adjourned; the schools and academies were closed for the season that all might take part in the festivities. And thus the whole civilized world unites in paying homage to Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary.

Christ is the only living force that can regenerate society. He is the only genuine social reformer. The nation is sick and the malady is all the more dangerous because the patient is unconscious of the disease. We are so intoxicated by material prosperity that we are become indifferent to the higher aspirations of the soul.

If Christianity is the highest type of civilization, and who can deny it, then is it not true that we are retrograding instead of advancing in certain lines? We glory in our system of universal education, in our enormous wealth and in our territorial expansion? But these advantages are not evidences of Christian progress. Two thousand years ago Pagan Rome had all these temporal blessings. The wealth of the nations poured into her lap. Her empire extended over three continents. She excelled in the arts, in oratory, poetry, philosophy and literature, and in all the refinements of civilized society. Her paintings and sculpture, her literary productions are still our models. And yet, while she was in the zenith of her material splendor she was in a state of moral and political decay. In fact, she was lapsing into barbarism.

There is a barbarism more dense than the barbarism of the savage tribes of the forest. For the children of nature, taught by the God of nature, adored the Great Spirit. I speak of a barbarism which eliminates God and an overruling Providence from the moral government of the world, which takes no account of a life to come, and of the responsibilities attached to it.

There is a social scourge more blighting and more destructive of family life than Mormonism. It is the fearfully increasing number of divorce mills throughout the United States. These mills, like the mills of the gods, are slowly but surely grinding the domestic altars of the nation. Husband and wife are separated on the most flimsy pretences. And as if the different States of the Union were not sufficiently accommodating in this respect, South Dakota has the unenviable distinction of granting a decree of divorce for the mere asking of it, on the sole condition of a brief sojourn within her borders.

I can conceive no scene more pathetic, or that appeals more touchingly to our sympathies, than the contemplation of a child emerging into the years of discretion, seeing her father and mother estranged from one another. Her little heart is yearning to love. She longs to embrace both her parents. But she finds she cannot

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give her affection to one without exciting the resentment or displeasure of the other.

A lady prominent in social life said to me last year in Newport: "I do not recognize any law human or divine that can deprive a husband or wife of the right to separate and to enter fresh espousals when they do not live in harmony together." You speak of your rights, your privileges. But you have not a word to say of your duties and obligations. Ah, my brethren, if men and women had due consideration for their duties and responsibilities, their rights would take care of themselves! There can be no rights where there are no corresponding obligations. There are no rights against the law of God.

O, Thou who art "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles," cast a ray of Thy divine light on our beloved country, that the spiritual and moral growth of the nation may keep pace with its material prosperity. Teach us to realize the fact that saving knowledge consists in knowing and worshipping Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. Teach us that he alone is free who enjoys the glorious liberty of the children of God, and that freedom which delivers us from the bondage of sin. That he alone is truly rich who abounds in grace and righteousness. Above all may we learn from Thee that the national honor and glory and genuine imperialism is found in the empire of the soul over its passions, and that greater is he who conquereth himself than he who taketh cities;" that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin maketh people miserable."

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

London, Feb. 10.—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy died yesterday at Nice, aged 86. Nearly sixty years ago he was a rebel Irishman, and was tried on a charge of treason and felony, but was not sentenced. Even when he arrived in Australia he announced himself as an Irish rebel to the backbone, but he lived to be Prime Minister of Victoria, and to accept a title from the Crown against when he had rebelled in his hot youth. The Daily Chronicle says he leaves a name of which Australia and the empire are proud.

THE YORK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

In another column will be found the report of the seventh annual meeting of the York Mutual Fire Insurance Company. A perusal of the report will be of interest, showing as it does the good progress that this well-known company is making.

THE POPE AS A POET.

Rome, Feb. 9.—The Pope has just completed a poem, which is highly praised by literary people. It is dedicated to a friend whom the Pontiff desired to advise on the best means of prolonging life.

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PHENOMENAL ADVANCE

(New York Freeman's Journal.)

"The Catholic Church is decadent. She is losing her influence. She cannot survive the advent of modern enlightenment and the evolution of intelligence. The Pope having lost his temporal power, is before the world but a private individual, and the Church, now at death's door, will soon be a thing of the past." Such and similar cries and prophecies find many believers among credulous people. But confidence in them has begun to wane. But a great change has come about, and those who rejoiced at her prospective funeral begin to recognize, reluctantly of course, that she is a living organism, animated by a vitality and forcefulness that gives her a commanding influence in the Christian world.

Our esteemed contemporary, The (Methodist) Northwestern Advocate, says: "The Roman Catholic Church has during the past few years taken upon itself new life. It is striving for world supremacy, to regain the power it has lost." In proof of its statement it quotes the words of Dr. Kolde, an eminent Church historian of Erlangen, Bavaria, who says: "Few people, and only those who study modern facts in the light of church history, have any appreciation of the phenomenal advance made by the Catholic Church during the last decades, especially as a power in the political world and in the conquests of new spheres of thought and life. It is by no means a pleasant thing for the Protestants to contemplate; but it is an undeniable fact that not since the days of Innocent III. has the Papal system unfolded such splendor and power as in the present time. Not the Catholic princes, but rather the Protestant rulers are the ones who are trying to surpass each other in honoring the shrewd sage now occupying the throne in the Vatican, although it is in this same sage who has repeatedly called the Reformation a 'pest.' In other respects the Church has grown phenomenally. Each year the number of those who swell the ranks of the religious orders grows by the thousands, and in the German Empire alone there are now 40,000 of them. Not since the days of the Reformation have these orders, especially the Jesuits, developed the strength they evince in our days. The Catholics control the parliaments and they make our laws, and in countries like Germany, where State and Church are united, they even pass the laws regulating the affairs of the Protestant church. With every day the principle is gaining more and more ground that it is not ability and efficiency, but the attitude towards the Catholic Church that opens the way for candidates to positions in the State service. The statesmen of Europe are largely and in many cases mostly influenced in their international politics by the views that may prevail in the Vatican; and what is more remarkable, that which the ambitious Innocent III. failed to attain and that against which even Catholic princes and bishops have constantly protested, namely, the assigning of the position of judge on international difficulties to the Pope—this has been first voluntarily yielded to the Vatican by the leading Protestant powers of Europe, Prussia and Germany, the former of these also having been the first to recognize the Curia as a political power on equal footing with other powers by sending an ambassador to the Vatican."

C. M. B. A.
 London, Feb. 9.—The grand officers of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, consisting of Hon. M. F. Hackett, President; Hon. F. R. Latchford, Toronto; W. J. McKee, Windsor; Rev. S. E. Crinion, Dunnville, Dr. Ryan and J. Behan, Kingston, and Mr. P. J. O'Keefe, St. John, N. B., met this morning for the purpose of electing a Secretary in succession to the late Mr. S. R. Brown. Mr. Howison, the Assistant Secretary, was elected pro tem, and if satisfactory he will hold the position both as Secretary and French translator.

CROWDS ATTEND CATHOLIC LECTURES

(Owen Sound Times.)

The public meetings which have been in progress in the Town Hall this week under the direction of Rev. Fr. Paar, the Redemptorist Father from Saratoga, N. Y., have been very largely attended by the citizens of all denominations, and, indeed, many persons from the surrounding country have been attending nightly. Father Paar is one of the best known missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America, and certainly deserves the reputation he has gained for himself as an eloquent and entertaining platform speaker. In his meetings he has been assisted by St. Mary's Choir, and the splendid voices that comprise that branch of the church, have added very materially to the impressiveness and interest of the services. On Monday evening Father Paar gave a short but complete explanation of his religious garb and of the rosary. The "Hail Mary," the most frequently repeated prayer of the Rosary, he explained, is composed of salutations used by the angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth when greeting the Virgin Mary, (St. Luke 1: 28-42.) The church, believing in the efficacy of the mother's intercession with her Divine Son, added the last part. Perhaps the best comment on this explanation was a remark made by a non-Catholic, "I shall never again laugh at the Rosary." Following this came the lecture proper. Logically he showed the necessity of a belief in God, and that God left a form of religion to be complied with. Then he dealt with the question, "Is one religion as good as another?" and gave forceful reasons in upholding his claim that one is not as good as another. If one is right every other one must necessarily be wrong. In conclusion the speaker said that each and every one was bound to be perfectly satisfied that it is right if he wishes to be in good faith with God. If the slightest doubt existed one must pray earnestly for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. An example of some of the questions which Father Paar has been called upon to reply to, may be mentioned as follows: "Why do Catholic priests and the Catholic Church not advocate prohibition?" "Does the Catholic Church teach that all non-Catholics are lost, and do all Catholics go to heaven?" "Does the Catholic Church instruct its members to oppose a 'hot of its fold'?" "Does a Protestant child, not baptized, go to hell?" "Space will not permit the detailed replies to these questions. To the first he replied in effect that the church advocated temperance in all things. It had its total abstinence societies and regarded the young man who was a total abstainer as heroic. As a political question prohibition had never reduced the evil of drink. The church demanded total abstinence of those who leaned to excess, but if it could be used temperately its use was tolerated. As to whether non-Catholics were lost, there were those who acted in good faith and had faith. Every man had a conscience inward moral law, and the heathen who never heard of God would be judged by the laws of nature. The non-Catholic who conscientiously believed in the doctrines of his denomination and lived a good life, would get to heaven. All Catholics did not live up to the teaching of the church. A Catholic who was a drunkard or a thief was a disgrace to the name, and a Catholic in name only. The Catholic Church did not instruct its members to oppose all not of its fold. They taught their people to love their neighbors as themselves. Does a Protestant child not baptized go to hell? In reply to that question Father Paar emphasized the fact that baptism was absolutely necessary. The church absolutely demanded baptism, a rebirth of water and the Holy Ghost. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." The address of the evening was on "Faith." During the service the audience joined in the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee." Last night the answers to the questions asked were of absorbing interest. The Catholic view and belief were clearly set forth and lie and calumny refuted. Ex-priests, said Father Paar, acted on the principle of the infidel and infamous Voltaire, "Lie, lie, lie like the devil and something will stick." The greater number were imposters. Some were not. "Do you take as truth the word of a man who breaks a solemn vow made at God's altar? The Catholic priest who left the Church, left it because the church has vitality enough to cast off bad members. Why not first ask them, 'Why did you not live according to

your vow?" The church placed certain restrictions on her priests. If they did not live in accordance therewith they were cast off. Those who left non-Catholic churches went where? To the Catholic Church. Those priests who left the Catholic Church did what first? Took a wife—and sometimes not only one. The Catholic Church received the cream from the non-Catholics; they received the offal from it. Only a short answer was given to the request for Scriptural proof that man must confess his sins to a man. This would be fully dealt with on Saturday evening, the subject for that evening being Confession. In regard to the use of images and pictures, to which objection was taken, the reverend gentleman proved from Scripture that there was no prohibition in God's law against the use of images and pictures. On the contrary it was in accordance with God's law to have them. The limitation was that they must not adore them. They made use of such a means to raise the mind to heaven. "Where is your foundation for the existence of purgatory?" A strong point in the explanation of this was made. The speaker quoted Matthew 12: 32, "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this nor in the world to come." This implied that some sins were forgiven in the next world. In heaven? No, for nothing defiled could enter the kingdom of heaven. In hell? No, for out of hell there was no redemption. Then there must be a third place. Co. 3: 10-15 was also quoted. Either a man must admit that there is no difference between mortal and venial sin or he must admit the existence of purgatory. If a man guilty of a slight fault only, die suddenly, without time to make atonement, is he condemned to hell? Is he to suffer the same as he who dies in mortal sin? The dominant idea in the lecture which followed was that faith could be obtained only and solely by teaching just as in the time of the Apostles. Thursday's subject is the Bible and Tradition;

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND WHERE CHARITY GETS NO-THING.

The will of the late Dr. Parker, of London City Temple, was commented upon in Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new weekly, and a contrast drawn between the late leader of English Non-conformity and Cardinal Manning and John Wesley, who dying left no worldly possessions behind.

ALL-IN-THE-DARK SERVICES.

Protestant religion in London does not seem, on the whole, to be very flourishing, but it cannot be questioned that the ministers and leaders of it are very energetic people.

"To give an idea of the blighting loss which this new Radical syllabus will inflict on the French nation, it is sufficient to supply a few figures. In China the unauthorized congregations possess 12 hospitals and 1,415 schools, orphanages, and colleges, frequented by 25,000 children.

"To continue to cite these works of charity or political influence, there is the custody of the Holy Land, which is placed under the French protectorate, and of which the Vicar Apostolic is always French.

Turning to the north along the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, we find the Seminary of St. Louis, the schools and seminaries of Koum-Kent, of Phanaraki, and of Haidar Pasha, on the coast of Asia.

Most Reverend Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, was born at Thurles, Ireland, Feb. 20, 1831. He was educated at Carlow College.

His first mission was at the Cathedral of St. Louis. For nineteen years he was stationed there and at the Church of the Annunciation and St. John's Church, all in St. Louis.

But he was not destined to fill that See, for upon the death of Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia he was appointed by Leo XIII. June 8, 1884, to that archdiocese, and was fully installed as Archbishop of Philadelphia by being

can Mission from Lyons, with their 88 schools, frequented by 3,525 pupils, their 7 schools of agriculture, their 24 hospitals, including 4 for leprosy, and their 2 asylums for the aged and infirm.

"Again, we must cross the Atlantic and disembark at Brazil, where the Dominicans from Toulouse have three important posts; to journey to Peru and Chili, to visit the important colleges of Lima and Valparaiso, kept by the Fathers of Piquep, the Seminary of San Bernardo, and the schools directed by the French Redemptorists.

After warmly eulogizing the work of the religious Orders all over the world, and paying a just tribute to their large-hearted tolerance of all creeds, who equally share the benefit of their labors, he says:

"To give an idea of the blighting loss which this new Radical syllabus will inflict on the French nation, it is sufficient to supply a few figures.

In Armenia they have 8 hospitals, 15 schools, and 2,911 pupils. In the island of La Sonde 4 hospitals and 222 schools, with 12,443 pupils. In L'Emyrne, on the central plateau of Madagascar, 2,051 schools, with 99,214 pupils; also an astronomical observatory of high repute, and two hospitals, of which one is for leprosy.

At Ceylon they have 37 schools, with 1,300 scholars; two industrial schools, two hospitals, and two dispensaries. In Syria they have 193 schools and 14,270 pupils, one hospital, and the celebrated University of Beyrouth, founded under the auspices of Gambetta, and largely subsidized by the French Government.

