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The Catholic Register.

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THE JOYFUL SEASON

(For The Register.)

Christmas has come again, with its wealth of memories. Memories of joyous celebrations of the feast in the past when we beheld the vista of the future as a long life of pleasure and happiness, and — such is the inconsistency and egotism of youth — we made little provision for growing old.

This is the season when we celebrate in a special manner the advent of peace and good-will to this earth. Yet if we look at it from a human point of view we cannot feel satisfied with the result. At no time since the first Christmas Day has universal peace and good-will reigned among men. At the present time the clash of arms is heard in South Africa and the Philippines, and the two nations which we like to think of as most advanced in civilization; among whom freedom of word and action, and liberty of conscience are most respected, are engaged in the ungrateful task of crushing two smaller peoples. We look upon each Christmas as a milestone in life. It is thus we mark the divisions of our lives, made up as they are of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. "The Christmas after John died" when a different distribution of chairs was made at table, in an effort to lessen the effect of the vacancy. "The Christmas after Mary was married," when there was an additional guest at the festivity. And "the Christmas after the little girl came," the little girl who is now a stately young woman with admirers in plenty, and, mayhap, definite thoughts of a future home of her own. We must not judge of those things which appear to us incongruous and inconsistent with our merely human intelligence, but we must look upon them with the eyes of faith and while each does

his part toward the improvement of himself and the betterment of his fellows — the latter being the best means of improving ourselves—we must leave the rest to a higher power with a firm belief that in the end all will be well.

This is particularly the children's festival, the anniversary of the birth of the Christ-child Who came to teach us how to live. Do you remember the anticipations and hopes which accompanied the hanging of your stocking on Christmas Eve? When good little boys and girls must not attempt to sit up and wait for Santa Claus else they would be overlooked in the distribution of gifts, and the time when precocious playmates and happiness-destroying elders urged upon your unwilling ears the tale that "Sandy Claus is only your father and mother?" By the remembrance of your own faith and pleasure allow the children to enjoy as long as possible the unrealities of their imagination. They will all too soon be awakened to, and encompassed by the realities of life. But perhaps you are like "Old Scrooge." You may think Christmas is a myth, a fallacy, and a sham. A method invented by the idle, shiftless and indigent to tax the purses of the well-to-do. If such be your state of mind, you are to be pitied. You have missed a good deal in this life, and maybe you will miss something in the world to come. There are children who have not experienced many of the joys of childhood; to whom Santa Claus is an unknown personage. They have a knowledge of the hard realities of life, and involuntarily participate in its sin and wickedness long before the slipping stage is over. Let your thoughts turn to those children at this season, and allow them to profit somewhat thereby. You will not regret it. Your enjoyment of your own Christmas pleasures will be much increased. You will feel the sense of gratification which accompanies the performance of a kindly act, and this if only a human motive is not condemned. Besides you will be laying up to yourselves treasures "where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Apart from its Divine origin Christmas is an excellent institution. Its regular recurrence causes the generality of men to think that they ought to have feelings of good-will and generosity towards each other, and though the disposition may not be permanent, it cannot but have a beneficial effect. If we consider the least in its spiritual or supernatural sense there is no standard by which we can measure its working. It is the beginning of the Christian religion, and we can hardly imagine what the world would be without that. It is the fulfillment of the Promise; the ray of light in the darkness which had encompassed the world for four thousand years. It is the lesson which teaches men that the favored of heaven are not the great and powerful ones of earth, but the innocent, the child-like, and the poor. We will borrow a quotation from an imaginary personage who has been pitied and loved by generations of readers and say in the words of Tiny Tim "God Bless us all."

W. O'CONNOR.

CHRISTMAS.

(For The Register.)

The mountains and the valleys are clothed in white snow;
Mystic forms are leaping from the hearth-fire's ruddy glow;
Little children sleeping await their Santa dear,
While from the bells at midnight peals:
"Peace, be of good cheer."

The stars, they twinkle brightly, as they did that night before,
When they led the lonely shepherds to the humble stable door,
To worship Him, the Infant, though God of strength and might,
Whom Mary, ever Virgin, brought forth that Christmas night.

Then let us raise our voices and thank our God above,
Who sent His Son, our Saviour, to be our Hope, our Love,
And from our hearts we'll praise Him, with angels ever bright,
This Gift for our redemption, born on that Christmas night.
EDWARD J. MORIARTY.

CREELMAN AND HALL CAINE

The following letter has been addressed to The Editor of The N. Y. Daily World:

Sir—Hall Caine's powerful and characteristic letter discussing my new book, "On the Great Highway," raises two profound issues that lie close to the heart of men and women everywhere.

Leaving aside the great novelist's flattering opinion of "On the Great Highway," I cannot agree with him that the words of the "White Shepherd of Rome" convey no definite message to the world. Mr. Caine declares that the Pope's appeal for the return of the sick human race to the Christian religion "leaves undisturbed the great inequalities of rich and poor, which are the manifest causes of the world's unrest." Mr. Caine says:

"Perhaps it is too much to expect the Holy Father to be more definite. His obligations are too many, the claims upon him are too pressing; perhaps, if one may say so without offense, his own position is too perilous.

"For my own part, having none of these responsibilities, I do not hesitate to say plainly that the only solution I see of the grievous social and economic problems that weigh on the world at present lies in the direction of the triumph of democracy. But this means the downfall of all forms of arrogated authority, even when they come in the guise of a benevolent despotism having its only logical seat on the temporal throne of the Sovereign Pontiff."

But in what manner does this declaration convey a "definite message?" There in the United States, for instance, as many factions which differ as to what programme will produce "the triumph of democracy" as there are Christian sects. The "triumph of democracy" is a result, not a means. The "downfall of all forms of arrogated authority" is also a result, and not a means. Mr. Caine's criticism of that beautiful and tender treaty of Leo XIII. to Protestants and Catholics alike answers itself.

Although I am not a member of the Catholic Church, it seems to me that the august Pontiff speaks to the world distinctly and definitely in "On the Great Highway," pointing out both the means and the object when he says:

"I have watched the growing helplessness of the suffering working classes throughout the world with anxiety and grief. I have studied how to relieve society of this terrible confusion.

"Human law cannot reach the real seat of the conflict between capital and labor. Governments and legislatures are helpless to restore harmony. The various nations must do their work, and I must do mine. Their work is local and particular, such as the maintenance of order and the enforcement of ameliorative laws. But my work, as the head of Christendom, must be universal and on a different plane.

"The world must be re-Christianized. The moral condition of the workingman and his employer must be improved. Each must look at the other through Christian eyes. That is the only way. How vain are the efforts of nations which seek to bring contentment to man and master by legislation, forgetting that the Christian religion alone can draw men together in love and peace. As the wealth of the world increases, the gulf between the laborer and his employer will widen and deepen unless it be bridged over by Christian charity and the mutual forbearance which is inspired by Christian morals."

JAMES CREELMAN.

American Catholic Societies

Federation is no longer a dream among Catholic societies in the United States. It is no longer even a mooted question. It is an organized, active, potential reality. If there is any opposition to the movement, if any dissentient voice is raised against its purposes, it has not yet been heard at the meeting called in Cincinnati for the express purpose of putting the movement on a definite working basis. Its advocates from all parts of the country were present. They are all enthusiastic but conservative, their ardor tempered by calmness and wisdom. The strength of the movement, as represented by the ability of the men who compose it, has its surprises even for those who have espoused it from the first. The proceedings of the first annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies opened on Tuesday morning at Cincinnati. The delegates attended Mass in a body at St.

Peter's Cathedral. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. I. F. Horstmann, of Cleveland. The sermon, announced to be delivered by Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, was preached by Rev. M. J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

Dispositions for Faith

The Holy Baptist was sent before our Lord to prepare His way; that is, to be His instrument in rousing, warning, humbling and inflaming the hearts of men, so that when He came they might believe in Him. He Himself is the Author and Finisher of that Faith of which He is also the object; but ordinarily He does not implant it in us suddenly, but He first creates certain dispositions, and these He carries on to Faith as a reward. When He was about to appear among His chosen people, and to claim for Himself their faith. He made use of St. John first to create in them these necessary dispositions; and therefore it is that at this season when we are about to celebrate His birth, we commemorate again and again the great Saint who was His forerunner, lest we should forget that without a due preparation of heart we cannot hope to obtain and keep the all-important gift of faith. * * *

* With good dispositions faith is easy and without good dispositions faith is not easy; and those whom our Lord praised for their faith, were such as had already the good dispositions, and those who were blamed for their unbelief were such as were wanting in this respect and would have believed or believed sooner, had they possessed the necessary dispositions for believing, of a greater share of them. By the Baptist's especial office of "preparing the way of the Lord" is meant the creating in the hearts of his hearers the dispositions necessary for faith. The same truth is implied in the glorious hymn of the angels upon Christmas night; for to whom was the Prince of Peace to come? They sang "Gloria to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

By "good will" is meant "good disposition;" the peace of the gospel, the full gifts of the knowledge, and of the power, and of the consolation of Christian Redemption, were to be the reward of men of good dispositions.

They were the men to whom the Infant Saviour came; they were those in whom His grace would find its fruit and recompense; they were those who by congruous merit would be led on, as the Evangelist says, to "believe in His name," and "to be born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."—Newman.

To End Camps of Horrors
London, Dec. 14. — The delay in the publication of the returns from the concentration camps for October and November issued to-day, was apparently due to the Government's desire to accompany the announcement of the high death rate with some kind of official explanation. The blue book this morning shows 3,156 deaths of whites in October, of which number 2,633 were children, and 2,807 deaths of whites in November, of which 2,271 were children. This makes the total number of deaths for the last six months 13,941, or a death rate approximating 253 per head per 1,000. Among the colored persons there were 1,308 deaths in two months. The blue book contains the Government's plans for breaking up the camps, as recently outlined in the speeches of the War Secretary.

Sacrilegious Theft of Relics of St. Ann

Fall River, Mass., Dec. 2. — The members of St. Ann's parish and the entire colony of French Catholics of this city are in a state of consternation over the loss of two valuable relics stolen last night from St. Ann's Church, on South Main street. The thief destroyed many sacred articles and damaged the gold chalices and ornaments, and placed robes used during service in a pile upon the floor and then slept upon them. It was the worst exhibition of vandalism ever seen in this city.

The desecration was, however, only a part of the work. The two relics removed were prized very highly, because of the associations attached to them. One, a relic of St. Ann, was a small piece of bone which was received about a year ago.

The other was even more valuable. It was a piece of bone from the right forearm of the patron saint of the parish. It was brought to this country from France last summer and installed at the church with great pomp, Canadian Catholics coming from many places to witness the ceremony. It was

kept in a small shrine of gold. The case, which required the efforts of four men to lift, was smashed and the bone removed. The glass in the case was made in France at a cost of \$600, and it was broken into pieces. The loss in money was a secondary consideration to the priests and congregation.

The relic was regarded as sacred and people from all parts of New England made pilgrimages to it. The feeling is allayed somewhat by the belief that the robbery was the work of a man insane or nearly so. After forcing open a window he was obliged to drop eighteen feet to the floor and he preferred the relics to the chalices and ornaments of gold that could have been removed easily and later turned into cash. The police were informed, but a careful investigation gave them no clue, and they do not know in what direction to turn to find the relics.

House of Providence and Home for Incurables

Dear Sir—I have read with interest your article in reference to tuberculosis and am quite in sympathy with you on the lines contained therein. I know the good work that is being done by the "House of Providence," and I know also of the good work being done by the "Home for Incurables," both of which institutions are at all times open to the afflicted who may be incurable. I am a director of the latter and have visited the House of Providence on two if not three occasions, and know of the good work done therein as well as at the Home for Incurables. Whatever action the hospitals throughout the city may take I trust that the two institutions I have named will continue on in the good work they are doing with this unfortunate class of afflicted ones, and I feel certain that the other hospitals throughout the city will assist in every way that they possibly can to help on the good work.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. McMURRICH.
(Aid. McMurrich is right in giving every credit where it is due. The Register, however, signaled the House of Providence because there no questions are asked as to creed, race or class. The House of Providence admits all—Ed. C. R.)

