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The Catholic Register.

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ALIVE BOLLARD,

199 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

VOL. X. No. 1

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Dangerous Modern Amusements.

Archbishop Bruchesi Denounces Theatrical Performances and Other Assemblies.

In a circular to his clergy, Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal says: "Theatres and worldly reunions are, perhaps, at the present time, the evils most to be dreaded of all those that we have mentioned.

You will therefore fear them the more. You will avoid them with the same care that you should have in securing the salvation of your souls.

We do not here refer to theatrical representations of an openly obscene character, nor to public balls, nor to certain pleasure excursions that are prolonged into the hours of darkness. Such (rings are only too evidently culpable. All who are solicitous of their reputation would not for a moment participate in them. We forewarn you, especially, against the dangers of theatres in general and of parties given by private families. Decidedly all meetings of persons of different sexes are not of themselves reprehensible. There are still many times wherein the healthy traditions of Christian behaviour are served.

But such homes are becoming rare exceptions. Do not even those, who would not fail in any of their religious duties, sometimes look to suggest the incompatibility of the World.

Instead of innocent pastimes, seductively attractive to the friends and intimate conversations, governed by a respectful reserve, we behold to-day, in a great number of parlors, according to the testimony of prudent and careful people, dances that shock decency, dresses that outrage good taste as well as modesty, discourses and songs of a character such as would not be tolerated in more private circles. In public, amidst flowers and lights, and harmonies, and perfumes that enervate the senses and hypnotize the will-power, without the least scruple are practised such trashy acts of imprudence and such familiarities as would cause a blush to arise were the same things done under the eye of a father, or a brother, or a sister.

We even notice with pain that the habit of allowing young girls to go unattended to balls is on the increase, that it is customary to systematically exclude the parents from these balls, and to only invite the young people; that at times there is no hesitation in treating, under the guise of refreshments, with strong drinks, those weak beings thus left without protection and without any effective control.

What are we to think of morals such as these? Does not conscience impose it as a duty to denounce them with all the power of which indignation is capable? Should not parents, who are desirous of pro-

tecting the honor of their daughters and of their sons, banish from the parties that they give all such deplorable abuses? Should they not establish a holy league between themselves, for the purpose of purging at least their parlors of all that might be a direct cause of evil, an immediate occasion of serious wrong doing?

Let us hearken to the words of a Doctor who, to a perfect knowledge of the human heart united all the glow of sanctity. Listen to the moralist, of whom it has justly been said: "That he is the most holy, the most beloved, and at the same time, the sweetest, the most indulgent, the most kindly one, whose rules are accepted as laws even by worldlings." Hear Saint Francis de Sales:

"The custom of balls and dancing, as it is at present practised, so predisposes to evil, under all circumstances, that it always presents grave dangers for the soul. If you are obliged, by a necessity that you cannot avoid, to attend balls, be careful that the dancing thereof be in every respect in accord with good conduct, decency, modesty, and be on your guard lest you should form a taste for the same. These ridiculous recreations always are dangerous for the soul; they weaken the will power, they diminish devotional fervor, they cool holy charity, they develop in the soul a thousand kinds of bad habits; and, even in the case of necessity, they should only be followed with extreme precautions."

A man of the world, whose words we have before us, appears, on account of his personal experience, even more severe than the Bishop of Geneva.

"I always considered balls as dangerous," he says, "and what has led me to that conclusion, is not only young people take part in those assemblies, who have already sufficiently enough to resist temptations that assail them in solitude, and for whom that difficulty is necessarily the greater in such-like meetings. I claim, therefore, that a Christian should not go to balls."

In fine these entertainments, such as the customs of modern society have made them, are always exceedingly dangerous, and more frequently are they sinful.

"If you do no wrong," said Mgr. Dupanloup, who was not a rigid master, "are you certain that others do not commit any, and that you are treated with the respect that is due you?"

"Are you also sure that you can indulge in those dances without giving bad example? and if you are the cause of scandal are you not guilty?"

After all this, dearly beloved, what can we say about those children's balls to which fashion amongst us is shaping itself more and more? We never could understand such an aberration on the part of parents.