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RECORD OF THE IRISH MARTYRS

In a recent issue of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin gives a list of Irish martyrs to the faith during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, as well as in the time of Cromwell. This list is published in compliance with a suggestion of Cardinal Moran.

The proceedings that are in progress for the canonization of our Irish martyrs cannot be viewed with sympathetic interest, especially by every Irish Catholic. They have now reached a stage at which it is possible to anticipate that before very many months have passed, the local tribunal charged with the judicial investigation of the evidence brought before it, will have finished its work.

The time then, has come to make an appeal to all those, in Ireland or elsewhere, who may be aware of the existence of trustworthy historical information that can be of help in the investigation of any of the cases enumerated in the appended list, or that may point to the advisability of adding to that list any name not at present found in it.

Close upon 200 of the cases submitted to the Westminster tribunal were held by that tribunal to be insufficiently sustained by evidence, and consequently were not sent forward to Rome.

Professor Loisy, an ecclesiastic who formerly lectured at the Catholic Institute, and who is now attached to the School of Advanced Studies of the Sorbonne, has fallen under the ban of the Church. His latest book, "L'Evangile et l'Eglise," has been condemned by H. E. Cardinal Richerard, Archbishop of Paris, and the clergy and faithful of the diocese are forbidden to read it.

LIST OF IRISH MARTYRS.

CATALOGUS SERVORUM DEI IN HIBERNIA AB ANNO 1210 USQUE AD ANNUM 1707 PRO CATHOLICA FIDE INTERFECTORUM.

- 1540—Guardianus et Socii, O.S.F., Conventus Monaghensis.
1541—Robertus et Socii, Ord. Cist., Conventus, Dublin.
1545—Conatus Macuarta (Mac Varr), (MacCarthy), O.S.F.; Rogerius Congall (MacCongall), O.S.F.
1549—Daniel O'Neill (O'Duiliain), O.S.F.
1575—Joannes O'Leary, O.S.F.; Donatus O'Ruach, O.S.F.; Edmundus Fitzsimon, O.S.F.; Fergallus Ward, O.S.F.
1577—Thomas Coursy, Sacerdos, V.G. dioec. Corrag; Gulelmus Walsh, Ord. Cist., Episc. Midensis (Bishop of Meath).
1578.—Patritius O'Hely, Episc. Mionensis (Bishop, Mayo), O.S.F.; Daniel O'Hurley, Sacerdos, Decanus Imelac (Dean of Emly); Thomas Moeran, Sacerdos, Decanus Corrag (Dean of Cork); Phelim O'Hara, O. S. F.; Henricus Delahoyd, O. S. F.; Cornelius O'Ruaric, O.S.F.
1579.—Thaddeus Daly et Scii, O. S. F.; Edmundus Tanner, Ep. Corrag (Bishop of Cork); Joannes O'Dowd, O.S.F.; Thomas O'Herlahy, Ep. Rosens.
1580.—Edmundus MacDonough (McDonnell, Donatus, Dunallus), S. J.; Laurentius O'Leary, Sacerdos, dioec. Corrag; Oliverus Plunkett, laicus; Gulelmus Walsh (de Wallis), laicus; Daniel O'Neilan, O. S. F.; Daniel (Donatus) Harrihan, O.S.F.; Mauritus O'Schanlan, O. S. F.; Philippus O'Lee, (Lews), O. S. F., Prior et Socii, Ord. Cist., Monasterii Graeg.
1581.—Nicolaus Nugent, laicus; David Sutton, laicus; Gualterus Layman, laicus; Thomas Eustace (Aylworth), laicus; Joannes Eustace, laicus; Gulelmus Organ (Wogan), laicus; Robertus Scirlock (Sherlock), laicus; Joannes Clinch, laicus; Thomas Netherfield (Netterville), laicus; Robertus Giralminus (Fitzgerald), laicus; Mathias Lampart, Parochus Dioec. Dublin; Ricardus Frinch, Sacerdos Dioec. Fernens; Robertus Meiler (Miller), laicus; Eduardus Chevers, laicus; Joannes O'Leary, laicus; Nicolaus Giralminus (Fitzgerald), Ord. Cist.; Patritius Hayes, laicus; Patritius Conavans, laicus.

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- 1852.—Thaddeus O'Meran, O.S.F.; Phelim O'Corra, O.S.F.; Aeneas Penney, Sacerdos, Prov. Tuamensis; Rogerius Donnellan, O. S. F.; Carolus Goran, O. S. F.; Petrus O'Chillan (Göillanus), O. S. F.; Patritius Kenna, O. S. F.; Jacobus Pillenus (Pillanus), O. S. F.; Rogerius O'Hanon (Henla), O. S. F.; Thaddeus O'Morcho, O.S.F.; Henricus O'Frelamhaid, O. S. F.; Joannes Wallus, Sacerdos Prov. Dublin; Donatus O'Reddy, Parochus Dioec. Connor.
1854.—Dermotius O'Hurley, Archiepiscopus Cassellensis; Gelasius O'Cuilean, Ord. Cist., Abbas; Hugo (Joannes) Mulcheran (Kiernan), Ord. Praemonstr.; Eugenius Cronin (Cronin), Sacerdos Prov. Tuam; Joannes O'Daigh, O. S. F.; Eleonora Birmingham, Vidua; Thaddeus Clancy, laicus
1855.—Ricardus Creagh, Archiepiscopus Armacanensis; Mauritus Kenraghty (Kirechthin), Sacerdos dioec. Limeris; Patritius O'Connor, Ord. Cist.; Malachias O'Kelly, Ord. Cist.
1856.—Moriarius (Mauritius) O'Brien, Episc. Imelac; Donatus O'Hurley (O'Murhyle), O. S. F., Socius.
1857.—Joannes Cornelius (Cornelius), O. S. F.; Gualterus Farrell (Farrell), O.S.F.
1858.—Dermotius O'Muleony (Mulchorny), O. S. F.; Frater Thomas et Socii; Mauritus Eustace, laicus; Joannes O'Molloy, O. S. F.; Cornelius O'Dogherty, O. S. F.; Godefridus Farrell, O. S. F.; Patritius Plunkett, laicus; Eques Petrus Miller (Meyler), Sacerdos Dioec. Fernens; Patritius Meiler, laicus; Patritius O'Brady, O. S. F.; Thaddeus (Teigh) O'Boyle, O. S. F.
1859.—Matthaeus O'Leary, O. S. F.; Christophorus Roche, laicus.
1891.—Terentius Magennis, O.S.F.; Magnus O'Freddiney (O'Todhry), O. S. F.; Logain Oge Mac O'Caitha, O. S. F.
1894.—Andreas Strich, Sacerdos dioec. Limeric.
1897.—Joannes Stephens, Sacerdos Prov. Dublin; Gualterus Termanus, O.S.F.
1899.—Georgius Power, Sacerdos, V. G. dioec. Ossor.
1900.—Joannes Valesius, Sacerdos, V. G. dioec. Dublin; Patritius O'Hea; Jacobus Duda, laicus; Nicolaus Young, Sacerdos dioec. Miden.
1901.—Redmundus Gallager, Episc. Derrien, et tres Socii; Daniel O'Molony, Sacerdos, Vic. Gen. dioec. Laon (Killaloe); Joannes O'Kelly, Sacerdos Prov. Tuam; Donchus O'Croninus, Clericus Bernardus Moriarius, Sacerdos, Vic. Gen. dioec. Dublin.
1902.—Dominicus Collins (O'Collins, O'Calan), S. J.
1906.—Bernardus O'Charnel (O'Carolan), Sacerdos Prov. Dublin; Eugenius MacEgan, Episcopus Ross, design. Eugenius (Hugo) O'Gallgher, Ord. Cist.; Bernardus O'Treiv; Ord. Cist.
1907.—Dermotius Bruodinus, O.S.F.; Nigellus O'Boyle (O'Buighill), O.S.F.; Donatus (Gulelmus) Olinus (O'Luin), O. P.; Joannes Olinus, O. P.; Patritius O'Derry, O. S. F.; Franciscus Helam, O. S. F.
1910.—Joannes Lunex (Lune), Sacerdos dioec. Fernens; Joannes de Burgo, laicus Eques.
1912.—Cornelius O'Leveny (Devanus) (Episc. Dun, et Connor; Patritius O'Locheran, Sacerdos dioec. Corrag.
1914.—Gulelmus MacGillacheni (Hilachoinne), (MacGollen), O. P.
1917.—Thomas Giralminus (Fitzgerald), O. S. F.; Joannes Honan, O.S. F.
1921.—Franciscus Tallfer, laicus, Decurio (Alderman) Dublin; Jacobus Eustace, Ord. Cist.
1928.—Edmundus Dungan, Ep. Dun et Connor.
1941.—Petrus O'Higgin, O. P.
1941.—Philippus Clery, Sacerdos; Hilarius Conerius (Conraeus), O. S. F.; Fergallus Ward, O. S. F.; Cornelius O'Brien, laicus; Franciscus Matthew O'Mahony, O. S. F.; Thomas Aquinas a Jesu, O. D. C.; Angelus a S. Josepho, O. D. C.; Robertus (Malachias) Shiel, Ord. Cist.; Edmundus Hore, Sacerdos dioec. Waterford; Raymondus Keogh, O. P.; Connallus MacEgan, O. P.
1943.—Petrus a Matre Dei, O.D.C.
1944.—Cornelius O'Connor, O. S. S. T.; Eugenius Daly, O. S. S. T.; Hugo MacMahon, laicus; Cornelius Maguire, laicus; Giralminus Giralminus (Fitzgerald), O. P.; alias Gibbon; Christopher Uiltanus (Dunlevy), O. S. F.; David Fox, O. P.
1945.—Henricus White, Sacerdos dioec. Miden; Edmundus Mulligan, Ord. Cist.; Malachias Queely, Archiepiscopus Tuamensis; Thaddeus O'Connell, O. S. A.
1947.—Ricardus Barry, O. P.; Gulelmus Boyton, O. S. S. T.; Ricardus Butler, O. S. F.; Jacobus Saul, O. S. F.; Elizabeth Carneus; Theobaldus Stapleton, Sacerdos dioec. Cassel; Eduardus Stapleton, Sacerdos dioec. Cassel; Thomas Morrisnaus.
1948.—Donaldus O'Neaghten, O.P.; Andreas Hicqaesus, O. S. F.
1949.—Stephanus Pettit, O.P.; Sobertus Netterville, S. J.; Joannes Bath, S. J.; Thomas Bath, Sacerdos Prov. Armae; Dominicus Dillon, O. P.; Ricardus Oveton, O. P.; Petrus Taaffe, O. S. A.; Bernardus Horumloesus, O. S. F.; Ricardus Synnot, O. S. F.; Petrus Costello, O. P.; Raymondus Stafford, O. S. F.; Paulus Synnot, O. S. F.; Joannes Edmond, O. S. F.; Petrus Stafford, O. S. F.; Didacus Chevers, O. S. F.; Josephus Rochford, O. S. F.; Gulelmus Lynch, O. P.; Gulelmus O'Connor, O.P.
1950.—Boetius Egan, Episc. Ross; Mylerus Magrath, O. P.; Franciscus Giralminus (Fitzgerald), O. S. F.; Gualterus de Wallis, O. S. F.; Antonius Musaeus, O. S. F.; Joannes Dornmer, O. S. F.; Nicolaus Uganus (Ullagan), O. S. F.; Jacobus O'Reilly, O. P.; Thomas O'Higgin, O. P.; Aeneas Cahill, O. P.; Thomas Plunkett et alii duodecim, O. S. F.; Bernardus O'Ferrall, O. P.; Eugenius O'Teman, O.S. F.
1951.—Dionysius Nielan, O. S. F.; Thaddeus O'Carighy, O. S. F.; Hugo MacKeon, O. S. F.; Roger de Mara, (O'Mara), O. S. F.; Daniel Clanchy, O.S.F.; Jeremias O'Nerehiny, O.S.F.; Edmundus O'Bren, O. P.; Bernardus O'Farrell, O. P.; Laurentius O'Farrell, O. P.; Ludovicus O'Farrell, O. P.; Franciscus Sullivan, O. S. F.; Gulelmus Hicqaesus (Hickey), O. S. F.; Philippus Flahberry, O. S. F.; Jacobus O'Moraea, O. P.; Carolus O'Dowd, laicus; Donatus O'Brien, laicus; Jacobus O'Brien, laicus; Bernardus O'Brien, laicus; Daniel O'Brien laicus; Joannes O'Kennedy, laicus; Jacobus O'Kennedy, laicus; Patritius Purcell, laicus, Eques; Galfridus Galwey, laicus; Thomas Strich, laicus, Praefectus civit. Limeric; Dominicus Fanning, laicus; Daniel O'Higgin, laicus; Donatus Niger, O. P.; Daniel Clanchy, Henricus O'Neill, laicus; Theobaldus de Burgo, laicus; Gulelmus O'Conor, O. P.; Vincentius Giralminus Dillon, O. P.; Gulelmus Lynch, O. P.; Thomas O'Higgin, O. P.
1952.—Rogerius Ormilus, Parochus Peov. Tuam; Hugo Carrigi, Sacerdos Prov. Tuam; Eugenius O'Caahan, O. S. F.; Bernardinus Bruadinus (McBrody), laicus; Antonius Broder, O. S. F.; Thaddeus O'Conor, laicus; Joannes O'Cuilean (Collins), O. P.; Nielanus Lochran, O. S. F.; Teractius Albetus O'Brien Episcopus Imelac; Cornelius MacCarthy, Sacerdos dioec. Ardert; Jacobus Wolf, O. P.; Eduardus Butler, laicus; Joannes O'Connor or Kerry, laicus; Antonius O'Ferrall, O.S.F.; Joannes O'Ferrall, O. S. F.; Thaddeus O'Conor, Silgo, laicus; Constantinus O'Rorke, laicus; Bernardus Fitzpatrick, Sacerdos dioec. Ossor; Brigida Darcy (Fitzpatrick).
1953.—Joannes Karneus, O. S. F.; Thaddeus Morraff, O. P.; Raymondus MacEagha (Keaghy), O. P.; Bernardus O'Kelly, O. P.; David Roche, O. P.; Daniel Delany, Parochus dioec. Dublin.
1954.—Bernardus Connaeus, O.S.F.; Domina Lady Roche.
1955.—Lucas Bergin, Ord. Cist.; Daniel O'Brien, Decanus Fernens.
1979.—Felix O'Connor, O. P.
1991.—Stephanus Kochelius, O. S. F.
1700.—Dominicus Egan, O.P alias O'Colgan.
1701.—Clemens O'Callaghan, O.P.
1707.—Felix MacDowell, O.P.
Date uncertain—Quadragesima Fratres Ord. Cist., Monasterii de Magio; Daniel O'Hanan, laicus; Donatus O'Kennedy, O.S.A.; Donatus Serenan, O. S. A.; Fulgentius Jordan, O. S. A.; Raymondus O'Maly, O. S. A.; Thomas Tullis, O. S. A.; Thomas Deir, O.S. A.; Jacobus Chevers, O. S. F.; Jacobus Roche, O. S. F.; Joannes Mocleus, Joannes O'Loughlin, O. P.; Joannes O'Moroghue, O. P.; Duo Patres, O. P.; Conventus Killoconne; Michael Fitzsimon, laicus; Conavus O'Keannus (O'Kiennanus), Sacerdos; Daniel O'Boyle, O. S. F.; Dermotius MacCarra, Sacerdos; Donchus O'Flavinus, Sacerdos; Joannes Macconanus (Makonanus), Sacerdos; Joannes O'Gradius, Sacerdos; Thomas Fleming, laicus; Ludovicus O'Lavertagus Sacerdos; Margarita de Cassel, O. S. DOM.
For those who may not know Latin we have added in above list in a few places, where they might not be able to guess at the meaning of the words a few translations of titles. It may be also useful for them to know that Archiepiscopus means Archbishop; Episcopus, Bishop, decanus, dean; parochus, parish priest; sacerdos, priest; socii, companions; laicus, layman; eques, knight, vidua, widow.—Ed.
It will be observed that in this list of the martyrs whose claims to canonization are now the subject of inquiry, the forms of their names are, in many instances, peculiar. In all such cases, the form or forms in the list are those that occur in one or more documents of historical importance.

