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VOL. XI, No. 51

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Dean O'Connor's Jubilee

Fiftieth Anniversary of Ordination  
Celebrated at Marysville

Deseronto, Dec. 17.—Very Rev. Dean O'Connor of Marysville celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood this morning. Vicar-General Masterson of Prescott read an address from the priests of the diocese and presented the aged pastor with a purse of gold. The parishioners also presented a purse and an address, read by Denis Hayes. The parishes of Perth and Chesterville sent a set of benediction vestments and a gold-headed cane. The ceremony was held in St. Mary's Church, Marysville, which was crowded. Dean O'Connor was ordained to the priesthood on Dec. 17, 1853, and has been incumbent at Marysville for the past five years.

John Stephen O'Connor was born in Peterborough, February 17th, 1828, and was the first child born of white parents in that section of the country. His father was one of the pioneers of Peterborough. Young O'Connor was an apt pupil and he graduated from the Peterborough Grammar School in May, 1849. After that he attended Regiopolis College, King's-mas, 1853. At this time he was professor of mathematics from the fall of 1849 until the fall of 1852. For a year after that date he attended the Grand Seminary, Montreal, leaving there a week before Christmas, 1853. At this time he was appointed assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral, which position he held for nearly three years, having been transferred to the Parish of Cornwall, removing in November, 1856, to Alexandria. His next move was in June, 1870, to Perth. He went to Chesterville in May, 1889, where he remained in charge of one parish until his removal to Marysville on March 15th, 1889, where he has been since.

Dean O'Connor is remembered by the older residents of Kingston for the courage he displayed in faithfully attending to the sick and dying during the great epidemic here years ago. He has made hosts of friends everywhere. In his fifty years' pastorate he has brought his great learning and piety to bear for the welfare of his people. Few men live to celebrate the occasion of having served fifty years in their chosen profession, while still remaining in harness. Dean O'Connor is one of these few, and the people of Kingston and this district, of all classes and creeds, unite in sincere congratulations to the aged prelate, and hope that he may serve his Church and his people for many more years.

## J. W. Mogan for Alderman

Mr. J. W. Mogan, president of the East Toronto Liberal Association, for many years well and favorably known to the business and working classes in the eastern section of the city, is a candidate for aldermanic honors in the Second Ward. The contest in this ward promises to be largely a fight among new men, and Mr. Mogan should give an excellent account of himself. He is well acquainted with public affairs on account of his prominent association with political and other organizations, and is the strongest man in the district for the workers to rally round. His standing as a citizen and a tradesman entitle him to the confidence of the property owners. The interests of Ward 2 in the council can be best represented by a man of the people. Mr. Mogan has energy, experience and popularity upon his side and the prize for the controllerships having drawn some of the chances for one or two new men with excellent Ward Two should elect J. W. Mogan for 1904.

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One of these garments would make you comfortable in a blizzard, with the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer. They last for years, and the price of them is steadily rising, so to buy to-day would be a good investment.

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## The Archbishop's Jubilee

a Great Success

"Jubilae Deo."—Praise be to God—sang the choir.

On the breath of the glorious anthem to-day in this city ascended the praise and prayers of grateful thousands; praise that the capable and eloquent Archbishop of Montreal, His Grace Mgr. Bruchesi, had been spared to celebrate the jubilee of his twenty-five years of priesthood; prayers that his years of ministry might still be long and fruitful.

From all parts of the province came men high in the Church to do him honor.

The jubilee ceremonies began at ten o'clock. The long lines of prelates and priests passed from the sacristy into the west aisle of the Cathedral through the three hundred occupied chairs in the body of the church directly in front of the altar railings.

The jubilee ceremonies began with a solemn Pontifical Mass, with the jubilarian, Archbishop Bruchesi, the celebrant. The other officers of the mass were: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Z. Racicot and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Archambault, assistants at the throne. Rev. A. de Charles, Lesage, P.P. of Chambly, was the assistant priest. The deacons of honor were: Rev. Father Adam, P.P. of the Sacred Heart Church, and Rev. Abbe Mantel, Superior of the St. Therese Seminary. The deacon of the mass was Rev. Abbe Chevrier, S.S.; the sub-deacon, Rev. Abbe Baillarge, P.P. of St. Hubert. Rev. Father J. M. Demers, the Archbishop's secretary, acted as master of ceremonies. The servers were from the Seminary of Philosophy.

In the sanctuary were: Their Lordships Bishop Decelles, of St. Hyacinthe; Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Bishop Laroque, of Sherbrooke; Bishop McDonald, of Prince Edward Island; Bishop Lorrain of Pontiac; the Mitred Abbot of Oka, Mgr. Racicot, Mgr. Archambault, the Canons of the Archdiocese; Rev. Father LeCompte, Provincial of the Jesuits; Rev. Father Ducharme, Provincial of St. Viator; Rev. Father Jodoin, Provincial of the Oblats; Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P. of St. Anthony, and his assistant, Rev. Thos. Heffernan; Rev. Father M. Callaghan, P.P. of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P. of St. Gabriels; the Superiors of the various Religious Orders, and the parish priests of the city, with their assistants, representatives of the Provincial Cabinet, Bench and Bar, occupied seats of honor.

Scattered throughout the church were Brothers and Sisters of various religious communities.

The choir of the Cathedral, under the baton of Prof. Couture, rendered a musical programme of high order. Messrs. E. Lebel and Morin were the soloists.

At the conclusion of the Mass an address was read by Mgr. Z. Racicot, Vicar-General, wherein he expressed the feelings of the clergy and the laity to rejoice with their beloved Archbishop; to praise and thank God for twenty-five years he had spent so faithfully and so honorably in the priesthood. They knew how constantly forgetful of self, and thoughtful of others he had been, and that his wants were simple and few, but they hoped that he would permit them, on this exceptional occasion, to honor him by presenting him a personal gift in keeping with the importance of the event they were celebrating.

"Only your positive prohibition," continued the Vicar-General, "restraineth us. Your wish has been respected. As soon as it was announced that nothing could make you happier than to see one of the greater charities of the diocese assisted, and you pointed out the Home for Incurables, which you had recently founded, all the members of your flock, priests and people, poured generously their contributions into the treasury."

Mgr. Racicot concluded by thanking God for the wise and beneficent reign of the Jubilarian, and prayed God to grant him length of days that he may continue and perfect the work of the Church in the great Archdiocese of Montreal.

His Grace replied happily and felicitously to the address of his Vicar-General.

After the church ceremonies a dinner was given to His Grace in the Refectory of the Palace. Mgr. Racicot, Vicar-General, presided, and every parish of the diocese was represented.

The jubilee offering of nearly fourteen thousand dollars was presented to His Grace, which will be handed over to the Home for Incurables was founded by Archbishop Bruchesi. The Home is situated at Notre Dame de Grace, under the control of the Sisters of Providence.

In the vast throng at the Cathedral were many priests who had long past the 25th year mark in the ministry. It is a rare thing for an Archbishop to celebrate his Silver Jubilee as a priest during his regime as a Bishop.

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The celebration was a worthy one, all religious orders of priests, brothers and sisters came to honor their superior. His Grace sang Mass in a clear voice and his reply was made in the same manner. The Archdiocese of Montreal can boast of having one of the youngest Archbishops in the world. His people wish him years of joy, happiness and prosperity in high and exalted vocation.

All the pupils of the Catholic Schools enjoyed a holiday, in honor of Archbishop Bruchesi's Jubilee. Montreal, Dec. 22, 1903. FELIX.

## Douro—Ennisnore

Celebration of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin

December 8th, Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, was, as usual, a red letter day in the parish of Douro. On that day forty of the little ones received for the first time Holy Communion. Rev. Father Kelly officiated. The reverend gentleman has officiated on many such occasions, because he has been a parish priest for twenty-five years in the County of Peterborough. On this account there is a proposal on foot to have all those who have made their first communion under his administrations, meet together in July of next year. "What a happy reunion it should be! How rejoiced they should be to shake hands on such a solemn occasion, with him who has been all these years their staunch and steadfast friend—to whom during all these years their hearts have gone out in love and loyalty—of whom they now speak so kindly and reverently as their grand old man, saying with the world's bard:

"Time cannot wither him,  
Nor custom stale  
His infinite variety."

—Com.

## I.C.B.U.

Branch No. 1, I.C.B.U., elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Bro. R. Scollard; 1st Vice-President, Bro. C. O'Brien; 2nd Vice-President, Bro. J. P. Berney; Master of Ceremonies, Bro. T. Burns; Recording Secretary, Bro. G. T. Wright, 28 Front street east; Financial Secretary, Bro. J. O'Donnell; Assistant Financial Secretary, Bro. B. T. Mitchell; Treasurer, Bro. J. H. Barbour; Sergeant-at-Arms, Bro. J. Clark; Marshall, Bro. T. Lonergan; Assistant Marshall, Bro. P. Cassidy; Librarian, Bro. C. Smith; Assistant Librarian, Bro. D. Hayes.

## Irish Officials Violated Wyndham's Pledges

LONDON, Dec. 20.—John Redmond, speaking at Bunningsin, County Sligo, Ireland, to-day strongly protested against decisions of the legal officers at Dublin Castle, which he said, prevented the proper operation of the Irish Land Act in congested districts by enabling landlords to combine in a refusal to sell grazing lands. He declared the decisions were a gross violation of the Government's pledges and said that the Irish party could demand their amendment in the coming session of Parliament.

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## Bishop Bradley Dead

Manchester, N.H., Dec. 13.—Right Rev. Dennis M. Bradley, Bishop of the Diocese of Manchester, which includes the whole State of New Hampshire, died this morning of chronic gastritis, aged 75 years.

Bishop Bradley was born in Ireland and when very young was brought to this country by his parents, who settled in Manchester. He received his early education in the parochial schools. He was sent to Boston later, where he entered the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross. Bishop Bradley was consecrated on June 11, 1884. The Bishop's mother was present at his consecration. He left the altar and went to the pew where she was kneeling and gave her his first episcopal benediction.

## St. Mary's Court, 1352, C.O.F.

The regular meeting of the above Court was held on Wednesday, Dec. 16. There was a very large attendance of members and visitors, the occasion being the election of officers. Bro. L. V. McBrady delivered a very instructive and interesting address on Forestry. Among the visitors were Bros. J. J. Milloy, M. F. Mogan, J. Loftus, who very kindly assisted in the election of officers which resulted as follows: P.C.R., Thos. Mulvey; C.R., John McGarry; V.C.R., R. Kelly; Rec.-Sec., S. Chas. Graham; Fin.-Sec., A. C. Cartan; Treasurer, M. J. Madden; Trustees, C. F. O'Brien, D. P. Emmons and E. Ryan.

The following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death the father of our esteemed Bro., John Murphy.

Resolved that we, the members of St. Mary's Court, 1352, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss of our worthy Brother who has sustained and to extend to him our most sincere sympathy and condolence. Also, be it

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting and a copy be presented to Bro. John Murphy and inserted in The Catholic Register and The Catholic Record.

S. CHAS. GRAHAM, Rec. Sec.

## Mrs. Arthur Ryan's Bequest

Brookville, Dec. 17.—By the terms of the will of the late Mrs. Arthur Ryan, who died here on November 29th, \$5,000 was bequeathed to St. Francis Xavier Roman Catholic Church and \$1,000 to St. Vincent de Paul Hospital. After several legacies are paid, including \$2,000 each to two nieces in Albany, N.Y., the residue of the estate is to be divided between this church and the hospital.

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## BETHLEHEM OF TO-DAY

The season is drawing nigh when the thoughts of all Christians are centered upon the sacred scenes of Bethlehem when Christ the Saviour was born. With more than usual interest, then, will your readers be willing to hear something of the Bethlehem of to-day.

Some few weeks since the papers announced the passing away of the Rev. Anthony Belloni, whom Catholic pilgrims to the Grotto of the Nativity will remember as the zealous priest who for years past has looked after the little orphans in Bethlehem. In the year 1859, shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, he was appointed professor in the Seminary of Betgallat. While thus engaged he was made the recipient of a considerable sum of money from the hands of the distinguished English Catholic Lord Bute, with which he was able to buy some property about twelve miles from Jerusalem, upon which he erected a school for boys in which they were taught not only their religion and the ordinary branches, but also the practical work of farming. Father Belloni realized that there was another pressing necessity—some training school wherein the more capable scholars might receive such instructions as would fit them to undertake the work of instructing the children in the small towns. In many of these the poverty and the scarcity of our own people prevented them from giving to their children under Catholic auspices the educational advantages that American and English Protestants were able to offer.

Nearby to the spring where tradition says St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian servant of Queen Candace, on a beautiful spot on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, this good priest acquired another piece of land and in one of those intervals when the Turkish authorities relaxed their severe vigilance he constructed a school in which were to be trained those pupils who showed more than usual aptitude for agricultural studies.

None of your readers who have ever visited the Holy Land or who may do so in the future will forget the site of this school, Cremliz, situated on the crest of hills from which the Crusaders of old, after many journeyings and much warfare, caught their first glimpse of the Holy City. The inhabitants of this part of the country have nothing to depend upon but a few vines and fruit trees. Owing to neglect of ages consequent upon the misrule of the Ottoman, this fertile soil had taken upon itself the appearance of a desert, but the tears shed by these poor people at news of Don Belloni's death showed that they recognized that he it was who had caused their children to give these hills the beauty and fruitfulness of the ancient days. His work here has not only brought food and comfort to the natives of this historic spot, but it has drawn large numbers of schismatics into the church. Another monument of the zeal of the canon was the building of the church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at a distance of only a few yards from the cave in which the Divine Infant was born. And into this church come several times during the day the little ones from the adjoining orphan asylum, which likewise owes its existence to this same holy servant of God and over which he presided for many years. Notwithstanding the toil and hard sacrifices with which his life was filled, he has left behind him a joy, happiness and never-ending glory await one at the Tribunal of Justice.

Rev. Bro. Sigismund was known in the world as Henry McCrory, and came from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

The Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Henry Sigismund McCrory of Chatham, N.B., a nephew of the deceased brother. Resting in a plain pine coffin, the mark of Holy Poverty as directed by the Rule of St. De La Salle, lay the remains of one who had been faithful unto death. After the singing of the "Libera" by the three hundred brothers and novices, the remains were solemnly borne to their last resting place in the beautiful cemetery of the Order at the back of the monastery where many "after life's fitful fever sleep well."

The birds will warble their sweetest songs, the monks will walk to and fro in silent meditation praying for the honored dead, the monastery bell will toll again, announcing that another faithful son has gone to receive his reward, but the consolation of dying the death of the just will be experienced only by those who have been faithful to their vocation.

"The Soldier of the Cross has his reward,  
For served he well his Master and his Lord;  
Humble his fame, his mem'ry ne'er shall fade,  
Our love shall light the ground where he is laid."  
Montreal, Dec. 23, 1903. FELIX.

The merits of a piano lie in the construction, on which depends the tone, quality and the endurance of the instrument. The

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ous places throughout Palestine have now almost completed a building on the site known as "The Glagellation." This, of course, is in addition to the fine hospice known as the Casa Nuova, which during its brief existence has harbored thousands of pilgrims, many of them gratis.