"It was doubtlessly considered," writes a pious bishop on this subject, "that the evil tendencies of childhood were too slow in budding, and, in order to hasten their blossoming, this strange discovery was made."

Fathers of families, mothers of families, do you then wish the irreparable loss of those innocent creatures whom heaven has confided to you? Otherwise, why do you hasten to kindle, by casting oil on the fire, the flames of sensuality and evil propensities which original sin has left smouldering in the souls of your children? One day, God will ask of you an account of those souls purchased by the blood of His Son, and which you have cast into the meshes of the demon.

Theatrical representations constitute another species of worldly gatherings, extremely ruinous above all for youth. It is not possible to realize the extent to which these spectacular attractions excite their young imaginations and disturb the innocence of their hearts. Even when the parents are present, and that they flatter themselves that they have avoided all causes of scandal, a subtle poison flows from the stage into the soul of the youth. It is filtered into that soul, thanks sometimes to the aid of a singular precocity, or at the very least to the childish compliance of glance; hungry for unexperienced sensations, and of ears prompt to catch suggestive expressions.

By the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who pronounced such a terrible anathema on whomsoever scandalizes the least of these little ones; "in the name of your most sacred interests, even here below;



THE HOLY FAMILY.

in the name of the honor and future of your families, we advise you, Christian parents, far from becoming the accomplices of those deadly tastes in your children, and of taking them yourselves to the theatres, to protect them against all such dangerous resorts; be you their law-makers in absolutely forbidding them to go there.

But after the cry of indignation and of alarm raised in the press by the unmentionable abominations, which actors in certain theatres made profession of exhibiting in presence of childhood and of youth—Christian conscience should speak out and make itself heard by people of all ages in life.

In her justifiable rigor, conscience not only stigmatizes those shameless abuses, but condemns everything on the stage that is a menace to pure morals; she denounces that infatuation for the spectacular that at present takes possession of every class in society. We may say that the theatre is our city's great danger of the hour. Do not find this condemnation too severe. Decidedly it does not correspond with the ideas current in worldly circles. How could it? Testimonies of conscience is but an echo of God; and between God and the world there is naught in common.

No; this repudiation is not exaggerated. It is in accordance with all Catholic tradition. It is based on the formal teachings of the councils and of the fathers of the Church, on the unanimous doctrine of theologians and preachers most illustrious for their virtue and their genius. Experience also has sanctioned it. In fact, while in theory it may be allowed to consider theatrical representations as matters indifferent in their nature, in reality, even the best theatres are fields prepared for the easy sprouting of all the seductions of luxury, of falsehood, of pride and of sensuality.

Despite our exhortations, some leading citizens had adopted the contrary view. They had hoped to be able to establish an almost irreproachable theatre, wherein the noble passions and the sublime devotedness of the heroes and heroines of history and of fiction might be offered as examples for the spectators; wherein the short-comings of humanity would be ridiculed and the vices of the human race flogged for the benefit of the moral effect; wherein people would meet to enjoy, at the same time a dangerous recreation and to learn lessons in behaviour, in literary style, and in the beauties of language. These entertainments were moreover intended to withdraw the young people from a number of occasions of sin and of ruin.

Facts soon dispelled these illusions. The same citizens have,

themselves, brought us their sincere avowal and the sadly undeniable evidence of the same.

That attempt at purifying the stage ended in a complete failure. So will it ever be. For theatrical managers always end, for the purpose of increasing their receipts, with one special aim—to draw the public, by flattering the passions, by exciting an unhealthy curiosity, by going a bit higher over rival establishments in all that is most dazzlingly attractive.

In our days, more than ever, the majority of dramatic writers seek only the profits and the popularity of their plays. As masters of the trade they know full well that persons accustomed to frequent theatres soon become tired of the beautiful, the grand, the chaste. And they seek success in triviality and in scandal. Their dramas become unclear dissertations or exhibitions of ill-disguised immorality, such as the wise Bossuet calls "vain coverings that hide nothing."

Other writers, considerable in number, are corrupt on principle.

