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J. B. MACKAY, K.B.C., Kingston, Ont.

The Catholic Register.

Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ere, and God will effect the rest.—BALMEZ.

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ALIVE BOLLARD,

192 Yonge Street, - TORONTO

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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Canada and Ireland

(Written for The Catholic Register by Canadensis.)

On the 19th of December last, at Wolverhampton, Hon. H. H. Asquith, M. P., who was Home Secretary in Gladstone's last Administration, delivered a very significant and highly interesting address.

Within a few hours' journey from London lies an island, the inhabitants of which have struggled, by every conceivable method, during a whole century -- from the day of the Union down to the close of the century just gone and into the one now beginning -- to secure recognition that was accorded to Canada, and yet these same statesmen appear to be perfectly blind to the fact that they contradict their own theories concerning Canada by their practical policy in regard to Ireland.

Since, then, Canada is the happy, prosperous, contented land that political autonomy and legislative freedom have made her, the Canadian people should be the very best authorities upon the advisability of according Ireland that which her patriot sons have so persistently demanded, and for the attainment of which her orators have thundered, her poets have sung, her heroes have fallen, her martyrs have perished, her leaders have organized, her people have agitated, until in every key, her genius has run up and down the gamut of supplication -- in armed camp or constitutional struggle.

Canada has spoken from her experience, and her plea for Ireland's legislative autonomy has been thundered across the Atlantic in a multitude of forms and in a variety of voices -- each possessing no uncertain sound. Canada has registered her verdict as to the advisability, as well as the justice, of cementing Ireland to the Empire by a practical and generous recognition of her rights.

Since Canada is the example to which British leaders and statesmen so constantly point, with satisfaction and pride, and since Canada has so frequently and so eloquently told the story of her own experience and sought to impress the world with the fairness of according like opportunities and advantages to Ireland, why cannot the Boltons of Westminster learn the lesson, take it to heart, and practise with regard to their sister Ireland, that which they cherish as the guarantees of Canadian loyalty and glory?



THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

tion of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan for England, have decided to present His Holiness with a collective gift of a Tiara or Pringno of Gold, for which the Catholics all over the world are invited to send an offering, however small it may be.

In the United Kingdom the offering should be sent no later than May next to the Right Rev. Mgr. Pover, Archbishop's House, Westminster, London, or to the Rev. J. Clemente, St. Ethelbert's, Slough, who will duly acknowledge all receipts.

Thirdly, a large number of pilgrims from all parts of the world are expected in Rome during the Pontifical Jubilee year, particularly in March, April and May next.

Armagh Adopts a Boer Custom.

At the Armagh Urban Council last week the following notice of motion was handed in for consideration: "That the members of this Council be allowed to smoke pipes, cigars and cigarettes at any meeting of the Council, and that each member provide himself with a spittoon, and that the members of the press be allowed to smoke."

Many prayers, Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, aspirations, acts of mortification, and good works are daily offered by thousands of the faithful in order that the Holy Father may be spared to see the forthcoming event which will crown all his jubilees -- namely, that of the priesthood, Archbishopric and Cardinalate.

All persons desiring to join in this pious work may do so any time from now to the end of the Pontifical Jubilee, April 27th, 1903, and they are requested to send their names and a list of devotions, etc., to: Father Clemente, St. Ethelbert's, Slough, to be inserted in an album, which will be presented to His Holiness on the above date for a special Papal blessing.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT, when you are leaving home to buy "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of headache, headache, attacks. Avoid everything said to be just as good. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

On Sunday, January the fifth, in response to a circular sent out by the Secretary of the St. Mary's C. I. & A. A., the following delegates from the different Catholic Literary Societies in Toronto, assembled in St. Mary's Club Rooms to arrange for a series of debates between the different Catholic clubs of this city: St. Mary's, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue and Mr. H. A. Johnston, St. Clemente's, Mr. W. H. Gough and Mr. A. W. McGuire; St. Joseph's (Leslieville), Mr. J. H. O'Connor and Mr. R. J. Heeney, and St. Basil's, Mr. M. J. Kernahan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan.

The object of the Union is the encouragement of public speaking among the Catholic young men of this city and incidentally to bring them into closer communication with each other. It was decided to have the debates carried on in series and the winners of the different series would then meet the winners of the others and so on until the final. The debates are to be decided by three prominent outside men, who will act as judges, and whose decision is to be final in case of a dispute the majority will decide. The first debates will be between St. Basil's and St. Clemente on Prohibition, and the second between St. Joseph's and St. Mary's on Departmental Stores.

The dates have not yet been decided, but will be arranged next Sunday, when it is hoped all the societies will be represented.

St. Basil's Catholic Union.

The principal business taken up at the last meeting of St. Basil's Catholic Union was the confirming of the action of the delegates from St. Basil's to the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union.

St. Basil's first debate will be against St. Clemente's Club on Prohibition, and it is hoped that all members of the Union will be present next meeting, when it will be decided who will represent the Society in our first battle. St. Basil's have to support the negative. The same delegates, Mr. M. J. Kernahan and Mr. E. V. O'Sullivan, were appointed to represent the Union at next Sunday's meeting.

Cardinal Manning's Story of His Conversion.

The late Cardinal Manning once gave a splendid idea of how, and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church.

A Kansas City man's full dress suit was stolen one night recently, and the detective who was sent to investigate the case asked, "What color was it?" Kansas City Star.

"Lazy" Monks and the Progress of Science

(A true story translated for The Register from The Katholische Volkszeitung.)

There was once a professor who generally embellished his lectures with the remarks: The priests are good for nothing; in fine to express myself briefly, the priests always hated science, art and every progress, they loved and love only, returning to darkness.

One day after school, there came to him a student who was a good young man, intellectual and not easily scared, always looking for new fun. He goes to the professor and says to him: "Professor, would you be kind enough to solve for me some doubts that bother me since I have assisted at your lectures?"

"Why not, my friend, with pleasure. With the greatest of pleasure. Out with it."

"Only a few questions, professor. Who has preserved for us the ancient classics? How is it that they did not perish when barbarism flooded the whole of civilization?"

"Monks have in their cloisters copied them, and thus saved them to us."

"What! Monks?"

"Yes, monks; especially the Benedictines."

"Well, then, monks. Monks have copied those ancient codices and thus saved them for us? That must have been a tedious work, was it not? And, of course, they contracted consumption from the library dust? Certainly; indeed, it was in those days when regents could not write their own names. Curious times and curious these monks that they delighted to copy letter by letter from Livius, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil and moreover from Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, etc. And how do these codices appear? Carefully written as if printed and the initials are real works of art!"

"Oh, these monks!"

"Wait, professor. Is it true that without those priests we would not have a Columbus and Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fru Mauro, or that he saved in the year 1450 that celebrated chart which aroused Columbus?"

"It is true, but any one else could have made that chart."

"Certainly; but why should only priests have such smart thoughts? Listen, professor, I read, too, that in place of the awkward Roman ciphers a Pope introduced the Arabian ciphers in arithmetic. Pope Sylvester II. introduced them?"

"However, any other one could have done that if the Popes had not always pressed themselves forward."

"Well, they say, too, that a Pope had invented the telescope and microscope."

"That can't be true. Those priests want to claim everything."

"That is to say it is indeed true. The Franciscan Roger Bacon had invented those instruments."

"But that was a modern Franciscan, and not one of those cowmen of the dark ages. That rascal Bacon, when did he live?"

"He died in the year 1292. He was modern very early, was he not? Again, lately I have read who was the first to proclaim the theory that the sun stood still and the earth moved. Surely you don't even know that, professor?"

"Copernicus!"

"No, this canon has not that honor. Nearly 100 years before Copernicus taught that -- who do you think, who? The Bishop of Regensburg, Regiomontanus, in 1476!"

"It may be."

"Kindly excuse me. Why is the age when the sciences, art and literature especially shone forth called the golden age of Leo X.?"

"Because Leo X. was the special patron of scientists, artists and literateurs."

"The priest De La Salle. The priest And that the first who looked after the deaf mutes was Pedro de Ponce, and after him L'Epée?"

"Yes; the Spaniard De Ponce, and after him L'Epée."

"The monk De Ponce and the priest L'Epée. Do not be angry, professor, it is not our fault that the priests don't give us any peace in history. Pray, and I read, too, that the monk Berth Schwarz invented powder and the monk Guido D'Arrizzo the scale and the foundation rule of harmony; a monk from Tagernsee in Bavaria, in 1000, glass painting; a Jesuit, Cavalieri, 1747, polychromy; the Jesuit Sechi, spectrum analysis."

"Ston I see you want to make fun of me. Blitz and thunder!"

"True, true! The first lightning rod was not invented by Franklin, but already in 1745 the Prunimonstrant monk, Pastor Procop Divisch. Even Kurschner in his conversation dictionary proves this."

"Hold your tongue, boy, talker that you are."

"Ah! The greatest polygot of our time was indeed Cardinal Mezzofanti."

"Sufficient of your nonsense, see, you get hence."

"In what direction surely only Deacon Givja can tell us that. He discovered in the year 1300 the compass."

"Your brain is on fire."

"What! If I am burning I must call for the fire engine that no conflagration takes place. The fire-engines were first used by Cistercian monks and the Parisian Capucines, were until the 17th century the fireman of Paris."

"If you don't be silent you'll fly out."

"Perhaps into the airy heights? Right! The first balloon was invented by the monk Berthold Gensma 60 years before Montgolfier who in 1720, in presence of the whole Portuguese court ascended into the air. What, you rub your eyes, professor! That is an invention of the priests. The Dominican, Alexander Spind, invented them in the 13th century! Are you so much in a hurry that you look at your watch? You should not do that at all. The watch is an invention of the priests. The first watch we have from the Church -- historian Cassiodorus (502) improved by Gerbert afterwards Sylvester II, whom we have already mentioned. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbott Richard Wallingford in the year 1316. Well, but I go now. The gas lights are already burning. Only this yet, professor, I suppose that you don't know that the Jesuits invented the gas -- these horn light shunners. For certain the Jesuits invented it, and used it in Stonyhurst, in England, 1794. The Jesuit, Dunn, established in 1815 in Preston the first gas company Good-bye professor, I hope you will excuse me. What, you have a bicycle, too! That thing was invented by the priest Panton, who already used it in 1845. Good-night. Pray, do excuse me. What is true remains true. Let the searcher of history speak only the truth."

Once more said the student: "Good-bye."

But the professor said nothing.

If thou truly lovest God it is of thy heart, thy tongue, and thy works that thou must ask it. -- St. Bonaventura.

TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessors. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unexcelled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against disappotment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces.

The D. W. KARN Co., Limited WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

Advertisements for DINEEN'S A NEW YEAR SALE, featuring fur garments and various clothing items.

Advertisement for the Pontifical Jubilee of Leo XIII., detailing the event and how to participate.

Advertisement for the Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union, including details about the organization and upcoming events.

Advertisement for St. Basil's Catholic Union, describing the club's activities and membership.

Advertisement for Cardinal Manning's Story of His Conversion, featuring a testimonial about his faith.

Advertisement for 'TO CHARM' pianos, highlighting the quality and craftsmanship of the instruments.

THE YEAR'S ROUND.

Another round is done. Another year is run. Since then from me dust turn the face away...

THE DECAY OF IRELAND.

County Carlow Considered as an Example - The Carlow Census

(Dublin Freeman's Journal) The first detailed census of an Irish county issued by the Commissioners is the census of the County of Carlow. It is worth a close study by every person interested in the problems of Irish population.

Such statistics are not forthcoming from any other country in the civilized world at the present day. The Carlow marriage-rate would, in any other country of Western Europe or any State of America, be regarded as the critical symptom of a decadent condition.

The decrease in illiteracy is the only statistical fact upon which Carlow can be congratulated. It is the only evil of their condition for which the people have the means to provide a remedy.

and 15 girls are illiterate, or 1.5 per cent. That we take to be the percentage of the future on the basis of the school work being done under the management of the "obscurantist" clerical managers of County Carlow.