The visit of the German Emperor, as your readers know, in the presentation to German Catholics of an expensive little piece of land near the Kedron, familiarly called "La Dormition" of the Blessed Virgin. The German Dominicans now occupy a fine convent on this site and have made several additions to the famous sanctuary. The French Dominicans are at present putting the finishing touches to a convent situated on one of the sacred hills to the east of Jerusalem, traditionally known as the "Mount of the Scandal." The Catholic German Society of Collogne are building, just outside the Damascus Gate, a large hospice wherein pilgrims may find lodging and food and where orphan children of German parentage will find a home. A new wing is now being built to the Austrian hospice, which is conducted by the Sisters of St. Charles.

During the first week of October the Christian Brothers opened a new school at Nazareth, and on one of the charming hills that overlooked the scenes of Christ's childhood Don Bosco's Salesian Fathers are building a fine orphanage.

In Bethlehem the Sisters of Charity have about completed a hospital which is not only faultless from a medical standpoint, but which reveals a genuine artist in its architect. The Religious Marie Reparatrice now possesses a fine convent, and their new church was dedicated last summer. Upon Mount Olivet the Benedictine Sisters have brought a small piece of ground which has been enclosed, and here amidst the sacred scenes of our Lord's agony they will sing His praises and implore that His Sacred Blood be not shed in vain. Within ten minutes' walk from the Dominican convent the Carmelites are found in their monastery, which of late has been considerably enlarged, and a few hundred yards to the north of these the "White Fathers" have begun to build. The "Ladies of Zion" have just had the happiness to see their new sanctuary consecrated, and a few weeks since the Passionist Fathers celebrated the first Mass in their new convent at Bethany.

And so it seems that the arid soil is beginning to bloom with the choicest flowers of Christianity.—C. T. S., in Catholic Standard and Times.

## Death of a Well-Known Christian Brother

Last week there passed away at the Mother House a well-known Christian Brother in the person of Rev. Bro. Sigismund. Bro. Sigismund taught at St. Mary's, St. Patrick's, St. Michael's and De La Salle, Toronto, and also at St. Catharines. He was drill instructor for years and the boys of the Separate School of Toronto distinguished themselves more than one occasion under the skillful guidance of the late lamented Brother.

For the past six years Brother Sigismund had been at St. Patrick's School, Quebec. During the year he was sent to the Mother House of the Order at Maisonneuve, as his health was shattered. Here he prepared himself for death by fervent prayer, compliance with the rules of the Order. Being fortified with the last rites of Holy Mother Church the soul of a faithful son of St. De La Salle wended its way heavenwards to receive the reward of those who had left all to follow Christ. Thirty-five years in the paths of virtue and holiness, leading others by word and example to be true and noble Christians. What consolation at the solemn moment when the ties of earth are to be severed forever and joy, happiness and never-ending glory await one at the Tribunal of Justice.

Rev. Bro. Sigismund was known in the world as Henry McCrory, and came from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

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## St. Gabriel's En Fete

(Written for The Register.)

St. Gabriel's Parish, Point St. Charles, was an fete on Sunday last, the occasion being of a triple nature, (1) The 20th anniversary of the parish; (2) The 13th anniversary of the Rev. Father Shea, a son of the Parish and the first Mass of a young priest, another son of the parish. The church was crowded to the doors. The Catholic Order of Foresters, St. Patrick's Court, of which Rev. Father E. P. Polan, the newly ordained priest, is a member, occupied seats in the centre aisle. At a few minutes to ten the altar boys marched from the Sacristy and took their places in the Sanctuary amidst the sweet strains of the organ. A few minutes after the celebrant, clothed in purple cape, with cloth of gold trimming and assisted by deacon and sub-deacon intoned in a clear voice the "Asperges Me." After the Solemn High Mass commenced Rev. Fr. Edward Polan, celebrant, Rev. Fr. McShane, S.S., Notre Dame Church, deacon, and Rev. Father McDonald, St. Gabriel's Church, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Shea assisted Father Polan. The choir under the direction of Prof. J. J. Shea, Jr., had a fine choir of 80 voices under his baton and rendered "Messe de St. Louis" by Th. de La Hache, in a very able manner.

After the singing of the Gospels, Rev. Father W. O'Meara ascended the pulpit and made the announcements. At the end he congratulated the newly-ordained priest and felt proud that he, like Rev. Fathers McMenamin, Donnelly, Shea and McShane were sons of St. Gabriel's Parish.

Rev. Father Shea then preached an eloquent sermon, giving a full and concise history of the Parish since its foundation, referring in particular to the grand temple which the parishioners of St. Gabriel's have represented, and the great zeal and fervor of the popular pastor Father O'Meara, who on Tuesday celebrated the 20th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

He next spoke of the dignity and sacrifices of the priestly vocation and work of the priest, and congratulated the young levite on his elevation to the ranks of the clergy. The Rev. gentleman took for his text, "I have chosen thee." "Thou art a priest forever according to the Order of Melchisedech" (St. Paul to the Hebrews, Chap. 7 verse 17). "I cannot assign any other reason except partially," said the preacher, "why I am invited to preach on this twofold celebration, the 20th anniversary of the parish and the 1st Mass of a young priest. It is twenty years this month since your parish was canonically erected. The little village chapel was erected in 1870 by Rev. Father Lapierre, assisted by Father John Salmon. Here the preacher sketched the early struggles which were made for education and religion, and the great strides made since that time. He said that 13 years ago to-day he ascended the altar to offer up his first Mass and today another young Levite ascends the altar of God to offer the Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar. "Many changes," said the preacher, "have taken place since that time, and many new mounds are found in Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Here the preacher paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the mother of the young priest. He then sketched the dignity, office and labors of the priest. "As the soul is above the body, and the heavens above the earth, so is the priest above the faithful."

At the end of the Mass Rev. Father Polan gave his blessing to the congregation, individually.

In the evening at Vespers Rev. Fr. McShane, S.S., preached the sermon. Rev. Father Polan will be attached to St. Patrick's Church. "Ad multos Annos." FELIX.  
Montreal, Dec. 23, 1903.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

His Holiness Pope Pius X. continues to give audiences with a regularity which is quite notable. On Saturday November 28th, the Pontiff received in separate private audiences the Most Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, and Most Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, Australia. Each Bishop presented to the Holy Father a Peter's Pence offering from his diocese—the Bishop of Rockhampton £188 and the Bishop of Goulburn £300. In his conversation with the Bishops the question of Catholic education in Australia came up, and the Pontiff was intensely gratified to learn from the Bishops that the Catholic schools were altogether under the control of the Bishops in Australia.

On the same day the Rector of the Irish College presented in private audience Peter's Pence—from the Diocese of Waterloo £400, from the Diocese of Clonfert £123 8s 9d, and from the Diocese of Down and Connor £370. On the same occasion on signor Murphy presented, on behalf of the Bishop of Waterloo, an address of congratulation and loyal attachment to the Pope from the Waterloo County Council. The Holy Father received the address with lively satisfaction, and bade the Rector ask the Bishop to convey his warm thanks to the members of the County Council, on whom he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction.

On Sunday, November 29th, the Holy Father accorded a special audience to the Superiors and Students of the Irish College. A portion of one of the famous Letters of Raphael was prepared as an address chamber, and there, at half-past three in the afternoon, the College awaited the coming of the Holy Father. The Pope arrived punctually, attended by Monsignors Bisietti and Bressan, and proceeded to the throne which had been prepared for him. Monsignor Murphy then read a short address in Italian, of which I subjoin a translation.

"Most Holy Father, We, the Superiors and students of the Pontifical Irish College in Rome, come to lay at the feet of your Holiness the tribute of our filial devotion. "Heirs of the faith brought us by St. Patrick at the bidding of your predecessor, St. Celestine, we account it our supreme privilege to have preserved that sacred patrimony intact through the course of a history of suffering and sorrow, and never to have faltered in fidelity and obedience to the Apostolic See.

To the end that in our future missions we may labour with enlightened zeal to perpetrate amongst our people this noble tradition of devotion to the Catholic Faith and of attachment to the See of Peter, we implore Most Holy Father, your Apostolic Benediction."

To the address the Pope made a reply full of fatherly feeling, dwelling on the joy he felt in seeing himself surrounded by his Irish children—students of his own college; exhorting them even now, while they were citizens of Rome, to be as examples to their fellow citizens of the virtues which they had inherited from St. Patrick, and consoling them by expressing to them his confidence that the "noble tradition" to which their address referred would be safe in their hands.

When the Holy Father had finished speaking he allowed the Rector and Vice-Rector to present him to the students one by one. To each he gave his hand to kiss, and for many had an appropriate word. Noticing their fresh, bright looks, the Pope turned to the Rector with the remark: "Vedo che sono bene mantenuti" (I see they are well cared for).

When all the students had been presented the Holy Father bestowed on them, in solemn form, his Apostolic Benediction. The Pope then withdrew. The audience left on all who were present at it deep impressions, not only of the fatherly goodness of the Pope, but also of his interest in and solicitude for the Irish College in Rome.

A short time ago the Pontiff, as a sign of his affection for the Irish College, sent it a gift of books—a treatise of theology, history and literature. These which amount to fifty, are very beautifully bound, and are of considerable value.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has formally confirmed the veneration bestowed in Ireland on the Patron Saints of Dioceses, and also the Lessons in the Breviary regarding these saints. This is a matter of special satisfaction to the Irish people. The conclusions of the Congregation of Rites have been confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff. Formal announcements of this is about to be sent out to the Bishops of the various dioceses.

For several weeks past Pius X. has been the chief theme of a host of reports and conjectures on the part of the Italian press more than usually rash and erroneous. That he was going to leave the Vatican, come out into the city, and even make an excursion to Venice, were repeated so often, and with such circumstance and detail, that people believed that, after all, there might be some truth in the reports. A day was finally named on which it was certain that he would issue forth—Wednesday, the 25th of November. The day has come and gone, but Pius X. did not appear outside the Vatican.

The quiet and gentle methods of the Pope, his reticence, and his apparent indifference to what is said of him in the hostile press of Italy, have encouraged writers to attribute to him intentions and designs which are quite out of harmony with the attitude ob-

served by Pius IX. and Leo XIII. towards the Italian Government. With more persistence than usual it has been rejected that Pius X. was about to remove the prohibition that his predecessors had put upon Italian Catholics voting, or being voted for, members of the Italian Parliament. It has been regarded necessary to notify the falsity of that report, and a recent number of the "Osservatore Romano," the Catholic journal to which important communications from the Vatican are presented to the public, contained the following note: "We are authorized to contradict the rumors spread lately by the press of the city and by other journals regarding the abolition of the non expedit, they being absolutely deprived of all foundation."

Brief, clear, and definite is the form of contradiction, responding perfectly, as the "Voce dell' Verita" has it, to the decided will of Pius X. concerning religio-political function of his high ministry. This note of the "Osservatore" shows clearly the idea expressed by his Holiness when, in speaking to the Cardinals in his first Secret Consistory, he said that he was very much surprised that anyone should imagine a change of Pontifical conduct in that which concerns the government of the Church. His new declaration ought to convince impartial minds that the policy of the Holy See in this respect is unchanged, because the conditions called forth the prohibition remain unchanged.

A very interesting work, which has just been published in Rome, treats of the Italian posts in the Middle Ages. The first volume, which is all that has appeared yet, treats of the postage system in Upper and Middle Italy from the year 476 to 1600. After the disasters and sackings of the Eternal City Theodosius, the Emperor, a man of much wisdom and force of character, amongst his other services to the State revived the Cursus publicus, a species of State post, reserved at first to the transport of functionaries and of objects belonging to the Government; and he improved this service on the curiales, or city municipal authorities, who were obliged to maintain carriage service and to provide for the salaries of the persons engaged in the post and of their escorts, and also to maintain the high roads in good order.

During the succeeding centuries this service was employed specially to further the designs of the ruler for the time being. Clodoveus, in his restoration of the ancient Roman Posts, was inspired by the need of uniting and centralizing his power, in order to give unity to the operations, the intentions and the aspirations of the Empire.

The Universities of the Middle Ages by the various necessities of communication between one country and another which they brought about, may be said to have created a postal system for themselves. This postal system was the indispensable complement of that contest of studies which went on, and correspondence which passed between professors and students, and between the latter and their families, and between university and university. With the decline in the attendance at universities the post which they required decayed also.

It is interesting to note that amongst the many laws and ordinances of the Florentine Republic there was one of 1529 which, notwithstanding that it was established for a useful purpose, soon degenerated into a gross abuse. This was called the "tamburazione." It consisted of a box fixed in a public place, in which secret denunciations and anonymous charges against persons high in office were to be deposited. The boxes were called "tamburi," or drums, probably from their form. The writer Varchi in the sixteenth century describes them, and details the abuses they led to. A similar system was in use in Venice, where it was known as "Bocca del Leone, di San Marco" in the Lion's Mouth of St. Mark. In Verona—a city dependent on Venice—a similar lion's mouth for the reception of secret denunciations is to be seen in the very beautiful public square, which is flanked on the one side by the Palace of Can Grande, in which Dante was received during his exile, and on the other by the Palazzo della Ragione—one of the loveliest gems of architecture in Italy. What is perhaps the most interesting thing associated with these lions' mouths for anonymous denunciations is that they are the first specimens of the postal boxes such as adorn the streets of modern cities.

The story of the Italian Posts in the Middle Ages as related by Enrico Mellio in the book just published is full of a new and curious interest.

ENGLAND

A NOTED CONVERT DEAD.

Information has been received from Davoz Platz of the death of a remarkable young Catholic priest, the Rev. W. R. Carson. The son of an Anglican clergyman and the grandson of an Irish Bishop, Mr. Carson joined the Church in 1892, and five years later was ordained by Bishop Burgess of Nottingham. He devoted his time largely to efforts to promote his cause of reunion, and in England and America in Anglican and Roman Catholic papers and magazines he published his contributions. The most noteworthy of his works was "An Eucharistic Eireneon," which appeared last year with an introduction by Viscount Halifax.

Caution in crediting, reserve in speaking, and in revealing one's self to a very few, are the best securities both of peace and a good understanding with the world, and to the inward peace of our own minds.

THE MAN IN BLUE

AN EXQUISITE MUSICAL STORY

I am the youngest son of thirteen children of Burgermeister Kraus of Bingen and his wife, Frau Maria. My father adored music, and we were all taught to play on some instrument or other, or else to sing, and by our father! I hold we did considerable credit to our musical education. When I was sixteen my father presented me with a fine old Crumhorn, which christened "Fortunato," and which eventually became my lifelong friend and companion.

Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to take my dear violin into the woods and there, by the murmuring brook, beneath the rustling trees, dreamily improvise new melodies and vary old ones. So greatly did my father delight in our accomplishments that he organized an amateur concert every Thursday afternoon, at which at least a quarter of the town assisted to admire or criticize about as much music as could be crowded into a three hours' performance, divided into two equal parts by a tray of light refreshments handed round by Karl and myself.