For these the stage easily becomes the tribune of demoralization and irreligion. With the assistance of actors and actresses, who are unfortunately only too clever in the art of seduction, they cast, by the handful, every species of outrage and discredit upon all that is most sacred and most worthy of our respect—Christian virtues, divine and human laws, the austerity of religious life, the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage, the majesty of paternal authority. Equally do they constitute themselves the apologists of every kind of dishonorable intrigue and of the worst disorders. They draft into their service even licentious tableaux, those fairy-scenes, those ballets, in which the scantiness of dress, the sensuality of attitudes, and the voluptuousness of movements constitute veritable attacks on public purity.

And such spectacles, more pernicious, perhaps, than dances, are presented, in a like manner, in luxuriously fitted halls, in an atmosphere charged with enervating odors and soothing harmonies.

May it not be asked, with a feeling of dread, what can possibly take place in the soul of a woman, or of a young girl, in such a place and during long intervals that are counted by hours? Respect for the holy pulpit forbids our pursuing the examination any further. We, however, can reply with Bossuet: "The empire of all the guilty artifices that is therein set up, under the most glowing tints, flatters the vanity of our sex, degrades the dignity of the other, and subjects both the one

and the other to the government of the senses."

That degradation, that government of the senses, of which the great orator speaks, is the subjection of the mind to the body, the loss of purity, the tyranny of the passions, the weakening of character, the distaste of duty, of piety and of virtue.

We are aware that your attendance at balls and theatres was not prompted by such motives. You merely wanted to be in fashion, to satisfy your curiosity, or your vanity, you wanted to enjoy life, to see and hear everything, perhaps even to make yourself dizzy with pleasure.

But it is written that "whoever loves the danger shall perish therein." We have a request to make of Catholic journalists; to discontinue encouraging theatres, no matter of what class, by means of advertisements, of pressing invitations to the public, and such reports as their issues publish almost daily.

We appeal to their Christian sentiments. They know the harm that articles of the nature to which we refer can do our population; and especially our young people; several amongst them acknowledged the same to us and gave expression to their sincere regret.

The only objection that can be raised is to the effect that these advertisements pay well and are a source of revenue for the papers. Alas! We know it well! But, frankly speaking is it permissible to aid in the weakening of morals—on the pretext that it brings in a profit, no matter how great it may be? The owners and managers of newspapers assume a very serious responsibility, and it is not by drawing a line, in the same organ, between the business and the editorial departments, that they can expect to escape from it.

Moreover a few have already understood the matter. They decided to cease the publication of all theatrical advertisements. They even, for that purpose, asked for and obtained the cancelling of the contracts, that legally obliged them to publish for a given time such advertisements. We congratulate them, and we trust that they may find many imitators.

In any case, what we have a right to do, in common with every Christian family, is to exact from the public papers, that, at least, they refrain from encouraging and praising those troupes of actors and actresses that are unworthy of any recommendations; that they learn to distinguish between the different theatres and places of amusement, between presentable plays and those that, on account of the dangers they occasion, merit nothing but the contempt of all honest men.

Catholic Societies in the Capital.

Interesting Letter from "Rambler" Describing Their Enterprise and Growth.

Ottawa is a city well stocked with Irish, National and Catholic Associations just now. The Catholic Order of Foresters is in full blast, increasing its membership with singular rapidity, and holding court in various sections of the Capital. The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Society is also in the field, having for the goal of its ambition the laudable aim of guarding against want, the widow and the orphan. The Knights of Columbus are in the race. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, whose distinctive characteristics consist of fostering a genuine love for the Old Land, and swelling the membership of three divisions already established in this city, not only through the enrollment of Ancient Hibernians of Irish birth, but of many less ancient who are still in their teens, and who have never gazed upon Erin's lovely form, and lastly, but by no means least of all, there is the St. Patrick's Association which, although buffeted by the storms of more than half a century, is now like a young giant ready to carry on its praiseworthy undertaking. Of halls for the accommodation of the societies already named there are two of a most imposing character in process of completion, one being erected by the Knights of Columbus and the other by the St. Patrick's Association. These edifices, which must add to the city's public ornaments; as they will remain memorials of credit to Irish patriotism and Irish enterprise, and situated in close proximity to the Laurier bridge on Maria street, one of the leading thoroughfares of the Dominion Capital.