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and 1903. It lists the liturgical calendar for February, including the 4th Sunday after Epiphany, Septuagesima Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday, and Quinquagesima Sunday.

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE BREAKFAST FOOD FAMILY. John Spratt will eat no fat, Nor will he touch the lean. He scorns to eat of any meat; He lives upon Foodine. But Mrs. Spratt will none of that; Foodine she can not eat. Her special wish is for a dish Of Exurgated Wheat. To William Spratt that food is flat On which his mater dotes. His favorite feed—his special need— Is Eata Heapa Oats. But Sister Lil can't see how Will Can touch such tasteless food, As breakfast fare it can't compare, She says, with Shredded Wood. Now, none of these Leaner please; He feeds upon Bath Mitts. While Sister Jane improves her brain With Cero-Grapo-Grits. Lyourgos votes for Father's Oats; Progaine appeals to May; The junior John subsists upon Uneda Bayla Hay. Corrected Wheat for little Pete; Flaked Fine for Dot; while "Bub," The infant Spratt, is waxing fat On Battle Creek Near Grub. Chicago Tribune. "WORSE THAN MORMONISM." Baltimore, Md., Feb. 2.—Preaching at the Cathedral on "Christ the Only Enduring Name in History, and the Only True Reformer of Society," Cardinal Gibbons yesterday deplored the growing number of divorces. In the course of his remarks he said: "There is a social scourge more blighting and more destructive of family life than Mormonism. It is the fearfully increasing number of divorces throughout the United States. These mills, like the mills of God, are slowly but surely grinding the domestic altars of the nation. Husband and wife are separated on the most flimsy pretences. And as if the different states of the Union were not sufficiently accommodating in this respect, South Dakota has the unenviable distinction of granting a divorce for the mere asking of it on the sole condition of a brief sojourn within her borders." VALUE OF THE SUFFERING OF THIS LIFE. This world is a place of trial. No one can doubt of it; the newspapers of each day are filled with accounts of murders and robberies, of all sorts of accidents, shipwrecks and drownings; of others burned to death in fires; of bloody wars where thousands are mowed down by their fellow-men; of famines and pestilence which devastate whole countries. A long list, besides, of men around us dying, in the ordinary course of nature, of old age, or of different diseases, and so sever-

son, that of Lent, is approaching. Let us prepare for it. HE IS RIGHT. The Protestant clergy, too, are alive to the necessity of the religious press. Dr. C. E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, says in the last number of The Tabernacle Tidings: "This is a good time to subscribe for a religious paper. Every Christian home ought to have one. Children ought to get in the habit of reading church news. They cannot be too early initiated into our great missionary and philanthropic movements. Fathers and mothers ought to keep abreast of current movements of the times. The secular press does not give a view of the Christian church which is accurate or satisfying. Some papers treat it with respect and fairness, while many papers either ignore it or record its doings in a way which leads to false impressions. Every Christian ought to know what the Christian church is really doing, and he can learn this nowhere else so well as in a religious paper." WHEN CHARACTER IS FORMED. The mind of a child takes readily such impressions as are made upon it. And when these impressions are allowed to harden the human brain thus impressed in early childhood is influenced as long as it lives. Why do great and successful men speak lovingly and gratefully of their mothers' influence upon them? Is it not because in the very early years, when the thoughts are formed, and the intellect directed, the mother is the child's companion and teacher? Of all the knowledge that you possess to-day, of all thoughts in your mind that you think original—ninety-nine per cent, were planted in your brain before you were seven years old. Before the age of seven you learn to speak, to think, to see, to walk, to recognize things by their touch, to recognize danger by the tone or the gesture; you acquire ideas of right and wrong, is formed to cruelty or gentleness. USEFUL NOTES. Getting Rid of Rats. — Common green copperas, pulverized and thrown pretty plentifully about where the rats travel, and also in their holes, so they must walk over it, will effectively drive them away, where traps, poison and cats fail to dislodge the pests. The copperas makes their feet sore, and they will speedily leave. The remedy has proven so entirely successful that it is a pleasure to make it known. "Country Gentleman." A fancy border is seen on many of the new incoming cloths. Grenadine beige, in green, blue and all light colors, has a narrow edge in bright colors. It is forty-eight inches wide. Canvas veils in clan plaids are found among the new materials at \$1.65 a yard. They are forty-six inches wide. Mousseline foulard is the name given to a gauzy mixture of silk and linen. One of the daintiest pieces is in pale gray, striped and dotted with white. In trimmings straight bands of white silk, embroidered with patterns of flowers in the natural colors, two or three colors or shades in a pattern. The bands are an inch and a half or two inches in width. With the advent of new displays in the stores the kid hats have fallen in price. They bring just as much useful purposes this winter in skating, golfing, automobiling and the like, as well as for school. They are to be had in red, blue, green and tan color. WORDS. (Louis F. Murphy.) If thou hast bright hopes to whisper Speak them to some hopeless heart; They may make the world effulgent; They may plead with magic art. If thou hast some words of comfort Welling up within thy breast, Do not let them die in silence, They may bring some poor heart rest. If thou hast words of pleading They may save a soul from sin, Breathe them in the tenderest accents Just one word may heaven win! If thou hast some words of gladness Let them burst in rich refrain, Oh! the countless hearts that need them Burdened with earth's grief and pain! Hast thou words of praise for others Is thy heart's recesses deep? Give them voice — earth's children crave them, At their sound all pulses leap. Hast thou words of love and kindness For the living hearts around? Speak them: human hearts will bless them, They will make the sweetest sound. Ah! too oft our thoughts are hidden! All too late when they are said, 'Till they fall like rarest flowers Scattered o'er the unheeding dead! He who never in his life was foolish was never a wise man.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

RAINDROPS. (Ida A. Roffin, in Sunday School Times.)

Who does not love a dear, wee little baby? Singing-Bird had long been a lonely little girl, with neither sister nor brother. But one happy morning, when she opened her eyes, she found the most delightful of surprises, for she had almost given up wishing—a dear, tiny baby sister had come to their camp. What black hair it had, and such wonderful big brown eyes! How she wanted to take it! She could hardly wait till her aunt could wrap the baby in a long piece of cloth, with its arms close to its body. Then she tied it round and round with a long, strong string, and placed it in its cradle, and laced it up too. The baby was very happy, and had no other expectation, for this is the way all little Indian babies are dressed and wrapped. The mother carries the cradle on her back, and, if she wishes to work, stands it up against the wall or a tree. It is not the Indian custom for the father or mother ever to name one of their children. Before long all the friends had heard of the baby's coming, and, as Singing-Bird spied her uncle, of whom she is very fond, riding up, she could scarcely wait to show him the little sister. Her uncle took her by the hand, and both went into the tepee. He had bought a big new blanket for the baby, and, laying the baby on it, said, "Her name is Raindrops." Singing-Bird said it again and again, and her uncle told this story: "This morning I passed the very spot, and as I did so, it began to sprinkle, and brought back the whole story. A good many years ago a party of us started on a buffalo hunt but, after travelling a long time and finding nothing, we became very, very hungry. We turned, looking in every direction, when we suddenly discovered a rain coming up very fast. We were a long way from home, but knew of a good camping-place near the river, which was very well sheltered; so we turned our ponies into the woods, thinking we would stay there till the shower passed over. As we hurried along, we felt the drops, one by one, coming down at first slowly, and then faster and faster, and just then we reached our camping-place, but were so surprised to see some white men camped there. We were not afraid, but the white men were even more surprised than we were, and very much alarmed, and called out, 'The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!' They jumped up and scrambled on their horses as fast as the could, leaving everything behind. We saw how frightened and hurried they were, and let fly a few arrows to frighten and hurry them a little more, and they galloped off. "After they were out of sight, we laughed, and had such a good time! We found blankets, a few guns, and some money. The raindrops brought it all about, so we will call this little papoose 'Raindrops,' for I am sure she has brought us some good luck too." Singing-Bird clapped her hands, and thought that was a very funny story. She said Raindrops laughed too. Indian babies are the cutest, chubby little brown babies you can imagine. They bring just as much love and happiness with them into this great round world as any little white baby under the sun. Anadarko, Okla.

TELLING THE TRUTH Richard Harlow was a brave boy, who possessed that true courage which enabled him to bear the sneers and ridicule of his companions, rather than do wrong. One morning, as he turned the corner of the lane, and brought the school house in view, he saw one of the boys put his head from the door, and look toward him; he immediately went in again, and soon another came, as though they were anxiously expecting some one. When he entered the school room, he found several boys gathered about the blackboard, Richard, after depositing his books on his desk, went to see what the fun was. Henry Brown, who was his particular friend, was drawing a caricature of the teacher on the board, to the great amusement of the other scholars. Suddenly a voice cried out, "She is coming! she is coming!" and the boys all rushed to their seats and began to prepare for the opening exercises; some of the boys were grave and sober, others vainly tried to conceal their laughing. The teacher, Miss Smith, noticed their glee, while the younger lads the disturbance, saw the cause of it, but said nothing about it until after the morning prayer. "Boys," said she, "I will not commence the exercise until I know who made the picture on the blackboard. I wish the boy who did it would rise." There was a deep silence, she waited a moment, but no one rose. "I must now ask each one of you in regard to it," said the teacher. She then began at one of the desks with the first boy in the class. "James, you may rise. Did you draw that picture?" "No, ma'am." "Do you know who did?" "No, ma'am." "Do you know anything about it?" "No, ma'am." "Be seated." She questioned each of the scholars in the same manner and they all gave similar answers. Henry Brown's turn came and he denied all knowledge of the affair, but he appeared nervous and uneasy, and when he took his seat his face was very red. Finally Richard's turn came. "Richard, did you draw that picture?" "No, ma'am." "Do you know who did?" "The lad hesitated for a moment. "Answer me, Richard." "I do." "Who was it?" Again the lad hesitated, and looked imploringly at the teacher. "I insist on a direct answer!" she exclaimed sternly. "Who did it?" "Henry Brown." "You may be seated. Henry, stand up and come here." The boy, agitated and confused, went up to the desk. "Henry, I must not let this pass," said Miss Smith. "I must punish you for causing a disturbance, and also for telling me a lie." She then, before them all, punished Henry, and compelled him to stand on the platform during the rest of the morning. After school was dismissed, as the scholars issued from the door, they in various ways gave vent to their indignation. "Tell tale!" said one. "George Washington!" said another. "Sissy!" cried a third. Henry was standing at the gate, but would not speak to Richard as he passed him. "I am very sorry that you were punished, Henry, but I could not lie to prevent it. I would gladly have borne the punishment in your stead, if I could." Now Henry was not a bad fellow, by any means, and his conscience told him that Richard had done only what was right in telling the truth. "I did feel bad at first, Richard," he said, "but now I know that it was not your fault and that I deserved the whipping." He turned to the boys who were standing around them. "Richard did right, and if I hear any of you calling him names I will flog you; I can do it and I shall!" Just then the teacher appeared at the door and came down the lane on her way home. Henry walked up to her, and taking off his hat he said: "I am very sorry, teacher, for what occurred this morning, and I ask your pardon; I promise never to be guilty of such conduct again." The teacher smiled and shook hands with him, assuring him of her entire forgiveness, and as she passed down the road, the boys took their hats off, and gave her three cheers, which she acknowledged by waving her hand.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parlee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels. No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to lose honestly the consciousness of the Divine Presence in the bloodiest temptation ever waged in Gethsemane. — Rev. Henry Kuefle. FOR CLEARING THE VOICE Brown's Bronchial Troches are highly esteemed by clergymen. "Pre-eminent by the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. "I recommend their use to public speakers."—Rev. E. H. Chapin. "Of great service in subduing hoarseness."—Rev. Daniel Wise, New York. "An invaluable medicine."—C. S. Vedder, Charleston, S. C. They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness and allaying irritation of the throat. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

Nothing makes strictness more attractive or more imperative than the evidences of God's love. In proportion as we love Him we appreciate His sanctity.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1903.

GAVAN DUFFY.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, whose death was recorded on Tuesday, deserves no slight recognition at the hands of the Imperialists. This he will not get, however, simply because he was an Irishman. It is from the Irish nation only that the credit due his great name will come. The leading newspaper of Toronto made the announcement of his end in the following words:

"Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, formerly an avowed Irish rebel and later Prime Minister of Victoria, died at Nice."

The life of Gavan Duffy carries us back to the gloomy dawn of that stage of Ireland's decay which began with the Union. He was in his seventh year when O'Connell undertook the organization of the Catholic Association. But Ireland's manhood was more regarded in England than than now. The population was eight and a quarter millions, and the deluge of blood in which the rebellion had been quenched five and twenty years before had not put out the light of popular faith in the ultimate triumph of justice.