One fine autumn afternoon, just as our first sonata was concluded, a very singular individual entered the concert. He was dressed in a shabby, entirely new, and entirely shabby garment of light blue corduroy. His well worn, blue, his jacket was blue, his vest was blue, and the huge cravat that fastened his great flapping shirt collar was also of varied and faded shades of blue. He had a big, hooked nose, thin, hungry looking jaws, and the eyes of a mad dog. He had a pair of blue spectacles. His long, untrimmied hair was a ginger red, and his beard, I verily believe, had never been cut since it first began to grow.

He did not attempt to apologize for his intrusion, but without looking to the right or to the left made straight for a vacant seat, and began to play marked attention to the music. It was my turn to play, but I was so confused, so utterly dumfounded by the appearance of this strange creature that when I struck my violin with the bow my hand trembled so that I could not produce a single note. Again and again I tried, and at last was about to give it up in despair, when the Man in Blue rose from his seat and came straight to me. "Young man," said he, "you have a more difficult instrument there than you think. Hand it to me and I will play in your stead." I mechanically gave him "Fortunato," and he at once commenced his performance. Never had I heard such playing before. The instrument seemed to receive from his bow a soul capable of every emotion.

We were all amazed and delighted, and at the termination of his concert to such a storm of applause rewarded the singular performer that, quite overcome, he acknowledged the ovation in such a grotesque manner that we youngsters tittered.

I should here mention that we were on the eve of our grand annual musical festival at which some of the greatest musicians of Germany had announced their intention of attending. My father, naturally concluding that our guest was some celebrated maestro who had arrived incognito, hastened to thank him for the favor he had conferred upon us, and also to offer him his hospitality during his stay in town. The Man in Blue at first refused, then hesitated, and finally accepted our pressing invitation.

We paid him every attention, and by his gentle manners and delightful talent he soon won our affection. But every attempt to find out who he was and whence he came proved vain; he took no notice of our hints, and not one of us dared ask him the questions direct. He set himself to work to teach me the great many things concerning the violin and its use of which I was previously ignorant, and to this curious man I owe many of my subsequent and greatest triumphs. "My son," he would say, "love music. Music is the food of the soul, the only possession we have on earth which we shall retain in heaven."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun. I hesitated and hung my head. I did not dare say "Yes," and yet I could not say "No." "Speak up, my boy, always tell the truth." "He plays better than you, I think, sir; but, then, he always plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a room." "True—so it does."

"My masters," said I at last, after some hesitation, "will any of you in your charity try the organ? The village is not far distant. You will thereby help this poor man." "I will go myself," answered Bach, "next Sunday. But do not say anything about it to any one—only to your friend, in order to insure his presence in the church."

I gladly promised to carry out the illustrious composer's request. On leaving the St. Cecilia Hall that evening—it was a Friday—to my surprise almost the first person I met was the Man in Blue. Hidden in the courtyard of the hall, he had been listening to the music, and was in a state of nervous excitement and enthusiasm which quite alarmed me. At first I hesitated to tell him Bach's intention, but at last did so. He received the news in a manner I little expected. He made no demonstration, but followed me in silence, until we were in a lonely part of the town—a little square, in the centre of which grew two or three trees. Here he paused, and, falling on his knees, prayed earnestly. The moon shone down upon his uplifted face, and it seemed almost beautiful, so great was the expression it bore of earnest devotion and gratitude. When he had finished his prayer, he embraced me in silence, and we parted. Sunday arrived, and at an early hour I started for the village church.

the organ who! wheel! and then it set to squeaking and whistling like mad. The girls began to laugh, the Mayor to swear, and the pastor—well, he became frantic, poor man. Beze is a fool, an idiot. "He has ruined the organ," cried every one. And soon, amid the derision of the congregation, your friend left the church. Strange to say, since that day we have never seen the creature, but our organ is completely spoiled and remains as silent as the tomb."

"Thus spoke Merchant Krebs. I could hear no more, but hurried out to console our poor friend. I found him sitting all forlorn under an apple tree, his face turned towards the setting sun. "Ah, my young friend," he cried, "do you see your little cloud which obscures the splendor of the sun? So the words of a foolish man may tarnish the name of a genius."

"But," I replied, "see, the little cloud has already vanished, and the sun is all the brighter for the contrast." He smiled. "The clouds that hang over my tarnished name will have to pass away soon, or it will be too late. That organ which I reconstructed has a soul within it. All my life I have worked hard to lodge my ideal of music within the compass of a single instrument. I have done this. The soul is there, but I know not how to play upon the organ, and in their blind rage they will not allow me to explain the mechanism of the instrument to them. Oh! that I could find Sebastian Bach. He would awaken the soul of music that lies asleep in my organ, and prove to the world that Beze is neither mad nor an impostor."

My father took no notice of what Krebs had said, and when he joined us in the garden by entreated Beze to play to him as usual in the open air. The Man in Blue played a number of national and simple melodies in such a pathetic manner that I saw my father's eyes fill with tears. At last he said: "My friend, though your organ is a failure your music is heavenly. Stay with me, I pray you, yet awhile."

"My organ is not a failure; it is the one triumph of my life." "But no one can play upon it." "One day some one will, and then—"

"Well, we will say no more about it. Come! supper is ready," and he led us away indoors.

Next morning the Man in Blue was missing. We were sorry for his disappearance, but soon forgot all about him, the festival being at hand. Graun had promised to come, and we were anxious to know with whom he would stay. Then Bach arrived, and soon after Graun, whose genius alone inspired his lovely melodies, and with him came those inseparable friends, Fux and Hasse. From Hamburg came Gassmann and Telemann. Few of you, I dare say, have ever heard of these composers and yet, believe me, you are more familiar with their melodies than you imagine. Many of the popular tunes you now admire I have heard in my youth fresh from the brain of their original composers, and free from the twirls and shakes classically added to disguise their true origin. The illustrious persons were as simple and unostentatious in manner as it is possible to be. They assembled in St. Cecilia's Hall, and I had the privilege of assisting at the rehearsals. I often passed hours listening to their long discussions on harmonies, figures, scales and chords.

Sometimes one of them would call for a glass of beer, or offer his companions a bottle of Rhine wine.

One night Gluck played for the first time a portion of his "Iphigenia," and on another Bach enchanted us by a performance of his delightful Preludes. Bach, somehow or other, took a fancy to me. He observed the marked attention with which I listened to the remarks of the different composers and to their music. He asked me my name, and who my father was, and growing bold, I related not only all about myself, but also the story of my friend in blue.

"An organ no one can play upon!" exclaimed the great composer. "Well, that's singular!" "But I am sure you can." "Why?" "Because I am certain that the man who made the organ is a great musician, although he cannot play upon it himself, and thoroughly understood what he was about when he attempted to mend it. He plays the violin like an angel."

"As well as I do?" asked Graun. I hesitated and hung my head. I did not dare say "Yes," and yet I could not say "No." "Speak up, my boy, always tell the truth." "He plays better than you, I think, sir; but, then, he always plays out in the woods, and music sounds better there than in a room." "True—so it does."

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As I crossed the little field in front of it, I saw advancing from the opposite side several of the professors and among them Bach. By and by, as it got noised about that some of the celebrities were in the church, it filled up to excess. Presently Bach ascended the organ loft. "How my heartbeats!" Mass began. At the "Kyrie" the hiterto mute instrument for the first time wafled forth such heavenly sweetness that the congregation was thrilled as by the music of angels. As the Mass advanced, the more marvellous became the harmony. The "Agnus" was so plaintive that I saw tears in the eyes of Gluck, who stood by me, and the "Sanctus" sounded so triumphantly that it required but little imagination to believe the Cherubim and Seraphim were indeed singing their jubilant songs of praise, "Holy, Holy is the Lord God of Sabaoth!"

But where was the Man in Blue? Standing by the altar, with his face toward the organ. His expression was one of supreme happiness, and occasionally visit Great Britain from the Continent. Superintendent Melville, from Smeen, County Kerry, the genius of Scotland Yard, has just retired on a pension of £280 a year. Had the position held by Mr. Melville been an ordinary Civil Service position, or the usual kind of sinecure appointment, the official life, we can quite imagine, the kind of appointment that would have been made to that vacated by Inspector Melville. But the Government of England knew that it would be madness to put a duffer, no matter how well recommended, at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. It was clear that a man of sufficient brains and calibre to look after the lawless in London, and to protect the crowned heads that occasionally visit Great Britain from the Continent, Superintendent Melville, from Smeen, County Kerry, the genius of Scotland Yard, has just retired on a pension of £280 a year. Had the position held by Mr. Melville been an ordinary Civil Service position, or the usual kind of sinecure appointment, the official life, we can quite imagine, the kind of appointment that would have been made to that vacated by Inspector Melville. But the Government of England knew that it would be madness to put a duffer, no matter how well recommended, at the head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. It was clear that a man of sufficient brains and calibre to look after the lawless in London, and to protect the crowned heads that occasionally visit Great Britain from the Continent, Superintendent Melville, from Smeen, County Kerry, the genius of Scotland Yard, has just retired on a pension of £280 a year.

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J. E. SEAGRAM

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Also Manufacturers of those Renowned Brands "OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT." Consented by Consomisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies on the Market.

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Irishmen the Best Police Officers

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The Grace of the Christmas Candle

An Irish Legend. Oh, the Celtic children of faith believe (Sweet, I ween, are their fancies all) That when the bless'd candles on Christmas Eve Are lighted in cabin and hall, The dear Child Jesus, with tenderest smile, In the noon

TWELFTH MONTH December 31 DAYS THE ADVENT OF CHRIST

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENT, and liturgical details for December 1903.

ARE YOU FEEBLE? Dunlop Rubber Heels GIVE A SAFE FOOTING

FOR ELLA'S SAKE

"What have you got to say to me?" "Nothing." "Why did you send for me?" "A flush of red rose to her face. I thought, yesterday, when I wrote, that I had something to say, but now—"

manner demanded, nothing more. His hand was on the lock. Something else she said, her voice was almost inaudible. "I will pray for you."

OUR KATHLEEN

The day she came to my mother was ill. The cook had departed suddenly without notice, as cooks sometimes will; the chambermaid had developed a painful felon on the first finger of her right hand, and I, a young, inexperienced girl of seventeen, just from school, was launched for the first time on the sea of a housekeeper's experiences.

ter my mother's death I never went to school.

"I am so sorry!" I said; "but after this we will have a writing lesson every evening, when work is done." "Oh, that will be just what I'd like!" she replied with radiant countenance. I opened the letter and it read as follows:

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903. Dear Sir—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

Multiple testimonial letters for Benedictine Salve, including names like John O'Connor, Esq., and Allan J. Artindale, with dates and addresses.

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1903.

THE NATIVITY.

Though the business and social instincts of men conspire together to suggest the invention of a constantly increasing variety of novelties and pleasures for recalling the "merry" Christmas of the feudal past, it is something we all have to admit that the wassail and feasting of the olden time looks its best now in the storied or pictured page, amid wreaths of holly, ivy and mistletoe.

Christmas comes but once a year, So let us all be merry. Feudalism is as dead as Queen Anne. All that remains of its atmosphere with us comes with the mistletoe bough, and the heavy smell of printers' ink from the moist pages of gorgeous Christmas supplements.

The adoption of Santa Claus from the more sober and domestic Germans was a matter of necessity. The "Lord of Misrule" would have died in any event because the times had changed and his hour had come. With the installation of Santa Claus, the wassail and the "servants' hall," gave way to the Christmas tree and the children's festival.

From imaginary alarms concerning the health of Pope Leo, the newspapers have turned to edifying the public by fairy tales of the miser hoards of the late Pope Leo, now falling into the hands of Pope Pius X. The Church must needs put up with such petty annoyances, but not without retribution, as the Osservatore Romano, the Vatican organ, publishes a semi-official statement characterizing all these stories as absurd, and altogether unbelievable.

The Voice of Mary I knocked upon the tavern's door In little Bethlehem town; The soft snow fell upon my hair, Upon my simple gown.

To the Church, of course, is due the growth of this increasingly serious aspect of Christmas good will. Amid the merry-makers of yore her monks and nuns kept vigil in the land. Her fasts and penances were ever duly preached in Advent. Her charity was distributed by every monastery. Her Christmas was a potential time of prayer and praise because of the great message of the Nativity. She "feared not" that the world would come in time to know the sweetness of the good things of the Saviour and the manger, at the first announcement of which the radiant multitudes of heaven chanted: Glory to God in the highest.

M. J. Griffin Handles Lord Wolsley

Mr. Martin J. Griffin, the Parliamentary Librarian of Canada, has answered certain statements in Lord Wolsley's recent book in a letter to the London Times, which was as follows: All Canadians will read with surprise, many with regret, and not a few with some indignation, the chapter in which Lord Wolsley sums up his recollections of his Canadian career.

The Irish Party is solid. Absurd rumors continue to be circulated through the press concerning the unity of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the popular organization upon which it rests. The only shadow of foundation for these reports is the desire expressed in so many quarters that William O'Brien should reconsider his resignation. Mr. O'Brien has very definitely stated that he will not reconsider, and though his retirement will be regretted on every hand as a real loss, there can be nothing gained by prolonging the discussion.

BISHOP McQUAID OF ROCHESTER Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, N.Y., who has just passed his 80th birthday, is well known in Toronto, having preached in St. Michael's Cathedral upon some memorable occasions. The Register rejoices to learn from American exchanges that the venerable Bishop continues to display both vigor and enthusiasm in the discharge of all his diocesan duties.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Imperialism is no menace to Canada as long as Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds the helm. The death of Lord Stanley of Alderley removes a somewhat eccentric personality. Having no children, his lordship will be succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, an ardent Home Ruler.

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Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them nothing will.

Our Montreal Budget

The young ladies of Loyola Literary Club held a sale of useful and fancy articles, home-made preserves, etc., Friday afternoon and evening in the Free Library Hall, Bleury street. The proceeds of the sale will be devoted to providing Christmas cheer for the poor. Admission was free.

His Lordship, Right Rev. Dr. Charles S. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., who came expressly to Montreal to see his life-long friend, Right Rev. Dr. McDonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Nfld., who has been detained at the Hotel Dieu for the past six months, left during the week for Quebec to take part in the golden jubilee of Mgr. Hamel.

The Christmas ordinations took place at St. James' Cathedral, when a large number of candidates were raised to the priesthood, deaconship, sub-deaconship, and tonsure. A large congregation assisted.

Rev. Father Kierman, P.P., St. Michael's Church, blessed a statue of the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin last Sunday evening. He was assisted by Rev. Fathers Fahey, McDonald, Killoran and Cullinan. Rev. Father McDonald, St. Gabriel's Church, preached a suitable sermon.

The funeral of Mr. John J. Barry, a well-known resident of St. Michael's Parish, took place during the week and was largely attended. The deceased was Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters and a member of the Hibernians and St. Michael's choir.

The Catholic Schools closed today (Thursday). Christmas entertainments were held in all the schools. They will re-open January 7th.

At the last meeting of the Catholic Commissioners a committee was named to consider the question of uniformity of books, and also certain other changes in the school programme was discussed. All the principals will be asked to attend the next meeting of the Board and give their opinions on the proposed changes.