C. M. B. A. in Stratford

As is usual at each anniversary of the establishment of Branch No. 13, C. M. B. A., of the city of Stratford, the branch has made preparations on a more elaborate scale than usual, in consequence of its being the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of that branch.

The form the celebration will take is the production of a Juvenile Comic Opera, composed by local authors, Miss Copus and Mrs. T. J. May, of the city of Stratford. Neither are novices in the business, the former having composed a similar production, called "Mother Goose and her Relations," now owned by Oliver Ditson & Co. of Boston, Philadelphia and New York. Mrs. May being the composer of many excellent musical productions, which are as yet unpublished.

"The Lost Princess" is one of the brightest, funniest and pleasing productions yet seen, immensely quaint situations being woven into it, and yet not interfering in the plot. The words and music are entirely original, the former being the work of Miss Copus, as well as about half the melodies; while Mrs. May has arranged all the music, composing many of the melodies, and composing and arranging the overtures and choruses. The opera is in four acts, contains 30 airs, and will employ about fifty children in its production.

Branch No. 13 is famous in the West as an association which has made a success of everything they have undertaken as yet, and they hope that their latest undertaking will be as successful from a social and financial standpoint.

Virtues of the Cross

Everybody desires to possess the splendid and striking virtues which are attached to the summit of the cross that they may be visible from afar and admired of men. But few seek to gather those which like the sweet thyme, grow at the foot and in the shadow of this tree of life. And yet these are the most fragrant and have been more abundantly watered with the Saviour's Blood, who taught Christians as their first lesson, to learn of Him who was meek and humble of heart.—St. Francis de Sales.

A correspondent wants to know "how skin can be tanned?" He must have been a remarkably good boy when he went to school not to have learned that among other branches.

CORNER STONE WAS LAID

Sunday last witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Leo's Church at Mimico. The impressive ceremony was performed by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, who was assisted by Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G.; Father McIntee, Father James Walsh, Father Gibbons, and Father Coyle, who is to be the first pastor of the new church. The weather was cold, with light flurries of snow, but the attendance was nevertheless large. This church, which is named after the present illustrious Pontiff, is an indication at once of the growth of the village and district and of the Catholic body living there. The lake shore as well as the village itself is constantly attracting home makers in addition to summer sojourners, and the new church will be a great advantage to all. Not Catholics alone but persons of other denominations also attended the impressive ceremony and listened with deep interest to the words of the Archbishop and to the instructive discourse of Vicar-General McCann, upon the words of our Lord: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church." The church will face south on Church street. It will be completed early next summer and will seat about 250 persons.

Among the laymen who attended the ceremony of Sunday were Mr. Edward Stock, Mr. George P. Magann, Mr. Patrick Woods, Mr. James Gormally, Mr. H. T. Kelly, Mr. L. V. McBrady, Mr. James W. Mallon, Mr. J. W. St. John, barister; Mr. Edward Hartnett, Mr. M. Cullen, Mr. H. Boland.



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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

FEAST OF ST. CECILIA.

The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal writes of the celebration of the Feast of St. Cecilia, on 22nd November, in her Church in the Trastevere quarter of Rome, and in the Catacombs of St. Callixtus on the Appian Way, where her body was placed immediately after martyrdom.

The whole place had a brilliant look on that day. The Trappist Fathers have a monastery here, and the charge of the Catacomb is given over to them. Close to the great staircase which leads down to this vast cemetery of the Roman Church in the third century, groups of young cypress trees have been planted, which give the spot that solemn appearance keeping with the place.

The discourse which follows the celebration in the Catacomb on such occasions was delivered by Commendatore Orazio Marucchi in the Cella, or Chapel of St. Cecilia and Sixtus, above ground. His theme was the importance of St. Callixtus as compared with other Catacombs, it being in the third century the Christian cemetery of Rome.

In it were buried the bodies of fourteen Pontiffs of the third century, and the fragments of the marble epitaphs of at least five of these are still to be met with in this cemetery, four of them in the chapel of the Popes, with the names written in Greek. Prior to this period the sepulture of the Pontiffs was at the Vatican, near the tomb of St. Peter, and the "Liber Pontificalis," a very ancient record of the acts of many of these early Popes, adds, at the end of the account of each, that he was buried near the tomb of St. Peter at the Vatican.

This went on with more or less interruption till the time of Pope Zephyrinus (197-215), who according to undoubted testimony, was buried in St. Callixtus, and was probably the first placed here. In the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, recently embellished and restored by its titular Cardinal Rampolla, Pontifical Secretary of State, a great crowd had gathered. During the course of excavations required for the construction of a new and larger confession, the workmen came upon the remains of an ancient Roman house beneath the level of the church, which, it is conjectured, belonged to the Saint whose relics repose here. The discovery created a sensation among those interested in the history of Christian Rome, which is a large proportion of the Roman people.

The reconstructions and restorations have been carried out in a spirit approaching the ancient style, but however desirous Cardinal Rampolla was of wholly returning to the antique, it was impossible to achieve this purpose otherwise than by rebuilding the whole church, a step which would destroy many interesting elements of a time when the architectural taste of the titular of St. Cecilia was not so pure and severe as it is now.

FRANCE

GOVERNMENT AND THE CONGREGATIONS.

A circular recently sent to Prefects of Departments by the Government directs these officials to be extremely vigilant about the doings or designs of members of monastic Orders and religious Congregations. The Jesuits are to be especially watched and tracked, for M. Waldeck-Rousseau, their former rival, is afraid that they will try to get

hold of some collegiate and other establishments as sham seculars. French Catholics now see to their sorrow that no trust whatever can be placed in the present Cabinet, which is determined to carry out the infamous Associations Bill to the letter. Some militant protests against the action of the Government have been heard at Solesmes, where the official Equivocators of the property of the exiled Benedictines were hooted and jeered by a crowd of determined Catholics, who cried out, "Down with the Freemasons and the Jews!" The freemasons had to be requisitioned for the protection of the official people, who were inspecting the Abbey and grounds.

On Tuesday afternoon, in the old church of the Carmites, used by the Catholic Institute, was unveiled a monument to the memory of the regretted Mgr. D'Hulst. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was present, with Cardinal Langeheine, Archbishop of Rheims, many other Church dignitaries, the professors and students and M. Thureau-Dangin and the Comte d'Haussonville, of the French Academy. An address was delivered by the R. P. Baudrillart, Oratorian, formerly of the Higher Normal School, who became a priest and a professor of the Catholic Institute under the guidance of Mgr. D'Hulst.

The proceedings closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims officiated. The monument is a bust in white marble by Chaplain, and is placed on the left in the transept of the church. The inscription is abbreviated Latin: "Maurit. d'Hulst, Univ. Cath. Rector." It is noticeable that M. Jean de Bonnefon, who writes on Church matters for the Boulevard papers, makes an amende honorable to the memory of Mgr. D'Hulst, whom he so frequently and poisonously attacked when he was alive. Many persons used to consider the deceased Rector of the Catholic University to be a haughty, reserved, and rather selfish person. It has been ascertained since his death that, like Cardinal Manning and many other noble and disinterested men, he gave all his private fortune for good works. Furthermore, during the Commune of 1871, he dressed himself in ordinary lay costume in order to visit the sick and wounded. This was done at the risk of his life, for had he been discovered he would assuredly have been sent to La Roquette and shot like the Archbishop and the other priests, secular and religious, who were arrested by the Communists as hostages.

MRS. BARNETT, OF PLATTSVILLE, ONT. Cured Three and a-half Years Ago by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Further Proof of the Permanency of the Cures Effected by this Great Remedy—A Most Convincing Confirmation of an Interesting Statement Published in the Plattsville Echo, in May, 1898.

Plattsville, Ont., Dec. 16.—(Special.)—Some three and a half years ago, The Plattsville Echo, the local newspaper, published quite an extended account of a most miraculous cure of a well-known and highly respected lady, Mrs. J. Barnett, who had been extremely ill for years, and who claimed to be permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The good lady according to her own statement had been a physical wreck, with nervousness, rheumatism in the left arm, pains in the small of the back, up the spinal column and back of the head, through the eyes, left side of the body and occasionally the right side. She had no appetite and could not sleep at nights. The physicians had given her up and in this pitiful and hopeless condition, Dodd's Kidney Pills found her and completely restored her to good health without an ache or pain. Her appetite returned as her general good health improved. She used in all but twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This was in the spring of 1898, and to-day Mrs. Barnett states positively and in the strongest and most grateful terms that the cure Dodd's Kidney Pills brought her three and a-half years ago was absolute and permanent; that she is to-day stronger and better than she had been for years before taking the pills. Nothing could be more convincing than this good woman's plain and truthful statement, and it proves beyond doubt the lasting character of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Let us now take an example of composite words," said the teacher. "This word 'shipboard' will do. What is the origin of it? That is, how was it made?" Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "You may answer, Thomas," "Made out of the ship's log, ma'am."

MET HIS MATCH.

"An Old Public School Scholar," writing to the Sacred Heart Review, says: "I clip from a Western paper an account of a scene in the University of Chicago, where the professor, dealing last month with the subject of the Reformation, so far forgot himself as to burst into a regular tirade against the Catholic Church. He met his match. To quote from the paper before me: "The Popes of that time were knaves, tricksters, hypocrites, who professed in their outward lives the direct opposite of their inner lives, who believed not the tenets of the Church of which they were the head; indulgences, pardons for sins (!) were bought and sold. Such, in effect, is the substance of this jaundiced professor's harangue. The scholars drank in this baneful potion, and thus were swallowed the germs of the grossest and most detestable bigotry and falsehood, in the very halls of a great American university! But such a monstrous and diabolical attack on Catholic principles was not allowed to pass unchallenged. In the class was a sterling Catholic girl, who grew more indignant and Catholic as the lesson progressed. When the professor had almost exhausted his supply of lies and falsehood, she rose, in open class, in the full confidence of the strength of her position. "What is the Catholic doctrine on indulgences?" was the simple but telling question she asked the professor. The class was thunderstruck, the professor dumfounded. He could not answer the question, because he did not know the answer. She then proceeded to tell him that he had recommended to the class seven works, not one of which was Catholic. The professor afterwards apologized, saying it was a slip of the tongue. "No, sir, it was not, and for the future be careful of what you say," was the girl's firm response. A few such fearless scholars in the halls of prejudiced universities and schools would work untold good in the advancement of justice and truth. All honor to such courageous souls that dare to stand up for the right.

"I hope you will give this incident prominence in your columns. It ought to do good to other professors and many scholars."

CROWLEY CASE SETTLED.

The following letters, says The Chicago New World, have been addressed by Father Crowley to Cardinal Martinielli. Chicago, Nov. 22.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinielli—May it please Your Eminence to save the honor of our beloved Church and bring peace and harmony to our faithful Catholic people. I sincerely regret if I have said anything disrespectful to Your Eminence or the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago. I am willing to co-operate with you in any honorable settlement of the lamentable state of affairs existing in this Archdiocese. I am, with very much respect, etc.

JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY. Chicago, Nov. 25.—To His Eminence Sebastian Cardinal Martinielli, Pro-Delegate Apostolic. Your Eminence—To save the honor of our beloved Church and to repair the scandal I might have given to our faithful Catholic people, I sincerely regret whatever I may have said disrespectful to Your Eminence and to the most reverend Archbishop of Chicago, and I also retract anything I may have either said or written which could not be approved by the Catholic Church. JEREMIAH J. CROWLEY. Ex-Judge Moran, counsel for the pastor of the Cathedral in the injunction suit, is authority for the statement that the trouble has been practically settled. Beyond the writing of the above letters, the details of the settlement have not been given to the public.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, GUELPH. Guelph, Dec. 9.—There was a good representation of members of St. Patrick's Society at the annual meeting. Mr. D. Nunan, M. D., was in the chair. The financial report showed, after donations to the two hospitals, a comfortable balance to credit. It was decided to celebrate the day with a concert in the opera house. The annual supper will be held early in the New Year. The officers elected are as follows: President, Ald. Geo. J. Thorp; First Vice-President, Ald. James E. Day; Second Vice-President, H. C. Schofield; Secretary, M. W. Doherty; Treasurer, Ald. C. L. Dunbar; Auditors, W. G. Bond, Colonel Higinbotham.