The grant of Catholic Emancipation cleared the decks for a constitutional struggle against the political system which held the country pinioned under the knife of the British plebiscitist. No student of Irish history to-day can escape the conviction that the deliberate intention of the ruling country was to reduce the population of Ireland to less formidable numbers than Grattan and Emmet, and O'Connell appealed to. It was this course, adopted through fear of Irish strength, that called the "Young Irelanders" into existence. The return of revolutionary ideals in preference to constitutional methods was but a natural phase of a people's self defence from cold-blooded plans such as the Turk approves of towards his Christian wards in Armenia and the Balkans.

In that critical phase of the Irish movement Gavan Duffy took the patriot's place in the ranks of his country's defenders. The State trials of 1844 form a precedent for the present day coercion tribunals. Like all traitors of justice the convictions returned could not prevail in the broad public light. But Ireland was soon to lose O'Connell, and with him the faith in constitutional agitation which he always upheld. The younger men became confirmed in rebellion by the events of the ensuing few years. Duffy, Martin, Meagher, Doheny, O'Donoghue, and the other men of '48 did not think of concealing their disaffection. But their rebellious spirit was essentially an outburst of indignation against the misrule of their country.

Gavan Duffy, in an address issued to the Council of the Irish Confederation on March 15, 1848, avows this as the reason for their acceptance of the revolutionary faith. "Death," he said, "has raged among us like an invading army—emigration has drained our land of wealth and strength; we are justified before God and man in refusing to endure our wrongs any longer. Our sole duty is to assure and unite all our own people who desire the independence of our country. That done we can resume our ancient constitution, though all the foreign nations of the earth forbid it. And we shall. But we must prove we are worthy of liberty. By forbearance, by self-control, by respect for property and order we must combine with us all the good men of Ireland who desire independence unswayed by crime or excesses."

Their impotency must also have impressed them. Gavan Duffy's common sense brought him back to a policy of working for parliamentary redress. In the meantime he had been convicted of treason felony. In a word he had tried one way and the other and found both equally hard to travel without being overtaken by disaster.

A perfectly organized parliamentary force such as that of Parnell's creation might have availed under Gavan Duffy in Westminster. The wise politicians of England had their own opinion. They said, of course, that the failure of what is called the "Tenant Right" movement was due to the utter unfitness of Irishmen for parliamentary and representative institutions. Gavan Duffy at least showed them their error in this regard. Going out to Australia he became Prime Minister of Victoria, and was the first statesman of those colonies to dream of a great commonwealth or Confederation of British states under the Southern Cross. Thus the Irish rebel became the colonial empire builder, and the government that had branded him as a felon in his native land was glad to honor him as a sagacious politician and leader of Greater Britain.

The same aspirations that guided Gavan Duffy in Australia were brought to Canada by the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who also was one of the men arrested in 1848. McGee's name is honored among the fathers of the Canadian Confederation as Gavan Duffy's is by patriotic sons of Australia.

Gavan Duffy never altered in his affection for Ireland. Had it been his lot to return to Irish politics with the honors of his Australian record upon him, he would doubtless have occupied a cell in Kilmainham with Parnell.

There is little use in moralizing upon the lessons of this great man's life either for Irishmen or Englishmen. He has bequeathed in his writings that lesson for the benefit of British subjects in every part of the world; and if one class more than another needs to study the page it is the new school of anti-Irish Imperialists who cannot see beyond their noses, whereas Gavan Duffy's discernment was unclouded.

CATHOLICS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The self-confessed descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims have in recent years been developing an increasing anxiety to absorb all the honors connected with the foundation of the American Republic. Senator Hoar on the floor of the Senate last week said a timely word for the Catholic heroes of the Revolution, whose fame heretofore has seldom been blazoned outside the columns of the Catholic press. Senator Hoar's speech is a hopeful sign for the better education of the American nation. He said in part:

"But I should like to speak for a moment of one lesson which has been often forgotten, which the life of Charles Carroll teaches, alone among his illustrious companions.

"Charles Carroll was a devoted Catholic. He belonged to that Church which preserved for mankind religion, learning, literature, and law through the gloomy centuries known as the Dark Ages. Yet it is the only denomination of Christians against which anything of theological bitterness or bigotry seems to have survived amid the liberality of our enlightened day.

"Every few years we hear of secret societies, and even political parties, organized with the sole view of excluding the members of a single Christian Church from their equal privileges as American citizens. Yet certainly the men of the Catholic faith have never been behind their countrymen, either as patriot citizens or patriot soldiers. This spirit of bigotry would have denied the ordinary rights of Americans not only to Charles Carroll and his illustrious cousins, the Archbishop, to Daniel Carroll and Thomas Fitzsimmons, who were among the framers of the Constitution, but to Montgomery and Phil Sheridan.

"The American Catholic, in the early days, laid the State which he founded on the eternal principle of religious toleration. The American Catholic did his full and noble share in winning the liberty and in framing the Constitution of the country which he loves as we do, and which we love as he does."

RELIGION AND RICHES.

At a time when the workmen of more than one city are protesting, in the name of humanity, against the Carnegie library grants, when it has become an every-day reflection that Carnegie is only an extreme type of the self-made millionaire, which is tantamount to saying that no one can make a modern fortune honestly,

it is refreshing to read the biography of one man who not only amassed great wealth, but throughout his whole life made religion the foundation upon which that fortune was built.

We have before us the proof copy of an English book, by Rev. John McLaughlin, of Blackpool, on the life of the late Thomas Nevins, a well-known contractor of light railways in the United States.

Mr. Nevins was born in the little village of Mount Shannon, in the County of Limerick, and at the age of twenty went to America to seek his fortune, accompanied by his young wife. We need not follow the narrative of his material success. The most interesting side of his character was his deeply religious spirit. His biographer says of him: "Riches—superabundant riches—produced no pride in him. He was humble in his beginnings, when he entered on the path that led him to triumph; and he was quite as humble, nay, humbler still, when he reached the golden goal and arrived at the highest pinnacle of material prosperity."

Mr. Nevins, we are told, never felt at ease in the company of those who sneered at sacred things. He avoided them and declined to associate with them. While he always took men as they stood, and never at any time interfered aggressively with any man's creed, he made it clear that he would not allow his religion to be travestied or ridiculed in his presence. More than once he was seen to rise from table when some pretentious coxcomb sought to air his sceptical views to the disparagement of the Gospel. If any of his guests spoke loosely or with levity at his table such persons never appeared there again.

His distrust of all forms of absolute unbelief was most pronounced. Atheism and Agnosticism sounded harsh and hateful in his ears. There was an impression in his mind that these forms of infidelity were resorted to principally to stifle the voice of conscience, to drown feelings of remorse; that they were frequently made a cover for dishonesty or immorality—sometimes a cover for both.

He seemed, however, almost equally distrustful of a certain class of persons who called themselves Catholics. "I have met," he observed, "in various places, people who were loud in their profession of Catholicity. I have watched them closely; and I have never known them to give anything to the Church except impudence or criticism. This is the only thing, so far as religion was concerned, of which they were lavishly generous. I always doubted the genuineness of their faith, and I would not be surprised to hear any day that they had given up the faith altogether. In the case of several, I remarked that their great wealth did not last beyond one generation."

The biographer makes it clear that Mr. Nevins lived up to his religious principles, lived the life of a practical Catholic and died an edifying Catholic death. More than that his good works are continued by his son.

The biography is published in London by Burns & Oates and in New York by Benziger Bros.

IRELAND AND CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

At an interview last week in London between Lord Strathcona and an Irish deputation interested in Black-sod Bay as the eastern port of the proposed Canadian fast service, Father Lyons, of Galway, touched upon the question of Irish emigration in a very practical way. Canada, he said, would greatly benefit by the establishment of a port of call on this part of the western seaboard of Ireland, by diverting the trade of Irish immigration to her own shores. Emigration was deplorable at all times, but if there was to be emigration, it would be better that the people should get on to the land in Canada than that they should go to swell the population of American cities, as by far the largest proportion of them did at present. It would be in every way better for the people themselves that they should get to the land, and it would be also better for Canada and for the Empire at large.

The Register recalls Mr. Blake's words to his Irish constituents on the last occasion of his re-election. He frankly told them he would like to live in his own land, but that that desire was not to be considered as long as Ireland needed his aid. The Irish press and the representatives of the Irish people are not slow in attesting the value of Mr. Blake's services in the past, to declare also that he is more indispensable now than ever. There is not the least doubt that Irish-Canadians would be delighted to welcome Hon. Edward Blake back again amongst them, but this is only a reason for their greater appreciation of the course he is pursuing with persevering hope and increasing confidence.

IRELAND AND SOUTH AFRICA.

The cable despatches of this week report the Chamberlain's, father and son, looking for more trouble. The elder, the original Joseph, has discovered that the Boers have been contradicting and insulting him. General Dewet abruptly left the dictator's

presence, declaring that he would raise another rebellion in South Africa, this time an unarmed revolution, presumably on the Irish pattern. Mr. John Morley indulged in the prophesy some time ago that South Africa would probably develop into another Ireland. This seems to be coming true already.

As it happens the Irish trouble appears on the eve of settlement when the Boers find themselves entering upon a similarly dismal chapter of national history. It is to be hoped that the elder Chamberlain will not be permitted to commit another error more terrible than the late war.

In England, if we are to believe the despatches, Austin Chamberlain is prepared to burn all the newly-made Irish plans of peace. He will have the proposed land bill accompanied by a measure of Irish redistribution that will cut down the Irish representation considerably. The landlords and tenants who have come together for the settlement of the agrarian question, will thus find themselves bound by closer ties of common interest. The country will unitedly fight this violation of the English pledge made before the Union. An effort made last week to create friction between the landlords and tenants failed. It was represented to the tenants that the report of the Land Conference sacrificed their interests by recommending that they should pay 33 years' purchase for the land. Mr. Redmond has corrected this idea, however. The Nationalist representatives have acted with caution in the conference and the tenants will be wisely led by them in all further consideration of the issues raised by the report.

RELIGION UNDER THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

M. Combes, the French Premier, is having a busy time dodging the truth concerning his persecution of the Breton Catholics. All the religious houses in Brittany have been closed, and the salaries of the priests stopped. Meanwhile famine has visited that part of the country, which sends so many hardy men to the French navy. Paris editors are opening charity lists, and even English newspapers refuse to applaud the callous conduct of the anti-Catholic Premier. His latest excuse is, that the Breton priests have been teaching party politics in their catechism classes.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

A Toronto daily paper supporting the Government at Ottawa published during the week a report, stated to have good authority behind it, that Hon. Edward Blake intends returning to Canadian public life. Any description of report which a newspaper sees fit to publish can easily enough be said to have good foundation, so long as its authority is kept concealed. But anonymous warrant does not prevent the ordinary reader forming his own opinion on the subject. Now our opinion is that Hon. Edward Blake has no immediate intention of leaving his Irish conferees in Westminster to finish up the task of winning Home Rule. Mr. Blake's heart is in the cause of the country of his fathers, and all the years he has given to her service have been years not of regret but of hope and satisfaction to him. During his recent stay in his native city his friends were delighted to observe the enthusiasm and determination which showed in word and voice when he spoke of the prospects of Ireland, in private conversation as well as in his public addresses. More than once he said that important as the land struggle is, the vital Irish question is the national cause.

The Register recalls Mr. Blake's words to his Irish constituents on the last occasion of his re-election. He frankly told them he would like to live in his own land, but that that desire was not to be considered as long as Ireland needed his aid. The Irish press and the representatives of the Irish people are not slow in attesting the value of Mr. Blake's services in the past, to declare also that he is more indispensable now than ever. There is not the least doubt that Irish-Canadians would be delighted to welcome Hon. Edward Blake back again amongst them, but this is only a reason for their greater appreciation of the course he is pursuing with persevering hope and increasing confidence.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Judgment was handed out by the Appellate Court at Osgoode Hall on the 5th inst., affirming the decision of Mr. F. A. Anglin, K. C., in Me-

Leb v. Robertson. It will be remembered that this action, involving important questions upon the construction of the Public Schools' Act, was tried in August last by Mr. Anglin, sitting as a Judge of the High Court for the Hon. Mr. Justice Ferguson. Mr. Anglin's conduct of the lengthy trial was then the subject of much favorable comment in the local press of Manitoulin, his unfailing courtesy, quickness of perception and familiarity with the legal precedents in point attracting special attention. It is particularly satisfactory now to note that the present judgment, delivered by Sir William Meredith, expressly approves of the grounds of decision advanced by the learned King's Counsel.

Ireland and Africa are being much associated these days by reason of their respective relations with England. They have also some relationship one with the other of an older description. One English writer gives this week an account of a talk he has had with General Cherry Emmett, the late commandant of the districts of Vryheid and Utrecht. The Englishman fails to see any visible token of the guerrilla or the filibuster about this man with the clever regular features and clear, Irish-blue eyes, tokens of his descent from the brilliant Irish rebel whose memory he reverts so highly. Yet he was one of the "bitter-enders," and kept his men in the field long after hope had darkened and blackened into despair.

A writer in The Edinburgh Review gives credit to an Irishman, whose death is announced in our present issue as the pioneer of Australian Federation. "Up to 1862," he writes, "Federation was the only dream of an Irish man the only dream of an Irish idealist, Charles Gavan Duffy, who had been accounted a noted separatist in his own country—one of the most romantic figures in the history of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, and happily still surviving into the twentieth."

A PROSPEROUS HOME INSTITUTION.

Last year was an exceedingly favorable one throughout the Dominion of Canada for business generally, and also for our financial institutions, as has been shown by the reports of our banks which have already been published. This successful state of affairs is further demonstrated by the great progress that has been made by our life insurance companies of late years, and among these is that highly prosperous company, the North American Life, whose twenty-second annual statement is published in our columns to-day. The new business of the company was the largest in its history, exceeding any former year by one million dollars. In every department great progress was made, but this will be better illustrated by taking an extract from the able speech made by the President at the annual meeting. He said:

"During the past few years our company has made marvelous strides in all the departments tending to its upbuilding, which can be readily seen by the following figures showing a COMPARISON OF THREE SEPTENNIAL PERIODS:

	New Business.	In Force.	Net Surplus.
1881	\$1,567,108	\$1,221,712	\$ 2,431
1888	2,476,500	7,927,564	51,069
1895	3,012,850	15,779,385	405,218
1902	6,600,265	30,927,961	515,045

"You will notice that the new business for the year, compared with that of seven years ago, was more than doubled, as also were the income and assets, while the insurance in force was almost doubled. Notwithstanding the large amounts paid out yearly by way of profits to our policy holders, the net surplus also shows the large increase of over 25 per cent."