Rev. Richard H. Fitz-Henry, C.S.C., who was raised to the priesthood Saturday morning at St. James' Cathedral, by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, and who sang his first High Mass at St. Patrick's Church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, is a son of the late N. Fitz-Henry, who was for many years connected with the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Quebec. He graduated at St. Laurent College in 1898, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and succeeded in winning the medal of his class.

Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's Church, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion, Rev. Father Fitz-Henry was assisted by Rev. Fathers Condon, C.S.C., P. Heffernan, J. Killman.

Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., Loyola College, preached an eloquent sermon at High Mass on Sunday at St. Anthony's Church.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul have received from Professor Goldwin Smith his annual donation of \$100 towards their fund for the relief of the poor.

The Nativity of Our Lord "How merrily the bells ring out this morning, to awake us from our slumbers with news that it is Christmas Day. Ere you can reach the Church for the early Mass of the Nativity, you are met by the strains of the Adeste Fideles, and they tell you in what spirit to come: 'Venite, venite ad Bethlehem.' Yes, spend the day in Bethlehem, as close to the stable and the crib, as the multitude of eager adorers will permit. From among them all He singles you out, and smiles on you and blesses you; for He knows that all this year past you have been thinking of Him, learning how to live in His spirit and in truth, through living in His Bread. He has heard that cry of your soul: 'Amen; come, Lord Jesus!' and again He smiles, to tell you that He is eager to come. It is in Bethlehem, 'The House of Bread' that He is born, to remind you that He is 'the Bread of Life,' the Living Bread that has come down from heaven that whosoever eateth of this Bread may not die."

Remember: "He that eateth me, the same shall live by me." This is what you are desiring, and this is the way to do it. Let your Christmas Communion be the best in all your life."—Archbishop Keane.

Much of a man's success in life depends on the degree of loyalty he is capable of inspiring.

Ordinations to the Priesthood

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, attended for the purpose of ordination at St. Basil's Church on Monday at 8 o'clock. The following were the candidates presented to him: R. Drohan, tonsure and minor orders; Joseph Dittman, Rev. James Hayes as priests; Mr. Drohan and Mr. Murphy are members of the community of St. Basil's; Mr. Dittman is attached to the Diocese of Marquette, Mich., and Rev. Father Hayes to the Toronto diocese.

Rev. Father Murphy recited his first Mass Tuesday morning in St. Basil's Church at 7 o'clock for the students of St. Michael's College, and Rev. Father Hayes officiated for the first time at Uptergrove, his native parish, which is situated near Orillia. The following priests took part in the ceremony: Rev. Fathers; Rev. Father Cushing, Rev. Father Teefe, principal of St. Michael's College; Rev. Fathers Aboulin, Brennan, Fracon, Whitney, Plomer, Staley, Walsh, McGrand, O'Donnell, Burke, P. Murray, E. P. Murray, Valmadre, Roach, A. Martin, and Martin.

Rev. Father Murphy is the son of Mr. J. J. Murphy, for so many years president of the Toronto Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Peterboro, Dec. 20.—In St. Peter's Cathedral today His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Rev. Father McColloch, rector; Archdeacon O'Brien, master of ceremonies and assistant to the postulant, and Rev. John O'Brien, deacon, ordained to the priesthood Patrick James Kelly, son of Mr. Lhos. Kelly of Peterboro. The spacious edifice was crowded to the doors to witness one of the brightest young men of the town, and one who has spent the 24 years of his life here, elevated to the sacred work of the priesthood. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father McColloch. During the 14 years in which Bishop O'Connor has had charge of the diocese of Peterboro, 15 young men, natives of the diocese, have been ordained for work in the diocese, while in addition 10 have received ordination and have gone to other dioceses, or have taken orders in the church.

Rev. Father Kelly is a prominent member of St. Peter's T.A.S., which society will tender him a reception. On Tuesday, in Ennismore Church, Mr. Patrick Galvin was ordained by Bishop O'Connor.

New Church Dedicated McGregor, Dec. 22.—The dedication of the new Catholic Church, which has been under construction here for the past six months, took place today. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kelly, assisted by about twenty-five priests from the surrounding parishes.

The building in many respects ranks equal, if not above, those of the city, being built of stone, with a seating capacity of 400 people, and that the reason for this was that the whole business was largely under the control of General Lindsay (and Colonel Wolsley) in Canada, and he makes this comment: "The Cabinet and the Parliamentary element in the War Office has hampered so many good military schemes, had I may say, little or nothing to do with it from first to last. When with civilian secretaries of state for war cease from trouble in war affairs?"

Now I hold no brief for the War Office, though having a long and intimate knowledge of Ministerial difficulties, and also of the somewhat pre-emptory tendency of the military mind, I would gladly do so. For the present I may simply say, that in this particular instance Lord Wolsley's unique attack is singularly wanting in discretion. There never was a more purely civilian affair than the Red River Rebellion of 1870. It originated with agriculturists and hunters. It was legislated for by a civilian administration. The expedition was half-volunteer. The whole organization of the expedition to the very last detail was planned and carried out by Mr. Simon Dawson, a civilian; by Mr. Lindsay Russell, a civilian; by the Hudson Bay officers, all civilians; and by the Public Works Department at Ottawa, a hopelessly civilian organization. The only serious troubles that arose during the expedition resulted from the inexperienced military chief gave orders contrary to the advice of the experienced civilians—as, for example, when he sent huge boats up stoney rapids when a road was ready at hand, or when, owing to the alliance of only "militarist" to the horses many were rendered useless. There was, indeed, a short, gloomy period, when, in consequence of the departure of the Indians, and the discontent of the voyageurs at the useless labor imposed on them by the military chief, the expedition seemed doomed to failure. It was saved by civilian energy and civilian knowledge.

Lord Wolsley exaggerates the military character of the expedition. This was all very well when he was only publishing a pleasing address to the troops; but when he is now publishing a book, which is a choice programme of a demagogue and a few farmers. It was suppressed by a military picnic. There was no fighting. The demagogue fled. The farmers were found in their fields. The route over which Lord Wolsley passed, though still enough for a large force for two centuries the highway of French commerce and communication. The exploit of passing over it was not heroic or classic, though Lord Wolsley talks of the Romans.

When the whole affair was over Lord Wolsley was so impressed with the value of the country that he asked Sir John A. Macdonald to appoint him to the Governorship. Sir John A. and Sir George Cartier refused. It was indeed a fortunate refusal. Had Lord Wolsley succeeded in getting the position he would have been ruined. It was fortunate in another way. Had he been appointed to govern a people about whose race and religion, Bishops and priests he entertained such curious opinions there would have had to be another expedition—to rescue Lord Wolsley.

17th March Concert Full arrangements have already been made for the concert to be held by the A.O.H. in the Massey Music Hall on St. Patrick's Day next.

The D'Youville Reading Circle

The Reading Circle held its last meeting before the holidays Tuesday evening. Because of the calamity in the fire and the tragedy following it our December lecture has been cancelled and a very touching note of sympathy made by the chairman to the members of the circle.

Attention was also called to a paper on Mary Howitt in the December Messenger. She is the author of the well-known poem, met in most third readers, "The Spider and the Fly"—in fact she had the gift of writing stories for children. Hers was a very interesting career. She was first a devout Quaker, and as the result of a visit paid to Rome, ten years before her death, she became just as devout a Catholic. She is buried in the little foreign cemetery in Rome, not far from him whose "name is writ in water."

In Current Events attention was directed to the probable alliance between China and Japan—a proof that the world certainly does move the strained relations between the latter country and Russia, were also spoken of and an interesting comment made on the extraordinary diplomacy existing now among civilized nations, which enables the hostility to be carried almost to the declaration of war point talked away. Another timely note was the one made on our Canadian politics—the three words to conjure with seem to be Free Trade Reciprocity and Protection. Now Free Trade is dead, Dickens would say. Dead as a door-nail. Reciprocity is not much better, therefore it remains but to have Mr. Chamberlain's policy more fully understood and be shown, that it will not answer in this country. Our American neighbors are talking and writing themselves out of all shame and disgrace in connection with the Panama Canal.

For the literary part of the evening a comparative study was made of the three women characters in Shakespeare's comedy, "Swell the Night." Viola was described as the ideal type of womanhood, retaining her refined womanly dignity under the most trying circumstances. Olivia as the typical "grande dame" of Romance, and Maria as the clever, unscrupulous woman who delights in her many opportunities to make mischief. At the next meeting Vivien, the third woman character in Tenyson's "Ivy" will be studied. It is customary to make selections from the minor poets were read by the members. Those taken for last evening were among the best and brightest things written by two of our Canadian poets, Wilfrid Campbell and Pauline Johnson. Two, appropriate to the Christmas tide, were selected from Harriet Blodgett's little volume.

DEATHS BURNS—At the residence of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Summers, No. 114 Ontario street, Nellie, the only and beloved child of Michael and the late Hattie Burns. LYNCH—On Monday, Dec. 21st, 1903, at 109 Sackville street, Toronto, Martin Vincent, beloved son of J. J. Lynch, aged 15 months.

MASON—At St. Michael's Hospital, Dec. 20, 1903, Gus Mason, the well-known furrier, in his 47th year. O'CONNOR—At Dubois, Pa., on Dec. 21st, 1903, Michael Joseph, son of Michael and Jane O'Connor, 19 Water street, Toronto.

CLANCEY—At 28 Mercer street, December 21st, John Clancey, in his 84th year.

DEATH OF JOHN CLANCEY. John Clancey, who died at his residence, 28 Mercer street, yesterday, in his 84th year, came to Toronto 28 years ago. He leaves one son, G. R. passenger agent, Montreal, and a daughter, a member of St. Joseph's Community. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Patrick's Church.

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The Late Father Fulham

Of the late Father Fulham an Ottawa correspondent writes: Father Fulham was certainly a credit to Ireland, and oh! how he loved it. In the last few hours, when he was asked to be turned so often, the nun asked him which way he wanted to lie. He answered in his own whimsical, lovable way: "Ah! turn me towards Ireland." It is surprising how a man here such a short time could make so many friends. He was warm-hearted and witty, and oh! so honest. The boys under him just worshipped him, and the people whom he met outside of the college, Protestant and Catholic alike, loved him almost as well. But he was so ready to die, so content to feel his life work done. Then his death was so happy and peaceful we cannot feel otherwise than glad for him."

OBITUARY

DEATH OF MRS. TIMOTHY McMAHON. It is with regret that the death of a former resident of Peterboro is announced in the person of Mrs. Timothy McMahon, whose maiden name was Nora O'Brien. The deceased was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, 71 years ago, and came to Canada when but a little girl. She was married in 1848 to Mr. Timothy McMahon, and took up residence in Otonabee, afterwards removing to Mount Pleasant, Mich., where she buried her husband and son, and then spent the remainder of her life in her late home, Neilsville, Wis., where she died on Monday, November 30th.

Mrs. McMahon was a highly respected lady; her hospitality and generous disposition won for her a large circle of friends. She was a practical, pious Catholic, and leaves to mourn her death nine of a family. She was an aunt of Rev. Father John O'Brien of the Cathedral, and Rev. Father Fitzpatrick of Ennismore, is a cousin of the deceased. The family are Mrs. William Young, Chili, Wis.; Mrs. T. Coughlin, Ashburnham; Mrs. Hugh McCormick, of Mount Pleasant, Mich.; Mrs. Geo. Trogner, Neilsville, Wis.; and Timothy and Michael, of Rib Lake, Wis.; Matthew and Edward, Neilsville, and one sister, Mrs. Edward Conroy, Ashburnham. The deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved friends.

TEAHAN.

In Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A., Mrs. Mary Healy Teahan, aged 67, died Dec. 14th, 1903. She was a native of Glenlesk, County Kerry, Ireland, and had been a resident of Holyoke for 54 years, where she early became prominent in Catholic circles as Assistant Superintendent of Sunday School and a valuable member of St. Jerome's choir. She was married to Michael J. Teahan, of St. John, N.B., in February, 1861. She is survived by six of the 13 children born of the union: Rev. James F. X. Teahan of Worcester, Mass., a member of the class of 1866 of St. Michael's College, Mrs. C. T. Callahan, Misses Mary A., Agatha F., Mabel C. and Rosa B. and her husband and two sisters, Mrs. John Warren and Nellie T. Healy. The funeral services were conducted by her pastor of 40 years standing, Rev. P. J. Harkins, assisted by Revs. W. J. Malley and H. H. Lyles, in the presence of more than 50 priests of the Springfield diocese. The eulogy was given by Fr. Harkins, who praised her as a model woman, wife and mother. The burial services at the grave were conducted by Drs. O'Malley, Hurley, O'Brien, Ahnney, McGee, Adams and many others. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

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**Municipal Election Notes**  
 G. R. GEARY IN WARD 3.

Mr. G. R. Geary, one of the new men in the Third Ward, is making a vigorous campaign. He is well known in the ward and has been long associated with its interests. He has a strong platform and influential support. Mr. Geary stands well with all classes of the electors, as a man of progressive and broad opinions and energetic record. He appeals with confidence to all Third Ward electors to mark their ballots for him on January 1st.

**ALD. O. B. SHEPPARD.**

Alderman O. B. Sheppard is well satisfied to represent Ward Three in the council of 1904. His record is long and satisfactory. It covers the Board of Control and the most important chairmanships in the council. As a simple alderman O. B. Sheppard is easily one of the most prominent figures in the council. He is certain of re-election for he could not easily be replaced.

**EX-ALD. JAMES CRANE.**

Ex-Ald. James Crane has accepted the pressure of the electors who so often returned him to the council, and is an aldermanic candidate in Ward Four. Mr. Crane believes in reasonable taxes and no amount of humbug for money-spending schemes ever affected his vote in the council. He knows the city of Toronto and understands its advantages and shortcomings. He has always been an honest and straightforward representative of the people.

**ALD. JOHN DUNN.**

Ald John Dunn has sent a circular around to the electors of Ward 5, exposing an underhand election dodge resorted to by his enemies in the council. The only reason why John Dunn has made some small enemies is his independence. He never shirks direct responsibility for the consistent course he has pursued throughout the long period of his aldermanic experience, and the circular he has distributed is one case in point.

**S. ALFRED JONES.**

Ward Four promises the liveliest contest for aldermanic honors. Mr. S. Alfred Jones was in the field early and has not let the grass grow under his feet since he started in. In all probability it will be owing to the popular appreciation of his public spirit if one of the sitting members seeking re-election in the ward should fall by the wayside. Mr. Jones appeals to no particular class of voters. He is standing as the candidate of the general electorate in the Fourth Ward, and as such is well recommended.

**VOTE FOR ED. J. HEARN IN WARD 4.**

Mr. E. J. Hearn, barrister, has issued a circular for distribution in the Fourth Ward, where he is seeking election. It is an epitome of a forward civic policy consistent with the rights of Toronto ratepayers to be protected by their representatives in the council against increasing taxes. All Mr. Hearn's friends are recommended to give his platform careful perusal. Some confusion appears to remain concerning the candidates in the Fourth Ward. Ald. Burns is not seeking re-election as an alderman. He is running for the Board of Control.