If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in that which is small. If you cannot do great things for Him, cheerfully do little ones. If you cannot be an Aaron to serve at the altar or a Moses to guide the tribes, consent to be "a little maid" to Naaman, the Syrian, for the honor of God's prophets or a little child for Christ's sake, to be set by Him in the midst of the people as an illustration of the sweetness of humility. Every one desires to be saved. Simply desiring will not accomplish this work. We must put our heart in the work and make use of all the means placed at our disposal. We should choose some devotion

Educational

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The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Fourth Sunday of Advent

- S. 22 St. Zeno, M.
M. 23 St. Victoria, V. M.
W. 24 St. Theresita and Emilliana.
Th. 25 Christmas
Fr. 26 St. Stephen, First Martyr.
S. 27 St. John Evangelist.
S. 28 The Holy Innocents, M.M.

A HOUSEHOLD HEROINE.

The woman behind the preserving pot
Is certainly deserving of fame;
She's not like the man behind the gun,
But she's getting there just the same.

recourse then, and that is, in spite of the hobby, to love his son-in-law as a par. of his daughter, and usually he does.

But the mother, when her trial in this line comes, seldom takes it so easily. It is so hard for her to give up her son that she often fights the necessity with all the weapons at command.

She knows that as a rule she does give him up, practically he goes into his wife's family; it is her daughter, no matter how tenderly married who remains hers.

And if the mother, with the wisdom of her superior years, with the authority of her somewhat superior station as mother and as elder, could recognize the fact that both the young wife and she herself love the same person with all their hearts, care equally for his happiness, put him before everything else in the world, have really but one and the same chief concern in their lives, abolish jealousy of each other and of each other's loves, their separate relations would resolve into one, and there would be bliss in the house of war.

LONDON'S TAMMANY.

The New York Herald is rather tired of the rejoicings of the London press over the downfall of Tammany. The Herald was one of

Tammany's most powerful opponents during the election. "London," it writes, "congratulates us on our having got rid of our 'Old Man of the Sea.' When will we be able to congratulate London on getting rid of its gas and water monopolies, its corrupt and incompetent vestry boards, its wretched system of alleged public education, its grinding ground-rents, its grinding and grinding night streets, its slums where starvation is often a regularly tabulated cause of death, its—but why enumerate?"

WHEN BARRY SULLIVAN WAS IN CANADA.

In the new biography by R. M. Sillard it is recorded that Barry Sullivan's salary on his first London engagement was no more than ten pounds a week, but it rapidly grew to fifty. He was much better remunerated on his first American tour. We read, "That his seventeen months' tour of Canada and the United States had been a success needs no telling. He sought and found a fortune in that fitodoro. During his short absence from England he had played three hundred and ten times at an average nightly profit to himself of about 200 dollars." This at the time was probably a record. It was on this tour that he again encountered the tragedian Forrest, who redeemed his promise to befriend him by constant malignity and ridicule. But Barry Sullivan at length got the chance of an effective retort, and promptly seized it. It was Forrest's habit to frequent the theatre when Barry Sullivan played and ridicule, his performance openly. On one occasion "when Sullivan, as Hamlet, said to Gilderstern, 'I am but, mind north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a heron—pshaw!' Forrest; threw himself back into his seat, and broke into a loud hal hal hal, which could be heard all over the house. Polonius entering immediately on the stage, Sullivan took a few steps to the front, and, continuing in his text, said (pointing at Forrest in the box instead of Polonius): 'Hark you, Gilderstern, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing clouds.' The whole theatre shook with laughter and applause at the palpable hit, and amidst the cheering Forrest's glacialatorial form was seen hastily retreating from the box." It is, of course, impossible to note the innumerable triumphs of the great actor in the zenith of his career, even in briefest details, nor the compliments paid him. But one tribute from one of the greatest actors that ever lived, the genial Joseph Jefferson, with whom he had often performed. "Barry Sullivan was an intellectual actor," wrote Jefferson a month after Sullivan's death. "Great actors suggest, they cannot imitate; I consider the highest praise of acting to be intellectual and poetical."

An Exposure of Frauds

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A Warning to Druggists and to the People Generally Against Fraudulent Parties who are Trying to Deal on the Reputation of this Famous Remedy

CHILD AND PARENT.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford.) There are few more beautiful relations in life than that of father and daughter capable of being perfect from the beginning to the end of its career.

It is lovely in babyhood, when the father looks at the little creature as at something of an unfamiliar region, a better land, something wearing half a heavenly aura, too fine and innocent to be his very own, looks at her almost reverentially, while she returns his gaze as one might gaze on the divine.

It is lovely still in later years when the father sees the girl like a rose bursting into bloom, and living over again the youth of her mother, translated a degree away, perhaps, living again, in some measure, the life of his own mother, the child still holding him as the wall between her and the world.

It is lovelier still when, in the father's old age, the daughter has in a way become the protector, and, as far as she can, and without his perceiving it, reverses the old order, and stands between him and the rough edge of trouble.

He may address her, but in all his life he never becomes entirely familiar with her; her mind is to him an untraveled country; he has always a little awe of her; she may in reality be far his inferior, but to his views she is always something a little higher, a little further on.

Of course, we speak only of those whose relation is what it should be and stands in the white light of trust and affection, of reverence and gratitude and honor.

Certainly it is a hardship, which every one does not appreciate, that no sooner is a father gratified by seeing his daughter develop all the charm of womanhood, thinking now he has her safe for a while to illuminate his house, that he has to resign her to another.

He has spent love and care and thought and money on her, educated her to the best of her scope and his ability, found her at last all that is lovely in his eyes, and along comes the "gentleman from Spain" and takes possession.

CHURCH MUSIC NEEDS REFORMING.

"The Catholic Church decrees (1894) that 'all music is forbidden, at Mass or in Office, in which even the smallest word is omitted, or in which any words are turned aside from their sense or are indiscreetly repeated.'"

"The diocese of Cincinnati, some time since, established a commission (now publishing its second official catalogue of permissible music), whose imprimatur is necessary for any music to be sung in the churches of that archdiocese. Not that this commission was to allow only one kind of music; but simply it was to decide, in accordance with the mind and declared will of the church, whether the sacred words were improperly treated, or whether the other decrees of Rome were carried out, which also severely forbid the use in church of any profane music, especially if it be inspired by theatrical themes, variations, and reminiscences."

"This statement embodies the spirit of the church with regard to church music. But how far different from this spirit is the practice now in vogue in many churches! A short time ago I heard, at a cathedral, Wagner's 'Pilgrims Chorus' as an operatic 'Tantum Ergo.' (What would the artist think of this treatment of his whole life's effort to teach men that 'nothing is good without respect?' The cathedral is less inartistic, though more profane, that gives us a Benediction scene from Donizetta—very well sung. But who would think he was in a church that carried two straws about what the Holy See wills as to 'profane' music, when he listens to the interesting maiden of Braga's 'Serenade' (dreamy violin obligato and all)? Having tried to pray, in spite of distractions, the congregation is invited to adore with 'Tantum Ergo' to Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'Lost Chord,' and is forced into the memories of the drawing-room, forbidden by common sense, by artistic fitness, and by the church that sits in Rome. What is she? Who is she? What is her word worth? We can hardly think too much on these things."—Professor Stocklev in The Catholic World.

"Well," remarked Tyre Dout to himself, as he struggled with the piece of cake given him by his bride, "now I understand about it, being better to give than to receive."

CRIMINAL WARS.

Speaking in a Baptist Church in Toronto on Sunday, Dr. Goldwin Smith said: "Of unnecessary and therefore criminal wars he had seen as an Englishman at least three. First, the Afghan war, in plunging into which Lord Palmerston 'as actuated by a most insane hate and fear of Russia. The consequence was the loss of a whole British army, amounting to 14,000 men, and a great shock to the integrity of the Indian Empire. Then there was the Crimean war. Palmerston, with his hatred for Russia, and perhaps also with a desire to withstand the opposition of his Premier, Lord Aberdeen, encouraged that war, though the Czar was really the friend of England and Russia was our ally. Only a few years had passed when that war had not a single defender. The very journals which had done most to begin it did not defend it. It bore no fruit, and in a few years Russia tore up the treaty and nothing remained of it but a vast charnel house on the heights of Sebastopol and the bones that were whitening near the storied Euxine. Then there was the war with China, the chief cause of which was to force the Chinese to buy our opium and thus increase the deadly traffic. Such is the religion and civilization which are propagated by war. Who now speaks without shame of the Chinese war? Yet of aggressions of commercial greed upon China unhappily that is not the last. The other day we had a great force let loose upon that hapless people, involving destruction and years of misery, rape, arson, looting, with famine in their train; navigation of the river glutted by the carcasses of the murdered peasantry; children whom their fathers tried to save spitted on the bayonets. Once more we see our civilization and Christianity are propagated by the sword. Till the other day not even Palmerston, warlike as he was, would have spoken of war other than as a deplorable necessity. A sudden change has come over the world. Violence and aggression seem to be the order of the day. Morality in the concerns of nations was losing its influence; in some quarters it was even derided."

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The other day four-year-old Willie was naughty and his mamma found it necessary to chastise him. After the pain was over he was seen to scribble something on a slip of paper and go out and bury it. His sister was watching him, and went out and dug up the buried paper, and this is what she read: "Dere devil, cum an' take mama."

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

FRENCH-CANADIANS LOVE CANADA FIRST.

Montreal, Dec. 9.—La Patrie, in an article upon the position of French-Canadians, vigorously replies to the charges of disloyalty made in some papers by reference to several events of history. In reply to Mr. McLom's scheme of an Imperial Parliament, it cannot see what advantage it would be to French-Canadians to discuss their interests in an assembly where the whole of Canada would have only 90 out of the 750 representatives who know nothing whatever of this country. "We are Canadians before all and above all," adds La Patrie. "All our patriotism, all our love, all our aspirations, all our souvenirs, our whole soul is attached to the land of Canada, to that ancestral soil in which our fathers slept; that is our only country. Why, then, always accuse us of treason? We are better Canadians and more sincere patriots than our detractors and enemies, who want to compromise our destinies and our liberties in adventures and speculations whose bearing they cannot understand."

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THE HARPERS APOLOGIZE. Criticism by practically the entire Catholic press of the country has drawn from the publishers of Harper's Magazine an apology for the appearance in that periodical of a vile poem, "Margaret of Cor-

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THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1901.

CHRISTMAS.

The great Christian feast returns once more to bless humanity. But behold! the race of man in the first year of the 20th century still stands, even more sullenly than in centuries past, in the position of the unjust steward. To Christian civilization Providence has granted blessings undreamed of by previous civilizations. No longer are friends, families or nations divided by geographical difficulties. It were possible even to-day for mankind to live in peace as one family. Distance and primeval desolation have been annihilated upon the earth. The desert smiles like a garden and furnishes the crowded mart at the other side of the globe with its abundance. All comes from God! But the steward receiving this bounty and indulgence, notwithstanding seizes his fellow man as murderously as in the dark days before he heard the message of the Saviour's unbounded love. Race wars against race with a purpose as relentless as that of the unjust steward. Even ministers of the gospel join daily in the babel of hate.