The strong financial position attained by the company, and the high favor in which it is held by the insuring public, has not been brought about by chance, but is due to the careful and skillful management by the executive officers at the head of the company. The policy-holders and those interested in the North American have cause for congratulation that its prosperity continues from year to year, and that it is now recognized as one of the leading financial institutions of Canada. No better comparison can be made of the position of the company than by using its motto, which it has so justly earned, "Solid as the Continent."

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO. SINCE 1854
78 CHURCH STREET

Assets, **\$3,000,000.00.**

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES.

Open every Saturday night from 7.00 to 9.00 o'clock

OFFICE HOURS:—9.00 a.m. to 4 p.m.
SATURDAYS:—9.00 a.m. to 1 p.m.

JAMES MASON,
Managing Director.

OBITUARY

On Thursday last, the 5th inst., the funeral of the late Miss Rose Kennedy took place from St. Michael's Cathedral. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Treacy. A large number of the relatives and friends of the deceased young lady were present at the funeral services. Miss Kennedy was well and widely known to the parishioners of St. Michael's Cathedral as a modest and religious young woman, whose life might well serve as a model for other young women to copy. The child of respectable and pious parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Mutual street, she longed to dedicate her life more closely to the service of our Blessed Lord. For that purpose she entered St. Joseph's Convent and remained in the novitiate for some time perfecting herself in every virtue according to the holy rule of the good sisters and longing for the time when she would become a worthy spouse of the Heavenly Bridegroom. But God willed otherwise. Her health, never very vigorous, gave way and she was obliged to go to St. Michael's Hospital, where she remained for over four weeks until her death, which took place on Tuesday, the 3rd of February. Surrounded by the Sisters of the Hospital and her own loved ones, she passed away peacefully in the Lord, and now blooms in the Paradise of the Spouse to Whom she gave her life and labors. R. I. P.

EDWARD J. MITCHELL.

The dark wings of sorrow descended upon many a young and innocent heart when it was announced last Sunday week that the Hand of God had touched a loved one, that the genial Eddie Mitchell was numbered among the dead. To not a few it was a first experience with that fierce struggle which one human heart undergoes when those who are near and dear to us are called away. The sad parting with one so dearly cherished filled full the cup of grief of an affectionate family and wounded the hearts of dear ones so cruelly that religion alone can afford them solace.

Eddie was a universal favorite. In St. Paul's School, where he received his early education, and in the De La Salle Institute, from which he was soon to graduate, he had won the esteem and affection of teachers and fellow-pupils alike. Of a most gentle, amiable, but withal, lively disposition, he shed an influence of sympathy and kindly feeling on all with whom he came in contact. He had suffered in St. Michael's Hospital with all the heroism of a Christian martyr an agony of three long months. His patience in the midst of excruciating pain, the fortitude with which he withstood every new attack of the relentless malady, the angel smiles that lighted up his features in his moments of respite, all concurred to win the admiration of his fellow-sufferers and make him the centre of a host of sympathizers. No wonder, then, that the announcement of his death pierced with peculiar pain the hearts of his many friends and aroused an outburst of feeling which found expression in numerous acts of veneration for the dead and kind sympathy for his sorrowing parents.

Despite the inclement weather a large number of people attended the funeral service, which was held in St. Paul's Church. Rev. Father Hand was celebrant, with Father J. Kelly as deacon, and Father Cantillon as sub-deacon. The Solemn High Mass was chanted by the pupils of De La Salle Institute and the boys of St. Paul's Sanctuary, of which deceased had been a prominent member.

The absolution was given by the Rev. Pastor surrounded by his fifty Sanctuary boys carrying lighted tapers. At the close of the service the body was slowly borne down the aisle, the clergy and Sanctuary choir marching in solemn procession while the sad, sweet accents of "Nearer My God to Thee" prayerfully chanted by the classmates of the dear dead floated gently down upon the silent congregation and the slowly moving line of mourners. The scene was most impressive and many a tear was shed. The pupils of De La Salle, regardless of the falling rain and slushy streets, marched before the bier, thus exhibiting in a striking tribute the esteem and veneration in which they held their saintly comrade. Six members of St. Paul's Sanctuary clad in surplice and soutane acted as pall-bearers. Rev. Father Hand accompanied the funeral to the cemetery and conducted the service at the grave. This was laid to rest in his seven-

teenth year a young man, whose noble character, genial disposition, and more than ordinary talent, had marked him for a brilliant career. However, he would grievously err who should judge lightly of so few years. Is not the glory of the Catholic Church centered around the holy martyr Agnes and the saintly Stanislaus? Still, both were mere children. Eddie, too, has left a lasting impress on the minds and hearts of those with whom he associated. We are better because he has lived. His very appearance spoke of God and led to virtue. Now that he is gone, his memory remains to strengthen us to endure with patience the many trials and afflictions with which one life is beset and recalls his noble example of every Christian virtue.

To his beloved parents, brothers and sisters, The Register offers sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement, and prays that God in His infinite mercy may grant eternal rest to their dear Eddie.

Toronto, Feb. 10, 1903.

A card of love and gratitude from the bereaved family of Eddie Mitchell to the numerous kind and loving friends, whose hearts went out in love and sympathy for us in our sore affliction; to the good Christian Brothers and their pupils for their many acts of devotion and kindness during Eddie's illness, and for the assistance they gave in making the funeral services so beautiful and impressive, for all we desire to say that our hearts are overflowing with love and gratitude. To the parents of those school and sanctuary boys who sacrificed so much of their valuable time, we wish to say may God save you from the sorrow of seeing any of your children suffering and dying as we saw our dear boy, and for the boys we will ever pray may God reward them with His choicest blessings and crown their lives with sweet success. May clouds of darkness and dismay before their presence fly away.

MADAME ALBANI AT ORPHANS' FESTIVAL, HAMILTON.

A Hamilton despatch describes the appearance of Madame Albani, the world-famed cantatrice, at the Grand Opera House in that city in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the orphans' festival. The customary orphans' address was omitted, but the youngsters from St. Mary's Orphan Asylum were grouped upon the stage and sang a pretty little selection, after which a couple of bright lads made short speeches. Bishop Dowling thanked the audience for its splendid patronage, and Mayor Mordey briefly outlined the good work that the Catholic orphan institutions have accomplished during the past 50 years. In the box with the bishop were Mayor Mordey, ex-Mayor Hendrie, Hon. J. M. Gibson and Father Coty.

The concert programme which followed was of a particularly high class, though, of course, the greatest interest was centered in Madame Albani, who had not been heard here for six years. The good lady, who looked exceedingly well and was charmingly gowned, was given almost an ovation when she first appeared on the program. Madame Albani had not been singing more than a few moments, however, when it became evident that from a musical viewpoint, she is no longer the Albani of old. Her voice is becoming rough and uncertain and her register has failed to an appreciable extent. However, she still sings artistically, and all her numbers were heartily applauded. In addition to her regular numbers, Madame Albani sang the ever-familiar Ave Maria, The Last Rose of Summer and Home Sweet Home.

DEATHS.

KERNAHAN.—At 33 Wellesley street on Monday, February 9th, 1903, Thomas Basil Kernahan, aged 11 months and 24 days.
LEAHY.—At Douro, Ont., on January 4th, 1903, James Aloysius Leahy, aged seven years and eight months, son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Leahy.
LEAHY.—At Douro, Ont., on January 9th, 1903, Teresa Leahy, aged 12 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Leahy.
Let perpetual Light shine upon them. Amen.
MITCHELL.—At St. Michael's Hospital, on Sunday, Feb. 1, Edward J., the beloved son of William and Mary Mitchell, 52 River street, aged 16 years and 5 months. R.I.P.
This was laid to rest in his seven-

Societies

C. M. B. A.

Branch 111, C. M. B. A., (Brockton) will hold its grand complimentary concert on Friday evening, the 13th inst. The affair will come off in West Association Hall, corner Queen and Dovercourt road. The best artistic talent has been engaged for the occasion. A special feature of the evening will be the address by Rev. J. E. Crinion, of Dunville, Grand Trustee, on the aims and objects of the Association. A general invitation is extended.

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT'S SOCIETY.

At the next regular meeting to be held in the lecture room of St. Basil's Church the Students and their friends will listen to an address by Dr. A. J. Amyot, the Provincial Bacteriologist.

The meeting will be called to order at 3 p.m. sharp.

I.C.B.U. CONDOLENCE.

Branch No. 1, I. C. B. U., Toronto, has passed a resolution of condolence on the recent death of Edward J. Mitchell, brother of Bernard Mitchell, a member of the above branch.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES' PEDRO LEAGUE.

A meeting of the Catholic Societies' Pedro League was held on Feb. 5th, at the residence of the President, J. J. Nightingale. All clubs were well represented.

The Secretary-Treasurer's report was read, showing the League to be in a flourishing condition, and the standing of the clubs to be as follows: St. Patrick's Commandery, K. I. O. G.; St. Patrick's Commandery, Knights of St. John, leads by a very slight margin, followed by the clubs in the order named: I. C. B. U., No.

ST. MARY'S COURT, C. O. F.

The regular meeting of St. Mary's Court will be held on Wednesday, February 18th at 8 p.m. sharp, in the Occident Hall, corner Queen and Bathurst streets. Prominent members of the order are expected to be present.

C.O.F.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 2, 1903. Sacred Heart Court, No. 201.

It having come to the knowledge of our Court of the deaths of the parents of one of our members, the following resolution was unanimously passed: To Geo. Zeih:

Dear Sir and Bro.—Whereas it has pleased God in His Infinite Wisdom to call to Himself and remove from your family circle your dearly beloved parents,

Resolved that we, your fellow-members of Sacred Heart Court, No. 201, do hereby extend to you and your family our deepest sympathy in this your hour of affliction.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this evening and also sent to the Catholic press.

Sincerely and fraternally yours, WM. D. VOGEL, Rec. Sec.

ST. PETER'S COURT, C. O. F., PETERBOROUGH.

The following officers of St. Peter's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, Peterborough, were installed by Deputy High Chief Ranger Michael Coughlin:

Past Chief Ranger—Frank Eno. Chief Ranger—Thomas Lane. Vice-Chief Ranger—Frank Murray. Recording Secretary—Jno. O'Brien. Financial Secretary—Jas. Lynch. Treasurer—James Clancy. Trustees—John O'Grady, John Halpin, John Burns.

Medical Examiner—Dr. McNulty. Court Physician—Dr. McGrath. Delegate—John O'Brien; alternate, John Burns. Senior Conductor—P. Kane. Junior Conductor—J. Curran. Inside Sentinel—M. Meade.

ST. JOSEPH'S COURT, NO. 370, C.O.F.

The members of St. Joseph's Court will remember for a long time the very pleasant evening spent by them and their friends on Thursday evening the 22nd inst. The occasion was the installation of the officers for the year 1903. Mr. J. J. Malloy, Provincial Trustee, was the installing officer. The members assembled in their meeting room and after disposing of the ordinary business of the Court, proceeded to a larger hall engaged for the purpose, where the Provincial Trustee in the presence of three hundred ladies and gentlemen, installed the following officers: High Chief Ranger, Mr. J. J. Ryan; Past

Chief Ranger, L. V. McBrady, K. C.; Vice-Chief Ranger, John Erz; Treasurer, W. F. Brooks; Recording Secretary, P. J. Murphy; Spiritual Director, Rev. J. J. McEntee; Board of Trustees, John Brodie. The Financial Secretary, Mr. W. J. Mitchell, and two of the Trustees were unavoidably absent through illness. After the installation of officers there was a concert, to which the following persons contributed: Miss K. LeRoy, Mr. Richard, Miss Maude Banks, Miss Marie Maher, the Misses Dennis, Miss Teresa Sloman and Mr. Jeffrey. After the concert a very pleasing ceremony took place. Mr. Malloy, on behalf of St. Joseph's Court, presented to the retiring Chief Ranger, Mr. L. V. McBrady, K. C., a handsome locket beautifully engraved, in recognition of the services rendered by him as Chief Ranger. Speeches were made during the evening by the officers elect, Mr. Malloy and Mr. Strickland, Chief Ranger of St. Helen's Court. Refreshments were served after the concert. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

INTER-CATHOLIC CLUB DEBATES

The ninth debate of the first series of the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union took place at St. Clement's Club Rooms, William street, last Friday evening. President E. V. O'Sullivan occupied the chair, and on his right sat Second Vice-President C. J. Read, President of St. Mary's C. L. & A. A., and on his left First Vice-President J. L. Costello, President of St. Clement's Club. The subject of debate was "Resolved, That Canada should contribute to Imperial Defence," and Messrs. Harnett and O'Toole, of St. Clement's Club, spoke for the affirmative, while Messrs. Rioux and McLaughlin, St. Mary's, successfully upheld the negative. Rev. R. T. Burke, C. S. B., and Mr. J. D. Warde made very capable judges and gave entire satisfaction. The next debate will take place in the Catholic Student's Rooms on Feb. 13th, between the Students and St. Joseph's.

Table with 2 columns: Won, Lost. Lists results for various courts and clubs.

1, St. Leo Court, C. O. F.; St. Joseph's Court, C. O. F.; St. Clement's Club, St. Helen's Court, C. O. F.; St. Mary's C. L. & A. A. and St. Anthony's Commandery, Knights of St. John. The games have caused a great deal of enthusiasm to exist among the different societies and have created a more friendly feeling and will do a great deal of good by bringing the different organizations more in touch with one another.

Die deutsch-sprache Gesellschaft.—As its name indicates this is an association formed for the study of German. The natural or conversational method is the one adopted. The association meets once a week and has a new subject for conversation at each meeting. The next meeting will be held on Friday, February 13th.

School Reports

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL—BOYS. Testimonials: Form III.—Excellent, A. Gentile, S. Jamieson, B. Barrett, F. Carey, W. Carroll, F. Bero, J. McManus, A. Johnson; good, L. Duffy, J. Cooney, E. Glynn, T. Greniera. Form II.—Excellent, W. Kirk, F. McGinn, F. Glynn, T. O'Brien, good, R. Halligan, P. Kearns, G. Atkinson. Monthly Examination: Form III.—A. Gentile, W. Carroll, B. Barrett. Form II.—F. McGinn, W. Kirk, P. Kearns.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL.

Fourth Class—Excellent, Edward Finnerty, Vera Redican, Francis Leonard; very good, Teresa Gibson, Bridget Ryan, Lily Kerr. Senior Third—Excellent, Mary Malone, Austin Malone, Edward Dunn; very good, Mary Bradley, Nellie Finnerty, Robert Connor. Junior Third—Excellent, Mary Williams; very good, Teresa Curran, Bessie McGilivray, Annie King, Thomas Vandemark. Senior Second—Excellent, Beatrice Malone; very good, Kathleen O'Rourke, Mary Fahey, Edward Wheeler.