**WARD 4.**

The following gentlemen have announced their candidature for Separate School Trusteeship honors in Ward 4: Charles Marsh; Andrew Cottan; Martin Dumphy and James Regan.

**NO. ONE WARD.**

Mr. Hugh Kelly of Number One Ward has yielded to the request of his many friends and has decided to enter the contest for Separate School Trusteeship. Mr. Kelly's past record in the different societies to which he belongs and his interest in Church matters and Catholic education are among his claims for election.

**FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES.**

Mr. Michael Power, a prominent resident in the East side, is a candidate for Separate School Trustee for Ward No. 1. The election is on January 6, and the polling will close at 4 p.m. Mr. Power is known and highly respected by all the Catholic voters in the First Ward.

**When Christmas Comes**

The story of the Babe of Bethlehem is one that never grows old. It has the same blessed charm and glory to-day as when the angels first told it to the shepherds of Judea. The whole world awaits with fond expectation and hails with supreme joy each new anniversary of the morn when the Word was made Flesh for its redemption. This earth which was once hallowed by His footsteps assumes a new beauty when Christmas comes; heaven seems nearer, far nearer, to it than at any other time of the year, and humanity is conscious of a greater dignity and feels a tenderer love for Him who became man for its salvation. The skies may be overcast, the weather tempestuous, and the closing year may have brought us more of sorrow than of gladness; but all these things are forgotten when Christmas comes, and mankind only remembers that this is the anniversary of the day when the angels announced to the expectant earth the great and joyful tidings that a Saviour had been born to it. With thoughts dominant in our minds and hearts, we kneel in adoration by the crib of the Christ-Child, as did the shepherds at Bethlehem, to hail His blessed birth and ask for ourselves and all who are near and dear to us a share in the graces and pleasures of the Christmas-tide.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

**Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Canada's Position**

London, Dec. 22.—The London Daily Mail publishes an interview with Sir Wilfrid Laurier by H. W. Lucy (famous under the nom de plume of "Toby, M.P.") regarding Canada and the treaty-making power. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that at the instance of British Canada had consented to an inquiry into the Alaska boundary and had looked for that inquiry to be conducted by jurists free of partisan prejudice. Canada had entered a protest against the pronounced type of American partisan commissioners, but the complaint had received scant consideration at the Colonial Office. Canadians were so certain of the justice of their case and the impartiality of Lord Alverstone that they were confident of a favorable judgment upon the two points. Canadians would not get over their disappointment, and were unanimous that a repetition of the Alaska boundary incident would be rendered impossible by Canada having treaty-making powers.

This would not lead to separation, as the Dominion did not demand absolute treaty-making powers, but desired the arrangement of the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory, leaving to the Sovereign the responsibility of vetoing them if the Imperial Ministers think desirable in the interests of the empire. The question was not new, but something would come of it now that Canada was mightier than in 1882, when the point was moved by Mr. Edward Blake. Today nearly six millions of Canadian people have a passionate conviction that they have the right to determine matters regarding their own commerce and boundaries. Canada had besought the Imperial Government to bring Canada's just claims before the court in the Alabama case, but Britain, afraid of offending the Americans, had left her colonies in the lurch. Much the same had happened in the Alaska case. Had Canada had the right to arrange the preliminaries in the Alaska matter the result of the inquiry would have been very different.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that in the next few weeks he would analyze upon the subject the necessity of Canada having treaty-making powers, in view of the demand acclaimed throughout the Dominion.

**Stabat Mater of the Crib**

Stands that mother more than beautiful,  
 Where her Blessed Child is laid,  
 In that stable, by that manger  
 Stands that raptured mother maid.

How her Virgin soul is swelling,  
 Thrilling with unearthly bliss,  
 She hath seen Him, she hath heard  
 Him,  
 She hath felt His infant kiss.

How she sings with joy ecstatic,  
 Stains the pure and undefiled,  
 Stains the spotless Mother Virgin  
 Mother of the Only Child.

Who can choose but share her rapture  
 As she clasps Him to her breast,  
 Playing now in childlike beauty,  
 Sleeping now in peaceful rest.

For our sins and for His nation,  
 See, the little Jesus lies,  
 In the stable with the oxen,  
 Tears are in His infant eyes.

"Nato Christo in Praesepe,"  
 So the white-winged angels sing;  
 Coming down from brightest heaven,  
 Praises to that crib to bring.

Stands the holy, peaceful Joseph  
 With that spotted Virgin flower,  
 Speechless in their holy rapture,  
 Speechless in that midnight hour.

Ah! my Mother, fount of loving,  
 Since from thee all loving flows,  
 Breathe into my inmost spirit  
 All the love thy bosom knows.

Make me feel the pain He suffers  
 From the cradles to the grave,  
 Who, in that poor stable lying,  
 Comes from Heaven my soul to save.

Bind me close and ever closer,  
 To that Babe of Bethlehem,  
 To the gentle Jesulino—  
 Love must find new names for Him.

Even in my exile burning,  
 Make me live for His sweet love,  
 With a rapture hourly deepening,  
 Till He takes me home above.

Virgin of all virgins purest,  
 Spotless, stainless, undefiled,  
 Give me in my arms to clasp Him,  
 Let me kiss thy blessed child.

Let my soul be lost in loving  
 Him, who dying, gives us life,  
 Who is born this blessed morn,  
 Peace to bring to banish strife.

Flood me with enraptured sweetness,  
 Let me love my life away,  
 Mother spotless, with thy infant,  
 And thyself, this blessed day.

And, when divine, let me see Him;  
 Let me clasp Him to my breast—  
 Loving living, loving dying,  
 Thus to go to endless rest.

**A Play To Avoid**

Many theatre-going Catholics who love pleasure more than they do the admonitions of their religion, and hence disregard the holy season of Advent, saw at the Star the first half of this week a shocking burlesque on the confessional. For a certain-raiser James O'Neill presents "The Sacrament of Judas," in which a stage priest hears a stage confession and gives the mock penitent a stage absolution. It was all horribly realistic. The "confession" is made aloud and the "absolution" is given with all the solemnity of the sacrament so ruthlessly parodied. Catholic exchanges will do well to pass along the word that James O'Neill's current play is one Catholics should leave severely alone.—Catholic Union and Times.

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—AS—  
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Election Friday, January 1st, 1904



**WARD No. 4**

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 INFLUENCE  
 ARE REQUESTED  
 FOR**

**Edward J. Hearn**

As ALDERMAN for 1904

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**SCHOOLS**

**HONOR ROLL**

St. Mary's School.

Boys who received testimonials of merit for Excellent Department and application to study during the month of December, 1903:

Fourth Form, Sen. Dept.—John Wismer, George Ryan, Joseph Clarke, Patrick Delaney, James Glynn, Vincent Varley, Harold Campbell, Willie Massey.

Jun. Dept.—Willie Maloney, Joseph Buer, Wilfrid Bourdon, Charles McCarter, Willie Overend, Michael Moad, John McLean, John McLaugh, Percy Corbett, Willie Murphy.

Sen. Third—Newman Mackintosh, John Byrne, Michael McCarthy, Chas. Corcoran, Norman Kelly, Thomas Lundy, Fr. Foley, Fr. Sickingler, Leo Ryan, John Skain, John Mulholland, William McGinn, Romeo Grossie, Ed. Bunker, Thomas O'Brien, Wm. Gibbs, Fr. O'Brien, Leo Albert.

Jun. Third—Thomas Shannon, Louis Murphy, John Cronin, Joseph Defeari, Fred Fensom, Arthur Gavin, Harold Landerville, Albert Massey, Arthur Vonzuben.

Good—Bohn Emmons, Bernard Donovan, Daniel McCarthy, Edward MacTague, Edward Divine, Gerald Moore, Patrick O'Reilly, Thomas Scollon, Joseph Skain, Eugene Sennett, Peter Hailey.

Senior Second—F. Shanahan, D. Lee, E. McCool, F. Ackrey, W. Thompson, R. White, W. Waggoner, W. Hand, A. Lawrence, J. O'Reilly, G. Fensom, W. Allen.

Good—J. Bannan, E. Condran, C. Hogan, E. Keating, F. Caroran, J. Fox, J. Oswin, H. McEvoy, W. McDonald, A. Campbell, E. Burns, W. Ingoldby, J. Murphy, B. Brown, J. Boogard.

Boys who obtained the highest number of marks in monthly competition for December, 1903:  
 Form IV.—Sen. Div.—1st, John Wismer, 2nd, George Ryan, 3rd, Joseph Clarke.

Form IV, Jun. Div.—1st, Joseph Buer, 2nd, Willie Maloney.  
 Form III.—Sen. Div.—Newman Mackintosh, William Ayers, Thomas O'Brien.

Jun. Div.—Louis Murphy, Thomas Shannon, Henry Sullivan.  
 The following shows the standing from September:

Fourth Form—1st, C. Hick; 2nd, J. Murray; 3rd, C. Higgins.  
 Third Form, Sen.—1st, R. Newton; 2nd, J. Labraico; 3rd, A. Lynch.

Juniors—1st, R. O'Donoghue; 2nd, C. O'Leary; 3rd, A. Guay.  
 Second Form, Seniors—1st, J. Gillon; 2nd, J. Muto; 3rd, W. Wells.

Juniors—1st, Perugini; 2nd, D. Cunerty; 3rd, F. Harper.  
 The following is the standing of the boys of St. Patrick's School for the month of December:

Fourth Form—1st, C. Hick; 2nd, John Murray; 3rd, C. Higgins; 4th, E. Horley; 5th, J. Brownrigg; 6th, J. Mahon.  
 Third Form, Seniors—1st, R. Newton; 2nd, J. Labraico; 3rd, E. McAuliffe.

Juniors—1st, A. Guay; 2nd, S. Hogan and R. O'Donoghue; 3rd, J. Hogan.  
 Second Form—Seniors—A. Heck, J. Gillon, J. Mellway.  
 Juniors—N. Perugini, F. Harper, D. Curnerty.

The following boys obtained testimonials of merit.  
 Fourth Form, Excellent—O. Heck, J. Murray, C. Higgins, E. Hendley, J. Brownrigg, J. Mahan, N. Moore, E. Roach, C. O'Leary, Wm. Menton, J. Norton, L. Cleary, J. Fletcher, J. Mulrooney and C. Bennett.

Third Form, Excellent—A. Lynch, J. Labraico, R. Newton, J. Boomer, J. Hogan, C. O'Leary, E. Vandusen, W. Dunbar, J. Chroman, A. Guay, S. Hogan, R. O'Donoghue, C. L'Leary, W. Shripley, A. Traylor, P. Doyle, Good—F. O'Donoghue, P. Tobin, E. McAuliffe, M. Burns, A. Casarucci, J. Downey, A. Labraico.

Second Form, Excellent—J. Muto, A. Heck, N. Perugini, D. Cunerty, A. Roche, E. Barnett, F. Harper, R. Kenny, A. Gloucester.

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**HONOR ROLL**

St. Helen's School.

Senior Fourth; Excellent—G. Fayle M. Mulhall, J. Torpey, Fr. Tracy, H. Beisise, G. Kirby, P. McAleer.  
 Good—Ch. Higgins.

General Proficiency—H. Beisise.  
 Junior Fourth; Excellent—W. Galvin, R. Clarkson, W. Henderson, W. Markle, J. Foley, E. Creary, Fr. Hartnett, Fr. Riordan.  
 Good—W. Artkin, E. Boland, W. Holland, T. Dault, J. Gilroy, H. McCarty.

General Proficiency—F. Riordan.  
 Aggregate Notes for Monthly Competitions—Fr. Tracy, R. Clarkson.  
 St. Francis School (boys) Toronto.  
 Monthly Examination.

Jun. Fourth—V. Corbett, W. Kelly and H. Weaver.  
 Sen. Third—W. Carroll, S. Jamieson and A. Johnson.  
 Testimonials.

Jun. Fourth—Excellent—V. Corbett, W. Kelly, H. Weaver and J. Barrett.  
 Good—W. Meyer and F. Duffy.  
 Sen. Third; Excellent—W. Carroll, S. Jamieson, W. Kirk and F. Carey.  
 December's Examination.

Jun. Third—C. Ist, H. Harkins; 2nd, F. Glynn; 3rd, R. Halligan; 4th, J. Finley.  
 General Proficiency—H. Harkins.  
 Sen. II.—1st, W. Hennessy; 2nd, F. Kelly; 3rd, B. Yonder; 4th, F. Bartello.

General Proficiency—W. Hennessy.  
 Testimonials.

Jun. III.; Excellent—F. Glynn, H. Harkins, L. Lambick, J. Finley, L. Ryan and T. O'Brien.  
 Good—R. Halligan, J. Britton, R. Mulligan, G. Atkinson, J. Smith and H. Doran.

Sen. II.; Excellent—W. Hennessy, F. Bartello, J. Wright, F. Durand, F. Kelly, J. Brennan and E. Broderick.  
 Good—F. Gingers, W. Fogarty, L. Jamieson, M. Turano, C. Finley and B. Younder.

St. Helen's—Form III.  
 Excellent—E. Garrity, C. O'Connor, F. Heffron, J. Keaney, F. Reddin, V. Kirby, T. Colgan, V. Pegg, W. Doyle, H. Tracy, T. Plumbtree, M. Cullen, A. Maloney.

Good—H. Goodwin, J. Power, B. Kearns, E. King, G. Norman, F. Woods, E. Fayle, A. Riordan, J. Kelly, W. Kelly, J. Travers, M. McDonald, W. Kerr, C. Bishop, F. Newton, H. Pegg, F. Doyle, J. Wallace, W. O'Donoghue.

Monthly Examination.  
 Sen. Div.—W. Kearns, C. O'Connor, F. Woods.  
 Jun. Div.—W. Kelly, G. Norman, J. Travers.

An Attack on the Catholic Church

In last week's Register editorial reference was made to certain verses written by Prof. Tyrrell of Trinity College, Dublin. The Dublin Freeman's prints the following protests, one by a Catholic Bishop, the other by an Anglican layman:

FROM THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK

Sir,—A friend of mine has sent me a newspaper cutting containing a letter written by Professor Tyrrell of Trinity College, Dublin, by way of defence of some verses which he published recently. The verses were had enough, in my opinion, this letter is incomparably worse, and more offensive to us Catholics. From some pages in it, one would think that Professor Tyrrell is quite unconscious of the grossly offensive nature of his words, but this only illustrates the tone of insolence and contempt towards Catholics in which the thoughts of this gentleman, and I fear many of his co-religionists habitually run. Incidentally I cannot help thinking what a "slog" of the true atmosphere of T.C.D. is in these productions. What a comment on the invitation to the Catholics of Ireland to accept this gentleman and his fellows as teachers for their sons!

An disclaimer any intention of writing against the Catholic religion, Professor Tyrrell informs us that what he protests against is "the undoubted fact that the Catholic clergy inculcate on their flocks cold acts of observance in lieu of sincere feelings of religion," and his indignation is aroused against "the ill-considered zeal of the rank and file of an unscrupulous priesthood practising on the ignorance and superstition of an illiterate peasantry."