Not yet among nations is the Christian ideal — the family ideal — understood. It is only by turning from the sickening spectacle of the national slaughter houses with which the fair earth is smeared at this Christmas season, to the family life in the church and the home, which is divine in its institution, that Christians may participate in the blessed spirit of the Christmas-tide. "Peace on earth, among men of good will" is not a dead message here. Thank God for it. Thank God for the family and the church. To each — and they are inseparable — Christmas brings undiminished the joys of the Nativity. Faith and love flourish as they have flourished through the long Christian ages. Within the Church all become children; within the family the children become the centre of love.

To some extent the conditions of the surrounding social life will, indeed, invade the realm of the church and the home. It should be our duty to lessen this as much as possible. Christmas shopping should be ended by six o'clock on Christmas Eve. Christmas theatre-going should be — alas it is not! — unheard of. In many of the city stores the girls who work as late as midnight are but children in years. They have a claim upon the family spirit as strong as those whose homes have never been invaded by the necessity of children laboring for their bread. In this, as in a hundred other ways the good will of the Christmas-tide may be maintained. Within each one's power some influence for good rests. In this spirit do we wish all our readers

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE WAR

It may have been a grand general admission of the decline of British statesmanship that the entire Empire waited for many weeks with bated breath for Lord Rosebery to speak upon the war. Lord Rosebery! — the eloquent babbler, the phrase-maker for whom neither political party has any use, and who has proved himself utterly incapable of serious work.

The noble lord spoke at Chesterfield on Monday evening, and if he did nothing else, added at least one phrase more to his copyrighted list. He said the present Government was not fit to rule a cabbage garden, much less an empire. This is notoriously true; but then the British public almost to a man recognized the fact long before Lord Rosebery gave expression to it. Mr. Chamberlain's rowdy oratory was particularly blamed for rousing the indignation of Europe against England. The importance of this point in Lord Rosebery's

speech is not simply confined to the fact that he himself is in heart and purpose a Tory, calling himself a Liberal, but attaches in a greater degree to the more or less publicly entertained supposition that His Lordship is the political mouthpiece of the throne. In the lifetime of the late Queen Victoria he was a prime favorite, and he is, of a certitude, closer to the King than any of His Majesty's Ministers. This, then, may be the reason why the nation waited with respectful mien for the oracle to speak. He has spoken; but has not added a great deal to the public fund of information. The only suggestion he made of any force was that the Boer Government be recognized at once with a view to resuming peace negotiations. He, however, spoiled even that point by informing the Boers beforehand that they need expect nothing else than the fate decided for them already by the very Government which Lord Rosebery declares unfit to rule a cabbage garden.

It is better far that this mere talker should go back to his "lonely furrow" and stay there for good.

AN ENLIGHTENING CONTRAST.

The following conversation developed a few days ago among a small group of young men who take an active interest in politics. All were Liberals and all Catholics. "Did you remark the peculiar thing about that dinner given by Premier Ross to the deputy heads of all the departments?" asked one.

Those who happened to have heard of the dinner at all, answered at once: "Oh, yes; there was not a Catholic in the bunch."

"Did you also observe," continued the first speaker, that Catholics are having honors thrust upon them in the election of live, working officers for the different young Liberal clubs throughout the city in preparation for the coming election?"

They had all noticed that. "Strange contrast," went on the first speaker again. "Not one Catholic holding a first-class position in the Parliament Buildings, and we Catholics working like beavers to keep the Government in power."

All nodded assent that it was passing strange. But if they amiably said nothing, they saw how the Government wood is sawed for next to nothing.

A PROHIBITION AGITATION.

The Government in Queen's Park would willingly let The Christian Guardian and The Westminster decide between them when and for how long the people of Ontario are to be disturbed by another agitation in favor of prohibition. This, however, is not the policy for a strong government to pursue. The Government should have given the Prohibition party a direct answer such as Sir John Thompson gave, and let that party take the responsibility of making prohibition an issue in the forthcoming Ontario elections. When the decision of the Privy Council was made known, The Register said that Ontario could well afford to wait upon the experience with prohibition which we supposed was ahead of Manitoba. But Mr. Roblin has practically repudiated Hugh John Macdonald and is willing to see the Prohibition party tackle Ontario for a change. In this aspect of the case, it is time for both the Ontario Government and the Ontario Opposition to define their respective positions. They are trifling with the public interests by playing with the prohibition question.

THE GLOBE AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

The Globe, of Thursday last, had an article on "The Irish Cause," which pained, but did not surprise us. When a paper that was once Liberal alludes with blunt derision to the leaders of the Liberal party in England, and goes into raptures over Mr. Asquith and other office-seeking imitators of Chamberlain's great desertion, it is but natural to expect that it will turn turtle on the Irish cause some day. But it actually pained us to read in the editorial page of The Globe language obviously borrowed from old "Flaneur" paragraphs in The Mail. That is what makes us sad. However, it does not make matter for one "Flaneur" more or less. The people who really understand and sympathize with the Irish cause are equally indifferent to

newspapers who pose as old Tories or swagger as new Imperialists. We fear it would offend the Imperialistic stomach of The Globe to quote John Morley or Sir William Harcourt; but we may remind our contemporary that there are Home Rulers like Lord Spencer and Sir Wilfrid Laurier who do not play weathercock to every passing wind.

THE LATE DR. SWEETNAM.

The death of Dr. Sweetnam last week was the result of an apparently trifling accident. But the duty from which the accident resulted was an everyday experience in the life of the young physician. He was treating a free patient in St. Michael's Hospital who had a gunshot wound in the arm in which gangrene had developed. At this season of good will among men, it is well to remember that many there are who dispense good will not at one season of the year only, but all the year round. This young surgeon whose death has saddened so many in Toronto, so lived. More than once in a single night and in the most inclement weather would he answer a call to the St. Nicholas Institute, but never for fee or reward. In him Christian kindness and a noble ideal of duty went together constantly and inseparably. A Methodist in religion, he was an honor to that denomination not less than to his city.

AN IMPUDENT DEMAND.

The City Dairy Company demands water from the city at manufacturers' rates. It is significant that the demand is being made on the eve of the elections. One alderman informs The Register that he has been threatened by a lobbyist of the company. This is a serious matter. It is more serious for the citizens even than it looks. The City Dairy Company when it attempted to create a monopoly of the milk business of this city, began by slandering every milk man in Toronto and vicinity. And the crusade has been kept up. Now the company wants to lay tribute upon the taxpayers, and thus aid the work of squeezing out the few milkmen who have refused to be terrorized. If the aldermen bend before this pressure the people will have an account to settle with the aldermen. The City Dairy Company is eminently qualified for looking after its own interests without the taxpayers being alled upon to bonus its war of extermination upon the competing dairies.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO POPE LEO.

Mr. Hall Caine makes some significant remarks, for a Protestant, about Leo XIII. in the Christmas number of Household Words. "The sense," he writes, "which must always be present to the Pope of being the spiritual father of his children; the attitude of devotion taken by the sincere and simple natures who come in tens of thousands to kneel at his feet; the awful and overawing belief that in some mystic way, only partly intelligible to himself, he is the living voice through whom God speaks to the world, seems to me a condition calculated to lift up the soul of man to the highest spirituality of which human nature is capable. No more powerful intellect, no tenderer heart for the cry of suffering, or more Catholic spirit in its outlook on the troubles of the world has yet been found in the long line of illustrious men who have occupied the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff."

CHRISTMAS AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The joy bells that rang out the glad tidings of Christmas in the olden time, have long been relegated to the covers of Christmas numbers by the electric telegraph which allowed Christians of the 19th century to exchange the season's greeting all round the world.

But we of the 20th century will presently be excluding the bells from the pictorial literature of the good old times, and putting the telegraph "tickers" in their place. Marconi will flash the greetings of this Christmas across the ocean without wires, and the ships that pass over the deep will read the news. News for good or evil? Is the news always to be of good will to men? The unhappy death struggle of race against race at this moment is a dreadful augury of the future.

RECEPTION TO POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MULLOCK.

On Tuesday evening an enthusiastic political reception was tendered Postmaster-General Mulock in Massey Music Hall. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. William Paterson, Premier Ross, Senators Landerkin and Cox, and all the members of the Ontario Cabinet attended. The affair was a great success.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

For a young baby prince to be handed round on a salver immediately after his birth, as though he were some exceptional kind of Christmas present, seems a rather curious idea. This, however, is what occurred when the Princess of the Asturias, sister of King Alfonso of Spain and heir-presumptive to the Spanish throne, gave birth the other day to a little son.

Claims of services to be performed at the Coronation of the King are being heard and determined upon by the Court of Claims, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall. Amongst other claims will be that of the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worksope, to present a pair of gloves to the Sovereign, and, further, to hold the scepter with the cross, whilst the peers pay homage. Besides this special claim, the Duke, in right of the Earldom of Arundel, claims the office of butler at the banquet.

The ultra-Jingo Pall Mall Gazette of London is horrified at the discovery of its Berlin correspondent that the 1st Regiment of German Artillery has been furnished with a new and terrible kind of bayonet. "It is double-edged, but only one edge cuts. The other is a saw." But the Germans have no right to claim the evil renown for bringing this weapon into use. Twenty years ago a precisely similar weapon was furnished by a thoughtful British Government to the Royal Irish Constabulary.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.)

As clever a book as the year has produced, a book to linger over and enjoy. Another delicate satire upon Adamless Eden, femininity and all its hopes and ideals.

Anna Estcourt, an English girl of five and twenty, falls heir to a small estate in North Germany, and aspires to the attainment of true joy by providing for gentlemen only who have suffered and fallen into penury. Her experiences could not be described by any other pen than that of the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." The book will be laid down with a sigh and the feeling that there was not quite enough of it. Needless to say, Anna finds an asylum in marriage; but not without a love story, which the best of girls will read not without profit as well as pleasure. There is not a page in the book that does not contain some analytical hint or other of what persons who, being young and raw and soft-natured, may expect to come up against when they go into the business of manufacturing love for others, more especially when those others are no longer young.

"Marietta: A Maid of Venice," is the title of Marion Crawford's romance of Paolo Godi's secret of glass-making in Ancient Venice — Marano to be exact. The chief feature of the story is the author's interesting acquaintance with the art of the glass-makers. Though this feature looms up large on Mr. Crawford's pages, there is not by any means too much of it. Otherwise the story is not drawn out of the beaten path. The love affairs of the under villain (for there are two in the tale) would harmonize easily with the purpose of the modern French novel. But then we have Venice studied and revealed after the manner of a play in which charming scenery assists a second-rate plot. Mr. Crawford is always at home in this department of his work; and it promotes a very pleasant and lazy feeling in the reader who lingers upon the descriptions of long summer days and nights on the canals. Besides Marietta is a recompense for the altogether too elaborate painting of the Georgian slave, one of those impossibly immoral characters found nowhere else than in the novel of the day. It is a great pity that an author who likes to be regarded as a "Catholic novelist" cannot get along without such monstrosities. — "The Copp Clark Co., Toronto."

"God Wills It," a tale of the First Crusade, by William Stearns Davis (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.) Turgid, extravagant and tiresome is this alleged interpretation in popular form of the history of the First Crusade. It may please some readers to whom the philosophy of Christian history, and the character of the church are as unfamiliar as the private life of

the ancient Egyptians. With a writer of this enterprising American school there is no room for criticism. His work does not invite it.

"Pussy Meow," the autobiography of a cat. By S. Louise Patterson (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.) When you have read "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe," and feel that they are not only very interesting and sympathetic stories, but also deserving of encouragement for the sake of our dumb animals you will realize upon reading the present autobiography that the series is incomplete without "Pussy Meow." The novellists are determined to have a Noah's Ark on the library shelf, and to do them simple justice they are constructing it quite pleasingly. "Pussy Meow" is up to the standard in every respect, and competent either to preside at a meeting of a humane society or to act as governess in a polite family.