Democracy and Education

A reprint of the address of Mr. John Millar B. A., Deputy-Minister of Education, delivered before the Dominion Educational Association in August on "The Educational Demands of Democracy" makes an interesting and useful pamphlet.

Holy Innocents

Only three days after Christmas the Church calls us to keep the Feast of the Holy Innocents. In olden times this day was called "Childermas" and is to honor the memory of those dear little children who were snatched from their mothers' arms by the command of wicked King Herod.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE NEW YEAR

All hail to the New Year Adieu to the Old The past and the future The dross and the gold.

A SICK CALL.

Father John closed the door of his study and sank into a chair before the fire. It had been a hard day with him, and he was weary, body and soul.

The prayers the little children say. No tolling angel brings, They pass right thro' the shining ray.

N. TEMISCAMING SENDS A STORY

A Sturdy Farmer Stricken With Rheumatism is Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This man was so bad that he was almost paralyzed. A wonderful case and a very happy cure by this excellent remedy.

THE OLDEST DOLL.

"She's so old!" Comfort said a little crossly. "An' so 'lapidated all over!"

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TALK

about Pny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly.

she had such smooth, shiny brown hair) smiled. She took dilapidated little Diana-of-the-Pheasians Smith into her arms and rocked her as if she had been a baby.

"Why, auntie, why!" "Dearie me!" murmured the curly auntie.

"The big boy whistled. "Hus see - is her little mamma 'live to see to her?' comfort queried in rather an awed tone.

"Oh," breathed Comfort, very softly. She reached out for Diana-of-the-Pheasians and clasped her in her arms.

"The princess' dolly is made of wood rudely cut out. It is little and homely, but the little princess loved it."

The prayers the little children say. No tolling angel brings, They pass right thro' the shining ray.

ATHLETICS HAVE GOOD POINTS.

Are not our violent games a vestige of barbarism? Is it not purely for the sake of football, for instance, that many a youth seeks the classic monotony of college?

A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away.

You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balm, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat.

A SCOTCH LAWYER was well-reproved when, seated by a lady fully aware of her own plain looks,

lingered to his hostess in giving the toast, "Honest men and bonnie lassies," she rejoined, raising her eyes to his.

Talks With Young Men

MARCONI.

(From The New York Sun.) Prospero's Ariel, in our Shakespeare's phrase, in forty minutes round about the earth.

TALENT AND CHARACTER.

Talent helps a man to obtain success, but it is character which secures it for him. A man will succeed with character and very little talent, and will never succeed without character, whatever talent he may have at his disposal.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

The Course of Instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies in the Academic Department.

Loretto Academy

Book-keeping, Business Correspondence, Short-hand, Typewriting form a Special Course for those who are preparing for office work.

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Are put up in neat sliding boxes. Every stick a match. Every match a lighter. For Sale by ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Educational

St. Michael's College

(IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY.) Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Directed by the Basilian Fathers.

LOYOLA COLLEGE MONTREAL

An English Classical College. Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. There is a Preparatory Department for Junior boys and a Special English Course for such as may not wish to follow the ordinary curriculum.

Loretto Abbey...

This fine Institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

School of Practical Science

This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario and gives instruction in the following departments: 1-Civil Engineering, 2-Mining Engineering, 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4-Architectural and Sanitary Engineering.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

Through instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, special attention is paid to modern languages, fine arts, plain and fancy needlework.

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Office and Safe Deposit Vaults 68 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. CAPITAL - \$1,000,000 RESERVE - \$250,000

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE CO

OF ONTARIO LIMITED HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Our Annual Report for 1899 shows as the result of the year's operations the following substantial increase in the important items shown below:

THE YORK COUNTY Loan and Savings Company

BEST SYSTEM for accumulating money. Head Office - Confederation Life Building Toronto.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

INCORPORATED 1881 CAPITAL - 2,000,000 FIRE and MARINE HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, ONT.

St. Jerome's College

BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA. Through instruction in the Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, special attention is paid to modern languages, fine arts, plain and fancy needlework.

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Are put up in neat sliding boxes. Every stick a match. Every match a lighter. For Sale by ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation

Capital - \$2,000,000. Office - Toronto Street - Toronto.

The HOME CIRCLE

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

I kneel alone near the altar. Alone, do I say? Christ is there. And mute, pleading voices of thousands John mine in its suppliant prayer.

For mine is a prayer begging mercy. I pray here in sin covered shame Before the Christ Child on his altar, Scarce daring to utter his name!

"Sweet Babe," my lips say in pleading, Oh, name to his mother's heart dear! "Have mercy," I keep on repeating Till sure that the Christ Child will hear.

"Forgive all the past, the omissions, The faltering of world weary feet, The failures and falls, the forgettings, The human transgressions complete.

"O Christ in the Bethlehem stable, Is Thy mercy less strong than my sin? I knock at Thy heart craving entrance; Is there no more room in Thy inn?"

"I lay at Thy feet my sad burden, A year that was once fair to see; The blots on it beg for Thy mercy And love and compassion, all three.

"Fair intents were mine, but my purpose, My resolves lie dead on their bier; O Christ, in Thy love make me stronger That I fall not this coming new year!" —Florence L. Holmes in Catholic Union and Times.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

It seems to many of us that, in these days of hurry, competition and general desire for independence, we are in some danger of losing much that is best worth procuring in home life and family affection. It is not needful that a home should be luxurious in order to make its members happy. Carpeted floors, soft cushions and shaded lamps are not essential to happiness. There is joy as real by the cottage fireside as in the splendid salons of wealth and refinement. The elegances of life are not to be despised, but their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow.

The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes more discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty. Now, cheerfulness in a family is the outcome of happy love in the hearts of its members.

Women, as a rule, are not disinclined to show that they are affectionate. With men it is different. We sometimes meet with men who think that any expression of affectionate feeling is weakness.

They will return from a journey and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than that of a family in which no one ventures to show any affectionate feeling. A father would better extinguish a boy's eyes than deprive him of his heart's best affections.

Who that values friendship and has experienced sympathy and affection would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature than be robbed of the hidden treasure of the heart?

Children ought to be encouraged to show their affection. They should be taught to love and pet their favorite animals, to love the robin and the rose and all that is beautiful in nature. Let it be your studied object to give your children warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind them to you with these strong cords; you cannot make them too strong.

Religion itself is the gospel of love—love to God, love to man. Think how much more a married man has usually to be thankful for in this respect than a bachelor, and how little need there is for him to despise the manifestation of his affection for his family.

Loving children with whom a father may spend his days, and who may soothe his declining years, are blessings to be thankful for. If we compare the conditions of a married man and a bachelor, we shall see that, at the end of life, the latter has little reason to congratulate himself that he has never been "caught."

The married man and father has some one to care for all his comforts, to sympathize with him in prosperity or adversity, to amuse him in health or nurse him in sickness; but who really cares for an old bachelor?

If he chances to be rich he is surrounded by courtiers all eager to please him, but with the only hope of benefiting by his death. No married life has its trials, crosses and drawbacks; but parents who teach their children to be loving lay up comfort for themselves in old age, or when evil days come, as come they do to most of us.

Alone, misfortunes are to be dreaded, but when they descend, even like a cloud, on a loving and united family, the silver lining of domestic affection lightens every earthly gloom.—New Styles.

PASSING UNHURT THROUGH LIFE.

It is a wise saying of Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and

never am I a real sufferer but by my own fault." There is no power in the world that can really injure us. Temptation can harm us only when we let it into our heart. We cannot evade life's ills—bodily infirmities, hard toil, adversity, trial, or care—but we may so meet them that instead of harming our life they become means of grace to us. An enemy may do us cruel wrong, but if we keep our heart full of love, not growing angry, not seeking revenge, not cherishing resentment, the wrong has not hurt us.

We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in. If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindnesses but our own wrong way of enduring them that was the cause of the hurt.

The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving and at peace. Then nothing amid all the world's mighty forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—Forward.

HOW TO REST AND CARE FOR THE EYES.

There is no more important subject that I could write upon than the proper treatment of the eyes. To read in the twilight, or in a dark room, or by a flickering, unsteady light from a lamp, is ruinous to one's eyes.

The eyes can be made, not only to retain their usefulness until late in life, but also their beauty of expression and color. While general care is the best treatment, yet sometimes simple remedies help them. Among such helps is to bathe them in a mild cold tea, mild salt water, warm milk and a weak solution of borax water. Simply bathe the outer skin, with eyes closed. If very much inflamed, bathe in a solution made of a teaspoonful of boric acid, mixed in a cup with fifteen drops of spirits of camphor and rubbed to a paste. Pour over it two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. When cold, strain and bottle. Apply twice a day with a piece of absorbent cotton. If this does not give relief, call in an oculist; but it is excellent.

The oculist told me that he was surprised to see how many neglected their eye glasses, never gave them a hot suds bath, and that they were left around to collect dirt, grease, etc., until they got disease germs into them which could not be seen with the naked eye. We should wash our glasses every week in a hot soapsuds, using a stiff little brush, and then rinse in clear hot water, and polish dry with tissue paper. We should keep our glasses healthy as well as our eyes.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.

"Father is coming!" and little round faces row long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet; and mamma glances nervously at the door;

and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's business face relaxes not a muscle; and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is dispatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book; and the children creep like culprits to bed, marveling that baby dare crows so loud, now that "Father has come!"

"Father is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door; and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table; and tops, and balls, and dolls, and kites are discussed, and little Susie lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless "abandon;" and Charley gets a love-pat for his "medal;" and mamma's face grows radiant; and the evening paper is read—not silently, but aloud—and tea and toast, and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and "Father has come!"

A NOVEL AND NEEDED NEWS-PAPER.

Why should the devil have all the newspapers? Accounts of wars, disputes, murders, suicides, divorces, frauds and scandals, together with the latest betting and the price of speculative stocks, nearly fill the columns of most journals. Yet every competent observer, from time immemorial, has decided that there is more good in the world than evil. Is there not room, therefore, for such a daily newspaper as Good News, which should deal with the better side of the human character, and should direct attention to the generosity, self-sacrifice and heroism of life?

Such a newspaper should be devoted to the cheerful sides of life. Its reporters would hunt out all that is pleasant, and the editor would do his best to encourage the public to look at things at their brightest. There are very few murderers; the minority are thieves, not the majority, the amount of premeditated villainy is comparatively small; there is more kindness than unkindness in the world, and in most lives there are more agreeable than disagreeable incidents, only we are inclined to brood over the latter and forget the former. A newspaper edited on such lines would start its readers in a cheerful mood each morning, and nothing is more contagious than cheerfulness, nor more necessary to success.—London Truth.

A PRESENT STYLE OF GRAND-MOTHER.

Where are all the pretty old ladies gone? We see no one now with soft white hair matching the snowy wool with which dainty hands, surrounded by ruffles of lovely Mecllin, etc., made comforts for the poor. One looks in vain for such a figure in the fireside chair, surrounded by loving relatives. Instead we have developed a padded, painted, "toupseed" grandmother. We read with amazement that ancient dames (of whose age the "Peagee" makes no secret) wear white satin and silver or much befringed white muslin! May it not be that this extraordinary dislike to age may have much to do with the independence of young people nowadays? What child would take its childish griefs to our present style of grandmother?—London Truth.

FOR INVALIDS.

Wine Whey.—Heat to 200 degrees. (Fahr.) a pint of milk; add hastily a gill of sherry or madeira; shake for a moment; strain through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth and it is ready to use.

Chicken Jelly.—Prepare nicely and wash thoroughly a full grown chicken that is in perfect condition. Put it on in a pot with two quarts of water. Let it boil steadily until the flesh will pull to pieces readily, then remove it, pour the liquor through a colander, return it to the pot and boil it down to about half a pint. Strain this carefully, salt to taste, pour into jelly molds and set in a cold place to thicken. If any grease remains after it jellies, remove it carefully.

USEFUL TO KNOW.