First, Part II.—Excellent, Edward Corcoran, Margaret Broderick; very good, Leonard Rush, Willie Cummings. First, Part I.—Excellent, John Leonard, Gertrude Bradley; very good, Dorothy Routh, Percy Dowall, Augustine Bradley, Dorothy Forbes.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Boys' Honor Roll for January, 1903. Form IV.—Excellent, C. March, F. Rooney, W. Chase, T. O'Hearn, F. Shearns, G. Roche, J. Scott, N. Moore; good, E. Marrin, J. Neville, M. Meehan, E. Halloran, T. Hennessy. Form III.—Excellent, J. Burns, L. Cleary, F. Guay, C. Heck, J. Murray, J. Mohan, J. Mulrooney, P. Quigley, E. Roach, E. Hurst, J. Menton; good, A. Keeler, J. Fletcher, F. Kenny, J. Lobraico, J. O'Neill. Form II.—Excellent, A. Trayling, R. O'Donoghue, A. Guay, C. O'Leary, J. McNamara, M. Burns, A. Lobraico, W. Shipley, F. Tobin, J. Boomer, J. O'Hearn, A. Castrucci, W. Wells, W. Dunbar, A. Heck, J. Clune; good, J. Hogan, S. Hogan, F. O'Donoghue, E.

THE YORK MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the York Mutual Fire Insurance Company was held at the Head Office, 157 Bay street, Toronto, on Monday, the 9th day of February, 1903.

The report presented by the Directors showed a gradual and very satisfactory increase in business and assets since the formation of the Company, and that a dividend, at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum had been paid on the paid-up Capital Stock of the Company for the past year. The President, Mr. Henry Duncan, moved the adoption of the report, in a few well-chosen remarks, congratulating the Company on their continued success.

The following Directors were elected for three years, viz.: Messrs. John Goulding, John Richardson, J. G. Wilgar; for one year, Mr. W. J. Hill.

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1902

Table with 2 columns: INCOME, OUTGO. Lists financial figures for the year 1902.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT DECEMBER 31ST, 1902

Table with 2 columns: ASSETS, LIABILITIES. Lists balance sheet figures as of December 31st, 1902.

NOTE — THE BALANCE OF CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED AND SUBJECT TO CALL IS \$120,000.

HENRY DUNCAN, President. J. G. WILGAR, Manager. Toronto, January 24th, 1903.

To the Members of the York Mutual Fire Insurance Co.: Gentlemen,—Your Auditors beg to report that they have examined the books and vouchers of your Company, and have pleasure in certifying to their correctness. And that the above statement, the amount of cash in hands of the Treasurer, and the balance to the credit of the Company in the Dominion Bank is correct. The other assets in the hands of the Treasurer are properly cared for.

GEO. S. HENRY, ROBT. F. WILLIAMS, Auditors.

McGee, O. Roche, T. DeRose, P. Thompson.

MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Form IV.—Sen. Div., C. March, F. Rooney, M. Meehan, F. Shearns and J. Scott. Jun. Div.—H. Giblin, R. Fox and C. Higgins. Form III.—Sen. Div., C. Heck, J. Murray and F. Guay. Jun. Div.—A. O'Leary, W. Menton and F. O'Hagan. Form II.—Sen. Div., R. O'Donoghue, A. Guay and S. Hogan. Jun. Div.—J. Boomer, J. O'Hearn, and A. Castrucci and W. Dunbar (equal).

LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE TIMES.

(From The New York Sun.) Yesterday morning an automobile rolled up Fifth Avenue. A very young child and his nurse were the occupants. The fur-covered chauffeur kept the vehicle moving at a moderate rate. Only a short distance behind the first vehicle there rolled another private automobile. It proceeded with the same deliberation and it contained a child not more than three years old and his nurse. The two vehicles continued on their way to the park and an hour later were making down the avenue again.

Both of the children were born to wealth and position. The mother of the sable-decked youngster in one automobile is now in Europe living with her second husband, who is no relation to the child. He remains with his father when the father happens to be in New York. The father of the child in the second automobile has a second wife and this child lives with her mother—that is to say she lives with her when the mother is not at Aiken or in Florida in the winter and in Europe or at Newport in the summer. In spite of the servants, the furs, and the automobiles there was an undeniable pathos about the little procession of orphans—orphans of a new kind, but none the less bereft for that reason.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

CHAMBERLAIN JUNIOR AFTER THE IRISH.

London, Feb. 6.—The Government has determined to reduce Ireland's representation in Parliament. A Cabinet Minister has foretold the advent of another redistribution bill, and as he is the son of the Colonial Secretary, it is obvious that he knows what he is saying.

WHEN ALBANI SING.

She's jus' comin' over from Englan', on steamboat arrive Kebeck, Singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, an' havin' berg tam, I expect; But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel all roun' de worl, Sometin' on de heart bring her back here, for she was de Chambly girl.

"She never do no'ting but singin' an' makin' de beeg grande tour, An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be de firs'-class for sure! Ev'rybody I'm t'inkin' was know her, an' I also hear 'noder t'ing, She's frien' on La Reina Victoria an' show her de way to sing!" Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of de leetle bird, W'en he's fly from its nes' on de tree top, 'fore res' of de worl' get stirred; Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off so quiet an' low, An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor little small oiseau.

I'member w'en tam I be sleepin', just under some beeg pine tree, An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin he don't see me. Dere's no'ting for scarin' dat bird dere, he's feel all alone on de worl', Wall! Ma-dam she mus' listen lak dat, to, w'en she was de Chambly girl.

Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de sam as de bird I was hear, Till I see it de maple and pine tree, an' Richelieu runnin' near, Again I'm de leetle feeler, lak young colt upon de spring, Dat's jus' on de way I was feel me, w'en Ma-dam Al-ba-nee is sing!

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe cole on de winter, too, But de heart's "Canayen" on our body, an' dat's warm enough for true!

An' w'en Al-ba-nee was got lone-some for travel all roun' de worl', I hope she'll come home lak de snow-bird, an' again be de Chambly girl.

Dr. W. H. Drummond.

TO KNOW IS TO PREVENT. — If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

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NOTICE is hereby given that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada application will be made for an Act for the incorporation of a Bank to be called "The Home Savings Bank of Canada" with head office at the City of Toronto, with the usual powers of banks under the Bank Act and its amendments; also with power to acquire the assets and the good will of The Home Savings and Loan Company, Limited; and to take over its deposits; and to allow shares of the Capital Stock to the shareholders of the said Loan Company in lieu of shares in the Company; and to enter into agreement with said Company for transfer of its assets and good will. Dated at Toronto, this 27th day of November A. D., 1902. J. J. FOY, 80 Church Street, Toronto, Solicitor for Applicants

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THE LAST PRAYER

From the French of Charles Foley.

(By Alys Holland, in The Criterion.) They had put us in what used to be a chapel belonging to the Carmelites, and it was so damp that the water kept dripping from the arched roof and oozing out of the bare walls.

There was only a faint light from the high, narrow, stained-glass window, which was all covered with dust and had an iron grating before it, and we slept on sacks with scarcely any straw in them.

Once a day the heavy door of the little chapel was opened and the jailer, standing on the threshold, called out the name of one of us, and we all knew that the one who was called would never be seen again by the rest of us.

The jailer's visit only lasted a minute, but we lived through all the other hours of the day and night in horror of just that minute.

Such was our state of misery when the two sisters, Solange and Delphine and Halancourt, were thrust in among us.

They came in with their arms round each other, both of them with fair hair and pink and white complexions, resembling each other as one spring-time resembles another and lighting up our damp, gloomy prison like a sunrise. It took us quite a week to distinguish them apart, for they were so much alike. On Delphine's beautiful face, though, there was an expression of playfulness, whilst a gentle melancholy seemed to be more natural to Solange. Their voices, too, were different. Delphine spoke in a lively, quick way, whilst the voice of Solange was grave and penetrating.

We grew so accustomed to seeing them always together with their arms round each other that we never thought of them apart, and it never occurred to us to give the preference to one or the other. If by chance they happened to move away from each other for a moment, we felt instinctively that something was wrong as long as they stood alone, so ideal was their mutual devotion.

Somewhat when they first came among us, we felt for them something like that adoration which men who have been shipwrecked in the night must feel for a distant sail they catch sight of when they day begins to break. We were not deceived in our expectations, for they brought us relief in the midst of our distress.

When the two sisters had been searched, Delphine had managed to hide her prayer-book, and now every day, just before the jailer arrived to fetch the condemned prisoner, she and the sister went across the little chapel and took their place so that the faint light from the high stained-glass window fell on them.

We all followed and grouped ourselves around them, the most vivid among us kneeling down on the stone floor and the others sitting on their straw mattresses. Arm in arm, as fair and beautiful as symbols of faith and hope, the two sisters alone remained standing in the centre of our group, and holding the precious little book in her delicate, white hands, Solange, in her deep, solemn voice, which went straight to our hearts, began to read the burial service.

Utterly deprived as we had hitherto been of the consolations which we might get from any kind of religious service, nothing was more calculated to stimulate our moral courage and fortify our souls like those sacred words. They gave us just the strength which we needed and which would enable us to meet our executors without fear or anger, and to walk with head erect to the scaffold.

Nevertheless, when the jailer flung the door open with the butt end of his gun by giving it a kick with his foot, and then called out the name of one of the prisoners in a brutal voice, which echoed under the vaulted roof, our gentle Solange was obliged to wait a few minutes, and a tumult which we could not control interrupted our devotions. We knew that the one who was leaving us would never return, and at this thought, sobs and broken words or silent gestures of sorrow would counteract all the salutary effect of our prayers, and excusable though our agitation might be in the midst of such heartrending scenes, yet it seemed to us unworthy of our religion. We therefore agreed unanimously to subscribe all the money which we had left in order to obtain from our jailer a favor which would have been nothing at any other time, but which seemed to us priceless, plunged as we were in the very depths of grief.

The man consented to remain in the little room adjoining the chapel, which had formerly been used as a vestry, and to call the prisoners through the little grated window of the floor.

In order that Solange and Halancourt more than anyone else should not know what took place, and so should not be interrupted in conducting our little service, we arranged that she should turn her back to the door. Each of us took it in turn day by day, to remain by the little grated window, and when the jailer arrived he whispered the name of the condemned prisoner. The person on duty then walked across as quietly as possible to our group, and touched the

one who had been called lightly on the shoulder. The martyr rose, and, without disturbing the others, disengaged himself from the little group, and, crossing the prison as noiselessly as the messenger of death had just done, disappeared through the terrible doorway, and invariably, as long as he was in the chapel, his eyes kept their steadfast expression and his lips continued to murmur the words of the service.

Sometimes a slight change in the voice of Solange, or the way in which we instinctively bent our heads still lower, indicated the fact that we knew one of us was about to die, but at other times we entered so thoroughly into the service—carried away by the sublime devotion which Solange put into the words she repeated—that we neither heard nor saw what went on around us, and it seemed to us for the time being as though we were in another world. Anyone would have to have lived through those terrible times in order to understand the grandeur and proud serenity of such heroic silence during these fearful separations. One day, however—a day that stands out as more sinister than all the others—our feelings got the better of all our efforts for self-control.

On that day—I remember every detail as though it were only yesterday—Mme. de Faucigny, trembling in every limb, took her turn at the little grated window which looked into the vestry whilst we all grouped ourselves as usual around our beloved Solange. Standing up in the midst of us, with a halo of light falling round her from the stained-glass window, she was reading our Lord's Passion from St. John's Gospel, and as she read it seemed as though her whole soul were in her voice. Delphine was standing by her, with her arm round her sister's waist and her head resting on Solange's shoulder.

As we looked at them thus together in their white dresses, with their fair curls intermingled, and the chaste expression of faith and hope on their sweet faces, they reminded us of two innocent doves, and never had their affection for each other appeared to us more touching; never had they looked so united and so lovely, so infinitely above all the infamies of this world, carried away by the divine rapture of their prayers.

An almost imperceptible noise attracted my attention, and, glancing at Mme. de Faucigny, I saw her bending towards the little open window to hear the fatal news. Accustomed as I was to this incident, which was of daily occurrence, I do not know why my heart should have commenced to beat so fast on this particular occasion. My emotion increased in a most painful degree when I saw that Mme. de Faucigny, looking deadly pale and tiptoeing, instead of passing by the two sisters, to lay her finger silently on one of us, stopped just behind them.

The poor woman had raised her trembling hand and was just about to lay it on Solange's shoulder, when Delphine, warned undoubtedly by one of those strange presentiments which come to us sometimes when anything is about to happen to those whom we love, turned her head slightly and saw the hand raised just over her sister. With a look she made Mme. de Faucigny understand that she was not to touch Solange nor to disturb the service.

We were all gazing in breathless anxiety, but Delphine's eyes explored our silence and we remained dumb. With the utmost precaution Delphine gently took her arm away from her sister's waist, and obeying her mute supplication, Mme. de Faucigny substituted hers. This was all done so silently and so naturally that Solange continued reading in a clear voice. Delphine then lifted her head from her sister's shoulder, but this movement startled Solange and she gazed anxiously into her sister's face. We were all trembling with suspense, but the brave girl, in that supreme moment when she was leaving forever her adored sister and going to face death in her stead, gathered up all her strength and smiled back so sweetly and with such a look of peaceful confidence that Solange, reassured, continued her reading.

The whole of this little drama, which stabbed us to the heart with such anguish that prayer died away on our lips, took place promptly and simply in the most tragic silence. Mme. de Faucigny continued to obey Delphine's mute signs, and the latter first moved quietly back a few steps, and then, without turning round, walked in the direction of the little grated window with her quick light step.

Through the half-open door we could see nothing but gloomy darkness. The white dress fluttered through the opening, then the door, closing again, seemed to swallow her up in its shadow. That was all, and Solange continued reading. When she came to those heartrending words—"My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"—she pronounced them with such an accent of distress that it was as though her own voice startled her. Shuddering, she looked down anxiously into the face near hers, and where she expected to find Delphine she recognized Mme. de Faucigny. The poor girl understood immediately the atrocious thing that had taken place. All at once terrible sobs rose in her throat and nearly choked her; she felt half stiff and helpless into the arms that were supporting her. Her eyes closed, and in her terrible grief her fingers loosened their hold of the little prayer-book.