"Young Barbarians," by Ian MacLaren. A thrilling story of school life in Scotland. The book is published by the Copp Clark Co. Three characters which are given a good deal of prominence are "Speng" and "Nestie," two pupils and "Bulldog," the mathematical master. Neither "Speng" nor "Nestie" is the kind of boy we would care to see our own boys imitate. While both have some very good points in their makeup, they have a good many bad ones. The following extract will show "Speng's" principal failing: "And as that accomplished young gentleman had acquired in the stables a wealth of profanity which was the amazement of the school, his protest had all the more weight."

If there is one trait in the character of a boy that is repulsive, it is lying. This was "Nestie's" stronghold: "I dunna believe a word o't. 'Nestie' is a fearsome liar." "Bulldog" was certainly not a master who spared the rod and spoiled the child. "Naething pleased 'Bulldog' sae weel as givin' us a lickin'." * * * and there's no a ladie in schule he's licked as often as me." But boys such as these do form a goodly portion of many schools, and no doubt the general outline of school life of the time is well described. We think a story of boys of a little higher moral calibre would be more welcome as a gift than "The Young Barbarians."

"Juvenile Round Table." Stories by the foremost Catholic authors. (Benziger Bros., New York, etc. Price \$1.) This is a charming book for young people, containing twenty stories, by such well known writers as Theo. Gift, Father Finn, Anna T. Sadlier, Maurice Farnice Egan, Mary Catharine Crowley, etc. Brimful of incident, copiously illustrated and provided with good Catholic sentiment. Would make a nice holiday gift for boys or girls.

A CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE.

The Copp Clark Co., 64 and 66 Front street, Toronto, have just issued their annual catalogue of Christmas books. Gilbert Parker, George W. Cable, F. Marion Crawford, William Stearns Davis, Samuel Merwin, Dr. Weir Mitchell, J. M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren, R. N. Stephens, Hamilton Drummond, Winston Churchill, Bertha Runkle, G. A. Henry, in fact the entire range of modern writers are represented in this prettily illustrated booklet. One thing must be said for the Copp Clark Co. They have given Canadian readers as handsome editions of current works as England or the United States simultaneously produce. That is greatly to their credit.

A NOTABLE NEW YEAR ISSUE.

The January Delineator has a rich and inviting table of contents, and attractive features are added to all the existing departments. Ira D. Sankey, the famous evangelist, vividly describes his journey through Egypt and Palestine, and the personality of the author gives to these papers an interest that is truly remarkable. They are illustrated by photographs made by I. Allen S. who accompanied his father on the most mournful events and the public sympathy with Mrs. McKinley make very timely an article on Notable Pensioners of the Nation, in which the annuities paid to certain illustrious ladies are made public for perhaps the first time. Dr. S. R. Elliott begins his series of recollections of a group of women noteworthy for personal character and attainments and Clara E. Laughlin tells with great charm the story of Poe's love and marriage. Some excellent fiction is offered in this number; the children are especially considered and the various miscellaneous articles — the fancy-work, cookery, the holiday display, house-furnishing, etc. — have a distinctively seasonal flavor.

THE JESUITS.

The Open Court for January gives a very lengthy article by Henri Ladevesse, entitled, "The Truth About the Jesuits." We have not had an opportunity of giving the paper a careful reading; but from its wealth and width of literary reference we accept it as a contribution to current discussions of no ordinary value.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Christmas number of McClure's Magazine contains an appreciative study of Michael Angelo by John La Farge, illustrated

by photographic reproductions from some of his greatest paintings and sculptures. Unexcelled as an artist in the sublimity and grandeur of his works, Michael Angelo has left lasting monuments of his fame as poet, painter, sculptor and architect, the inspiration of Catholic ideals. Speaking of his last great work, the writer says:

The greatest of the architectural enterprises he was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion. He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first designer; and their enmity and misapprehension of what was being aimed at a continuous thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment. It cannot be denied," he said, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter, clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth." We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor can we see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing which Michelangelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea, as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur. Michelangelo's life might well close upon this final expressing of himself. He had retired within himself, and the ideas of religion filled the demands of his desires. He had been disappointed in many things; his ideal of civil life had disappeared from the world; he had not accomplished some of the work his heart was bent on, he viewed with austerity his own excessive enjoyment of beauty; he had met few other lives which could equally move along with his own. Perhaps he was conscious of his enormous importance, but he was modest beyond all other men, and devoid of what is called ambition. One great satisfaction he must have felt: he had toiled for the keeping of his family in their station of life, and the fortune which he left was enough to guarantee these chances. This was the moderate end for which he had created the marvels of art which belong to his name.

His death marked for all Italy the close of the great period. There was a contest between Rome and Florence as to which city should keep his body. Florence keeps him, and gave him a princely funeral, and the usual unpoetic tomb that serves for princes. Though both cities and most men of the time misstated and misapprehended many of the reasons for his greatness, they were not in so far different from most of us. It takes many centuries and many minds to build a sufficient intellectual appreciation of the man who perhaps was the greatest of all artists.

The demand for the three beautiful pictures given with The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal this season has been so great as to completely upset all calculations of the publishers regarding supplies. They are certainly the biggest value ever offered and no wonder there is a big demand. The publishers of that great paper have guaranteed every person who subscribes for 1902 that they will receive the three pictures, and a large staff are working night and day endeavoring to catch up with orders. Their copy of the Gainsborough Picture is creating a perfect furore.

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CROWN VS. JUDITH MULLALLY

The little whitewashed court-house was open to the rain, the wind and the world generally. It was petty sessions day in Ballycarney. On the magistrate's desk lay the record-books, ready for inspection. Curious persons began to peer through the door to see if their honors the justices had yet arrived. A few settled themselves down upon the benches.

A smart dog-cart whirred into Court street and drew up before the door. Thence descended Caffyn, the R. M., greeted by a salute from Sergeant McShane. Caffyn was an Englishman—or, at least, an Irishman educated in England. He had an interesting liver, and a sublime ignorance of the ways and wiles of Upper Ossory. The liver was due to India; the ignorance to training. The sub-inspector came next, a smart young man who had failed for Sandhurst, but was an excellent judge of a horse. Then the local justices arrived. Hartopp, who was a D. L., thanks to his ancestor, the farmer in Dutch William's army; O'Carney, who inherited a very small portion of the Ballycarney estate, and Dan Cheevers, whom a paternal government had dubbed "J.P." because he had a snug farm and shouted the war-cry of "Tim Healy aboo!" These, with Caffyn, R. M., were the "bench"—a bench of many colors.

The blue pages of the record books rustled as Hartopp took the chair, with O'Carney on his right, and the R. M. in the position traditionally ascribed to the bad angel. Dan Cheevers found a seat somewhere in the rear, where a map of Ardcorney Barony hung next to the printed statutes of the shooting of game.

Then the prisoners began to file in through a side door, escorted by several strapping members of the Royal Irish Nods and mysterious signs passed between the wobegone group of men and women and their friends on the "ree side" of the railing. Here a lawbreaker would lift five fingers, or ten, as the case might be, while an answering signal would be sent back from the occupant of a distant bench, and the prisoner rendered happy or disconsolate according to the nature of the reply. Or a much-banded sufferer, seeing his enemy in the throng, would flash toward him a malignant glance from his still uninjured optic, only to receive in return a grin of defiance.

The doctor and the clerk of the peace came in together, the former from a damp round of red tickets, the latter from his home, which was seven Irish miles across the mountains. Then somebody banged the door so that the rain could only spit through a broken window pane, and the wind whined insultingly down the chimney. The court was open. The blindfolded goddess fingered her scales.

"The Crown versus Judith Mullally," remarked the clerk of the peace as he fitted one of his own particular brand of nibs into a rusty penholder. "Judith Mullally, come forward."

There was no answer. In the court-room people looked at each other, wondering who "Judith Mullally" might be.

From the bench O'Carney leaned over and whispered something to the clerk. The latter smiled, and in a louder tone summoned "Judy Gorman."

Immediately the knot of prisoners parted, and a wretched little woman, hollow-cheeked and clad in rags, darted forth with a policeman in pursuit.

Caffyn, R. M., brought his hairy fist down with a bang upon the desk.

"Here, I say!" he spluttered, "what's the meaning of this? Who the deuce is this woman?"

"This is Judy Gorman, Caffyn," observed O'Carney, smilingly. "Have you never heard of Judy Gorman?"

"Then let Judy Gorman go back to her place," snarled the R. M. "The woman named on the charge sheet is one Judith Mullally."

There was a distinct titter in the court.

"Well, you see, Caffyn," explained O'Carney, "we have many queer customs in Upper Ossory. One of them is that a married woman retains her maiden name after marriage. Now Judy Gorman's late husband was one Kyran Mullally, so the sergeant there wishing to summon her legally and not more Ossoryense, put her down in the charge sheet as 'Mrs. Judith Mullally.' I don't believe any one in the barony could guess who 'Judith Mullally' was without doing a little hard thinking, for Kyran has been dead these twenty years."

"Twenty year an' three months come next All Souls', your honor," wailed the voice of the prisoner.

"Twenty year an' three months since Kyran, God rest him, went to heaven. An' 'tis seventeen year and a week since Hartopp pulled the roof over my head—"

"Silence, woman!" shouted Caffyn. "This is an extraordinary travesty of justice. The prisoner is first summoned here under an illegal name, and then allowed to talk in this manner. Mr. Chairman—"

But Hartopp had risen from his chair. He was a slow man, Hartopp, but not an unkindly one.

"I shan't abdicate in this case," he said. "The prisoner was formerly my uncle's tenant. Will you take my place, O'Carney?"

The change was effected, and the case against Judy Gorman, otherwise Mrs. Judith Mullally, began.

The policeman told his story. Judy Gorman had been "at it again," he declared. On the previous evening she had lighted a bonfire on the knock of Stracashel, part of the property of Mr. Hartopp. Tim Casey, who held the farm, had warned her off, but she refused to go, alleging that it was her own house, and she had a right to be there.

"Housel!" interrupted Caffyn, R. M.; "who said anything about a house? Is there a house on the hill of Stracashel?"

No; there was nothing there now but a pile of stones. There had been a small farmhouse once, the policeman believed, but Mr. Hartopp had torn it down. The farmhouse had belonged to Judith Gorman and her husband, Kyran Mullally. The widow had been evicted for non-payment of rent.

"Oho!" cried Caffyn, "so that not satisfied with trespassing, she was also illegally attempting to occupy premises from which she had been evicted?"

"Yes, sir; and, of course, the bonfire brought a slough of the people from the hills around. And when I came, Judy—er—the prisoner was talkin' to the crowd."

"Unlawful assembly, and incitement to commit an offense," grunted Caffyn.

"She was cursin' Tim Casey and Mr. Hartopp," went on the policeman, "and when I started to take her she ups with a big door-key and says to me 'Take me if ye dare, ye long-legged peeler with the harp on your buttons and the lie in your heart. Take me if you dare,' she says, 'or I'm in my house and the door's locked, and I've got the key.'"

"What on earth did the creature mean by that?" demanded Caffyn.

"Fath, I'm not sure, sir; but she shook the big door-key in my face, all the way back to the police-barack. And when I brought her before Mr. O'Carney that night, he told me to give her the key back."

Caffyn looked reproachfully at the chairman. Perhaps this mysterious door-key was some secret symbol—some mystic token by which rebel feeling was to be stimulated in those wild uplands of the heights of Ireland.

"Where is the key now?" he asked.

"Where is it, inagh?" answered the voice of Judy; no longer low and wailing, but shrill as a bagpipe on a fair day. "Where is it, but here?"

And she drew from under her old gray shawl a large key of the kind used in locking Ballycarney doors—when any one troubled to look them at all.

"Hand it up here," commanded Caffyn.

"Indeed, and I'll not. Sure 'tis lettin' Hartopp into my house ye'd be."

"I think, Caffyn, there's no need to take the key from her, put in the quiet voice of O'Carney. "The key really does nobody any harm * * * Now, Molyneaux" (this to the policeman), "anything more against Judy?"

"No more, your honor." O'Carney turned to his fellow-magistrates. "Well, what shall we say?" he asked.