To beat eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

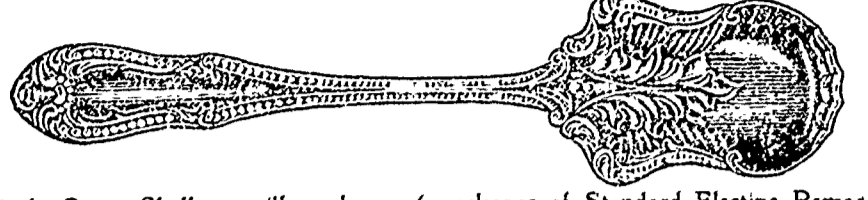
When washing satens or other cottons with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

An agreeable method of changing the atmosphere in an invalid's room is to pour eau-de-cologne into a soap plate, and with a lighted tch set fire to it. The spirit will make a pretty flame and impart a delightfully refreshing odor to the air.

When choosing fish see that the gills are red and the eyes bright; the flesh should also be firm and elastic to the touch. This may be proved by pressing it with the finger; if the impression remains, then reject, for the fish is stale. The sense of smell is generally a good test of freshness, but it is not always to be relied upon, for if the fish has just been taken from the ice there will be no disagreeable odor unless it is really bad; and yet if not cooked at once it might change very quickly. Water should never be applied to varnished furniture; oil should be

DEAR MADAM

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you free of any charge this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL. You don't have to buy anything. The gift is unconditional. It is a bid for your everlasting friendship and good will and if you do not read this advertisement through and answer it at once, it will be a loss to yourself and a disappointment to us.



With the Sugar Shell we will send you 6 packages of Standard Electine Remedies, which we wish you to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each. Then return our money, and we will give you absolutely free a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as your Sugar Shell, and also a Set of 6 Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If you fail to sell our Medicines, return them to us and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift, it being free in any event. Our Solid Arizona Silver Premiums are fast superseding Sterling Silver for Tableware. They always look as well, and wear better; they are the same beautiful metal all the way through and are guaranteed for 50 years. There is nothing else like them except Sterling Silver, and nothing "just as good." Now, please don't throw this paper down and say to yourself, "I'll write to those Electine people to-morrow."

REQUEST FOR SUGAR SHELL AND MEDICINES. Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Ship immediately, by mail, 1 Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell and Six 25-cent Packages of Electine Remedies. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines, and return you the money, with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as Sugar Shell, and also Six Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If I fail to sell the Medicine, I will return it to you within 30 days, and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift from you. NAME (Write Name Plainly, "Mrs." or "Miss") ADDRESS PLEASE WRITE VERY "VERY" PLAINLY

used in all attempts at cleaning. Kerosene oil may be used with results in cleaning unvarnished wood, but, like water, it should be avoided with varnish.

A good polish for keeping hard or stained wood-floors in condition is made by cutting eight ounces of yellow beeswax into small pieces and adding to it two quarts of spirits of turpentine and one quart of venetian turpentine. When the beeswax has dissolved boil the mixture for use and apply with a soft piece of flannel.

Acure that is recommended for chilblains is to rub the wrists and ankles well to encourage a good circulation and the chilblains twice or thrice a day with methylated spirits, or, if preferred, with mustard liniment or camphorated oil, the last two being quite as good and less dangerous than the first, which should never be applied near a light.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash; as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

To take ink stains out of a colored tablecloth, dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacup of hot water and rub the stained part well with the solution.

Leather goods can be freshened up by rubbing them well with a piece of soft cloth dipped in the white of egg.

MISS BROWN'S FRIEND.

A Hamilton young lady who is very grateful for a timely word of advice and persuasion.

Dyspepsia is no respecter of persons. Old and young, rich and poor suffer alike with this dreadfully painful and distressing disease. There are few men and women to-day who do not suffer more or less from Stomach Trouble in some form, and much of the worry-illness of children is due to the very same cause.

Miss Maggie Brown, of Hamilton, Ontario, suffered for six years, with Dyspepsia, which combined with fearful headaches made her life one of much pain and misery. The foremost physicians treated Miss Brown but were unable to do anything to relieve or cure her. They pronounced her case one of the very worst forms of Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable. She tried many medicines, but without any benefit and she was constantly getting worse and worse till she had given up all hope of ever being anything but an invalid.

A friend of hers who had used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with success persuaded her to try a treatment of this remedy, and to her surprise her headaches gradually disappeared and the other unpleasant dyspepsia pains as well. In a short time she was completely restored to perfect health and strength and has not since then had any return of the headaches or other symptoms of Dyspepsia. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets used according to directions will do for any dyspeptic what they did for Miss Brown and her friend. They instantly relieve and permanently cure all Stomach troubles and Digestive irregularities.

LIFE'S JEWELS.

"These are my jewels!"—thus she nobly spake Of her dear sons—the Roman mother fond— Compared with diadem of costliest make

In value infinitely far beyond! Nor ever yielded ocean depths, not lake, Aught half so rich—not e'en the diamond! Thus doth each mother's heart to her respond.

"Ye are the jewels—treasures truly great! My children-gems—bright pearls both pure and fair!

Oh, Father, may I rightly estimate Their priceless worth and guide their minds with care, That they may fill with virtue what'er state Thou mayst appoint! And, when their life is o'er, Oh, may they be the jewels of Thy store!"

—Rosalie Prescott Warrent.

James G. Blaine's Lost Opportunity (From Success.)

Failure to grasp an opportunity on the instant of its presentation, a momentary abstraction of one of the most acute and brilliant minds the country ever knew, brought to naught the life-long ambition of James G. Blaine. The objective point of years of struggle vanished forever from him for an instant's lack of quick perception. Blaine had practically won the election in 1881, and was returning home one week before the opening of the polls with victory in his grasp. He stopped in New York and dined with Jay Gould—an unwise move at that time. The party managers proposed a measure which met with hearty approval. It was a "Minister's Meeting."

Blaine had smarted under the imputation that he was a lobbyist and corrupt politician. The endorsement of his career by the leading clergymen of New York city would, he felt, be a vindication, aside from its political value. Rev. Dr. Tiffany, an astute reasoner and careful speaker, was at first selected to make the address, but a committee of clergymen finally decided that the oldest of their members, Dr. Burdard, should be the speaker. He uttered the famous alliteration of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine sat there in deep thought, and all expected that his first words would sweep away the dangerous suggestion of the aged clergyman. But the candidate made no reference to it, and his silence was assumed by his astonished auditors to have given endorsement to the sentiment. The dies was cast and Blaine died a disappointed man.

A week after the election Colonel Alexander K. McClure, dining with Blaine in New York, asked him if he had not heard the words fraught with such fatal consequences to his political aspirations. The statesman answered sadly: "I heard them but they failed to impress me. I was busy preparing my reply, for I had no previous opportunity of evolving one, and these four words

went by me without once stirring my intelligence."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparation and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W.A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE KAISER DESCENDED FROM A SAINT.

"The Emperor of Germany," says the Northwest Review "has discovered quite lately, thanks to the researches of Stephen Michaelowitz, a genealogist, of Budapest, that he is descended from Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who was canonized by the Pope during the Middle Ages." The tardiness of this discovery proves the disadvantage of not knowing anything about Catholic literature. Protestants like the Kaiser are necessarily shut out from all that is best in the literature of mankind. Catholics have been aware of Wilhelm's Elizabethan origin ever since they knew on the one hand that he descended from the houses of Prussia and Hanover, and ever since they read, on the other hand, in Montalembert's Life of Elizabeth of Prussia and Hanover, with about thirty other royal houses, are descended from Henry I., of Hesse, grandson of St. Elizabeth. Montalembert's work, first published in 1846, is as famous among Catholics of every tongue as Boswell's Life of Johnson is among English-speaking people. The only difference is that the former is much better written and infinitely more learned."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Paralee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake up refreshed and restored to happiness.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!" "Not if they used an old beau to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

Dr. Chase's SYRUP of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION. EDMANSON, BATES & CO. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA, TORONTO, ONT.

For Coughs and Colds. However careful people are in other medicines there is a tendency to accept any remedy for coughs and colds. And yet, when you come to think of it, there are no diseases more fatal than those which develop from simple colds. It is now well known throughout this continent that there is no preparation quite so prompt and thorough in the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, and similar ailments as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and consequently it is necessary for you to be careful in buying. To protect you we show here a cut of wrapper bearing portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase. Be certain that these appear on the bottle you buy, and do not let any druggist persuade you to take a substitute or imitation. You can be certain of beneficial results from Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the tried and proven medicine. With other remedies it is a matter of experiment. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has for years had by far the largest sale of any remedy for throat and lung troubles. Nearly every dealer has it for sale. 25 cents a bottle, size of wrapper shown here. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. It cannot be sent by mail. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. INSIST ON GETTING Dr. Chase's

The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, JAN 9 1902

ANGER TO THE HOME

Some of our most pronounced Protestant contemporaries have warmly supported the warning of Archbishop Broche against modern amusements which we published last week. While the words of the Archbishop were most emphatic in regard to the danger to morals and religion, some of these voices of the press dwell upon the emancipation from home restraints which modern so-called "duties" equally with modern amusements bring about.

CATHOLICS AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Mr. Davitt is a little inclined to favor the opinion that French Catholics should show more enthusiasm for the Republic. This subject has been coming under discussion a great deal of late, and a valuable contribution to it comes from the pen of the Paris correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal.

off the gates of cemeteries. This was followed by the secularization of Pantheon or Church of St. Genoveva for Victor Hugo's sake, the compulsory military service of ecclesiastical students, and now by the fresh bleeding of the Orders under the Associations Bill.

CALLING BLACK WHITE.

Though Canada lags behind the rest of the world in the raising of families, it occupies a place among the nations second to none in the production of mixed crops of new religions. In ten years the following amongst other "religious denominations," have been added to the list of four and twenty included in the former census.

THE NEW YEAR.

The beginning of the New Year is a time of stock taking. The first year of the new century has come and gone. Where does it find us? Have we made any advance in moral, spiritual and intellectual growth?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Kingston News has no other argument to urge against Hon. Mr. Hart than that he has had all the honors possible to be won in Kingston. But public life is not an honor alone. It carries responsibility, and when the man who accepts the responsibility is worthy of the honor, the relations created are reciprocal, not one-sided.

I N Ford the Imperialist correspondent of The New York Tribune, in his cable message of last Monday says: "The beginning of the year in Ireland sees the United Irish League in excellent working order, despite the efforts of the Government to suppress it."

A raucous rhymster in Saturday Night over the initials "J. A. T." (the first letter, however, being an obvious misprint for R.), welcomes Mr. Marconi to Canada in a jargon of Irish dialect of the lowest possible order.



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

lies, and Italians at that, must be called in to do the work. Marconi is not a solitary genius considered either on account of his race or his religion.

Rudyard Kipling, the renowned author of "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and other poems, has written a conscription ode, in which he derides the British people for sending out "comforts" to the troops in South Africa.

The result of the municipal elections is not a surprise. The issue of municipal ownership was thrust upon the electors too suddenly. The poll was a light one for that reason.

WHAT THE MISSIONARIES DID FOR THE FILIPINOS.

Here is what he says about the work of the friars. "Spain's missionaries gathered the tribes into villages and towns, formed Councils for their Government (which, whatever might have been their deficiencies, had at least the merit of being actuated by some higher principle than mere brutal force), cut down the primeval forest, uprooted the impenetrable jungle, and taught their charges to cultivate the soil and to make for themselves a permanent habitation and a home. Churches were built, Christian instruction imparted, and when the desire to wander had given way to settled habits, schools were established and the simpler forms of education inculcated.

DUKE OF NORFOLK AS A LANDLORD.

An eloquent lesson as to the different spirit in which English and Irish landlords approach the responsibilities of their position is afforded by an incident which has just occurred on the estate of the Duke of Norfolk near Sheffield. A few weeks ago the Sheffield Town Council purchased from the Duke a piece of land for the purpose of an electric power station.

missionaries and charitable persons who labored for a sentiment and gave all their lives to what the world calls an abstraction; not so much when you come to think that even here one fairly good hand-grabber, twenty-five years ago, could have annexed as much in about a thirtieth of the time and not hurt his appetite either."

DISPENSATIONS BY CABLE.