Now that is a definite statement capable of proof, easily tested. If true, it is a terrible condemnation of the whole Catholic Church in Ireland. We Bishops, who are the chief clergy, must know it, and see it, and be responsible for it. I think, then, that I have a right to ask Professor Tyrrell for the evidence on which he makes this shocking accusation. For myself, I know that it is an utter falsehood. My whole life has been spent amidst the inner workings of the Catholic Church amongst our people, and I can say that a more outrageously untrue, or unfounded statement was never made and that it is simply the projection from the Protestant prejudices and animosities in which Professor Tyrrell's mind seems to move, on to the Catholic Church in Ireland, which he knows, and does know, only on the surface, and from outside.

Of course, he will not accept my testimony, but, perhaps, the following appreciation of the religion of the Irish people, and the influence of the Catholic clergy upon it, by a Professor of Trinity College, a man of something different calibre, from Professor Tyrrell, may induce him to modify the rancour, if not of his views, at least of his language:

But should further ask of anyone, no matter what extreme Protestant opinions he may hold, to think of all that the Catholic Church has done, and is doing, for the Irish people. Let him judge it by the manifold in which it has brought to the hearts of the Irish people a knowledge of these great truths which he himself accepts as essential. In the humblest cottage in the land he will find among its inmates a knowledge of these truths. With all that he himself most values, he will find man and woman and child familiar with the knowledge of our common Saviour, in a belief in His Divine Mission, in love of the Saviour, in reverence for God, in all the pious charities of life, in submission to the Divine Will, in misfortune, in hope and trust in the Providence of a Heavenly Father, in all the beliefs and aspirations which may excite the smile of the philosopher, but which are the hopes and the sustenance of Christians in every country and in every clime, in all these things he will find that the Irish people will not suffer by a comparison with the most favored people upon earth.

And if, as he contemplates the deep and reverent piety, the undoubting faith, and the large-hearted charity of the Irish peasant, he asks himself by what teaching all this has been brought about although that teaching may not conform in all things to his notions, he will, if he be a Christian, find a better, than his sectarian prejudices, hesitate long, and often, before he will destroy or weaken the teaching that has produced these results until at least he is quite sure that he can replace it by one that can do as much.

"The Problem of Irish Education."—Isaac Butt, P. 117.

In which quotation the important point is that whosoever would judge the Irish peasant and his clergy fairly should love Christianity more than his own sectarian prejudices. As to the cost of church building in Ireland I should wish to offer a few remarks. In the first place it is a subject that might be discussed without polemical heat, or insult on either side, and for myself I should gladly accept and carefully consider any criticism which an intelligent though impartial observer might offer of matter of ecclesiastical policy "Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

But Professor Tyrrell's criticisms are only a thin veil for insult, and can do no good. To tell an intensely religious people that the spires of their churches like tall bullocks lift their heads and lie, can only cause exasperation, and provoke retorts equally angry, and perhaps more just. Without using any needlessly offensive language, I would submit to Professor Tyrrell's consideration the following facts and views:

(1) Throughout the greater part of the last century there has been an absolute necessity to see Catholic Emancipation, to the Catholic Churches. For all though the whole population of the country remained true to their ancient faith, the sect of which Professor Tyrrell is so distinguished a

member, being identified with English domination in Ireland, deprived the Protestant population of every church and house of worship which they possessed. Those of them that the Protestants wanted for their own use, such as St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals in Dublin; and St. Mary's, the Blessed Mother of God's Church, here in Limerick, they simply appropriated, broke down the altars, desecrated the shrines and in general from Christian Churches turned them into Protestant meeting houses. There was no waste of the people's substance here. No shillings were withdrawn from the support of an impoverished peasantry. Irish Protestants are not open, to the charge of a blind and superstitious waste of money on building the House of God. Theirs was the true worldly wisdom of the cuckoo, and they are fully entitled to taunt us with our extravagance.

But while Professor Tyrrell's co-religionists were quietly and thrifflily appropriating to their own uses our Cathedral Church, which they did not build, my two last predecessors built and I have been able to bring to completion a larger, a richer, and more beautiful Cathedral even than old St. Mary's. Its lovely spire out-tops St. Mary's. To which of these I would ask Professor Tyrrell, do Pope's lines which he so offensively quotes, most aptly apply? Which resembles the tall bully? Which stands as the monument of oppression, of religious persecution and spoliation? Which of them, in the hands of those who have no more right to it than the highwayman to his plunder, lifts its head and lies?

I speak of places which I know of my own personal knowledge, but my words have a universal application throughout the country.

(2) In all the principal towns of my diocese the churches, and costly churches, too, have been erected by a most generous people; our people love to give something towards building a church. Let a priest come from Asia, Africa, any quarter of the globe, to collect money to build a church, and his appeal finds the readiest response. No wonder then that they are enthusiastic in building their own churches. Now, beside every one of the splendid churches which we have at such places as Rathkeale, or Kilmallock, or Ballynary, of Kilmacne, or Askeaton, there stand the ruins of an ancient church. In most instances we can see by the tracery of their windows, by the carving of their sedilia, that they were worth money, that many of them were rich and splendid churches of Ireland not survived for the use of the Irish people, as they have in every other church in Europe? Why have we, in this most ancient Church, to begin as if we were settlers in some new country, such as the United States or Australia? Professor Tyrrell, before taunting us with extravagance in building, would do well to answer

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these questions first. Let him ask these venerable ruins. There is none of the "tall bully" about them; their heads have been laid low; they tell no lies, and if he only listens for a few moments to what they whisper in their desolation, he will probably find, as we do, some other object for his indignation than the devotion and generosity of the clergy and people who would replace them by others not less worthy of their sacred uses. Anyhow he would see the grotesque absurdity of an Irish Protestant raising the question at all.

(3) He quotes some English newspaper correspondent, who, with the Englishman's instinctive consideration for the feelings of others and characteristic modesty, went to the bottom of the whole question, while flying through the country after the King, to the effect that these chapels "are built of people's lives and substance." Of course, that is final. A newspaper correspondent said it, and that's enough.

Now, I have to say to this that a greater falsehood was never told. If Professor Tyrrell and this correspondent made this remark about the old Protestant Cathedrals in Dublin, or rather what has been called their restoration, they would be nearer the mark. Whiskey and porter have restored them; every stone that has been put into them stands, indeed, for human misery.

(4) But our Catholic churches have been built by the people, and, on the whole, by poor people, but who else was to build them? Take this county of Limerick. Its valuation is nearly £500,000 a year. Except about £2,000 or £10,000 a year, every pound is owned by the Protestant successors of the old Catholic gentry, whom they disposed. What have they given towards building the churches of the people? For the matter of that, what have they given towards building their own? I don't suppose in the history of the world

that there ever existed a more selfish, worthless, unpatriotic class than these same Protestant landlords, and if Professor Tyrrell wants to find the secret of the impoverishment of the Irish people, let him not mind his work more by the ideal of what the House of God should be than by the resources of his people. But it was a fault on the right side. But I wonder does Professor Tyrrell know how much of the cost of our Irish churches has come from America and Australia? In many instances, for one pound contributed in the locality five pounds have come from outside, and most of it has gone in much-needed wages to mechanics and laborers.

If you subtracted from the labor bill of the building trades of Limerick for the last fifty years the amount of wages that have been paid to workmen in our churches and religious institutions, the balance would be small indeed.

(5) Church building in Ireland has done something for Art. McCarthy has left some fine Gothic churches, so have Mr. Ashlin, and Mr. Byrne, and Mr. O'Callaghan. Where would ecclesiastical architecture be but for our Catholic institutions? Painting and sculpture have lagged somewhat behind; but they will come, too, and we must hope that the best stained glass will be made in Ireland, and used largely in our churches.

But if the spirit of Professor Tyrrell's insulting criticisms were adopted, there would soon be little ecclesiastical work of any kind amongst us, and architecture and all its subsidiary arts would perish.

In truth, Professor Tyrrell differs from us fundamentally, in his views of what a Catholic church is, in itself, and in our belief. He has got the idea of the sense in which it is the House of God for us, and consequently he cannot understand the lavishness with which our people act towards it. He is a rather narrow Protestant, discussing a deep feeling of Catholic hearts. His mistake is not so much in his conclusions, and the offensive language in which he clothes them, but in his interference at all in a matter which he cannot understand, and where such interference necessarily appears to us a mere impertinence. Let him not mind our religious practices, either as a theme for his verses or newspaper letters; but if he does feel for the ever-growing poverty of the country, there are two great drains on our people's resources which he might help us to arrest—drink and landlordism; but the

Catholic Church—he may as well let her alone—she is the one great organization that has stood by the people—and the consolations which she has given them, in temporal as well as spiritual things, have been and are almost the one bright spot in the desolation which the English Government and Protestantism have brought upon us.

Neither Professor Tyrrell nor Dr. Mahaffy, nor all Trinity College, can stop "the growth of Romanism." That is the real trouble. Our churches are but the symbols of our resurrection. They are the evidence of that growth in strength, in self-reliance, in independence which has marked the advance of the Catholics of Ireland for the last fifty years. Hinc illae lacrymae.

I am, sir, etc., EDWARD THOMAS, Bishop of Limerick.

30th November, 1903.

FROM MR. HUGH LAW, M.P.

Sir,—It not infrequently happens that the letters of some action of theirs which has met with criticism serve an exactly opposite purpose. That, I think, will be proved true of Dr. Tyrrell's letter in your columns some days ago. What a very strange document it is! First of all, he declares that he "never said, thought, or wrote anything against the Catholic religion," and then proceeds to repeat in prose what he had already stated in verse—viz., that "the Catholic clergy inculcate on their flocks cold acts of observance in lieu of sincere feelings of religion, and exact from an impoverished peasantry money to be spent on sacred buildings erected in places where no such edifices are needed, and where there are but a handful of worshippers to frequent them."

And finally he seeks to clinch his argument by a quotation from a writer in the "Daily Mail" who finds in the cheap decorations of the Irish country chapel "the ugly expression of an ugly kind of disease," and who deploras (good Christian man!) the fact that "the shillings of the people, cheerfully given to God instead of to the nourishment of themselves, have raised the fabric of these chapels."

I will not insist on the discrepancy between Dr. Tyrrell and his chosen witness on the point as to whether the shillings are "exact" or "cheerfully given." My own knowledge, so far as it goes, indeed, bears out Mr. Young's rather than Dr. Tyrrell's view on the matter. I have known an old woman to give literally and actually insist upon giving—all she had in the world towards the building of God's house, trusting with an apostolic faith (not often found, I regret to say, among Anglicans), that He to Whom she gave would not fail to remember her. Nor will I express more than a passing wonder in what part of Ireland are these churches erected with "but a handful of worshippers to frequent them." I do, indeed, recall many edifices where the congregations are very sparse indeed; but, oddly enough, these belong not to the Roman Catholic but to the Irish Church. On the other hand, many people must, like myself, be but too familiar with the spectacle of worshippers kneeling outside the doors of a Roman Catholic chapel during the celebration of the Mass, the interior of the building being too full to hold any more.

As to the first part of Dr. Tyrrell's invective I do not know what the Roman Catholic clergy "inculcate" on their flocks (no more, I very strongly suspect, does Dr. Tyrrell, but I do know something of what these flocks believe. I live amongst a Catholic peasantry, and I have over and over again been amazed (and I must add, as an Anglican, humiliated) by the evangelical simplicity, fervour, and reality of the faith by the light of which they live their daily lives.

Dr. Tyrrell would be better employed, I am quite sure, in inculcating similarly "sincere feelings of religion" among the members of the Communion to which he and I both belong.

I have only to add that it is strange to find a man like himself objecting to sacrifices made for the sake of religion. I should have thought that it was rather a matter for congratulation that still, in one small portion at least, of the modern world, there are some few people who are still prepared to seek first the "Kingdom of God and His righteousness."—Very faithfully yours, HUGH A. LAW, December 2nd, 1903.

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**THE KNOT IN THE PEARLS**

She was young and remarkably pretty, with the prettiness that is quite unmistakable and generally acknowledged, that can even triumph over a frown that is not quite fresh or a style of hair dressing that is not altogether suitable. But then in her case it was such charming hair, so bright and so curly that he told himself fashionable dressing, which would have reduced her head to the level of a repetition of all the other heads in the room, would have been a mistake, a piece of vandalism. And as for the dress, that was, at any rate, simple (although of the kind that is not expensive or even particularly tasteful), and he managed to overlook it. Yet that was something of a feat—his credit or not, as you looked at the matter—for he had the reputation of being one of the most fastidious men in London. Moreover, the child—she was only a child, as he admitted—had absolutely no conversation.

But then her eyes were dazzlingly blue and their gaze had a rapid and heaven searching quality that was unlike even in his wide experience. He could not, as it seemed, use with any fluency the tongue of men, or of angels (just excepting her hesitating "Oh, yes," "Oh, no," and such non-committing trifles), if she was poor at small talk, she was greatly accomplished at looking. From the first glance of her wide open, innocent eyes, straying sometimes to his from the contemplation of heaven, seemed to bewitch him, to allure and, harder still, to hold him in attentive captivity at her side.

And she was eighteen and badly dressed, while he owned to thirty-five and was well known as an accomplished man of the most sensitive, most exquisite taste.

The woman wasn't born, his friends had been in the habit of saying, who could entirely reach up to his standard of perfection; among themselves they had often pictured her, the nearest thing possible, the woman he would surrender to, and she was cultured and witty, delicately sympathetic, daintily beautiful and certainly beautifully dressed to the last little detail. And it must be admitted that he had always so pictured her himself.

But while he was a man of ideals, he was also a man of great, of recognized talents, and his world set him up as a shining light, a man to be quoted and followed and generally upheld, although that is not

saying that they set him above laughter or, at any rate, smiles. For it is pleasant to smile as an exceptionally talented or fortunate man, it is a recompense and even a relief to those less distinguished, and, without being malicious, there were many who smiled quite openly and unashamed as he lingered every time they met at the side of the girl with the heaven-searching eyes.

"After all!" they said. "So, after all, the usual thing attracts him! Of course she's sweetly pretty, and he'll choose her frocks!" They didn't feel any less pleasure in their idol because at last they had discovered his feet of clay; they were, indeed, enthusiastically inclined to applaud their new and more homely view of him, and they let the girl with the heaven-searching eyes absorb him, while they looked on in an attitude distinctly suggestive of hand clapping.

"After all!" they would invariably add. "Well, he'll know how to spend the money!" Yet it was common knowledge that he was not overburdened with money, having been, apparently, too overburdened with brains to acquire it in any quantity.

And all the time he was with her he thought only of her eyes and his own power to sway her from heaven. But when he was not with her many of his thoughts circled round the cheap row of pearls she invariably wore, and his mind, attuned to great subjects, took to itself a holiday and spent it in wondering why she tied a knot in them.