At this the eyes of Caffyn, R. M., grew large and round.

"Goodness me, O'Carney," he whispered, "you've omitted the prisoner's defence."

O'Carney turned to his fellow-magistrate. "We need not bother about that," said he.

"Need—not—bother—about—that! * * * But God bless my soul, we wouldn't dare to do such things even in India * * * Of course I agree with you that matters would be expected if we could give her a month or so at once, but really—really, our plain duty demands that we hear her."

"Oh, very well; if you insist * * * Lawson, will you swear Judy?"

The clerk rose, and handed a Douay version of the Bible to the prisoner.

"You solemnly swear," he repeated, "that what evidence you are about to give in this case shall

be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you, God. Kiss the book. Not your thumb, do you mind, but the book."

"Arrah, Master Tom, I kissed the book many's the time for your father, when ye were a gossoon—and 'tis the same ould book, too, by the same token."

"That will do now, Judy," said O'Carney. "The resident magistrate wants to hear what defence you have to make. Tell him your story; it seems he has never heard it."

Judy Gordon looked curiously at this man who had never heard her story. Almost everyone in Upper Ossory knew it by heart. Even the new curate, kindhearted as he was, had refused to hear her weekly confession unless she refrained from rehearsing that old, old tale. Yet here was one who, so far from declining to listen, was actually anxious to be informed on the subject. Judy's worn and wrinkled face lit up; her sunken eyes beamed on Caffyn.

"And sure 'tis the fine, handsome man he is, too," she said. "A dacent gentleman, I'll be bound, that listens to the poor widow woman."

"Don't blarney me, prisoner," snapped Caffyn, "but your evidence quickly. And remember you're under oath."

"D'ye see this key, your honor?" asked Judy. "Well, that's the key to my own door at home. That's the key to my neat little cottage on the knock o' Stracashel. Divil a soul goes across that threshold without my leave. Seventeen years ago I locked the door with this same key; and all the spawn o' Cromwell can't open it."

"Don't look impatient, your honor. Sure I'm tellin' ye all about it."

When I married Kyran Mullally, I bought him the house and furniture. Kyran was a cripple, and could do no work hardly; but sure I worked for the both of us. Still we were very poor; and we never saw meat from one year's end to the other. And then the gossoon came; and there were three mouths to feed—"

"Oh, I say! Cut it short," cried Caffyn. But Judy Gorman had a fair start; and it would have taken the parish priest himself to stop her now.

"There were three to feed, your honor, agrá," she continued; "and Hartopp was hammerin' for his rint by day and by night. Not the Hartopp that sits over there beyant, behind his big black Irish Times; but his father. We paid, as long as we could; but when the cow and Kyran died in the same month (and that was twenty years ago)—"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Caffyn, R. M. "Can't you give us some modern history?"

"Aye, your honor. Sure I will, that same. Well, when the cow and Kyran died, 'twas the black poverty entirely. And ould Hartopp, had luck to him, kept on hammerin' at the door, and myself kept on workin', and the gossoon kept on eatin' and growin'." At last seventeen years ago Hartopp bent word that if I didn't pay the three twelve months' due, he'd put me out on the road. So I took down the stockin', sold the pig, and that made nigh on to two years' rint. That was as I tell ye, seventeen year and a week—"

With a gesture of despair, Caffyn threw himself back in his chair.

"Seventeen year and a week ago," went on Judy Gorman. "The money was behind the Blessed Virgin's picture over the bed, and Hartopp's bailiff was to come for it in the mornin'." But, sure, your honor, when mornin' came, the cash was all gone, and the gossoon was gone with it."

"In other words her precious son took the rent money and decamped," exclaimed O'Carney to the weary Caffyn. Caffyn merely sighed; for Judy Gorman seemed worse than an Indian liver.

"And who had a better right to take the money, your honor? Sure wasn't he master to the house, and all that was in it? When Hartopp's agent advised me to set the peeler after the gossoon, I told him to go to the devil for a dirty scamp. Then they came around to put me on the road. Oho! says I; ye'll never get into this house, ye blackguardly Cromwellian graballs. This house belongs to my son, Daniel Jeremiah Mullally; and divil a soul goes through the door till the gossoon comes back to give him leave. So I took the key—this same big key, your honor, and when I see the peelers' caps in the boren, I gave it a twist in the lock. The houl shot to, and, faith, it never shot back since."

"Down the boren I goes, and Hartopp's agent says: 'We're comin' to take possession of the cottage, Judy.' So I took the key and shook it under the nose of him. Ye'll never cross the threshold o' my son's house, says I, for I've got the key o' the door. And he didn't. Sure they had to set fire to the thatch and break in the walls with crows and picks. But I went up to the top of the knock; and sat laughing at them. 'They tell me that ould Hartopp gave the ground to Tim Casey, the gossoon. But sure there's no right or justice in that, your honor, for the land belongs to the gossoon, and the gossoon has the money in his pocket to pay for it. So want in a while I go and light a fire on the hearthstone and warn

the house again Daniel Jeremiah Mullally—"

"Daniel Jeremiah—what?" exclaimed Caffyn, R. M., sitting up in his chair at the second repetition of that name.

"Daniel Jeremiah Mullally, your honor; my own dacent boy, that only took the cash that was his by right, and went away from his poor ould mother Judy—"

"Like the dirty scoundrel he was!"—and the hands of Caffyn, R. M., came down with a furious bang. "Daniel Jeremiah Mullally indeed! I thought there was something familiar in the infernal ruffian's name."

The court woke up. It usually fell asleep when Judy Gorman was well started in her story, but on this occasion it woke up with a vengeance. O'Carney turned round in his chair confident that the R. M. had been driven suddenly crazy. Hartopp put down the Irish Times. The hands of the police flew to their side arms.

"Dan J. Jeremiah Mullally!" roared Caffyn. "What d'ye tell me Daniel Jeremiah Mullally did?"

"Did, your honor? Sure he only took the few pounds that were his by rights, and—"

"And left his mother to be thrown out of house and home. An' thrown out of house and home. And went and enlisted at Templemore, when the money was spent in drink. And was my servant from the day that his time expired to the day that I kicked him out for stealing. And started a sailor's den in Calcutta—the lowest, vilest hole that ever man was knifed in. And sent for me when the black death was on him, and he dared trust neither man nor woman under his roof. And told me all that this poor creature at the bar has told, and plenty more. Those are a few of the things that Daniel Jeremiah Mullally did, before I brought him a priest that day and held the door shut against a howling mob while he made his peace with God."

Judy Gorman's brows were knitted. She was trying hard to understand what he meant, this big, red-faced man with the blustering voice. At last she smiled:

"I'm thinkin' ye know the gossoon, your honor," she said. "Musha, how is he, anyhow; and when will he be after comin' home?"

Caffyn, R. M., put his hand over his eyes for a minute.

Then he said, speaking very slowly: "Your son is better than he ever was in all his life. And he has sent you home a message. If you come up to Mr. O'Carney's this afternoon, I shall give it to you."

Judy Gorman faced round to all those who sat on the benches; and not one in the crowd could look her straight in the face, any more than they could in the face of Father Phelan, when he preached of a Sunday morning. And every one knew that Father Phelan was a saint.

"Glory be to God; didn't I tell ye all," she cried. "Didn't I say to ye all that the gossoon would remember his ould mother? Where are the ones now that wouldn't listen? He sent a message to his mother, d'ye hear? And next summer, maybe, he'll be coming home to his own house on the knock beyant. An' ye'll all cry, 'God save ye, Daniel Jeremiah!' and 'Welcome back, avick!' But I'm the only one can let him into his house; for 'tis me that has the key o' the door."

And she lifted the great door-key heavenwards as a token to all.

Caffyn, R. M., rose from his chair. "I'm going into the consulting-room, gentlemen," he said. "Will you do me the favor of joining me there?"

O'Carney paused for a moment to remain the prisoner in the case of the Crown versus Mullally. When he rejoined his brother magistrates in the little bare room behind the courthouse, Caffyn was speaking excitedly.

"The beggars were hammering at the door; but I kept my back against it. At last the priest made me a sign, and I tip-toed over to the bed. 'Bend down, Captain Caffyn,' said the priest; 'this poor, repentant sinner has something to tell you.' So down I bent, and Mullally began whispering in my ear. 'There's 150 British sovereigns in the fathers of the pillow,' he said. 'There's 700 rupees in the lining of the mattress. Give the rupees in charity, but send the sovereigns back to my mother in Ireland that I told you about. Her name is—' But before he could get out her name there was a rush of blood to his lips, and he died."

"When I went out to look there wasn't a soul about the place, except the ould Chinaman that had his tongue cut out. We sent the Chinaman for a conveyance, and I carried the dead body of Daniel Jeremiah Mullally, together with his mattress and pillow, to my own house. The body had decent burial; the poor of Calcutta got the 700 rupees, and the 150 sovereigns are now deposited in the bank of Kilmore. That was the first and last time that Daniel Jeremiah Mullally had ever spoken truth since he had 'learned how to lie.'"

"So poor old Judy is an heiress," remarked O'Carney. "Upon my soul, I'm glad."

"Glad!" exclaimed Caffyn. "And yet you wanted us to send her to jail this mornin', without even hearing her evidence!"

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"Nothing of the kind," indignantly replied the other. "Judy Gorman has been before me twenty times, and she has never been in jail yet. The customary method has been to dismiss the case after threatening the prisoner with all sorts of terrible penalties for her next offense."

Caffyn, R. M., must have been getting into the ways of Upper Ossory justice; for he smiled at this revelation, instead of evincing a proper horror.

"We had better dismiss her case then, for good," he remarked. "I mean to see that she gets a comfortable house (on Stracashel Hill, if Hartopp can manage it), with a good solid lock for that doorway to turn in."—George Brennan, in Temple Bar.

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The Great Lottery

(By W. Phillip Sheppard.)

(Continued from last week.)

"I'm half afraid I did, Miss Lomas," answered Challis, "but I did not know you had decided to win it yourself. The Padre must be satisfied with the pearl and diamond earrings or a sewing machine."

They laughed, and the young man continued:

"While, as for me, I suppose I must put up with a tea-cosy or a butter knife."

"You?"

"My hopes of anything better rested on ticket No. 1,000,001," he said, producing one from his pocket and flourishing it before them, "but that was before I knew Miss Lomas was so deeply interested in it. If she insists on the first prize, I relegate the second to Father David, and am content to come in lower down the list."

"So we all three have tickets!" said Claire, feeling that some of the ecstacy of her announcement had fizzled out. Then she tossed back a curl which was straying rather impudently across her forehead, and added: "I am so sorry for you both! Of course we cannot all win it, and I shall not go back from my word. I said 'must and shall,' and 'must and shall' it will be."

"And \$500 is for my school!" asked Father David, his eyes glistening at the thought of it. "How like my sweet Claire to think of that! Thank you, my child, thank you—and as much as though the gift were actually at your bidding."

Wilfred Challis had been thinking.

"Will you take my ticket too, Miss Lomas?" he asked. "Two chances are better than one, but she exercised woman's first prerogative."

"It is kind of you to offer, but—no. It would imply a want of trust in the ticket with which I have declared to win, and that would not be fair. And I don't want the tea-cosy or the butter knife in addition to the \$3,000."

Again they laughed, and there the matter ended.

It occurred to Wilfred Challis as later on he walked with her as far as her lodgings, that for three usually sane and sensible persons they had been talking a great deal of nonsense, but he did not express his opinion. The fact was that he liked Miss Claire's nonsense—liked it as he had already found out he liked many other of her attributes—and he should have known perfectly well how flimsy were the excuses which he invented for visiting Westborough so frequently. Last time it had been the need of a few days' rest, and as he dared not give the same reason again for fear of being considered delicate, he had travelled the fifty miles this time to bring down the lottery ticket, which he considered a safer if not a cheaper way than sending it by post. His conscience was becoming more plastic, and he had already docketed one or two equally brilliant excuses for further visits, which deceived no one—except himself.