Some time ago the Ecclesiastical Court of Jurisdiction at Rome was appealed to on the question whether it would be considered sacramental and valid to hear confessions by telephone. The decision was in the negative. A decision has just been received from the same source by Archbishop Kain on the subject of asking for dispensations from canonical laws by cable and telegraph.

NEW ASYLUM AT COBOURG.

Cobourg, Jan. 4.—To-day another charitable institution was added to the long list of agencies for the alleviation of human suffering which the Province of Ontario maintains. The old Victoria University buildings, which for some years have stood vacant, have been remodelled and extended to form an Asylum for the insane, the eighth institution of the sort maintained by the Province.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND RIOTING.

In connection with the recent riots in Birmingham extensive mention has been made of the outburst of organized violence known as the Aston Riots. The responsibility for that disturbance and loss of property, and interference with freedom of speech and the right of public meeting, was directly attributed to Mr. Chamberlain by Lord Randolph Churchill, who moved an amendment to the Address, in the autumn session of 1884, censuring Mr. Chamberlain, as a Minister of the Crown, for his conduct.

SPAIN DID NOT GIVE RELIGIOUS ORDERS BIG GRANTS OF LAND.

"In judging of the Spanish missionaries one is disposed to begin with the assumption that Spain showered into their laps torrents of gold and gave over to their hand limitless tracks of valuable land. Let it be known once for all, that their Catholic Majesties of Spain were not built that way, and that, as a rule, far from showering shekels, the royal hands held wide the royal apron for anything valuable that might be falling their way.

A. O. H.

At the last regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove by death the beloved father of our worthy and respected brothers George and Alfred Owen, resolved, that we the officers and members of Division No. 1, A. O. H., do hereby express our sincere sorrow for the loss sustained by them and their family, and to extend to them our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

HYMN OF ST. BERNARD.

Jesus, the only thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far it is to see, And on Thy beauty feast. No sound, no harmony so gay, No art of music frame; No thought can reach, no word can say, The sweets of Thy blest name. Jesus, our hope, when we repent, Sweet source of all our grace, Sole comfort in our banishment, Oh! what when face to face! Jesus, that name inspires my mind With spurs of life and light, More than I ask in Thee I find, And languish with delight. No art, no eloquence of man Can tell the joys of love, Only the saints can understand What they in Jesus prove. From, then, I'll seek retir'd apart From world and business free! When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart And keep it all for Thee. Before the morning light I'll come, With Magdalen, to find In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb And there refresh my mind. My tears upon His grave shall flow My sighs the garden fill; Then at His feet myself I'll throw, And there I'll seek His will. Jesus, in Thy bless'd steps I'll tread, And walk in all Thy ways; I'll never cease to weep and plead Till I'm restored to grace. O King of Love, Thy blessed fire Does such sweet flames excite, That first it raises the desire Then fills us with delight. Thy love-presence shines so clear Through every sense and woe, That souls which once have seen Thee near, See all things else decay. Come, then, dear Lord, possess my heart, Chase thence the shades of night Come, pierce it with Thy flaming dart, And ever-shining light. Then I'll for ever Jesus sing, And with the saints rejoice; And both my heart and tongue shall bring Thy tribute to my dearest King In never-ending joys, Amen.

F. MacNab & Co.

74 Yonge Street. Telephone Main 2205. Toronto. Mistakes are very frequently made by purchasers of furs. Poor material is frequently foisted upon innocent purchasers. We have a record of over 20 years—for fair dealing and workmanship. We guarantee every pelt we make up. Our prices are right. We have one of the best fur cutters in the world in our employ.

MacNab & Co.

THE STORY OF A REDEEMED SOUL.

For some weeks past correspondents of The New York Sun have been discussing the subject of immortality. Last Sunday's issue of the journal named contained a communication from Rev. Edward F. X. McSweeney, S. T. D., of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg, Md., which is of an extremely touching nature and worthy of the widest circulation. Father McSweeney wrote:

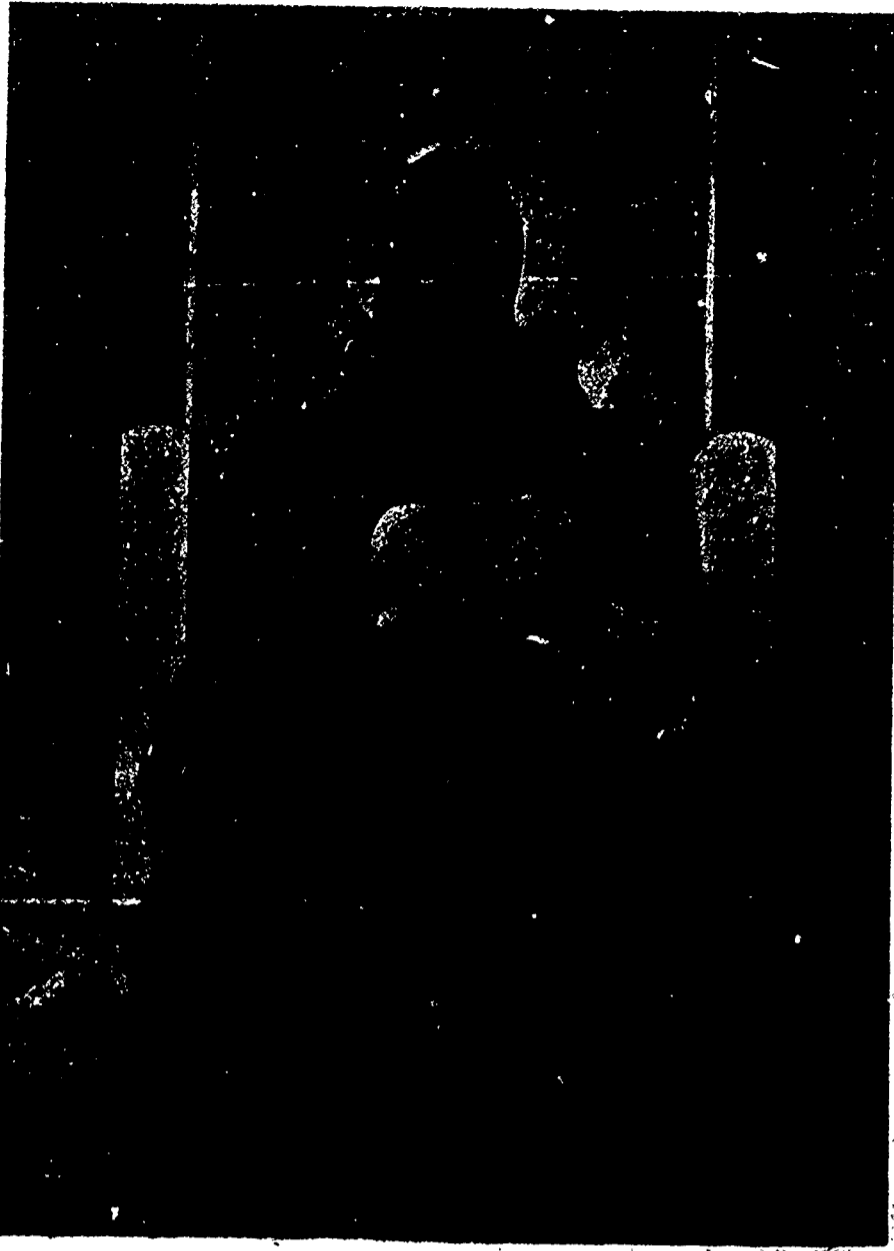
"Many reasons are given for the belief in immortality. One of the most convincing and unanswerable is contained in a history, or it may be, a parable, I read some years ago in the then brilliant pages of The Detroit Free Press. A priest was walking the wards of one of the great London hospitals, and stopped to see a patient recently brought in and very dangerously injured. The man's face was bloodless and that stark called stony met the priest's first glance, but it relaxed a little into polite acknowledgment of his 'Well, sir, I hope you're feeling better?' 'Thank you, no; I'm done for.' In fact he had been run over, and his leg, as the chaplain soon found out, had been amputated after great loss of blood. He was an American, and the native coolness of his countrymen made him far more self-possessed and at his ease than an Irishman, or even an Englishman, perhaps, could have been under the same circumstances.

"The priest naturally drew the man's attention to the condition of his soul, and the propriety of settling his accounts with God, as his accident and present state must assure him that, after all, we have no abiding city here and should fix our hearts on the future life—'I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars if you make me believe in God!' This interruption startled the speaker and its accent of profound despair filled him with pity for the poor man. 'God forbid, my friend,' he replied, 'that I should take money for helping you to a knowledge of the first and most important of all truths. But you are in trouble. Tell me about it. It will do you good, here all alone as you are far from home and I suppose from friends, and I will do my best to comfort you.' As he spoke he raised his heart in earnest supplication that his words might be the means of bringing light and grace to this poor dying brother of his. The manner of the priest, his kindly tone, and perhaps his professional habit of receiving confidence moved the patient to tell his history, which, though very sad, was unhappily, not uncommon.

"He was well-off, even rich, and had married a beautiful, accomplished and affectionate young woman, who had accepted him against the better judgment and the wishes of her family. They lived together for a while, but his habits of dissipation soon caused him to neglect his chaste and gentle wife and seek the company of bold and dissolute women. At last not many months after his marriage, he left home, crossed the ocean, and came to London with an actress, who led him a wild chase up and down the rapids of fashion and folly, and then laughed at him and took up with some other rich fool. The result of his association with this wicked woman, and the contrast which he now realized between her devilish character and the angelic being whose loving heart he had broken, startled, shocked and stunned him. While in this condition he heard of his wife's death, and it was while he wandered half-dazed through the streets of the great capital that he met with the accident which laid him up in the hospital.

"It is not necessary to repeat what the priest said to this unfortunate wretch, this most unhappy victim of vice, this murderer of a woman who had left father and mother to cleave to him, this maimed and dying wreck of humanity. My object is to show how he got him to believe in God and immortality.

"The patient was exhausted with the telling of his sad tale, and more with the emotion which it excited, but the sharing of his trouble with a sympathizer gave him great relief. The priest himself, though accustomed to human grief, was very much affected. 'The poor wife,' he said, 'poor soul! May God rest her soul this night! What a disappointment of her hopes of happiness. Did she have any consolation in her dying hour?' 'No,' replied the sick man, 'never wrote her a line, and she believed me unfaithful and unhearted.' 'Well, my dear man, do you, can you think that all over with that poor wife yours, and that she is to receive return for all her sufferings, her faithfulness to her marriage vows, her devotion to a worthless husband?' 'No reply. 'By the way, does she know that you deserve to be punished for the manner in which you have behaved toward her wife?' 'I am the first one to tell that, father (I believe they call you that), I have no words to express the contempt I have for my-



COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

self; if my death would bring her back to her happiness before she met me, I'd accept it right now. 'That's right; allow me to say that you haven't lost all your notion of nobility, decency and justice. 'Now, my dear friend,' continued the priest, 'your wife is dead, but can you believe that what generosity, nobility and justice itself demand will not be done, and that she will never be happy again, but died just as a dog dies, and all is ended? Does your heart allow you to believe that?' 'No,' was the reply. 'I cannot think but that she will be happy yet. It's impossible that it should be otherwise.' 'True,' said the priest, 'tis the voice of Nature, that cannot but be true, else we would have to say that gratitude, justice, nobility, virtue and vice were mere fancies unworthy of attention, respect, reward or condemnation on the part of reasonable beings. Now, my dear friend, there is One above us all, One who is Lord of life and death, who implanted those grand ideas, reflections of His own divine attributes, in our created nature, and who it is will bring the just to their destined happiness and condemn the wicked to their self-sought fate.'

"Then he spoke of the goodness of that Necessary Being who had created that good wife, and told the story of the Son of God, infinite in mercy as in power and justice, who had become man and dwelt among us, proving His divinity, pitying our utter weakness, teaching, enlightening and strengthening us to practice virtue and reach the happy home of His Father in heaven.

"The accents of truth from the mouth of a sympathizer touched the heart of the poor stranger. 'Father, I believe, O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!' These were his last words. The paroxysm of sorrow worked his frame, the ligature slipped that bound the artery and in a few seconds he was dead. 'As for the priest, he knelt by the bedside and prayed for a redeemed soul, saying, 'Whence is this to me, O Lord, that I should be made the channel of such grace as this? 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!'"