And then—for her this time—we all

of us together, from our very souls, repeated those sacred words of consolation which she had so often said for us. She stood up again, and, holding fast the little book, which had nearly fallen from her hands, sublime in her turn, she tried to finish the words of Christ. "Father, in Thy hands I commend my spirit." But with the last words her strength gave way, and bitter tears fell on the page, which she could not finish this time.

POPE LEO AS A FARMER

What the Holy Father Has Done for His Native Carpignano.

As Pope Leo continues his wonderful reign, seeming as the days pass to grow even more robust, people delight in relating stories about his innumerable hobbies and self-imposed duties.

As a writer of polished Horatian verses he is well known, but is not many people know that he is a keen farmer. He owns a great quantity of land at Carpignano Romano, being indeed, the biggest proprietor of the district. When he came to the Papal throne he determined, in order to show his affection for his country home, to supply the whole of Carpignano with good drinkable water. The Popes have always been celebrated for their water-works, as witness the innumerable fountains of Rome, which is the best watered city in the world.

Accordingly, the Pope sent for the hydraulic engineer, Giuseppe Olivieri, and ordered him to dig. Water was found at a depth of 300 meters (roughly, 900 feet), but not in sufficient quantity for the needs of the country. Accordingly, Olivieri, with the Pope's permission, bored two lateral galleries. These brought forth water in abundance. But when the summer came the earth dried up to such an extent that water escaped through the gaping pores of the galleries, rather than into the gaping mouths of the peasants.

Then the Pontiff caused galleries and main bore alike to be lined with concrete. But even this hardly proved satisfactory, without reckoning that the wells have cost already over £12,000. Pope Leo is a little sore about the poor success of his schemes, but he keeps on doggedly, and is even now planning fresh devices for the watering of his people.

His property is admirably managed, and its peasant population is wonderfully free from want and sickness. Pope Leo regularly sends for his agent, examines all the books, knows to a lira what his ground has produced, and what improvements it needs, and spends the larger part of the income derived from the land in better it and in building new cottages for the peasants.

He has the fondest memories of his estate, where he possesses a very beautiful villa, surrounded by chestnut trees, among which he always spent his holidays during his legate days, and later, during his Cardinalate, any time that he could snatch from the affairs of state. And he knew his tenants well, and used to visit them in their homes, where, great prince of the Church that he was, he would sit chatting about the baby's teething and the old man's rheumatism.

Once, not long ago, a timber merchant made a proposal to buy some of the oldest chestnuts. This roused the Pope, for his trees are his dearest possession. And the audacious merchant was driven from the Vatican, with the assurance that never, so long as the Pope lived, should one of his trees be touched.—Rome Letter to London Leader.

TROUBLES OF AN EX-REEVE

Were Easily Disposed of by Dodd's Kidney Pills

W. C. Cragg, of Dresden, had Inflammatory Rheumatism, and was Cured Silb and Clean.

Dresden, Ont., Feb. 9.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me sick and clean of Rheumatism," says W. C. Cragg, ex-reeve of this town. "It was the Inflammatory Rheumatism I had, and I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are as fine a remedy for that as I want. I am as sound as a bell now as I was when I was afflicted with that disease."

This is Mr. Cragg's experience, and it is the same as many others. People generally here are learning that Rheumatism is simply a result of Kidney Disease—that if the kidneys do not do their duty and take the uric acid from the blood, it crystallizes at the muscles and joints and causes those tortures too many people know too well.

"I had been troubled with Inflammatory Rheumatism for eight years," continues the ex-reeve. "I could scarcely get around to do my duties in my store. I tried doctors and medicines without getting any benefit, till I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cured me completely." "Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your Rheumatism will cure itself."

Chats With Young Men

AN IMPRESSION OF MARCONI.

The Scientific American brings Marconi into perhaps the most familiar light in which cold type can represent him. His character is a lesson in modesty for young men to study: Only five years have passed since the general public first heard of Marconi. Scientists, to be sure, had known of him as a young man who was carrying on the work of Hertz and his immediate successors. When, however, Marconi, made his first successful experiments in transmitting messages for short distances without wires, the newspaper man scented a good "story," and proceeded to write him up for a sensation-loving world in their best and most daring style.

PATHS BETTER THAN RUTS.

If a man is driving along a country road, he may need to keep the wheels of his wagon out of the ruts. If he does not, he is likely to wrench his wheels or to have them drag heavily all the time. But if a man is walking along a country road, he is glad to know that he is in the right path and then he moves on confidently. There is all the difference in the world between a "rut" and a "path." This is as true in study and daily conduct and in every phase of human life, as in country and traveling. A "rut" is a track that has been too much traveled and that has been too exclusively used, to the neglect of the road on either side of it. A "path" is a course which can be safely followed on foot without the neglect of the main thoroughfare. Sometimes we see signs on a country road, "Don't rut the road," or "Keep in the path." It is well for us to bear in mind the lessons of such signs in our daily life course.

THE VALUE OF POISE.

Rigidity destroys grace. In endeavoring to stand up straight and acquire a good bearing some men assume a stiffness that is detrimental to natural harmony of motion. In exhorting their sons to stand straight fathers will say: "Hold yourself erect," but no one can hold one's self properly erect without being taught correctly to do so. It does not mean throwing the shoulders back and carrying the head high, with the chin thrust out. It means such a complete control of the body that a perfect erectness is acquired without any apparent effort. Some men are too indolent to bother themselves about taking a correct posture while sitting, walking or standing. Consequently, they soon lose their youthful suppleness, for unless the muscles of the body are well trained, they will show the effect of advancing years upon them.

He is now one of the most "interviewed" of public men. Reporters hunt him; and when they drive him to cover, they hunt him. Hardly a day passes but he is talked at, questioned as to his work, and begged to give some exclusive bit of information. He has been photographed in all possible positions. He has been interviewed at all possible times, and sometimes at impossible times. Clearly Marconi has learnt that fame is its own punishment; and that he must submit to the delicate torments of the inquisition instituted by the modern press. No wonder that he leaves the impression of being intensely weary by interviewers. At best he is but pleasantly unhappy with them.

When you meet him for the first time, you know that he is not a cordial man; and yet you feel that he will not rebuff you, that he will probably do for you what he can. His manner is that of chilly reserve.

For a successful inventor Marconi appears the least joyous of men. His features are melancholy in expression. They are those of a man fast approaching forty—not those of a man of twenty-eight. His face is impassive, his eye almost cold. When he smiles he half shuts his eyes, wrinkles the muscles of his cheek, and draws up the corners of his mouth. It is not a pleasant smile.

If you visit Marconi with the expectation that he will do the most of the talking, you will find that you are grievously mistaken. You must do the talking yourself. To be sure, he answers questions frankly and fully; but he will not converse voluntarily. You discover quickly enough that his reticence is the reticence of modesty. When he discusses the Marconi system of wireless telegraph, he refers to it as "our" system, not as "my" system. He praises where praise is due, recognizing fully that it is not given to any one man to learn the secrets of science, and that great results are attained usually by the co-operation of many minds working to a common end.

He acknowledges fully and openly how important to himself has been the work of his predecessors, and even that of some of his contemporaries. "The success of the experiments with which I have been engaged is the logical result of the work of myself and of my assistants in the last few years, and of scientific investigations of the latter part of the century," he himself says. "Revolutionize" is a word not included in the vocabulary

which he uses to describe the possibilities of his invention. He frankly admits that it is not his purpose to render submarine cables useless; he is satisfied if he can successfully compete with them; or if he can only make them cut down their present rates.

And he talks of his system with a certain air of east confidence, which leads you to infer that if any man will ever succeed in outdoing the submarine cables, it is Guglielmo Marconi. It is not often that he prophesies; and when he does, you feel that he knows; or as he himself puts it, "It is not my policy to make a statement before I am absolutely sure of the facts."

Any sensible young man ought to know that he can't be up late nights abusing his stomach and be in full possession of his faculties for business the next day. And he ought to know, also, that a man must be clear-headed and in full possession of his faculties to hold his own in the keen competition of life. Your "good-fellow" is popular for the time being, but when his money is gone and he has lost his job and is on his uppers the "good-fellow" business doesn't get him anything. It's "poor fellow" then. Another good man gone wrong, and "the boys" are ready to kill another "good fellow" who has the price.

The young man who gets the sleep his system needs, is temperate in his habits, lives within his means and shows up for work in the morning with a clear eye and active brain—that's the man business men are looking for. They want employes they can trust. Having worked hard and laid by a competence they want to throw some of the burdens off, and they won't throw them off on the employe who is too much of a "good fellow."

UN EMPEROR'S HUMANITY.

One arm of the Danube separates the City of Vienna from a large suburb, called Leopoldstadt. A thaw inundated this suburb, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopoldstadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis II., who was then Emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompense, but all in vain; whilst on the other shore, his subjects famished with hunger, stretched forth their hands, and supplicated relief. Their monarch's sensibility at length got the better of his prudence; he leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming: "Never shall it be said that I made no effort to save those who would risk their all for me." The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the current successfully, and gained the suburb just when their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across at the risk of his life.

THE BEST.

There is an old song, one verse of which runs:

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride The best of all cobblers to be; If I were a tinker, no tinker beside Should mend an old kettle like me."

The writer of that song evidently believed in honoring one's occupation, no matter how humble that occupation might be.

He was like a poor, ignorant woman, who once came to the writer's house seeking work as a char-woman. "I do beautiful scrubbing," said she, "beautiful scrubbing. Nobody can scrub a floor cleaner than I can. And I never leave a spec on windows. I clean."

She honored her work, humble though it was. She had the spirit that should characterize every worker. There was as much honor in doing her work well as there would have been in some far more ambitious task. She made full use of such capacity as God had given her, and this was all he asked of her. It is all, is it not, He asks of any of us? Never do anything by halves, my boy. Better to leave it undone. Cultivate a spirit of absolute thoroughness and accuracy in the performance of even trifling things. Nothing less than perfection will do if you are true to yourself and to those by whom you are employed. Slovenly work is worse than no work at all.—Young Reaper.

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ORDINATIONS IN OTTAWA. At the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Ottawa, last week, six young students were ordained priests, four receiving minor orders and two the tonsure. All were members of the Dominican Order. The ordinations were conducted by Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Rev. Father Rouleau, prior of the Dominican Order; Rev. Father Caouette, superior of the seminary. Rev. Father Myrand, of the Basilica, acted as master of ceremonies. Those receiving the order were: To the priesthood—Rev. Hyacinthe Barriere, of St. Cessaire, P. Q.; Rev. Ceslas Cote, of Levis; Rev. Vincent Marchidon, Bastican; Rev. Pierre Grange, St. Marie Saloni. Rev. Jourdain Charron, Vercheres; Rev. Jean Dominique Daziel, of Montreal. Minor orders—Brothers Constant Chamberland, Montreal, and Marc Cote, Nicolet. Tonsure—Brothers Alvare Biron, Sherbrooke, and Augustin Turcotte, Stanstead.

EXPOSURE to the cold and wet is the first step to Pneumonia. Take a dose of PERRY DAVIS' Painkiller and the danger can be averted. It has no equal as a preventive and cure for Colds, Sore Throat, Quinsy and Rheumatism. Always keep it handy.

Fate and Marriage

By Clara Mulholland

Meanwhile Margaret was pacing herthe same. "You raise difficulties, and make sure that things will never be what I hope and expect. It's very unkind of you, and you shouldn't do and his unexpected announcement that it."

He loved her, had tried her severely. Her pride had been inclined to resent such a confession from one whom, in spite of good looks, talents and gentlemanly, respectful manner, she had always looked upon as an inferior. She had allowed him to talk to her, had encouraged him to approach her, almost as an equal, because of Hugo, who loved him, and clamored for him if he happened to be long away.

And then, unconsciously, she had come to look out eagerly for his visits. To meet him in the garden, to see him cross the fields, to converse with him in the pretty dairy, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for a considerable time, had become an event of the day, looked forward to with joy. That his presence gave her immense pleasure she had known for some weeks, and, notwithstanding every effort made to stifle these friendly feelings, she had found it impossible, and had told herself that she must really begin to avoid him, that she must be stiff and formal, and do all she could to keep him at a distance.

But every day such a thing became more difficult. Smiling and frank, gay and light-hearted, John would join her and her little stepbrother under the trees, or amongst the hay, and whilst he was with them the hours flew past like moments, and, forgetful of her name, dignity, and family, Margaret was supremely happy. And, yet, John's confession had taken her by surprise, and her feelings as he spoke out in such a straight-forward and manly way were varied and complex; but now in the quietness of her own room she knew that her heart was his, and his only.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Having pleaded weariness and a headache, Margaret had begged Mrs. Danvers to excuse her from going down to luncheon. And, seeing how white and languid she looked as she lay on a couch in her darkened room, the kind-hearted woman had at once declared her willingness to do so.

"And really Hugo is like the chattering brook," she cried, laying a cool hand on her darling's brow. "Men may come and men may go, but he goes on for ever. Mr. Fairfax is most good-natured to listen to him. I don't like to snub the child, but anyone with a headache is best away from him, so lie here, dearest, and I'll send you up your lunch. I hope you," anxiously, "are not sickening for anything?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Miriam." "Well, I hope you didn't get a touch of the sun. That is a dangerous thing." "Not so dangerous as some other things," sighed Margaret as her aunt bustled away. "Oh, John, my heart is sick within me when I remember that you are in London and I must stay here. I have had my fortnight with my father, so need not hope to get away from Riversdale this year again. And," sighing, "what a different place it will be now. How shall I and Hugo get on without you?"

Towards teatime, feeling rested and more tranquil, Margaret put on a fresh muslin dress and tripped downstairs. In the verandah at the back of the house she found Hugo in his big wheeling chair, a table strewn with books and photographs by his side.