After that evening not even he was deceived, for as he left for London in the morning he confessed to himself that his admiration for Father David's schoolmistress had passed the confines of friendliness and crossed the borderland of love.

For seven days he contented himself with taking a mental review of his "excuse for visiting Westborough," turning them over in his mind and flattering himself that some of them were really rather clever. At the end of the week he returned to Westborough, leaving the selection of the best excuse for settlement on the way down. They were all brilliant—it was only a matter of selection. At the end of the journey they seemed less brilliant than they had done in his chambers in town, and their brilliancy evaporated so rapidly afterwards that when he eventually arrived at Father David's he merely said "I've come."

"You find me getting more attractive in my old age—eh Wilfred?"

"Not in the least, Padre. I'm in love with Miss Lomas."

Father David laughed in his usual hearty manner.

"That's frank, anyhow," he said. "How long have you known it?"

"Oh, about a week, I think."

"Ah! I have known it just a month."

"From whom?" he said quickly, with a flash of unreasonable hope that Claire herself had told him.

"From yourself, Wilfred; from yourself. The usual extra sight of the intelligent onlooker. But I approve of your choice: she is a good girl as well as beautiful. You have all my wishes for a successful conquest."

"You don't happen to know, I suppose—it's scarcely likely you would—whether she cares for me at all in that way?" the young man asked, with a great deal more hesitation and difficulty than a young barrister should have shown over so short a speech.

"On the contrary, I have a very shrewd idea that she does care for

you, at least a little. She never mentions your name."

"The lover looked glum.

"If you were half clever you would know that was a good sign, my boy," continued Father David.

"It is one of the occasions where a girl divulges her thoughts by keeping a still tongue."

Wilfred Challis was not equal to such subtle deductions in a love matter where his own interests were so vitally concerned, though in business he would probably have made as good deductions for himself.

"She cannot keep silence much down on purpose to put the mat-longer," he said. "I have come to the test. To-morrow I propose."

"Yes. You propose—"

"That's all. Don't tease, Padre."

"You have a very best wish, Wilfred. You know that."

A silence followed in which it might be reasonable to imagine the careful weighing and balancing of judicious phrases which would be certainly forgotten at the intense moment in contemplation. Suddenly, and without warning, Father David laughed loud and long, and Challis started as though from a reverie.

"You think the situation amusing?" he said, somewhat testily.

"The particular situation I contemplate was amusing. It just flashed across my mind whether our dear Claire would fancy you were impressed with her intention to win that big lottery prize, or were wooing her on that account."

The young man looked first astonished and then amused.

"You don't think it possible?" he asked. "Why, what chance has she? One in half a million. I have just as good a chance myself."

"Not so. You lack her earnest faith in the matter, and as we know, faith worketh wonders—even miracles at times. I should say her chance was better than yours, and I daresay she thinks so herself."

"Pooh! One chance in half a million! It would be wooing a very considerable uncertainty."

But the Padre's wild idea seemed based on more intimate knowledge of Claire Lomas's mind than her lover had as yet acquired; for after the latter had blurted out the truth next day—not in any of his pre-arranged sentences, but still manfully and hopefully—she turned upon him with a look of arch amusement.

"I know what put this into your head," she said—"my intention to win that \$3,000. You think my chance is a better one than yours, and you want to make sure of me before I win it."

It was certainly not a gracious answer to a proposal of marriage, and its startling coincidence with the previous night's conversation rather shocked him; but there was a softness behind the irrelevant reply which encouraged him to persevere.

"Some say that marriage is a lottery," he continued, "and if you

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answer me 'yes' I shall be winning the first prize in that I do not want the other prize as well."

"You must not take tickets in so many lotteries at once," she answered in the same bantering, teasing manner. "I shall not acknowledge that you have even a chance in this one until the other lottery is settled."

(To be continued.)

What Dan Wanted for Christmas.

"I just feel sure I'll get a sled at Christmas time. Uncle Tom has been talking a great deal lately, about the different kinds of sleds which the boys are using now. I believe his interest in sleds must mean that he is going to get one for me."

"Perhaps he wants to buy one for some other boy," said Michael Burns, who with Dan Noonan, the first speaker was returning home from school one day in the first week of December.

"What other boy is there?" and Dan looked astonished. "He is my own uncle and he has no nephew but me. He understands boys and knows what they want. You ought to hear him sometimes telling about when he was a boy. Here he comes now; I forgot that I promised to go with him on a visit to some friend. Good-bye, Michael; I'll see you to-morrow."

Away ran Dan, and soon he was walking down the street with a tall gray-haired man who seemed to have nothing in the world to do but listen to the chatter of the bright-faced boy by his side. Down the main street, then into a short cross street, and next a narrow alley, until at last Dan said:

"Why! Where are we going? This is 'Hangman's Paradise,' one of the lowest places in the city. You've made a mistake, Uncle Tom."

"I have a friend living down here and I want to see him to-day."

"A friend here?" and Dan looked at his uncle in astonishment; but without appearing to notice the surprise on his nephew's face, Uncle Tom kept on talking and going farther into the quarters known as "Hangman's Paradise."

Into one of the most dilapidated places, the uncle turned, and taking Dan by the hand led him through dark halls and up rickety stairs, until at last they came to a room within which some one was singing with what Dan thought was the sweetest and happiest voice he had ever heard.

In answer to Uncle Tom's tap at the door, a cheery voice called out, "Welcome to enter."

"How are you, Ernest? As happy as ever?" said Uncle Tom to a crippled boy who was the only occupant of the room.

"Happy as a king, sir," showing by his face the "uncle Tom" was no unwelcome visitor. "Take seats, gentlemen," he said. "My servants are all out. Help yourself to the cushioned chairs," pointing to a broken old chair and a dry goods box.

"How is the pain to-day?" said Uncle Tom.

"Good and strong, sir, good and strong. Did you hear me singing just as you came in? Well, sir, here's how it is. That old pain in my hip and back began growling early this morning, and it has been disobedient and impudent all day long. I just thought I'd conquer it if I sang right out some of my best pieces. Singing is a powerful prize fighter. It just wins every time if you keep it up long enough."

"It is a good plan to make singing do some of your fighting for you. This is my nephew, Dan. He is interested in about all the things which boys usually like. Tell him about your plans for Christmas presents."

"My plans don't amount to much, but it looks as if they would make some poor lads happy. You know," and he turned toward Dan, "there are two cripples in this block—poor lame boys who can't get around, and who don't know how to sing a note. Well, we are trying to get chairs for those boys—the chairs that wheel up and down without any trouble. You see it they had those chairs they

could get around some, and then they would be happier."

"How are you managing?" asked Dan.

"We are working, sir. See all the tops I've made for sale," and the boy deftly leaned over and brought up from somewhere a box containing about a hundred tops made from old spoons. I've a friend who knows some dressmakers, and they send me the spoons. Do you like the way they are decorated?"

"Yes, I do," answered Dan, as he looked at the neat rows of pretty, colored tops.

"I take considerable pride in the decorating. There is a kindergarten near here, and one day the teacher called to bring me a book. When she saw the spoons she asked me to allow her children to decorate them. She was that eager to get the job for her children, that she offered to pay me something if I'd let her have the tops to decorate. Now, there they are, as handsome tops as you can find in this city."

Putting his hand under his bed he brought out another box. "See that," he said, as he removed the lid and exhibited a large number of little white circular pieces of silk upon which were pictures of the Sacred Heart.

"I did not do very much of the things in this box. I drew the circles, and some ladies who come here painted the pictures, and then I cut them out. The young men will buy them for their watches."

"Where are you going to sell them?" inquired the uncle.

"Well, the teacher at the kindergarten is going to help about that. She thinks the sale ought to be in some good public place, and she will arrange all that. There are a good many helping, and we think we can get the chairs without any doubt."

"Would you like a chair?" asked Dan, who for once in his life had been doing more listening than talking.

"I don't need a chair; I'm happy without one. Not but that it is a great help, and if I had one I could get to Church without Father John's sexton coming after me every Sunday. Must you go now? Well, call again."

The good-byes were said and Dan and his uncle were soon out of "Hangman's Paradise," and on the main street going toward home.

"See, Uncle Tom, I know something I want more for Christmas than the sled I've been talking about. I want a roller chair for the boy we've just visited."

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India 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 and radical 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 preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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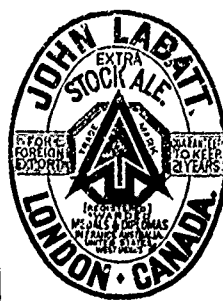
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Miss Westropp, of Mallow, County Limerick, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. D. A. Hogan, C. C., in the convent chapel at Kilkree, on November 17th, in the presence of a number of the lady's friends. Miss Westropp is a daughter of the late Mr. Dawson Westropp, of Mallow, who filled the office of High Sheriff of the County of Limerick, and she is related to several well-known Limerick and Claire families.

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Canadian News

OSCEOLA.

Dr. J. P. Kenny and his bride, of Youngstown, Ohio, called at Osceola on their wedding tour to visit friends here for a few days.

Dr. Kenny is not only a cousin of our pastor, Rev. F. W. Devine, but was for many years his protégé. When but a boy of seven his parents, who then resided at Pittsburgh, Pa., sent him to Canada, with the hope that by removing him from the dangers which beset youth in large cities, and by placing him in F.ther Devine's care, their only son might grow to honorable and useful manhood.

Even at this early age the boy had his mind fixed upon medicine as a profession, and after attending the schools at Osceola and studying classics at St. Michael's College, Toronto, he entered upon the study of medicine at the Western Pennsylvania University in Pittsburgh, and after a full course in that celebrated institution he was graduated with honor and accepted an appointment in the South Side Hospital of his native city where he acquired the valuable and practical knowledge which largely explains the great success he has gained in his profession since he began practice in Youngstown some two years ago.

On November 27th he married Miss Margaret McVean, a prominent young lady of Youngstown, and on their wedding tour, he brought her to Osceola to meet his many friends, whose affection for him is to-day as sincere and widespread as it was when he was a boy among them, and to visit with him the scenes of the never-to-be-forgotten days of his youth. Days which were lived over, and laughed over, many times while he was again among us, and to the list of which were added another pleasant one, the 5th of December, when Mr. Charles Hofner entertained at supper in the Osceola House some 30 guests in honor of Dr. Kenny and his bride.

The evening was a great success. The supper was excellent, the speeches were bright, congratulatory and able and among the guests there the feeling of kindness and friendship that time can only strengthen.

It must have given Mrs. Kenny great pleasure to hear each speaker in his turn testify to some quality of her husband, and to Father Devine, too, the occasion must have brought a great feeling of happiness, and a pardonable feeling of pride, that the boy, who had been an especial charge to him, should have grown to such good and useful manhood; and he only spoke for all the doctor's friends in Osceola when he expressed the wish that his life might be long, honorable and happy.

From Osceola Dr. and Mrs. Kenny, on their way to Toronto to visit Dr. Kenny's Alma Mater, stopped off at Renfrew, where they were entertained by the Doctor's cousins, Mr. J. Devine, Mr. M. Devine and Mrs. T. W. McGarry.

While among us Mrs. Kenny's many qualities won for her hosts of friends, who are looking forward to some future time when they may again welcome her with her husband to Osceola. COM.

A THIRD CONTINGENT DIS- TINGUISHES HIMSELF.

Halifax, Dec. 16.—Private Michael Sullivan of the 3rd Royal Canadian Regiment, forced an entrance into the Good Shepherd Monastery early yesterday morning and assaulted Sister St. Paul, striking her with his fist and a stick and leaving her unconscious. He is under arrest.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WHIT- BY, DESTROYED.

Whitby, Dec. 10.—St. John's Catholic Church was burned last night. An hour or so after the evening devotion, and all had left the building it was discovered to be on fire. The flames appeared to be at the start in the northeast corner, and soon the whole interior

was ablaze. The fire brigade was on hand promptly, but it could do nothing to save the building, only the walls of which are left. Insurance \$600 on buildings and \$100 on contents.