DUTY AND DILIGENCE. So surely as the day and the night alternately follow one another, does every day when it yields to darkness, and every night when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us, for evil or for good. The day of diligence, duty and devotion leaves us richer than it found us; richer sometimes and even commonly in our circumstances; richer always in ourselves. But the day of aimless lethargy, the day of passionate and rebellious disorder, or of a merely selfish and perverse activity, as surely leaves us poorer at its close than we were at its beginning.—Gladstone.

Religions of Canadian Cities.

A bulletin of the Census Department at Ottawa, giving the results of a census of the religious population of the three cities of Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, has been issued. Taking the aggregate of each denomination for the three cities the Catholics far outnumber the other leading communities combined, the totals being as follows: Roman Catholics, 322,423; Church of England, 96,358; Presbyterian, 68,582; Methodist, 62,206. Since 1891 the Roman Catholics have increased by 67,967 in Montreal, 10,121 in Ottawa and 7,171 in Toronto. The Church of England gained 4,250 in Montreal, 3,115 in Ottawa and 16,322 in Toronto. The Presbyterians increased 4,071 in Montreal, 3,865 in Ottawa and 14,913 in Toronto. The Methodists muster 3,368 more in Montreal, 2,562 in Ottawa and 15,970 in Toronto.

Below is given a detailed comparative statement of the enumeration at the census of 1901 and that of 1891:

Table with columns for 1901 and 1891, and rows for various religious denominations across Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto.

The 409 persons in Toronto under the head of various religions include five described as of the As-

sembly of Christians, eighteen Brevellers, five Brotherhood, 64 Christian Brethren, 235 Christian Workers, 25 Church, four Church of Zion, nine Church Workers, two Faith Healers, two God in Christ, fourteen Gospel Meetings, six House of Israel, two Missionary Alliance, four Orthodox, three Religion of Love, two Seekers after Truth, one each of Ark of the Covenant, Bethany Church, Dutch Reformed, Following Christ, Millennial Dawn, New Era, Philosophist, Pantheist and Rationalist. Montreal has under the same heading one Manichean and one Rationalist, and Ottawa six Humanitarians.

Table showing religious statistics for 1891, with columns for Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, and rows for various denominations like Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, etc.

CHRISTMAS IN GUELPH.

The penitential garb of Advent removed, the altar ablaze with lights, stately and evergreens profusely adorning the sanctuary, while over all was suspended the message of the angels: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" — such was the spectacle that greeted the eyes of the worshippers at the 6 o'clock Mass in the Church of Our Lady Christmas morning. The edifice was well filled even at that early hour. The boys of St. Stanislaus' School sang Christmas hymns with fine spirit and fervor. Nearly all the congregation received Holy Communion.

Masses followed at 6.45, 7.30, 9 and 10.30. The last named was a High Mass, and was celebrated by Rev. Father Renaud, S. J. The sermon on the festival by Rev. Father Kenny, S. J., was a splendid effort. He traced the promise which fallen man carried with him out of the Garden of Eden down through the long line of kings and prophets, until on the Christmas morn it found its fulfillment in the stable at Bethlehem. Wonderful it was that He, the Orient from on high, should have come at all. In the manner of His coming He revealed the plenteousness of redemption. The divine purpose of the lowliness in which the King of Kings came into this world would be apparent, if in a proper spirit we joined the

shepherds in their pilgrimage to Bethlehem. From the Manger the Redeemer of men preached the first beatitude, "Blessed are the Poor." At the outset, by His example, He showed that if we would have part in His Heavenly Kingdom we must detach our hearts from earthly things. The sensuality of the world taught us to gratify our desires. The lesson practiced at Bethlehem and preached in the aftertime was "Deny yourself!" Father Kenny wished all his congregation a happy Christmas. To make it truly happy, they should, like the shepherds, return to their homes glorifying God and firmly resolved to so live their lives here below as to merit the privilege of singing eternally in Heaven, "Glory to God in the Highest."

The musical service was the most pretentious and artistically successful that has been held in the church for some years. Especially noteworthy were the O'Salutaris, by Mr. Readwin, and the Tantum Ergo by Mr. Duignan and the choir. The following was the programme for the day:

- MORNING. Mass in D.—Stearns. Adeste Fidelis—Arr. by Novello. Violin obligato by Mr. Bedford. There were Shepherds Abiding in the Field—Garbutt. EVENING. Psalms—Gregorian. Magnificat—Emmerig. Sleep Holy Babe—Benediction—O'Salutaris — Mr. Readwin -- Stearns. Adeste Fidelis — Tantum Ergo — Mr. Duignan and Choir — Lambillotte. The soloists were Mesdames Kloefer and Kennedy, Misses Rose Heffernan, K. Parsons, M. Gay, Cox, McAstocker and Quinn, and Messrs. Gallaher, O'Brien, Duignan and Kennedy. Organist — Miss Gay.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of Mr. J. B. Marr, whose sudden demise came as a great shock to his many relatives and friends, and deprived the stricken family of the tender care of a kind and loving husband and indulgent father. Upright in all his dealings and cheerful at all times, he won for himself a host of friends during his stay in Toronto, and his sudden departure will cause a deep sadness.

Up to within a few days of his death he conducted a novelty business on the corner of Harbord and Major streets, and was apparently in good health until Christmas Eve, when he took to his bed, and on Tuesday the following week death spread its pallor over his features and his spirit took its flight.

Deceased was entering on his 62nd year, having been born in Simcoe in the year 1840 and resided there until three years ago, when he took up residence in Toronto, opening a business and doing a comfortable trade. He leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters to mourn his loss: Walter, of the Northwest; Hardie and Duke, and the Misses Annabel and Leala, of Toronto. We extend our sympathy to the stricken family in their sad bereavement. The remains were taken to Simcoe for interment.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE

Monday, the twentieth day of January next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills. Monday, the twenty-seventh day of January next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to the House. Friday, the seventh day of February next, will be the last day for presenting Reports of Committees relative to Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 10th December, 1901.

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FIRST MONTH OF DAYS January THE HOLY INFANCY

Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, and various liturgical events and times for 1902.

Indulgence Prayed An Indulgence of 80 days is granted to all the faithful every time that with at least contrite heart they shall make the sign of the cross, invoking at the same time the Blessed Trinity with the Holy Ghost...

Upon the Stairs

The stairs of which there is here question, lead down into Lower Town, Quebec, that quaint, commercial centre, which less ancient than the walled city above, bears its years with infinitely less grace. The Church of Our Lady of Victory, time worn and venerable, stands in a square which is likewise occupied by a variety of booths, selling cheap and brightly-colored vases of various sorts to no less heterogeneous class of customers. In the very facade of the church itself is a small shop, which had long excited my curiosity, so that one idle day I went down the stairs and directed my steps towards that emporium of commerce, examining the highly-colored glass candlesticks, and the jugs and cups and saucers with an interest, which did not altogether commend itself to the proprietor of the establishment, who began to grow crusty at my delay in purchasing and was only propitiated when I selected some half-dozen articles, which I mentally bestowed already upon a country bazaar.

the one, far different from the shop Gougeon. Madame looked around complacently at her small establishment as she spoke and I could not repress a smile at the varying gradations of human complacency. It appeared to me that the Marasin Gougeon could scarce be smaller. "That was well said," went on Madame Gougeon, "and I entered his shop, though it was not too easy, so small was the door. I advised him about his stock. I tell him what he will sell and what he will have on his shelves. He asked, as a favor, oh, it is a rascal, to come and see my stock. I consented. "He arrived here when I was at dinner, about half-past eleven o'clock, and he knew well who would in charge at that hour. Alphonse, my daughter, who has just left school and knows much and can play the piano and paint and sing like an angel. Alphonse is not for the first vagabond that may come. Well, she takes the shop sometimes, when I not there. She is a fine-looking girl and Pierre he talk to her with his tongue of a rogue and when he go away, he say: "Tell madame, your mother, that I much regret not to have seen her. I will call again. The stock is of much interest."

Something in the man and his surroundings touched me. I hope I have no natural affinity for rascals, but I opened my pocketbook and began to buy freely. In fact, I made quite a hole in his collection of merchandise. He was very submissive and very respectful and he sold very cheap. In this latter respect he had quite the advantage of the respected Madame Gougeon, who I feel sure had a theory that the wealthier folk and tourist should be made to pay for their privileges. "Have you been long here?" I inquired. "Not quite a year, Madame," Pierre answered. "And are you succeeding?" He put out his hands with a queer gesture and looked about him as much as to say there was not much appearance of it. "Do you think this a good stand?" I asked. Good enough if one could get the wares to sell, et puis, the customs. And then, I like the stairs. They are gay and the world passing by. He waved his hand in the direction of the street above, where the daily tide of fashion, indeed, took its way, afoot or in carriages and which the eye of imagination might repeople with the motley throngs of cavaliers, of churchmen, of Indians, of traders, of couriers des bois and of charming ladies, who once passed by within the then fortified walls. "Now there is Madame Gougeon, down below," I began. "Oh, she," he cried with the red flaming suddenly into his face, so that I thought he was going to fire a counterblast to that respected lady's opinion of himself. But he paused, controlling himself. "She, I am sure, has many customers," I remarked. "She has the whole quarter," Pierre answered, hanging his head. "So that her daughter," I ventured. He raised his head instantly, a brightness coming into his thin and fallow face, as when the sun shines out of a cloud. "Madame has perhaps seen her?" he inquired. "Only at a distance," I answered. He looked disappointed and I continued, impelled by the mere spirit of mischief or curiosity, for I am not more ill-natured than my neighbors. "She will be well provided for," I said, "and will no doubt make a fine match one of these days."

"Never, Madame," Pierre cried, suddenly. "She has promised me. She will wait - until I shall have made money enough that we may marry. But it is hard I have no money. I have no money to buy some I have no custom. Those who at first bought of me Mere Gougeon has turned away. I made no complaint. She says I am a rascal, so that none will buy." I could scarcely help laughing, remembering as I did, the stout lad's unhesitating verdict, and yet there was something pathetic, too, in the poor lad's desperate circumstances and humble romance. "Was it not perhaps unwise, even wrong, to have gone and visited the young girl when her mother was absent and without her mother's knowledge?"

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Pierre's brown eyes looked up above pitifully. His face was so much softer and more animated when in conversation. "Oh, she had told you," he said, "well, I never thought it was wrong till Mere Gougeon found out, then I knew." I smiled again, being able to imagine the excellent shop-woman's flow of language on that occasion. "But it was this way," Pierre continued, "Madame Gougeon asked me to visit her shop and I went there. For sure I did not know there was any daughter and I only wanted to see the stock and get some custom. Then I see Alphonse. We talk. There is much to say. And I came again, and still there was much more to say, and I never find Mere Gougeon at home." This last was said in a mingled simplicity and shrewdness, which made me think that, perhaps, a good woman down below was not so far wrong in calling him a rascal, but for the rest it appeared that he had fallen honestly in love with the girl, as great and small will do, and found as much attention in the very moderate good looks and cheap finery of Alphonse as my lord, the millionaire, discovers in his golden-tongued, exquisitely-attired sweetheart. "Then," said Pierre, looking out thoughtfully upon the stream of gaily-dressed and cheerful people, who thronged the thoroughfare of Upper Town, "I gave Alphonse a ring with a green stone in it for luck and Alphonse she gave me a lock of hair. Mere Gougeon she found out all and Alphonse is never left alone any more and I dare not go near the shop. Alphonse cry very much and I just sent her a piece of paper to say that when I have made the money I will come for her and she send me also a note, where she tells me that she has put this affair of ours at the feet of Notre Dame de Victoire, in the little church down yonder. Alphonse she pray hard. So maybe everything come right."