Was it of set design or did she really think they looked better knotted? There had come into his mind the first time he saw her an old saying, long forgotten, that a girl knots her pearls when she wants a love letter. Now, did this girl of the innocent eyes in this manner deliberately advertise a want? And was it simply a love letter she wanted, as one might covet a rare curio, or, say, a first edition? (He said, a first edition.) Or was it not, perhaps, a letter from a particular person she had set her heart on? Some one who might see the touching little indication of readiness to receive a tenderly worded epistle; some one who, it was hoped, would be ready, would be eager to comply. Although this last possibility undoubtedly put the girl in the better light, it is noteworthy that it was not the idea he honestly favored.

He followed the little story further. For, if the knot was the result of anything more than mere accident or other than a clumsy device for keeping the pearls tightly round her white throat, then, since as far as he knew, the knot was never untied; also, as far as he knew, she did not let the letter. The blue-eyes were

sometimes pathetic; in time it grew to hurting him that she should even possibly want what he could so easily have supplied. The whole question, as childish as she was and as strangely engrossing, haunted and disturbed his leisure; and one night, having just left her, he sat down and wrote her the letter.

The bulk of the talents for which people praised him were in the habit of emerging from the point of his pen, and the letter was worthy of his reputation without being at all above her powers of appreciation—even supposing she was in all things as young as she looked. It was simple, in fact, as her eyes; and, reading it over, he knew he had never done anything better. But he wasn't as mad as he might have looked—if any one could have seen him—and he only posted it into his pocket. Having been written to her, it was secretly hers, and to leave it about him gave him a feeling of pleasure he acknowledged with a laugh, and for once did not try to account for in words.

After that he wrote her a letter every time he saw her, and, but that something happened about the sixth time, it is a matter to wonder at how far he would have allowed his pockets to bulge.

What occurred was of the most commonplace description. In hunting for something else he dropped one of the letters at her feet. She caught it up with a little cry, "Why, it's addressed to me!" If he had not stopped her she would have opened it there and then.

But he couldn't prevent her keeping it nor prevent himself seeing the laugh in her eyes—a stray gleam that seemed to cast a new light on the pathways to heaven.

"If you like it," he said, "there are more"; and he took out the pack, turning it over.

"But if they're mine I would much rather have them at once," she cried.

"If they're mine you've no right to keep them."

To tempt her into pleading for them, into more laughter, into quite a torrent of teasing and excited speech, he held out as long as he could. In the end she went off with her letters.

"I'm convinced it's some rubbish," she threw at him in parting, "and I do want to see just how silly you are."

"Will you tell me how silly you think me?" he asked.

"If you're silly—enough," said she. Of course he expected an answer—expected it feverishly, filled with a boyish impatience and unrest he had never surpassed in his boyhood. When it came it was like her, he told himself; and it was certainly put in

few words, if that was really like her, and his doubts on that subject were brand new ones. "Will you come and see me?" she wrote, naming an hour. Of course he went, praying the while that he should find her alone.

And she was alone; so far he quickly saw the realization of his wish. Yet for the moment, as he advanced toward her up the long room, he hardly knew her, hardly recognized his unadorned beauty, the child of the dowdy frocks, in the perfectly dressed girl now waiting for him with laughter and blushes chasing each other on her bewildering face. For the first time in his life he found nothing to say, and so she was forced to begin. She seemed not unwilling.

"Your letters are charming," she said. She put up a hand to the imitation pearls, side by side with some that looked priceless, among the laces at her neck and twisted them round to show him they were unknotted.

"Your letters are charming," she repeated, with the least little break in her voice. Then she brightened and smiled. "And what do you think of my frock?"

"I think it is—charming," he said. She came nearer to him.

"Will you answer me something?" she asked.

"Yes—yes—anything?"

"Only this—which sort of frock do you like me in best?"

"This," he said, true to his creed. "This—I suppose. Oh, my darling, we are starting at the wrong end, but if you keep the letters we shan't be able to afford such frocks."

"I wouldn't give up the letters for anything," she declared.

"I go with the letters," he said.

Again the laugh in her eyes. "And I'd rather give up the letters than you," she smiled.

"Then hang the frocks!" he cried, and would have caught her to him, but she warded him off.

"Stop, do stop!"—then she blushed—"for a—stop, won't you, please! Then don't you know, really? Don't you truly know?"

"What?"

"That I've more frocks and more money to buy new ones than I know what to do with, and—and—"

"Do you mean to tell me—?"

"Let me tell you. I mean I had the childish idea—I see now how foolish it was—to try to pass myself off in your society as a poor American girl for a change. And it was a failure; fright as I looked, it was a failure, with just one exception. You are the exception, and until now I have never felt quite, quite sure that even you could be excepted." Into her eyes crept their pathetic look.

"My dearest," he cried, "just for your own sweet self I loved you. On

my honor I did not know, and I loved you because I could not help it." This time she did not ward him off.

"No woman wants to be loved for any other reason," she said; "and I shan't mind the money and things any more."

"And the knot in the pearls?" he asked later.

"I knotted them at first because it seemed somehow in keeping with the stupid sort of girl I was to be. But when I noticed how you always stared at them I kept them knotted to—"

"Well, why?"

"To keep you—staring!" she laughed.

"And did you ever find out—?"

"Oh," she interrupted, "I asked just every one why a knot in a row of pearls should make a wise man—any man—stare so. I was always asking until some one told me about the old saying of the love letter, and then—"

"And then—?"

"And then—?" She still hesitated.

"By then—?" he amended.

"Oh, I'd like to finish," she said, bravely. "By then I was so anxious for your letters I couldn't, until it. You see, she almost whispered, "my heart was caught in the knot and it wouldn't untie until you helped me."

—L. Parry Truscott in The Sketch.

**THE LECTURE**

(Continued from Page 6.)

all my sisters resent the assumed superiority of the former, and realize within themselves the voice of Freedom and individual power crying for utterance! Press on to the foreground! Let not your rights be trampled under foot! Let the banner over you be "Rights!" Man is the sovereign brute of nature—

"Excuse me, ma'am," says Miss Jessup, "but I'd say, meaning no offence, that it would go right hard to have to call the Doctor a 'brute.'"

"The lecture lady smiled kind of coldly polite, and said that she was speaking in abstract—which means look at it small and it's one way, and look at it large and it's another."

"Peas is peas, be they a peck or a bushel," says Miss Jessup, standing there like a dumb cow that a steam whistle can't scare from those pasture bars till they're let down.

"Your suggestions are of universal interest," says the lecture lady, and should strike to the heart of every woman whose soul cries for freedom. "Why should I be crushed beneath the wheel of Juggernaut?" she should be her cry. "Down with those traditions which rob me of my birthright of liberty!"

"We were so stirred up now that there was considerable nodding and whispering; the lecture lady had got real powerful, and Miss Jessup stood trying to catch every word, and she says:

"It's a shame, ma'am, that it is!"

"Yes, shame! shame!" cries the lecture lady, waving her arms, "shame I say, my sister! Let us each avow ourselves free!" And she went on so feelingly about the heel of man being on her neck, and so exciting about the same flag waving its stars over men and its stripes over women, that it was better than Labor Day handkerchief.

"I will no longer suffer in slave-like silence!" says the lecture lady, waving her arms, and Miss Jessup spoke out:

"Don't, ma'am," she says; "as I said, it's a shame that any lady should have been treated so bad. You've come to the right place, for I think I'm speaking for all when I say that no woman appeals to us in vain for protection, and I would ask you right now to come home with me and let the Doctor advise you. Anybody can see that you've been treated terribly bad by your husband, and if he's gone so far as to use his foot, as you say, ma'am, you've cause for complaint—though with most domestic quarrels there's faults on both sides, ma'am. Maybe your husband is a drinking man."

"Husband!" cries the lecture lady, of a sudden losing hold of herself and dancing up and down. "Me! me got a husband! We put my head into the yoke of slavery! Me get trampled on by a man! He screams, slamming her books together and pinning her hat on. 'How dare you insult me? Husband!' she panted like 'twas 'snake' and she jumps off the platform, and we all got up together and she glares at Miss Jessup like mad. "How dare you say 'Husband!' to me? Do I look like a worm who crawls around the feet of a man? The next time you want a lecturer, send for one of your own kind, cow-like, servile race, and not an enlightened and emancipated being!" she screams, "a being who knows not the word 'husband!' Ugh! Go home to your husbands, you poor, downtrodden creatures, and never awaken from your ignorance!"

"And with that she pitches out the door and disappears, while we were all trying to explain that Miss Jessup meant no harm.

"Presently Dr. Jessup drove up with his buggy wheels all mud splashed. "I wish you had come here sooner," whistled Miss Jessup, climbing in, "to help soothe a poor creature who was casing her mind here a while ago."

"The Doctor said that if it was the female he'd met on her way to the station he guessed she's eased off pretty much all the mind she's got, because when he picked her up she was clinging to the fence, crying fit to kill herself."

"Just like they all do," he says. "Something had made her mad, and when she came to she cried it out. I said to her: 'Want to go to the train?' And 'I didn't wait, but jumped her arm.' She was gasping and sobbing 'Husband!' so I calculated they'd quarrelled, and I says, 'There, now, don't take it that way, ma'am. If your husband's gone and left you, he'll return, never fear, especially if you're a first-rate cook.' I said, 'If young people quarrel some times, and maybe you can win him back.'"

"My, but she snapped her eyes and turned turkered as she jumped out and the whistle blew.

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Besides a pure imitation, a cheerful and willing acceptance of the little crosses which meet us day by day goes far, if we accept them in a loving and expiatory spirit, to redress the loss of time which we have at least, is one of the least beautiful features of a life in the world.

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<b>Pictures</b> You may buy any Picture in this store for 40 per cent. less than the marked price. <b>Bedroom Suites</b> Golden oak finish; 16x20-inch mirror, 3 drawers in dresser, regular \$17.50, for 12.75 <b>Pillows</b> Good mixed feathers, English twill casing, regular \$1.50, for .79 <b>China Cabinets</b> Quarter-cut oak, best glass ends, adjustable shelves, regular \$20.00, for 19.50 <b>Music Cabinets</b> Birch, mahogany, fitted with mirror, and shelves, regular \$10.00, for 6.99 <b>Cabinets</b> Parlor Bric-a-Brac Cabinets, birch, mahogany finish, fitted with shaped British bevel mirror, regular \$13.75, for 9.90 Parlor Cabinets, birch, mahogany finish, two large shaped British bevel mirrors, shaped shelves, regular \$23, for 19.75 Bric-a-Brac Cabinets, Japanese, regular \$6.25, for 4.60	<b>Rockers</b> Adults' Rockers, golden oak finish, brace arms, extra wide slat back, regular \$1.50, for .89 Cane Seat Rockers, brace arms, golden oak finish, wide s at back, regular \$2.25, for 1.25 Large Arm Rockers, golden oak finish, cobbler seat, regular \$2.75, for 1.99 Rockers, solid oak or mahogany finish, upholstered seat and back, or cobbler seats, regular \$4, for 2.99 Large Arm Rockers, quarter-cut oak, saddle shaped seat, regular \$5, for 3.50 Cobbler Rockers, quarter cut oak or birch-mahogany finish, sole leather seats, regular \$7.00, for 4.99 Quarter-cut Oak Rockers, full spring seat, upholstered in leather, regular \$22, for 17.50 Large Rockers for the Library; upholstered seat and back in real leather; diamond tufted spring seat; regular \$28, for 21.00 Solid Mahogany Rocker; heavy hand carving; regular \$28, for 19.90 <b>Sideboards</b> Golden oak finish, two small and one long, 14x24-inch mirror, regular \$16.00, for 12.90	<b>Shaving Cabinets</b> Solid oak, alabed British bevel mirror, regular \$8.00, for 6.75 Large size Shaving Cabinets, solid oak, shaped British bevel mirror, American patterns, regular \$19.50 to 15.00 <b>Children's Rockers</b> Hardwood Bow-Backs, regular \$1.00, for .50 Children's Rockers, shaped arms and shaped back, regular \$1.00, for .99 Children's Rockers, extra high back, cobbler seat, regular \$2.75, for 1.69 Children's Rattan Rockers, regular \$3.00, for 1.99 High Chairs, 76 styles to choose from, \$1.25 to 5.00 <b>Children's Chairs</b> Golden Oak Finish, regular 99c, for .50 <b>China Racks</b> Belgian oak, regular \$3.50, for 1.99	<b>Kindergarten Sets</b> Two Chairs and Tables, assorted colors, \$1.25 \$1.50, and 2.50 <b>Fall Leaf Tables</b> Golden Oak Finish, heavy bolted legs, regular \$4.50, for 2.99 Children's Kindergarten Chairs, bow back, set only, regular 99c, for .45 <b>Morris Chairs</b> Solid oak, reversible cushions, brass rail, regular \$7.75, for 5.50 Morris Chairs, birch, mahogany frame, heavy brass rail, striped velour cushions, regular \$10, for 6.99 Morris Chairs, extra heavy solid oak frame, corduroy or velour cushions, regular \$15.75, for 12.99 <b>Dressing Tables</b> Solid oak, British bevel mirror, regular \$14.75, for 11.99 <b>Paper Racks</b> Paper or Music Racks, of solid oak, regular \$1.25, for .75 Large Size Paper Racks, of solid oak, regular \$2.50, for 1.00
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Unless the soap you use has this brand you are not getting the best

Greens and Garlands

During the Christmas season, the houses, churches, and thoroughfares were decorated with greens. Holly, ivy, laurel, bay, cypress, in fact whatever greens the locality afforded, were used.

Holly, ivy, nay, it shall not be ivy (certainly). Holly have the mastery as the manner is.

Holly stands in the hall fair to behold; Ivy stands without the door, she is full sore a-cold.

Holly and his merry men they dance and they sing; Ivy and her maidens, they weep and they wring.

Ivy hath a kibe; she caught it with the cold; So mighty they all have that which Ivy hold.

Holly hath berries as red as any rose; The forester, the hunter, keep them from the does.

Ivy hath berries as black as any sloes; There come the owl and eat them as she goes.

Holly hath birdies, a full, fair flock; The nightingale, the poppingay, the gentle lavercock.

Good Ivy! what birdies hast thou? None but the owl that cries How!

The custom of erecting Christmas trees has been introduced into this country by the Germans, who brought it from the fatherland. In Old England something similar may be recognized in the wessel-bob or wassail-bob. This consisted of evergreen branches tied to a pole and borne aloft by the merry makers. It was trimmed with oranges and apples and decorated with tinsel, and the sound of a horn and song was borne about. Both the yule-log fire and Christmas tree are probably the counterpart of the Midsummer fire and Midsummer tree, which latter, although still in use in Scandinavia, was early changed to the May-pole in England. Thus the open air festivities of summer were reflected by the indoor rejoicings of winter. Although both are of pre-Christian origin, they were nevertheless treasured by Christianity as precious and not meaningless heirlooms.

TWELVE DAYS.