The boy looked up with a smile of glad welcome as his sister appeared. "At last I hope you are better, carina mia? I miss you sorely when you are away." Margaret kissed him softly, then took a chair and sat down by his side. "But you had company, dearest, and I was tired." "You need not excuse yourself, dear," the child said, laughing. "I was quite sure you only stayed away because you couldn't help it. You were sad, I know. You will miss John Fane almost as much as I will, Meg." The girl started, and a quick blush rose in her pale cheeks. "But," continued Hugo, without remarking her change of color, "you need not fret. We'll soon follow him to London, you and I. And when there we'll see him every day." Margaret laughed, and catching up one of the big photograph albums, began turning over the pages in nervous haste.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

When Gerald Fairfax returned from Riversdale his sisters noted at once that he was looking brighter and more cheerful than usual. He greeted them pleasantly, and, sitting down beside Enid in the drawing-room, asked her what she had been doing all day, and where she and Sir Henry were dining that evening. After a while he glanced inquiringly round the room. "Where is your visitor?" he asked presently. "Did Sir Henry Dunstable frighten her away?" "She did not know he was here," Enid answered testily. "But why are you so suddenly interested in Beryl's whereabouts? You have been pretty careless and neglectful of her ever since she came." "Yes," cried Marion, "you have behaved shamefully, Gerald, to the dear little thing." "Spare me, pray," he exclaimed, putting his hands over his ears. "I am quite conscious of my wickedness. But I have been busy." "That's no excuse for your rudeness and inattention to her when you are in a room with her," Enid said sharply. "And I know you have plenty of time to sit mooning and doing nothing in your studio." Gerald reddened and looked away, conscious and guilty. "Sir Henry told you that, I suppose," he said, with a laugh. "But never mind. Times are changed, and

I am going to do my best to make up for past negligence if she will allow me. I saw her mother to-day." "I am glad of that. Is she well?" "Very, and now I have hurried home to invite you all to tea in my studio to-morrow. Several visitors were going to honor me with their company — people I'd like Miss Fane to meet. Lord and Lady Linton, Sir Peter Goldsmid, and though last not least, Sir Henry Dunstable." "Henry," Enid cried, astonished. "He never told me." "Because he did not know of the joys in store for him. I only invited him just now, in the hall." "And he accepted your invitation?" Enid asked in doubting tones. "To be sure he did. He'd go anywhere to meet the Lintons. He dotes on the nobility, does your Henry." "You need not scoff at him," cried Enid, always ready to take offence at a word against her fiancé. "He is an intimate friend of Lord Linton, and he did you a good turn with him, Gerald, in getting him to give you an order for two pictures."

"So he did. He's a brick, and I'll never say another word against him." His sister looked at him in astonishment. He laughed, evidently much amused, and kissed Enid on the cheek. "He has done me an immense service, far greater than an order for a hundred pictures," he cried gaily. "Though he knew not what he was doing when he brought Lord Linton to my studio." "You puzzle us. Why talk so mysteriously?" Enid cried. "It would be kinder to say plainly what you mean. What is this service, Gerald?" "I cannot tell you now. Some day you may know all, but at present everything is too vague." Enid fingered the gold chain round her neck with trembling fingers. "You have heard the strange rumors about poor Madeline's marriage, that Sir Henry Dunstable has just been telling us are being whispered everywhere?" Gerald started, and clenched his fists in quick anger. "He might have spared you," he cried. "But that was perhaps too much to expect. What did he tell you?" "He said that there were many rumors afloat that made him and a number of people doubt the legality of poor Madeline's marriage with the late Lord Linton."

"Madeline's marriage was perfectly legal. But her husband never was and never will be Lord Linton. For which I am very thankful." "Gerald! Never will be! Then he is living?" "Yes, one of the greatest scamps. But, Enid, I to-day made a great discovery that cleared up everything very well, and made me very happy. There were two Madeline Delormes. One who died years before our darling sister took the name."

"I know, Gerald. Someone—my mother—told me long ago, mentioned her to Madeline and she cried out—'When I go on the stage I'll call myself Delorme—Madeline Delorme—it runs beautifully, and then no one will ever know I was a Fairfax. So I'll not disgrace the name.'"

"I wish I had known this, Enid. Why did you not tell me?" "I had forgotten all about it. It was only when you mentioned that there had been two actresses of that name I suddenly remembered what my mother had told me. So it was the late Madeline Delorme that was the first Lord Linton's wife?" He bowed his head. "Yes, and died thirteen or fourteen years before he did."

"Is this generally known?" "No, and I only found it out by there merest accident." "Then that was what Henry meant when he said that there were rumors afloat that would cause more trouble and anxiety to Lord Linton than to us?" "That is exactly what he meant, dear."

"Do you think, Gerald, that Lord Linton really knew that she was not his wife at the time?" Gerald started, and looked at his sister with a strange expression of astonishment and horror. "What a curious idea, Enid! Who put it into your head?" "Hush!" cried Marion, holding up a warning finger. "Here comes Beryl. Let us talk of something cheerful when she appears." "Right gladly," said Gerald. And rising he went forward to greet the young girl with a pleasant word as she came in. The sudden change in Gerald Fairfax, his friendly manner, and warm, eager greeting when she entered the drawing-room came to Beryl as a great and not altogether agreeable surprise. Had he been always like this, she told herself, things might have been different. But now! Well, it mattered little. It was too late. They could never be anything but the merest acquaintances, and he had no one to thank but himself that it was so. His own coldness and incivility had brought matters to a crisis, and made her take a step that otherwise she never could and never would have taken. So she spoke to him frigidly, thanked him politely for having called upon her mother, and seemed to take no further interest in anything he had to say. She talked for a while to Marion, asked her what time they were to dine, and what dress she would like her to wear, then rose to leave the room.

Hampton will surely take you down to dinner." Beryl did not flinch, though her color deepened just a little. "And at what hour do we dine?" "At seven thirty, sharp. So we have no time to lose. Gerald, I am sorry," turning to her brother, "but we are all going out to-night." Marion remarked, "Beryl and I dine with the Masters and go with them to the opera." "That's good news," he answered; "for I am doing exactly the same thing."

"How amusing. Well, I declare, you're a regular oyster. Why didn't you tell us that long ago?" "Because until to-day—this afternoon, in fact, I was not sure that I would go. Fred Masters said I might leave the matter an open question till the last moment. So I wired that I would go on my way here."

"How condescending. And what moved you to do so, pray?" "The knowledge that you and Miss Fane—bowing low—would both be there."

"Well, really. Wonders will never cease," cried Marion, and putting her arm round Beryl's waist she swept her out of the room. Many were the wondering and curious glances cast in the direction of the Masters' box as Beryl, white almost as the soft chiffon gown she wore, entered with Lord Hampton in close attendance, and took the chair facing the stage.

"She's lovely. Who is she?" was whispered on all sides. All unconscious of these remarks, Lord Hampton's eyes were fixed in mute adoration upon Beryl's face. He dared not speak to her, for she was absorbed in the singing. So he watched her, longing for the moment when the curtain would go down, and she would turn and look at him with the sweet, bright glance that thrilled him more than any music—gave him more joy than anything else on earth.

But although she felt his gaze, Beryl looked steadily out before her. Her heart was in a tumult; her soul was sick within her. She had made a grievous mistake, had thrown away her chance of happiness, had done a wicked thing in promising to marry this man, whom till the day of her death she knew she could never love. At the end of the second act, as, mustering up all her strength and courage, the girl turned to answer a question addressed to her by Lord Hampton, a tap came to the door of the box.

"His lordship is wanted urgently," said a messenger. "Lady Hampton is waiting in her carriage at the door of the theatre—must see and speak to him at once." Lord Hampton bit his lip and frowned angrily. But there was no help for it. He was bound to obey his grandmother's summons without delay.

"I'll be back in a few moments, dear love," he whispered, pressing Beryl's hand, as it lay upon her lap. "I hate to leave you, but I must." "Of course, of course; I know you must." As the door closed behind him Gerald Fairfax stepped from the back of the box, and slipped into the seat he had just vacated. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he cried gaily; "and really Lord Hampton has had more than his fair share of your company to-night, Miss Fane. He took you to dinner, and escorted you to your carriage and sat beside you here, whilst I have not been allowed to say one word to you." Beryl's heart throbbed, and a brilliant color came into her cheeks; her eyes shone happily, and her sweet mouth was wreathed in smiles. "I never knew you wished to speak to me," she stammered with downcast eyes. "You never have cared to do so—since I have stayed with your sisters, Mr. Fairfax."

"I am glad you have given me a chance," he said earnestly, "by your frankness, of explaining my conduct, which must have indeed appeared inexplicable to you." "Oh, no—not at all," she cried quickly, growing more and more nervous under his gaze, in which, though she dared not meet it, she felt there were ardent love and admiration. "You were busy—and—" "Miss Fane," he laid his hand in hers—"it was not business that kept me away from home—made me silent—abstracted—almost rude when we chanced to meet, but fear—fear of what might be. I saw that I was too happy in your society—that to be near you was bliss—that—" "She laughed nervously, and moved a little away from him. "Am I—less—her eyelids quivered—"dangerous now, Mr. Fairfax, or are you—"

"You are more lovely—more adorable than ever," he cried in a feverish whisper, "and I am free to tell you so, if you will listen. The reason for my silence has been removed. The unhappy cause of my fear and terror has gone, and I may now do my best to—" "Win my friendship," she said with frozen lips. "As Enid's brother, I—" "Friendship? Oh, Beryl, I want more than—" "She raised her hand reprobatorily. "Hush! You can never hope for more. I" with a sob, "have promised to marry Lord Hampton."

"My God!" Gerald grew white as death. "Truly the fates are against me. Oh! had I but known the truth a little sooner." "The truth," she turned her beautiful eyes appealingly upon his face. "Oh! pray say no more. I—I cannot bear it now. It would have been better had you never known the truth—better had you never told me of your—love."

"Had I known, I'd have died first. I'd give my life to spare you one moment's pain. But Beryl, had I known sooner what I know now things might have been different." "Yes," she murmured, repeating his words sadly; "things might have been different." "Had I but seen and talked to your mother a week or so earlier." "My mother? Oh! with a quick flush, "you did not surely tell her—" "Of my love for you? No. But she told me things that made it possible for me to hope and speak of it to you."

"You bewilder me. What could she say that would do that?" "You know the story of your father's death?" "Alas, yes—only too well." The girl's color faded. "Poor father!" "His name will soon be cleared. The truth made known to the whole world." She started round, quivering with excitement. "Oh! Mr. Fairfax; really, really?" "Really. A terrible mistake was made; one that has caused your mother and your brother and you—much sorrow, and has, I fear," his voice became inaudible, "wrecked my life—ruined my happiness."

"A mistake?" whispered Beryl. "What mistake?" "The Madeline Delorme whom your father saw dead that night was not his wife, but my unfortunate young sister."

Beryl gasped and caught his hand. "And the other Madeline Delorme—his—my father's first wife?" "Died in Italy twelve years before your father, the late Lord Linton, married your mother." "John was right, then," the girl said quietly. "There were two actresses named Madeline Delorme?" "Yes," bowing his head. "John was right. And now, perhaps, you see the reason why I feared, sweet Beryl, to meet—and talk to you?" She turned upon him, her eyes full of a new, strange light.

"Yes—now I understand." There was a wail of sadness in her voice. "Oh, Gerald, if only—" The door of the box opened sharply, and the words died away upon her lips, as Lord Hampton wearing an expression of deep and bitter woe, a set, hard look about his mouth, stood upon the threshold. "Beryl," he said in a hoarse whisper, stepping quickly to her side. "Oh, my love, an awful thing has happened. I have been ordered to rejoin my regiment and sail for South Africa next week."

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A BREAK IN THE DIKE (Written for The Catholic Register.)

There is a story told of a boy in Holland who, returning from school, noticed a small crack in the famous dike that keeps out the Zuyder Zee...

As it is with the Holland dike, so it is with the safeguards of a country's constitution. If the slightest breach is allowed to be made in that wall of security, none can ever tell where the destruction may end.

The Dominion of Canada, composed of its various Provinces and Territories, depends for its future stability, prosperity and weight in the great world, upon its constitution.

But individual interests are not always in perfect harmony with those of the country as a whole, and frequently, for the sake of the advantages derived from the constitution, certain sections, or elements, must be contented to submit to corresponding inconveniences.

In view of the approaching redistribution of seats in the Federal House of Representatives, it has been explained, by the Minister of Justice, that certain Provinces should, in accord with the standard created by the British North America Act, lose a number of seats, while other Provinces should find their representation increased.

By the last census Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, on this basis, must lose a certain number of Federal representatives. Above all the Maritime Provinces feel a certain degree of discontentment.

Twenty-Second Annual Statement OF THE North American Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE: 112-118 King Street West, Toronto. For the Year Ended 31st December, 1902.

Financial statement table with columns for Receipts, Disbursements, Assets, and Liabilities. Includes items like 'To Net Ledger Assets', 'To Cash for Premiums', 'By Payment for Death Claims', etc.

Net Surplus \$515,044.76 Audited and found correct—J. N. LAKE, Auditor. The financial position of the Company is unexcelled.

PRESIDENT, JOHN L. BLAIKIE VICE-PRESIDENTS: JAS. THORBURN, M.D., HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, K.C., DIRECTORS: HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., C.M.G., E. GURNEY, Esq., L. W. SMITH, Esq., K.C., D.C.L., D. McCRAE, Esq., Guelph.

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The report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 29th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policyholders.

that the standard-Province be given a few extra seats; by this means the decrease in the representation of other Provinces might be obviated. Possibly there is an idea abroad that Quebec would jump at such an offer; if so, never were an idea more false.

Jesus Christ, our great Model, suffered much for us; let us bear our afflictions cheerfully, seeing that through them we have the happiness of resembling Him.

THE MARKET REPORTS. Live Stock Quiet—Grain Unchanged—The Latest Quotations. Tuesday Evening, Feb. 10. Toronto St. Lawrence Markets.

Business on the street was quite lively to-day, but in the new market building things were rather quiet. Producers received prices fairly large, the grain on the market amounting to 2,500 bushels.

Trade at the Toronto Cattle Market to-day was rather quiet, with the improvement in the principal lines of cattle only fair. The run of stock was light, but of fairly good quality.

Local prices to-day showed an easier feeling, but there was no quotable change. About \$4.00 to \$4.25 was paid for the best stock on the market.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Feb. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 40,000; good to prime steers, \$4.40 to \$4.50; poor to medium, \$3.40 to \$3.50; hogs, \$4.40 to \$4.50; sheep, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

British Markets. Liverpool, Feb. 10.—Wheat, spot firm; No 1 standard California, per cental, 6s 11/4d to 7s; No 2 red winter, 6s 11/4d to 7s.

London, Feb. 10.—Opening—Wheat, on passage firm, not active; Walls, Iron, red, passage, 31s paid; La Plata, 30s 1/2d.

Paris, Feb. 10.—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; February 23t 95c, May and August 23t 50c; Flour, four steady; February 21t 5c, May and August 31t.

Antwerp, Feb. 10.—Close—Wheat, spot steady, 16 1/2 pfg. Corn, spot, mixed American, 23 1/2 pfg. Flour, spot, Minneapolis, 23 1/2 pfg.

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL Awarded LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER

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THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. E. A. FANNON, Optical Doctor EYES CAREFULLY EXAMINED OFFICE HOURS 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. 219 LANSDOWN AVE., TORONTO.

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