I took my leave, but I promised Pierre to come again, and I inquired among his neighbors, nearly all of whom gave him a good character, adding that he had been hardily dealt with by Madame Gougeon, who had ruined his trade. I got into the way of visiting the shop upon the stairs once a week or so, but though my purchases helped him there was little sign of prosperity about the place. Then I set myself to procure him customers, interesting people in Pierre and the little romance, for, prosaic as is the world, here in the very shadow of the citadel of Quebec, within daily view of the Plains of Abraham, as elsewhere, there is always some corner in everybody's nature which can be touched by that rosy light which brightens the morning of youth. The shop began to look up a little and Pierre's face to gladden. One afternoon as I descended the steps I saw, to my surprise, the burly form of Madame Gougeon just outside Pierre's door. Perhaps she had heard of Pierre's improved prospects or perhaps just came for the pleasure of abusing him, a gratification in which she was at the moment indulging. "Ah, had a nice rascal are you, Pierre Moreau!" she called from the sidewalk. "I believe you are a Wehr wolf, yes, a Wehr wolf. You have bewitched the little one. She grows pale and thin. She will not eat and all because her mind is set upon a good-for-nothing who has no clothes to his back."

Pierre remained prudently within his shop, paline and flushing no doubt, but speaking never a word. I believe in my heart he was glad to hear of the constancy of his sweetheart and would rather she had grown pale and thin through loss of appetite than thrive on a robust diet and forget him. Madame Gougeon, however, continued her abuse of the young man for some time longer. The sound of her own voice was pleasant when it was consoling to vent some of the anger and pain of her disappointment, which, after the maternal heart, on this meek merchant of small wares who had no defence to offer. I stood meanwhile on one of the upper steps and looked upon the squalor of the lower town and up at the citadel and the green places and the tide of fashion passing, carriages going outwards toward the St. Louis gate, pedestrians gaily chatting, while far off in the early dusk of the late November the Valley of the St. Charles lay shimmering in the last rays of a pale sun. I heard Pierre's voice speak once as Madame turned to descend the stairs. "Take care for fell down," he cried, speaking in worse English than usual, for he had been to the States and learned the prevailing language there and evidently forgetting that Mere Gougeon was not one of his English customers. The turn of the phrase struck me as so droll that I was still laughing when I saw Madame Gougeon flash back a glance of disdain at Pierre, who had emerged from his shop in his anxiety. For he knew that the steps were slippery with the first frost. At the very instant, indeed, the shop woman lost her balance and fell heavily, a considerable distance. Pierre and I rushed to her side. We were so afraid of some awful injury. Mere Gougeon was in the hospital for weeks after

that when Alphonse went as often as she could be spared from the shop and I went myself occasionally if only in the interest of the young people. Pierre also went dutifully every day to inquire. He also gave Alphonse so much assistance at the Magasin Gougeon that it did a thriving trade. For most people knew their story and came through kindness or curiosity to help. I fear the shop upon the stairs was somewhat neglected though Pierre, indeed, faithfully fulfilled my own orders and those of my friends. One day Madame Gougeon sent for me to the hospital. To my surprise Pierre was there and the sick woman began without much preface: "Since I am lying here, Madame, I feel that I have been perhaps hard. It is not best to keep two young people from marrying." I agreed with her cordially and declared that I would endeavor to get Pierre a clerkship in a wholesale house, which would enable him to marry. But Madame, while thanking me and asking that the offer might be kept open for future contingencies, explained her own idea: "Since I have been here the receipts of the shop have been good, very good, and Alphonse has confessed that Pierre has been there some times and has made big sales. Now, I say to myself, may be I will never be better any more. Why should I not let my girl marry this Pierre since she loves him. He is a rascal, but marriage may improve him. They can manage together the business. I will share with them the profits and at my death they will have all. Let this Pierre sell what he has on the stairs there to help him and he can bring the custom which you, Madame, have got him."

I will not picture the delight of those two simple lovers, nor need I describe the wedding at the Church of Our Lady of Victory, when Alphonse in her white frock was very pretty and Pierre in his new second-hand suit, with a white flower in his button-hole, caused many of the girls in that quarter to envy the joyful bride. Some of my friends and myself provided the wedding breakfast and paid for a carriage with two white horses in which the happy pair drove around town all day to show their finery and their beaming faces. As they stepped into the vehicle, Pierre whispered: "It was Alphonse's praying hard to Notre Dame de Victoire who has won our happiness."

I was absent from Quebec for some time, for when I returned Mere Gougeon was gathered to her fathers, the emporium in the church facade had passed to others and there was Pierre in a large shop with a fine stock back again upon the stairs. - Anna T. Sadlier in The Voice of the Deaf.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED. - Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomach troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH CONVERT. The Catholic Church in England has just received a very important recruit in the person of Dr. Frederick George Lee, one of the ablest and most scholarly adherents of the extreme Ritualist movement, till lately Vicar of Lambeth. Dr. Lee was received into the Catholic Church by Father K. D. Best, of Brompton Oratory. Strange to relate, twenty years since Dr. Lee's son became a Catholic through the same agency. Mr. Lee is the famous "blue mantle" of the Herald's College. Though in very poor health at present, Dr. Lee's condition is not so critical as to warrant the hope that he may see many years of happy and useful service in the Church which he has entered after many years of stress and doubt.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH. - When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

COERCION IN IRELAND (London Westminster Gazette.) We seem now drifting back into an attempt to govern Ireland by Coercion. The attempt is as certain to fail as it has failed before, and the only possible result is that, after much imprisonment and agitation, we shall concede last, what if conceded first, would have saved all the trouble. Law, as administered by Resident Magistrates under a Crimes Act passed, as was the Act of 1887, carries with it no moral sanction. We may regret this, but can we really wonder?

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THE OPULENCE OF CONTENT.

I am not rich in heaps of yellow gold;
But when the bubbling bobolink has told
His dreaming of the twilight in the morn,
My heart o'erflows, so much of joy I hold.

I am not clothed in scarlet robes of kings;
But when the crimson cardinal so sings,
That song and raiment flash at once on me—
I have the crimine sweet, without the stings.

Not mine the learning of some men that are;
But when I hear a lambkin, from afar,
Bleating, and save it from the pit, my joy
Is great as had I found an unknown star.

I have not castles, lands, or gems of art;
But not for these would I my treasures part—
Content enough to fill my soul with peace,
An overflow of gladness for my heart.

—Aloysius Coll, in Success.

Marooned

Miss Joan Rye was having the last hatpin run through the floppiest of hats by her maid, so that, quite plainly, she was going out to brave the sun.

"If any one wants to know where I am," she said, "you haven't the slightest idea."
"Not the slightest," repeated Miss Rye, admonishingly; "unless Captain Suttlebury asks—and then you might fancy that I'd gone in the direction of the kennels."

"Yes, miss."
"And now, if that pin is in, I'm going down to the lake. I do hope nobody will see me."
She rose, as graceful as a panther and full of spirits, and went out swiftly and silently into the park, taking care to evade any other of the Wattle House guests who might be about. Not that many were likely to be, for it was still early and their decisions for the day's amusement were not yet arrived at. She dived into the nearest green shade, and took the avenue leading down to the lake. The kennels were in quite the opposite direction; but then, Miss Rye had a passion for the waterside, particularly this morning, when the sun was riotously hot and the mere sound of the swish in the reeds would be cooling. Also, nobody ever went down to the lake in the morning. She would be alone and unpestered for once. Captain Suttlebury could bestow his insufferable attention upon the hounds. She laughed aloud at the thought.

It was understood, as such matters generally are understood, that Miss Rye was the destined bride of the captain. He was ugly, vulgar and one of the wealthiest landowners, so that he could marry any one he chose. And his choice seemed to be Miss Joan Rye.

"Beauty and the Beast," as Lord Wattle remarked to his distant connection and temporary private secretary, Dick Maynard, ancient this affair.

The young man nodded.
"I hope she'll refuse him," he said, frowning.

"My dear man," said Lord Wattle, "how can she? Lady Wattle gave me to understand that Miss Rye and Suttlebury have fixed it up, kindly making my house the base of operations. He's a vulgar little brute, and he'll flutter round till she's worn out. Then I'll have to congratulate him."

Maynard shut his mouth at this feeble-minded view and busied himself over his work. He spent a restless night trying to devise disinterested schemes whereby Beauty might be saved from the toils, and woke early and angry, with a conviction that a secretarial post-precursor one from undertaking the duties of a knight-errant. Usually he was sufficiently self-contained and philosophic not to heed his position. He did not even mind that when Wattle House filled with guests he was apt to be considered a nonentity among all these rich people, for he did not feel himself a nonentity, and could afford to be as scornful as they. But this morning he found himself grinding his teeth at them all for a fair-haired set of apes. And having nothing to do, and plenty to think about, he went down to the lake (because in the morning nobody ever went there) not a rod from the water-man, and, having punctured himself across to the shady side, fixed the pole in the reeds by way of anchor, set his float running, slinched his rod in the bows, and promptly fell asleep among the cushions with a pipe in his mouth.

That is why the following things came to pass, when about half an hour later Miss Joan Rye came down to the boathouse, followed at a discreet distance by the irrepressible Captain Suttlebury, who, by an ill-chance, had marked Miss Rye's direction and had not therefore taken the trouble to inquire

of her maid as to where she might be found. The captain was feeling uncommonly sulky and spiteful, knowing he had exerted himself for some days past in a manner that "no woman was worth" without marked success. Miss Rye was the girl to marry—if one must marry, but that he should have to run after anybody as if he were a slunk, as he assured Mrs. Rye, contrary to his habits and his dignity. Only because she was infernally pretty and would pay for it in the end had he (so he assured himself) condescended to the chase. "But that end must come pretty soon." His plan was to let her get well on to the lake, then pursue and worry her into an engagement. Getting her to himself, as he could on the water, he would be able to put the case pretty straight and pretty strong without breaking any of the conventions or laying himself open to further rebuff.

Meanwhile Joan came to the water's edge. A shimmering heat haze lay lightly over the lake, making dim the further shore under the hill, whose imminent pines would, as she knew, throw the coolest of shadows, and all among the rushes on either side of the boathouse the coots winged a flustered escape at her approaching. Some white swans, too, oared themselves off shore, and the fashion of shocked dignity. The waterman was nowhere about, and Joan had to unmoor her own craft. She had fixed on a Canadian canoe, and, having seated herself, made away with broad, gentle scoops of the paddle, rejoicing in the liberty and her solitude. This was what she had desired, and for a time at least that broad hazy merr seemed almost like a sea unknown, inviolable, romantic, into which she might escape forever.

She had disappeared into the haze beyond Captain Suttlebury's view before he was ready with the punt in which he meant to follow. And on the other side of the haze things were happening of which Joan's first intimation was that toward her, from the opposite bank, came an apparently unoccupied punt. It came erratically, with slow jerks and swerves to left and right. A stout pike rod was fixed in the bows and bent almost to cracking.

"Some one must have been fishing from it," thought Joan. The float was invisible, but the taut line and twisted reel showed her what was the matter. The fisher must have gone ashore and a pike hooked himself in the meantime. How annoyed the man would be!

"Why, it's Mr. Maynard!" she cried, quite suddenly. "Asleep!" She had wanted solitude, but somehow was in no way vexed to come on a man. Otherwise she would not have done what she did. That was to paddle up to the punt and step aboard. She took up the rod and freed the reel carefully.

"What a splendid fish it must be!" she said, feeling it delicately as she reeled in a little. It must have been the sporting instinct that was roused, for she forgot her canoe and her desire for solitude and began to play the fish.

Now a pike is not the gamest of things that swim, but even a pike will make some struggle, and this was a big one. Joan reeled in, and the pike resisted, and the punt rocked up and down. Presently from a dream in which he and Captain Suttlebury were exchanging pistol shots across a pocket handkerchief—all for the love of a lady—Dick Maynard awoke and rubbed his eyes. The girl was standing at the far end of the punt, with feet firmly planted, tense in every limb, and beautifully balancing the heavy rod. She had not called out for assistance or begun shaking, as some women do in their excitement. He could imagine her lips quite firm and curved, and it quite piqued him that he could only see her back and the black, curled clouds of her hair.

"Can I help?" he said, half unwillingly.

She answered without turning her head.
"Have you got the landing net?"
"Yes."