It is impossible now, as it will be for all future time, to refer to the magnificent hall just erected by the St. Patrick's Association of Ottawa, without linking therewith the happy circumstances which have led to such a glorious consummation. Some few years ago the presidential chair became vacant, and active efforts were put forward to place at the helm a man of ripened experience. Some gentlemen who knew Mr. D'Arcy Scott better than I did myself, interviewed that gentleman and succeeded in inducing him to accept the vacant position. Mr. Scott attended on the night of election, and after being duly proposed and seconded, I remember entering a wild protest against any young man at that juncture of our affairs being selected for the office. "Hold on," said an old friend of mine, who sat next to me, in whispering tones, "you don't know Mr. Scott as well as I do. He carries an old head on young shoulders. Can't you see that the high forehead which overlooks an intellectual contour is getting a little bald?"

I paused and reflected that the horrible crime of being young which I had publicly charged Mr. Scott with, was one that he might overcome if he lived long enough, and for that reason I would withdraw further opposition. Well, Mr. D'Arcy Scott was unanimously elected, and that moment marked a new epoch in the history of the Irish affairs in Ottawa, which have gone forward by leaps and bounds until reaching their culminating point through the erection of the stately edifice already alluded to, from the summit of which the green banner of our forefathers will gracefully wave its folds on each recurring national festival. Without any desire to speak discouragingly of any of his predecessors in office, I may say that to Mr. Scott is due the credit of this grand undertaking with which for all future time his name must stand inseparably interwoven.

(Continued on page 4.)

management or mismanagement of the Census Department at all, as much as to enter a solemn protest against the dastardly attacks which a portion of the Tory press of the Province of Quebec have made upon an Irish Catholic, who has been recently placed in this branch of the public service. Mr. Frank McCale the gentleman to whom I allude, did yeoman service for the Liberal party in Montreal at the last election, and I am not surprised that the Tory Journal of that city has followed him to the Sybold Building. What astonishes me most is that he should be singled out for attack. The Journal man must know that his compatriots are fairly represented on the census staff, as they deserve to be, and that Scotchmen sit around almost as thick as bees on the heather, and that there is scarcely any nationality under the sun unrepresented. Only one Irish Catholic has secured a prominent position and he, of course, deserves to be strangled. Has the Journal lost its reason? Does it not know that there are still a number of Irish Catholics within the ranks of the Tory party who will not tolerate ever so weak an attempt to excite prejudice?

ANOTHER IRISHMAN TO THE FRONT.

The many readers of The Register in Ottawa will rejoice at the appointment of Mr. Louis O'Donnell to a responsible position in the American Bank Note Office in this city. Although born in Manchester, England, of Irish parentage, Mr. O'Donnell inherits to the fullest that measure of Irish patriotism, which in almost every age, has distinguished the O'Donnells. A man of good ability, of sincere love for the land of his ancestors. Irishmen at the Dominion Capital will feel pleased that he has had a "lift," but much more so when he gets promoted.

A WELL DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

During the past week or two Mr. Michael Quinn, Vice-Ranger of the High Court of Foresters, and for many years an esteemed resident of this city, has been raised to fame through the medium of a most flattering address and valuable presentation made to him on the night of the 17th ult. As any words of mine would add but little to the excellent report of the proceedings which appeared in The Ottawa Citizen, and which I may say without breach of confidence, is the work of Mr. Vincent Webb, I shall only ask you to reproduce the annexed clipping.

"That the Catholic Foresters of Ottawa hold Mr. Michael Quinn, Vice High Chief Ranger of the Order, in high esteem and appreciate the valuable services that he has performed on their behalf as shown last evening, when at a largely attended and representative meeting in Foresters' Hall, (Continued on page 4.)