Alfred the Great had declared the Twelve Days of Christmas-tide legal holidays. All toil and labor ceased. The rich and poor, the noble and the low, all rejoiced and made merry. Yule was the cry from one end of the land to the other. Whether in hall or hut, the children abounded with a glee and happiness calculated to make the name of Christmas never after a word of supreme enchantment. In the baronial hall the songs of Yule resounded to the tune of the minstrel's harp. The Lord of the manor and his merry men jested and performed their prescribed roles and made no end of merriment. It is related of Blessed Thomas More, when yet young, he was received into the house of Cardinal Morton, and would sometimes without warning step in among the players at Christmas-tide, and make a part of this own, never studying the matter, to the great delight of the lookers-on and players besides. "In whose wit and towardness the Cardinal much delighting, would often say of him to the nobles that divers times sitting at the table, whosoever shall give to see it, will prove a marvelous man." The hospitality of the season was well nigh unbounded. It was equalled only by the generosity with which the rich celebrated the holidays. Christmas pies, plum-cakes, mince pies, yule-doughs, were much in evidence. A writer of the times remarks: "Every family capable of Christmas makes a famous pie which they call Christmas-pie. It is a great nostrum, the composition of this pastry; it is a most learned mixture of neat's (ox) tongues, chickens, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel and various kinds of



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spicery." The Christmas pie was oftentimes several feet in diameter and contained a veritable bill of fare. There is mention made of one which measured nine feet from rim to rim. The spices of the mince pies were held to be typical of the offerings made by the Wise Men of the East. The Yule-doughs or Baby-cake were shaped in the image of the Virgin and Child. The "chief service," however, of a Christmas dinner was the hoar's head. On a large platter, it was borne into the hall, preceded by trumpeter and herald.

The wassail-bowl supplied the guests with drink. The old English were wont to say: Waes hael, that is "be whole" (health). A carmen potatorium (drinking song) begins thus:

A bone, God wot! Sticks in my throat, Without I have a draught Of corny ale, Nappy and stale, My life lies in great waste. Some ale or beer,

THE OLD RELIABLE



Absolutely Pure. THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Your Vote and Influence

Are respectfully requested for the Election of JOHN F. LOUDON

AS A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL FOR 1904

Election January 1st. Polls Close at 5 P.M.

WARD NO. 3

Your Vote and Influence

Are Respectfully Asked for G. R. GEARY

As Alderman For 1904

City of Toronto Municipal Elections

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-Election of

F. H. RICHARDSON

as Controller for 1904. Election Day, Jan. 1st, 1904.

Gentle butler, Some liquor thou show, Such as you masth Our throats to wash The best were that you brew.

The joyousness of the season was widespread. No house, however humble, but shared in the universal gladness. The very poor found abundance at the door of the wealthy. Hence the old proverb: "It is well to cry Yule on another man's stool." Even the birds of the air, cold and hungry as they were, did not go uncared for during the holy season. Sheaves of unthreshed wheat were fastened to the gable lofts of barns and houses. Then the little minstrels gathered and celebrated Christmas in their own way, chirping and fluttering about and picking out the grain—the Dolphin.

Conversion in Japan

It is gratifying to learn that the untiring efforts of Christian missionaries in Japan are now being crowned with a full measure of success. Not alone are the tenets of Christianity becoming accepted by an ever-increasing number of the Japanese, but the converts include many persons of high distinction. It is stated that quite a large number of the native members of Parliament, occupants of the Bench, and prominent journalists, are Christians, while in the army and navy the Christian element is an increasing one. The Labor question is one which awaits settlement in Japan, and we agree with the "Tablet" that much should be expected of the Christian party in the way of obtaining improved relations between capital and labor, and better and juster conditions for the workers.—Monitor.

A person who does not benefit the world by his life, usually benefits it by interior life; he dwells habitually in the presence of God, of nature and of his own soul; he swims in a current of ideas; looks out upon a world of truth and beauty; he would rather gain some new vision of the eternal reality than to have a mountain of gold on the suffrage of a whole people.

IN THE MATTER of the estate of Michael Murray, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, engine-driver, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Michael Murray, who died on or about the 29th day of October, 1903, are required on or before the 2nd day of January, 1904, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario, solicitors for Catherine Moonen, the executrix of the last will and testament of the said deceased, their names and addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said executrix shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only for the claims of which she shall then have notice and that the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 27th day of June, 1903.

HEARN & SLATTERY, Solicitors for Executrix.

Tested by Time.—In his justly-celebrated Pills, Dr. Farmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is Lower—Live Stock Trade Dull—The Latest Quotations. Tuesday evening, Dec. 22. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

St. Lawrence Market is taking on a decidedly Christmas appearance. The butcher stalls are hung with gaily-decked carcasses of fine show beef, and altogether the display is one not equaled in any other part of the city. The trade this morning was fairly brisk. On the street the grain receipts amounted to 2,000 bushels.

Wheat—Two hundred bushels of white and 100 of red sold steady to firm at 70c per bushel, 100 spring sold higher at 72c, and two of goose sold at 70c to 72c. Barley—Eight hundred bushels of barley sold at 42c to 45c per bushel. Oats—Six hundred bushels sold about steady at 31c to 32c per bushel.

Dressed Hogs—The market is quoted unchanged at 27.5c per cwt. for choice lightweights and 26.5c for heavies. Butcher—Receipts were light. Quotations are unchanged at 14c to 15c per lb. Eggs—The good ones are still scarce, and quotations are steady at 35c to 40c per dozen.

Poultry—The offerings continue light, while the demand is fairly good. Few good turkeys are offered, and they are quoted higher at 18c to 20c per lb. Other kinds are unchanged.

Hay—About 20 loads were on the market. No. 1 timothy sold firm at \$10 to \$10.50 per ton, and mixed or clover was easier at \$9 to \$9.50.

Straw—Four loads sold easier at \$9 to \$10 per ton.

Toronto Live Stock. Trade at the Western Cattle Market today was light. The run of stock offering was not large, and the demand for cattle is quiet. The inquiry for fancy butcher cattle is now over. Hog prices are quoted 25c per cwt. higher. The run of stock amounted to 70 cars, and included 717 cattle, 699 sheep and lambs, 1,000 hogs and 16 calves.

Export Cattle—There were practically none on the market, and quotations are unchanged at \$4.50 to \$4.85 for extra choice, \$4.30 to \$4.60 for choice, \$3.15 to \$4.10 for others and \$2.50 to \$3.50 for culls.

Butcher Cattle—The trade for fancy Christmas beef is over, and the demand now is almost entirely for fair to medium cattle, with which the butchers can fill up. For this kind the market was fairly good, and prices were steady. There were no fancy quality stock was offering. Butchers have now all the show cattle they desire, and will not pay more than the dressed meat value for even the best cattle. Picked lots are quoted easier on this account at \$10 to \$12 per cwt., good at \$8.75 to \$11.30, fair to good at \$8.20 to \$10.70, rough to common at \$1.50 to \$3, and culls at \$2.75 to \$3.25.

Stocks and Feeders—Trade is quiet, although there is still a slight demand for cattle of these classes. Stockers are quoted unchanged at \$1.30 to \$1.50 per cwt., and feeders at \$2 to \$4.

Milk Cows—There were few in to-day, and trade was slow. The quality of the stock was poor. Quotations are about steady at \$28 to \$30 each.

Calves—The run was light, all were sold and quotations are unchanged at 45c to 55c per lb. and \$2 to \$10 each.

Sheep and Lambs—Trade was steady and all were sold. Prices are quoted unchanged at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt. for exporters, \$2 to \$3.50 for culls, and \$4.25 to \$4.50 for lambs.

Hogs—Quotations are advanced 25c per cwt. all round. Selects are quoted at \$5.25 per cwt. and lights and fats at \$5.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Dec. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; steady; good to prime steers, \$4.50 to \$5.75; poor to medium, \$2.25 to \$4.80; stockers and feeders, \$1.75 to \$4; cows and heifers, \$1.00 to \$4.75; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.50; bulls, \$2 to \$4; calves and heifers, \$1.50 to \$4.75; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.40; bulls, \$2 to \$4; calves, \$2 to \$5.30. Hogs—Receipts, 25,000; mixed, \$5.00; light hogs slow; others 5c to 10c higher; rough heavy, \$4.30 to \$4.50; light, \$4.15 to \$5.40; bulk of sales, \$2.75 to \$5.25. Sheep—Receipts, 14,000; steady to strong; lambs steady; good to choice wethers, \$3.50 to \$4; fair to choice mixed, \$2.75 to \$3.50; native lambs, \$4 to \$5.75.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day. To-day. Dec. May. Dec. May.

Table with columns for Chicago, New York, Toledo, St. Louis, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth and rows for Dec. and May prices.

British Markets. Liverpool, Dec. 22.—Opening—Wheat, spot No. 2 red winter, 6s 1/2d to 6s 3/4d; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 6s 1/2d to 6s 3/4d; futures quiet, December nominal, March 6s 3/4d value, May 6s 3/4d nominal. Corn—Spot quiet; mixed American, old per cental, 4s 1/2d to 4s 3/4d; futures dull, January 4s 1/2d nominal, March 4s 1/2d nominal, May 4s 1/2d nominal. Corn—Spot quiet; mixed American, per cental, old, 4s 1/2d to 4s 3/4d; futures quiet, January 4s 1/2d value, March 4s 1/2d value, May 4s 1/2d value. Flour—Minneapolis, 2s 5d to 2s 6d. London, Dec. 22.—Opening—Wheat on passage nominally unchanged; wheat, cargoes, Australian terms, January and February, 2s 5d; wheat, cargo, Victoria, January, 2s 5d; wheat, cargo, New South Wales, January, 2s 5d; wheat, cargo, New Zealand, but not active. Weather in England, milder; forecast showery. English country wheat markets of yesterday, quiet but steady.

Corn—Spot quotations, American mixed, 2s 7d. Flour—Spot quotations, Minneapolis patent, 2s 3d. Wheat on passage, quiet but steady. Corn on passage firm, but not active; cargoes Odesa, f.o.b., steam loading, 19s 8d; parcel, mixed American, December and January, 19s 2d.

Answered, Dec. 22.—Close—Wheat, spot steady; No. 2 red winter, 11s 1/2d. Corn—Spot American mixed, 7s 1/2d. Flour—Spot Minneapolis patent, 2s 3d. Paris, Dec. 22.—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; December, 21s; March and June, 21s 2s. Flour—Tone quiet; December, 2s 5s; March and June, 2s 5s.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone quiet; December, 21s; March and June, 21s 2s. Flour—Tone quiet; December, 2s 5s; March and June, 2s 5s. Weather in France, north and south, cloudy; forecast, north and south, foggy.

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WARD NO. 4

Your Vote and Influence

Are Requested

For the Election of

S. A. JONES

AS ALDERMAN

WARD 4 WARD 4

RE-ELECT

Ald. Stephen W. Burns

POLLING DAY

JAN. 1st, 1904

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are Respectfully Solicited

For the Return of

CONTROLLER BURNS

AS CONTROLLER

For the Year 1904

Ward 3 1904 Ward 3 Alderman

O. B. SHEPPARD

Again Asks Your

VOTE AND INFLUENCE

For Aldermanic Honours In

WARD 3

Election Day Jan. 1, 1904

WARD 3 1904 WARD 3

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-election of

Ald. RAMSDEN

POLLING DAY JAN'Y 1st

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Respectfully solicited

For the Election of

JOSEPH OLIVER

AS CONTROLLER.

ELECTION JAN. 1ST, 1904

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.

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COSGRAVE'S ALWAYS ASK FOR THE Best!

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. TORONTO

TEL. PARK 150. And of 51-53-55-57-59-61-63-65-67-69-71-73-75-77-79-81-83-85-87-89-91-93-95-97-99-101-103-105-107-109-111-113-115-117-119-121-123-125-127-129-131-133-135-137-139-141-143-145-147-149-151-153-155-157-159-161-163-165-167-169-171-173-175-177-179-181-183-185-187-189-191-193-195-197-199-201-203-205-207-209-211-213-215-217-219-221-223-225-227-229-231-233-235-237-239-241-243-245-247-249-251-253-255-257-259-261-263-265-267-269-271-273-275-277-279-281-283-285-287-289-291-293-295-297-299-301-303-305-307-309-311-313-315-317-319-321-323-325-327-329-331-333-335-337-339-341-343-345-347-349-351-353-355-357-359-361-363-365-367-369-371-373-375-377-379-381-383-385-387-389-391-393-395-397-399-401-403-405-407-409-411-413-415-417-419-421-423-425-427-429-431-433-435-437-439-441-443-445-447-449-451-453-455-457-459-461-463-465-467-469-471-473-475-477-479-481-483-485-487-489-491-493-495-497-499-501-503-505-507-509-511-513-515-517-519-521-523-525-527-529-531-533-535-537-539-541-543-545-547-549-551-553-555-557-559-561-563-565-567-569-571-573-575-577-579-581-583-585-587-589-591-593-595-597-599-601-603-605-607-609-611-613-615-617-619-621-623-625-627-629-631-633-635-637-639-641-643-645-647-649-651-653-655-657-659-661-663-665-667-669-671-673-675-677-679-681-683-685-687-689-691-693-695-697-699-701-703-705-707-709-711-713-715-717-719-721-723-725-727-729-731-733-735-737-739-741-743-745-747-749-751-753-755-757-759-761-763-765-767-769-771-773-775-777-779-781-783-785-787-789-791-793-795-797-799-801-803-805-807-809-811-813-815-817-819-821-823-825-827-829-831-833-835-837-839-841-843-845-847-849-851-853-855-857-859-861-863-865-867-869-871-873-875-877-879-881-883-885-887-889-891-893-895-897-899-901-903-905-907-909-911-913-915-917-919-921-923-925-927-929-931-933-935-937-939-941-943-945-947-949-951-953-955-957-959-961-963-965-967-969-971-973-975-977-979-981-983-985-987-989-991-993-995-997-999-1001-1003-1005-1007-1009-1011-1013-1015-1017-1019-1021-1023-1025-1027-1029-1031-1033-1035-1037-1039-1041-1043-1045-1047-1049-1051-1053-1055-1057-1059-1061-1063-1065-1067-1069-1071-1073-1075-1077-1079-1081-1083-1085-1087-1089-1091-1093-1095-1097-1099-1101-1103-1105-1107-1109-1111-1113-1115-1117-1119-1121-1123-1125-1127-1129-1131-1133-1135-1137-1139-1141-1143-1145-1147-1149-1151-1153-1155-1157-1159-1161-1163-1165-1167-1169-1171-1173-1175-1177-1179-1181-1183-1185-1187-1189-1191-1193-1195-1197-1199-1201-1203-1205-1207-1209-1211-1213-1215-1217-1219-1221-1223-1225-1227-1229-1231-1233-1235-1237-1239-1241-1243-1245-1247-1249-1251-1253-1255-1257-1259-1261-1263-1265-1267-1269-1271-1273-1275-1277-1279-1281-1283-1285-1287-1289-1291-1293-1295-1297-1299-1301-1303-1305-1307-1309-1311-1313-1315-1317-1319-1321-1323-1325-1327-1329-1331-1333-1335-1337-1339-1341-1343-1345-1347-1349-1351-1353-1355-1357-1359-1361-1363-1365-1367-1369-1371-1373-1375-1377-1379-1381-1383-1385-1387-1389-1391-1393-1395-1397-13