He went forward, and she held up the pike nearer to the side. She was a little breathless, but talked without allowing her attention to be distracted from the business on hand.

"You owe me a pair of gloves, Mr. Maynard. Fast asleep—aren't you ashamed—only an hour after breakfast?"
"Was I really asleep?"
"Were you?"

The pike was hoist up, trying to furrow the tops of the water with his narrow tail. Maynard made an ineffectual dive with the net, the fish shooting away to the right.

"I'm afraid I must have been asleep," he admitted, "for, to tell the truth, I was in among the reeds the last thing I remember, moored to the punt pole. By the way, the pole's gone."

"Of course it has," said Joan.
"So would the fish have gone had I not come to the rescue."
"But how did you come?" he asked, wondering.

"In the canoe. Oh!" She turned her eyes without turning her hands at all. "I forgot about fastening it, and it's gone. But I was so annoyed the fish shouldn't get off. It wasn't very sporting of you to go asleep when you were fishing."

"But how did you come?" he asked, wondering.
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YOUR FOOTSTEPS

By the depth of his footstep in the earth the Indians tell the weight of a man. Do you tread shallow or deep? Perhaps you would like to weigh more? If you are below weight and find that ordinary food does not build you up try Scott's Emulsion.

It is not a drug but a food that time has shown to have a real value in such cases as yours.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

"It was disgraceful," he agreed. "But I'm rather glad, because I couldn't have landed him myself." Joan nodded at this very excellent reason.

"Do you think we shall get him?"
"Certainly not. Let me have another try. Hope I shan't miss it this time."

She had got the fish right up and seemingly exhausted. Maynard bent over with the net, kneeling by the edge of the punt.
"Now!" she said.
"Ahem! Good morning, Miss Joan!"

They had been so wrapped up in their fishing that they had entirely failed to notice the approach of Captain Suttlebury in the second punt, and at the very moment that he sent his punt into theirs Maynard had the tail of the fish in the net. At the sound of his voice, rasping and irritated, Joan started, and for the first time let the rod down. It was the pike's opportunity, and he took it. With a swish of his tail he leaped away, and the line snapped short.

"Bother!" said Joan.
She stood there, facing him, with a rising color. Any one less fatuous than Captain Suttlebury would have foreseen danger in provoking her further. But he was wrapped up in his own conceit, and annoyed besides. For, with this secretary fellow about, his well laid scheme was in risk of foundering. Moreover, what business had she to be hobnobbing with the secretary fellow? He had seen her change crafts from afar; he had watched the whole business, and he meant to put a stop to it. Accordingly, he also stepped over from the punt in which he had come, pole in hand, and took a pompous attitude.

"Well!" said Joan, coldly.
Maynard had relieved her of the rod and was reeling up the slack of the line. His own irritation was greater than the other's, for all his previous trouble came back. Here was the Beast again, annoying Beauty, and he, as a mere outsider—not even a guest on equal terms—did not see what to do. She was vexed—that was clear enough. But if she was condemned to marry the man, any interference of his would only make things more detestable. He could see the bully in Captain Suttlebury. And he would have given worlds to have thrashed it out of him, but then it might only compromise her. The man seemed to claim her by his property already, by his look and manner. For all Maynard knew to the contrary there might be grounds for it.

"Well!" repeated Joan, tapping her foot.
"Er—I supposed I'd find you on the lake," said Captain Suttlebury.

"You were looking for me?"
"Of course, it was just as well I found you."
"Perhaps," said Joan. "It made me lose a rather large pike."

Captain Suttlebury was dimly conscious from her part that he was expected to apologize. But that was not his way—on the contrary, he felt that he had a right to demand an apology.

"I do not imagine," he said in his pompous manner, "that your mother would approve of this sort of thing."
"What sort of thing?"
"Fishing with one of the s—"

He had meant to say servants, but caught Maynard's eye. Something warned him to break off suddenly. Maynard unclenched his fingers and went on reeling up, with what he supposed was the best policy, that of neutrality. Yet the little captain, standing there, struck him as incredibly vulgar, almost beneath contempt. He wondered how Lord Wattle could tolerate such a man as guest, how any one could accept him as a companion, chiefly how Mrs. Rye could have entertained the idea of such a son-in-law. Then he shrugged his shoulders, for Joan had only smiled a little, as if he amused her tolerably.

"Perhaps," she said, meekly, "you are right. You are so often right, Captain Suttlebury, aren't you? And in any case I ought to consider it luck in a way that you came, oughtn't it? Because my canoe has drifted off, and Mr. Maynard has lost his pole, and we might have been left here in the middle of the lake for hours, and

Maynard froze up. Nothing would have been more lucky, to his way of thinking, than the contingency mentioned, but he imagined Joan was making her submission. So did Captain Suttlebury, and he assumed a condescending pose.
"Lost his pole, has he?" he inquired, loftily.
"Yes," said Joan. "It's stuck in the reeds. You can almost see it from here."

"Then, Mr. What's-his-name," said the captain, turning toward Maynard, "you can take my punt and fetch the pole back here. After that you can go, Miss Rye and I shan't need you, d'ye see?"
He held out the pole belonging to his own punt as he spoke, and for a moment his late hung in the balance. Then Maynard put his hands in his pockets and turned to Joan.
"Am I to understand that is what 'you wish'?" he asked, stiffly.
"Please do," she said.

Because she wished it, he stepped across on to the other punt, disregarding even the supercilious smile with which Captain Suttlebury handed him the pole. Then, without a word, he pushed off. As the gap between the two punts widened to a yard, before either of the two were aware of it, Joan had taken a running leap from one to the other. She was beside Maynard now, and the gap had grown a gulf of a dozen yards, and the captain's smile turned to a stare of dismay.
"What the—what are you doing?" he stuttered angrily.
Joan settled herself composedly down among the cushions.
"Marooning you," she said.
"Maroo—maroo—what do you mean?"
"For bad manners of the high seas," Joan explained affably, "I am the pirate queen of the lake this morning. Anyone displeasing me has to suffer. Your punishment is to swim ashore or else wait until some one comes to you. The pole is in the reeds, remember, in case you want it, and don't forget luteon is at 2. Good-bye, Captain Suttlebury!"
She waved her hand at him mischievously, and beckoned Maynard to nole on.
"You are sure you wish it?" he asked anxiously. "I don't think he is the sort of a man to forgive it."
"That is what I hope," she said. And at that he had no more scruples.
"As fast as you can, please," said Joan, "for I'm sure he's using bad language now, and I've been insulted enough for one morning. And I'm so vexed to have made you lose that pike, Mr. Maynard."

Later in the day Captain Suttlebury was observed by the waterman and rescued, but that was not until after luncheon, and every one was curious to know what had become of him. Not having the spirit to confess his discomfiture, he decided to leave Wattle House by the next train, which he did, much to Mrs. Rye's grief. Later in the year—much to her mother's horror—Joan married Lord Wattle's private secretary.—The King.

MONKS WERE THE FIRST BOOKBINDERS.

Earnest Knauff, editor of The Art Student, contributes to last week's issue of our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, The Churchman, an excellent illustrated article on "Bookbinding—Past and Present."

"Historically considered," he writes, "bookbinding begins with the Middle Ages, for classic books were nearly always mounted on rolls. In most cases the binders were the monks, who were likewise calligraphers and illuminators of the contents of the book. The books were frequently bound in wood, which might or might not be covered with leather. Other materials were used, as metal and ivory. The Henry I. 'Passionale' represents this kind of binding. A brevier for 'my lady's' prie Dieu might also be bound in velvet or satin and embroidered. But for the library book, mrskin, vellum and morocco soon became the favorite materials. The last two were popular in Italy during the Renaissance when Aldus produced the beautiful volumes from his press.

"In Great Britain the binding was for many years in the hands of the handier of the Irish monk, Dagaeus, is preserved in the British Museum, and is dated 520 A. D."

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN Pain-Killer will be found to fill your needs as a household remedy. Used as a liniment for stiffness and taken internally for all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes. 25c. and 50c.

CONDITION OF IRISH TENANTS.
The description of the Unionist M. P., Mr. T. W. Russell, of the tenants in the Irish congested districts, in his speech at Irvestown, last week, is an echo of the description given of them by General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, in a letter written from Ireland and published in The Times in November 1880. "Their lives," said Mr. Russell, "are hopeless, long-drawn-out records of misery from year's end to year's end. They are a simple-minded, virtuous people, living many of them in habitations little better than Kaffir kraals, eating food compared to which the

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Asthmalone Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL Write Your Name and Address Plainly

There is nothing like Asthmalone. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill. says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalone relieved in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolve to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Israel New York, Jan. 3, 1901
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalone is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalone contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other. REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., 45th Springs, N. Y. Feb. 1, 1901.
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalone, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 17 years. Having upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalone. My wife commenced taking it about the 11th of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., 67 East 125th St., New York City.
Feb. 5, 1901.
I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

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

workhouse ration is affluence and luxury, clothed as no peasant in Europe are clothed." General Gordon thus wrote: "I must say, from all accounts and from my own observation, that the state of our fellow-countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe. I believe that these people are made, as we are—that they are patient beyond belief, living on the verge of starvation in places in which we would not keep our cattle. The Bulgarians, Anapoliens, Chinese, and Indians are better off than many of them are."

THE MATERIALS USED IN "The D. & L. EMULSION" are the finest the market affords. Taken in cases of wasting diseases, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

MIR. SCHWAB AND THE STONE MASON.
Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, never seems wholly to forget the days of his early struggles—those days when the wolf was not only at the door, but right at his throat. He was walking up Broadway, accompanied by two other gentlemen, after attending a session of the National Civic Federation, when he saw a respectable looking, middle-aged man standing

at a street corner reading the advertisement pages of a newspaper. "Looking for a job?" asked Schwab, abruptly.
"Yes, sir," was the brief reply.
"What trade?"
"Stonemason, sir; but I can't work at that in the frost, so I'm just looking out for something else."
"Good luck," said Mr. Schwab, gripping the workman's hand, and then striding away while the man gazed incredulously at the ten-dollar gold piece that lay in his palm.
At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the duellists should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half-hour."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A Model of Simplicity
In Other Words, a Model of a Pease Furnace.
Combined with Economy and Efficiency, these Heaters are noted for their simplicity of construction and ease of operation. The latest pattern Pease Furnace has only one small concealed joint above the traps. Think of what that means—absolute security against the escape of gas and dust. Other constructions have from five to twenty joints.
Our Catalogue for the asking—Why not send to-day?
J. F. Pease Furnace Co., Limited, TORONTO.

THE BEST YEAR'S RECORD



The year 1901 was the banner period for the North American Life. Its new business largely exceeded that of any year in its history of 21 years.

The results to Policy-holders continue highly satisfactory, while the financial position of the company is unexcelled.

THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Head Office 112-118 King St. W., Toronto. L. Goldman, Secretary. Wm. McCabe, Managing Director. John L. Blaikie, President.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

C. O. F.

M. F. Mogan, Deputy High Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters, is in London installing the newly-elected officers.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH.

St. Paul's Parish will have a white stone parochial residence in the place of the present red brick house that is now occupied by the priests of the parish.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of St. Mary's Church, this city, and it is intended to commemorate the event.

On Sunday Vicar-General McCann made the pleasing announcement that the church debt had been reduced by \$4,000 during the past year.

Rev. Father Grant, recently ordained in St. Michael's Church, celebrated High Mass, after which the congregation approached the altar railing in large numbers and received his blessing.

MRS. THOMAS COSTELLO.

On Saturday the 25th ult., Mrs. Thomas Costello died after a brief illness at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. A. Moore, 538 Adelaide street west.

ST. MARY'S C. L. & A. A. Br. C. J. Read presided at the last regular meeting held in the rooms of the association.

After spending some time in the revision of the constitution, representatives were received from several other societies in connection with the formation of an inter-club debating union.

Among the visitors was Mr. Will Hanley, who addressed the association in very felicitous terms.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of the House of Providence, desire to acknowledge their debt of gratitude to all who have helped them to maintain the poor under their care during the past year.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Newmarket, Jan. 7.—Since the Midnight Mass of Christmas Eve, until the Epiphany our Church has presented a very festive appearance.

teemed and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Whitney, delivered suitable instructions; and the choir rendered acceptably music appropriate to the season of joy and peace and adoration.