FOR YOUNG MEN.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will, and a quality of life.—Lowell.

Resolutely make up your mind to make the most of life as it comes to you, and to enjoy each day as it is borne on to give place to the morrow. If you wait until you feel that you can afford to enjoy, you will never enjoy. Most men kill their capacity for happiness while they are getting ready to be happy. In acquiring the wealth they think necessary for complete emancipation from business cares, they destroy their ability to find satisfaction in the pleasures of life.

Happiness is normal; unhappiness is abnormal. God meant for us to be happy; it is our own fault if we are otherwise. Circumstances and conditions may control our bodies, to a certain extent, in that we may be constrained to be at a certain place and do a certain work for a certain number of hours each day; but no circumstances or conditions no man or woman, should control our minds. We can become whatever God intended us to be, no matter how hard the tasks which our hands have to do.

The man who does things, who brings about results, who feels within himself the power of achievement, and is determined to make himself known in the world, never waits to see what the crowd is going to do. He does not ask advice of everybody he knows, or wait for precedents. He lays out his own plans, thinks his own thoughts, directs his own energies, plays the game with the cards he has, and does not ask for an impossible pack.—Success.

HOW TO SELECT HOLIDAY GIFTS.

While the display of holiday goods is more beautiful and extensive than ever, it is still a matter of great difficulty to make the final selection for friends and members of the family. Those who are unable to visit the shops will be greatly assisted by the suggestions in The January Delineator, where five full pages are devoted to illustrations and descriptions of innumerable novelties for the boudoir and desk, for busy man and fashionable woman, the young sister and bachelor, and even for the baby.

A discussion is raging in London over an alleged souvenir of the war said to be treasured by General Baden-Powell. Among that gentleman's trophies is a spittoon, and in the bottom of this spittoon there are a set of medallion heads of President Kruger and the chief Boer leaders. These, it is explained, led the reader might have any doubt as to the intention of the people who made this trophy—Colonials, it is alleged—"are so placed for obvious reasons."

Mr. Geoffrey Taylor writes to The London Daily News on the subject of this offering as follows: "Now, sir, although it is possible that certain Colonials may have offered 'B.-P.' so disgusting an object as the one alluded to, I altogether decline to believe that a British general, wearing His Majesty's uniform, could have accepted, much less retained, so notoriously vulgar and puerile a present. No Old England's soldiers have not fallen so low as that, thank heaven! I believe in what Lord Roberts says—namely: 'They are heroes and gentlemen.' The whole thing must be an invention of an enterprising interviewer.

'B.-P.' must have told him, with manly and gentlemanly contempt and disgust, of this tribute (indignantly rejected by him); but the reporter, anxious to please his readers, falsely represents the unhappy General as having accepted and retained it. 'B.-P.' will doubtless publish a contradiction." Up to date 'B.-P.' has not denied possession of the spittoon.

HELP THE CHRIST CHILD.

(By Noma Thompson.)
Let us gather round the yule log,
While the Christmas chimes ring clear,
Peeling out from snow-clad bellies,
Filling all our hearts with cheer.
Watch the golden sparks fly upward,
Out into the crisp night wind,
Mingling with the swirling snow spray,
Leaving warmth and light behind.
Gather closer, Oh, what gladness
Fills the earth at Christmas tide,
Surely no such thing as sorrow
Can 'mid so much joy abide.

Ah, alas! if like the Magi,
We should watch the guiding light,
It would lead us to the Christ Child,
In His crib on Christmas night;
In the humblest homes we'd find Him,
In the cradles of the poor,
Where no warmth or joyous laughter
Greet us at the creaking door.

There, neglected, cold and hungry,
Christ doth suffer, as of yore—
We, in warmth beside the yule log—
He, in hovels of the poor.

Let us give them some small token
In the Christ Child's name, and then
Hearken to the Angels' chorus—
"Peace on Earth, good will to men."

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

Two heads are better than one as a general thing, but the fact remains that one head of the family is quite enough.

Painnaid—What do you think of our strawberry festival? Lawyer—The strawberries have proved an unimpeachable alibi.

Daughter—But, papa, he is my ideal Father—Great Scott! If anybody else had told me that against that young man I wouldn't have believed it.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of? Pa—Glass. Willie—But what kind of glass? Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now, run off to bed.

Biffkins—I tell you I hate to hear of my wife going away on a holiday. Giffkins—I dare say you'll be lonely, old man. Biffkins—It isn't that, but she always mowed our lawn.

Miss Amanda had just had a quiet tete-a-tete with Lieutenant Filigible, and was asked by her guardian how she liked his conversation. "Oh, immensely!" she said. "There's a ring in his voice."

Crawford—I hear your wife insisted on your getting her an automobile. Crabshaw—Yes; but after refusing to speak to me for three days she was willing to compromise if I bought her an automobile coat.

Doctor—My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled; that will kill them. Patient—Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery.

Mrs. Noozy—I think it's the most ridiculous thing to call that man in the bank a "teller." Mrs. Chumm—Why! Mrs. Noozy—Because they simply won't tell at all. I asked one day how much my husband had on deposit there and he just laughed.

Her head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way, she said, "Do you know, George, that—" "You mean, dear James, I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake. "Why, yes, to be sure; how stupid I am! I was thinking this is Wednesday evening."

Visitor—So those old chaps having the controversy are the town's oldest residents—which is the oldest? Resident—They can't settle it which is. Old Bill's got the longest grey whiskers and old Si's got the most gold bricks, they're about even on rheumatics, too."

A PLEASANT TRIP.

The many friends in Toronto and Brechin of Mrs. T. Roach will be pleased to hear of her return from her western trip. For several weeks past she and her charming daughter have been the guests of Mr. Duffy of Sioux City, Iowa, a brother whom she has not seen for nearly 25 years. On the return journey they stopped over in Chicago for two weeks. The trip was a delightful one, and will not soon be forgotten.

Conscience is God's deputy in the soul. In time we hate that which we often fear.

Kind thoughts are wings which bear us on to kinder deeds. Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction.

The Heart of Jesus is the throne of mercy, of inexhaustible goodness.

It is the part of science to take things as it finds them, and to explain, but not to explain away, Nature.

The most precious thing we have next to grace is time, and we owe an account of our time as we owe an account of our grace.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat in Premier-Live Stock Trade—The Latest Quotations. Tuesday Evening, Dec. 17.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Receipts of grain on the street market numbered 3,800 bushels this morning. Prices were a little easier all round. Wheat—Was about steady, 400 bushels of white selling at 68c to 70c per bushel, 200 bushels of red at 63c to 75c per bushel and 400 bushels of rye at 60c to 67c per bushel. Barley—Was easier, 1,000 bushels selling at 63c to 61c per bushel. Oats—Were easier, 1,500 bushels selling at 47c to 49c per bushel. Rye—Was steady, 100 bushels selling at 60c per bushel. Hay—Was steady, 25 loads selling at \$12 to \$12 per load for timothy and \$7 to \$8 for clover, 3 loads selling at \$8 to \$9 per load.

Toronto Live Stock.

There was a brisk demand for all kinds of cattle at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning. The needs of the Christmas season were met. The choicest hogs are now selling at \$6.25 per cwt, an advance of 12c per cwt. Medium selling at \$5.50 per cwt. Butchers' Cattle—Were also selling at top prices. Choice Christmas butchers' cattle brought \$3.25 per cwt. Common to choice ones sell at \$3 to \$4.50 per cwt. Feeders and stockers—Were in a little better demand than they were last week. Short-keep feeders sell at \$3.50 per cwt and medium at \$3 to \$3.25 per cwt. Heavy stockers sell at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt and light ones at \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt. Milch Cows—Were in good demand, selling at \$4.50 to \$5 per cwt. Sheep—Were a little easier, selling at \$2.75 to \$3 for export ewes. Lambs—Were higher and in good demand, selling at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per cwt. Hogs—Were higher, selling at \$6.25 per cwt for choice, \$6 for light and \$5.75 for fat.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Dec. 17—Cattle—Receipts, 800 head; generally dull, good grades about steady, but lower than last week. Short-keep to \$7.00, common to good, \$5.75 to \$6.75. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; fairly active for light grades; Yorkers to \$6 and lower for light grades; 5,000 head; good demand and steady; choice hams, \$5.45 to \$5.50; good to extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; pig, \$5.50 to \$5.60; rough, \$5.45 to \$5.75; Texas red steers, \$4.25 to \$5.40. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000 head; good demand and steady; choice lambs, \$5.45 to \$5.50; good to extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; common to extra mixed, \$3.10 to \$3.40; common, \$1.75 to \$2; heavy export ewes and wethers, \$3.75 to \$4; rearings, \$4 to \$4.25.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 17—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000; steady to easier on Monday; good to prime, \$7.25 to \$7.50; poor to medium, \$5.25 to \$6.25; tickers and feeders, \$2 to \$4.25; cows, \$1 to \$4.25; heifers, \$1.50 to \$3.10; canners, \$1.25 to \$1.75; pigs, \$5.50 to \$5.60; sheep, \$5.75 to \$5.75; Texas red steers, \$4.25 to \$5.40. Hogs—Receipts, 30,000; left over, 9,000; strong to abnormally higher; mixed and butchers', \$5.25 to \$5.75; good to extra, \$5.25 to \$5.50; rough heavy, \$5.80 to \$4.15; light, \$5.25 to \$5.50; bulk of sales, \$5.00 to \$5.50. Sheep—Receipts, 15,000; choice wethers, lower, lambs same; good to choice wethers, \$3.75 to \$4.40; western sheep, \$3 to \$4; native lambs, \$2.75 to \$3.50; western lambs, \$2 to \$4.25.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day.	Closing to-day.	Dec. 17.	Dec. 18.
Chicago	70 1/2	70 1/2	70 1/2
New York	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Toledo	84	83	84
Duluth, 1 mo.	73 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2
Duluth, 3 mo.	75	75	75
Minneapolis, 2 mo.	74 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2
Detroit, 2 red	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
St. Louis	81 1/2	82	81 1/2

British Markets.

London, Dec. 17.—Close—Wheat, on passage quiet and steady; cargoes, about No. 1 Calcutta, iron passage, 30s 3d sellers; buyers 30s 1d. Wheat on passage, 30s 1d. Wheat. English country markets of yesterday steady. French country markets of yesterday quiet. Liverpool, Nov. 17.—Close—Spot wheat quiet. No. 1 standard California, 6s 3/4d to 6s 4d; Walla, no stock; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1/4d; No. 1 red winter, 6s 1/4d; No. 2 red winter, 6s 1/4d to 6s 1/2d; futures quiet; March, 6s 1/4d; May, 6s 3/4d; spot corn quiet; old, 6s 1/4d; March, 6s 3/4d; futures steady; January, 7s 4 1/2d; March, 6s 3/4d; May, 6s 3/4d; four, 10s to 20s 2d.

Paris, Dec. 17.—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; December, 22f 20c; March and June, 22f.

Paris, Dec. 17.—Close—Wheat steady; December, 22f 20c; March and June, 22f, flour steady; December, 27f 85c; March and June, 20f 5c.

Antwerp, Dec. 17.—No. 2 red winter, 10 1/2.

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DEATHS

HAND—At the General Hospital, On Dec. 14th, Patrick Hand, aged 44 years.
HEENEY—At his son's residence, 77 Wardell street, James Heene, late corporal of Her Majesty's 95th Regiment, born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, aged 96 years.
MCINNIS—In London, on Dec. 13, 1901, George A., youngest son of Elizabeth and Angus McInnis, aged 8 years and 6 months.
MGRATH—At 38 Margaret street, Hamilton, on Monday, December 9, 1901, Katie McGrath, wife of James McGrath.
BUCKLEY—In Hamilton, on December 8, 1901, Hannah T., youngest daughter of the late Dennis Buckley.

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