IRISH AND FRENCH-CANADIANS.

The Register has at all times advocated the development of the best possible understanding between Irish and French-Canadian Catholics in this Dominion.

"Here, in Ottawa, what would we say if the business corporations, the electric railway, the lighting companies, the majority of the aldermen, dropped from their employ all French-Canadians and Irish Catholics? So, among ourselves too, let one part respect the other."

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Michael's Hospital, gratefully acknowledge the following Christmas donations: Rev. James Walsh, turkey; Christie Brown Co., barrel of biscuits; Mrs. A. Moore, turkey and geese;

BRANCH 15 C. M. B. A. AND BRO. O'HEARN.

The following has been sent to Mr. J. J. O'Hearn, who has just retired from the Chancellors office of C. M. B. A. Branch No. 15, after an unusually long enjoyment of the honors which he feels ought to be allowed to go round:

Dear Sir and Bro.—The members of Branch 15 C. M. B. A., feel they cannot allow this opportunity to pass without tendering to you, in a slight degree, their sincere and high appreciation of the many sacrifices and efforts you have made, at all times, for the advancement of our Branch.

hand, and that you may be spared to the Branch for many years to come.

Signed on behalf of the Branch, Frank J. Walsh, President; T. F. Callaghan, Vice-President; T. M. Haggarty, Recording Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

St. Mary's Commandery, No. 216, at their last meeting held at Cameron Hall on Dec. 26th, elected officers for the year 1902 as follows:

President — John Devereux. First Vice-President — Patrick McGinnis. Second Vice-President — James McCann. Recording Secretary — Charles O'Brien. Financial Secretary — John Whelan.

The installation of the above officers takes place at next meeting on Jan. 9th.

The Commandery and Auxiliary have chosen Monday evening, Jan. 27th, for the holding of their annual euchre party at St. George's Hall, Elm street.

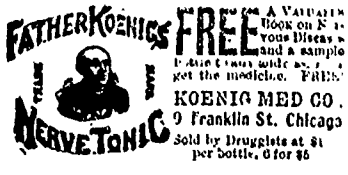
CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, return sincere and grateful thanks to the many kind friends of the institution who so generously remembered the little ones at Sunnyside.

Rev. P. Whitney, \$5; Rev. E. Gallagher, \$5; Rev. E. Murray, \$2; Rev. R. Burke, \$2; Rev. T. Finigan, \$1; Mr. Wm. Fitzgerald, \$2; Mrs. J. J. Foy, \$5; Mrs. B. MacDonald, \$5; Mr. Cosgrave, \$10; A. Friend, \$10; Mrs. Way, \$5; Mrs. Melon, \$4; Mrs. J. Laxton, \$2; Miss Marshall, \$1; Mrs. Driscoll, \$1; Mrs. E. F. Gahn, N. Y., \$5; Mr. John Connolly, \$5; Mr. P. Henry, \$2; Mr. P. Burns, \$10; Mr. Cousincau, \$5; Mrs. W. J. Halley, \$5; Mr. C. Gannon, \$10; Mrs. Smyth, \$1; Very Rev. J. J. McCann, a sheep; Rev. F. Rohleder, a turkey; Rev. P. Ryan, a turkey; Rev. J. P. Treacy, candy; Rev. J. Walsh, a turkey; Rev. L. Minehan, candy, nuts and oranges; Mr. Brown, Duluth, eight turkeys; The Wm. Ryan Co., six turkeys and six geese; Mr. E. O'Keefe, a quarter of beef; Mr. S. Halligan, a quarter of beef; Mr. E. Stock, a quarter of beef; Mr. C. Clarke, a turkey and candy; Mr. Algie, Alton, Ont., 12 dozen woollen underwear; L. Coffee & Co., 5 barrels of flour; Mr. Kelly, Junction, a barrel of flour; Mr. Barry, a turkey; Mr. L. Cosgrave, a turkey; Mr. A. Cottam, a turkey; the Misses Smith, a case of oranges; Christie, Brown & Co., two barrels of biscuit; The Tait-Bredin Co., 100 loaves currant bread; Mr. B. McQuillen, a turkey; Mrs. Hoar, a goose; Miss Foy, candy; Mr. P. McQuillen, a turkey; Mrs. Falconbridge, toys; Miss Teely, toys; Mrs. John Ryan, toys; Mrs. Wm. Ryan, toys; Mrs. S. Halligan, skates and sleds; Mrs. P. Hughes, oranges, nuts and candy; Mrs. G. Foy, oranges and candy; Mr. Bradshaw, pop corn; Rice Lewis & Son, 12 pairs of skates; Miss McMoran, candy; Mrs. J. Farrell, candy; Watson & Co., candy; Mrs. O'Neill, candy; Mrs. Many, clothing; Mrs. J. J. Kenny, jam; Mrs. P. Roach, oranges; Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, candy, nuts and oranges; Mrs. Lynn, dolls; Mrs. B. Hughes, oranges; Elliot & Co., perfume; Mrs. J. J. Murphy, toys; Mrs. Dr. Murray, candy; Mrs. F. Brown, toys; W. A. Murra & Co., books; Mrs. Hynes, toys; Boeckh Bros., brooms and brushes; "Children of May" (Loretto Abbey), clothing, dolls and candy; Mr. E. Lemaitre, brushes and combs; Miss M. Hair, toys and nuts; Mrs. H. T. Kelly, toys; Mrs. Gallagher, a case of oranges; Miss Coffee, a case of oranges; Mr. A. F. Jury, remnants of cloth; Mrs. Jarvis, candy; Miss McDonald, toys; Major Gray, a turkey and books; Mrs. Hugh Ryan, candy; Mrs. Sumner, a roast of beef; Mrs. Nolan, a turkey; Mrs. John Ryan, a box of raisins; John Sloan & Co., raisins, figs and nuts; Mr. A. Campbell, Junction, a barrel of flour.

THE OPINION OF AN ADVERTISER.

To the Editor of The Register: Dear Sir—It gives me much pleasure to state that the advertisement which I have in The Catholic Register has well-paid me. As a rule I find it difficult to tell from which source trade comes through advertising, but on several occasions I know good patrons have come to me through your paper.



Mining For Rupees.

NE advantage gained by the victory of the British over King Thibaut's hordes some years ago, was the acquisition of the famous ruby mines, from which had come the finest "pigeon-blood" stones in the world, and it was expected that an immense treasure of those gems would be found in the royal palace. But, although in the looting of the monarch's harem and residence, jars filled with rubies were discovered, nearly all of them were of little value, being flawed and in other respects poor specimens.

Protection of Words.

IN the November "Era" William A. Walsh pleads for much-abused words and phrases: "As these things when everybody is writing and everybody is reading, would it not be well to start a Society for the Protection of Words and Phrases? Many of these are so brutally overworked by the amateur! The winged words, the words that burn, the thoughts that breathe, the telling phrases, do they not clamor loudly for relief? They are weary of their unrelenting example of what I mean. How apt, how vivid, how expressive it would be if all its epithets had not lost their vitality through overwork. To the reader the whole sentence is but the echo of an echo, it not merely says nothing, but it is bored even of its own idleness. The gentleman who complained of diamlet that it was too full of quotations unconsciously expressed a great fact through the medium of a bull. In a wrongheaded way he pointed out that constant reiteration has reduced the grandest passages in the language to mere commonplace. Give our families quotations a rest. Lay to sleep our household words. Let fortune for a while cease to favor the brave. Let us feel that the poet is made. Let a man who would steal another's thunder be arrested for felony. Let us win no more golden opinions. Let the inventor of the word withdraw to some select seclusion, and the countless thousands to some dry-eyed privacy. Thus may nouns, adjectives and phrases, after a long rest, reawaken with the freshness of the morning upon them, their original meanings recreated, energetic, effective, brilliant, as on the day when they were first conceived and brought forth."

A Dream Story.

From time to time I have been so interested and amused by reading in the "Spectator" accounts of vivid and realistic dreams that I feel compelled to narrate one that happened to me, leaving it to your judgment as to whether it is worthy of notice in your paper. In November, 1893, I awoke one morning fully impressed with the idea that I was receiving as a gift an unusually large gypsy ring, set with a single sapphire with a brilliant on each side. The dream was a pleasant one to the female mind, and I soon fell asleep again, but only to awake with a still stronger impression that the jewel was actually in my hands. So curious were my sensations that on my maid entering my room at 8 o'clock I told her of the two dreams, most minutely describing the ring, and I also asked my husband to bear witness to the statement should anything follow to confirm the dream. Two hours later the postman arrived, and so great was my excitement and astonishment at seeing a small packet that I felt certain (certainly a ring case) that I dare scarcely open it, and decided to ask my maid to do so. Before breaking the seal I asked her to repeat the description of the ring that I had previously given her, and then the little packet was opened, and the joyful exclamation followed: "Why, my lady, here it is!" The ring was sent to me by a friend in memory of his wife, who had died some months before; but I had absolutely no idea that I should be the recipient of any souvenir of her, nor did I ever see her. I still have the ring, and am as well as Mr. Astley's son-in-law, now living in the suburbs of London.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is weaker—latest quotations for live stock and produce. Tuesday Evening, Jan. 7. Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Receipts of grain were very meagre on the street market this morning, only 2,100 bushels offering. Prices were generally steady.

There was a brisk trade at the Toronto Cattle Market to day. The receipts were very heavy, numbering 98 loads, in which there were 1,203 calves, 1,185 sheep and lambs, 700 hogs and 20 calves. Demand was strong for all classes of cattle and prices were about steady at round figures, however, advanced from 6c to 3 1/2c per cwt.

Chicago, Jan. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; 500 Texans; active at Monday's prices, good to prime, \$2.50 to \$2.75; poor to medium, \$1.75 to \$2.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.25 to \$2.50; cows, \$1.25 to \$1.50; heifers, \$2.00 to \$2.25; calves, \$2.25 to \$2.50; mixed, \$2.25 to \$2.50; pigs, \$2 to \$2.25; Toronto, 100 lbs., \$2.25 to \$2.50; hogs—Receipts, 2,000; 1,000 heavy; slow and 10c to 20c lower; mixed, \$2.25 to \$2.50; light, \$2.00 to \$2.25; bulk of sales, \$1.75 to \$2.00; sheep—Receipts, 2,000; 1,000 heavy; slow and 10c to 20c lower; mixed, \$2.25 to \$2.50; light, \$2.00 to \$2.25; bulk of sales, \$1.75 to \$2.00; western, \$2.00 to \$2.25; native lambs, \$2.25 to \$2.50; western lambs, \$2.25 to \$2.50.

London, Jan. 7.—Close—Wheat on passage rather firm; cargoes about No. 1 California, iron, November, 30s 3d paid; iron passage, 30s 1d sellers; iron, December and January, 30s 1d sellers; oil, January, 30s 1d; oil, February, 30s 1d; oil, March, 30s 1d; oil, April, 30s 1d; oil, May, 30s 1d; oil, June, 30s 1d; oil, July, 30s 1d; oil, August, 30s 1d; oil, September, 30s 1d; oil, October, 30s 1d; oil, November, 30s 1d; oil, December, 30s 1d; oil, January, 30s 1d; oil, February, 30s 1d; oil, March, 30s 1d; oil, April, 30s 1d; oil, May, 30s 1d; oil, June, 30s 1d; oil, July, 30s 1d; oil, August, 30s 1d; oil, September, 30s 1d; oil, October, 30s 1d; oil, November, 30s 1d; oil, December, 30s 1d; oil, January, 30s 1d; oil, February, 30s 1d; oil, March, 30s 1d; oil, April, 30s 1d; oil, May, 30s 1d; oil, June, 30s 1d; oil, July, 30s 1d; oil, August, 30s 1d; oil, September, 30s 1d; oil, October, 30s 1d; oil, November, 30s 1d; oil, December, 30s 1d; oil, January, 30s 1d; oil, February, 30s 1d; oil, March, 30s 1d; 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