DINEEN'S

A NEW YEAR SALE

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

- 65 Fur-lined Capes, in cloths of brown, green, red, etc., lined with hamster, white and grey silks and revers, \$25.00, to \$30.00, \$35.00.
- 9 Mix Capes, very handsome and rare, 30 to 33 inches long, \$25.00 to \$30.00.
- 36 No. 1 Electric Seal Jackets, beautifully finished, heavy brown satin lining, large collars and revers, \$30.00.
- 24 Unbearded Electric Seal Jackets, 22 and 24 in. long, \$25.00.
- 12 Electric Seal Jackets, with Columbia sable collars and large revers fronts, \$40.00.
- 29 extra Fine New Seal Jackets, 24 inches long, \$40.00.

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STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

In Sterling Silver our Tea Spoons run from \$8.50 per dozen up.
Desert Spoons, \$15.00 per dozen up.
Desert Forks, \$15 per dozen up.
Dinner Forks, \$21 per dozen up.
Table Spoons, \$22 per dozen up.
Our \$50 Sterling Silver Chest contains—
6 Tea Spoons,
8 Desert Spoons,
6 Desert Forks,
6 Table Forks,
6 Table Spoons,
6 Coffee Spoons,
1 Sugar Spoon,
2 Salt Spoons,
1 Mustard Spoon,
a suitably enclosed in a handsome leather case.

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Toronto.

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

FIRST MONTH 31 DAYS **January** THE HOLY INFANCY

Table for January 1902 showing liturgical events, Mass times, and moon phases. Includes columns for Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat, Sun, and Moon Phases.

Indulged Prayer An indulgence of time that with at it of the cross, invoking the words "In the Holy Ghost"; also an indulgence of 100 days with holy water, pronouncing at the mentioned words.

BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Interesting Description of the Liquefaction Miracles by a Canadian Layman. The Register has this week received a very interesting letter from a subscriber, a lady living in Dundas, Ont., enclosing one from her brother, now in Naples, Italy. We publish the latter communication in full as a remarkably obscure and clear description of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

Pensione Poll, Parco Margherita, Naples, Sept. 2

My Dear— How I wish that I could have some of you here, if only for one day, to have you driven around to see some of the wonderful churches and just now, too, you would be able to kneel in the Cathedral and kiss and see the relics of St. Januarius. But we cannot have mechanics worked to meet our own conveniences.

I had told you that if I were here on the 19th of September intended to see the liquefaction but your letter spurred me on.

I had read nothing about the miracle or the life of the saint myself, only I know that he was headed by order of Diocletian in A. D. 306.

However, your letter caused me to go early so that by 7 A. M. I was inside the great Cathedral, one of a crowd standing before the great bronze gates which closed the entrance to the chapel of St. Januarius.

At 7.50 they were opened and we rushed in, for it was really a rush, and I got a position in front, against the altar rails, up one step in height, so that I could see perfectly well. Of course I was opposite the altar of the saint, but there are two other altars in the chapel equally large and almost as beautiful. There were neither chairs nor benches anywhere. At 8 o'clock the chapel was crammed full and they commenced saying Mass at all three altars. Only one Mass was said at the saint's altar, but they were continuous at the other two, directly one was finished another priest came in. All this time the people recited the Rosary, the Litany of the B. Virgin or the Credo and some hymns were sung, all in Italian, of course.

At about 8.30 several canons and priests came in, all robed, and some man wearing rather a gay sort of uniform and wearing white kid gloves. An American lady who has lived here some years and is staying at my hotel, told me he was a government representative and had to do with unlocking the receptacle containing the relics. These were followed by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen with a score or more of priests in private capacity and about five or six nuns, all crowded round the altar. There is no doubt that had I known the routine the day before, I could have been there also, but I did extremely well as it was. At this time there would be about 200 people on and about the altar and at least 2,000 in the chapel, packed

numerous candles lighted in front of it, they were also numerous on the altar and all round the chapel.

Now some of the canons brought a bishop's robe, shortened to suit the bust, on which they placed them and a mitre which they placed on the head. You might say that the mitre was on the saint's own skull with the silver casing intervening. It all looked most strange and weird to me, there was an apparent mysticism about it which I cannot explain. All this only took a few moments for there was no ceremony, the people said their prayers in their own way and Masses were still being quietly said. It was not yet 9 o'clock when one of the canons took up the reliquary which was of silver, circular in shape with a round piece of glass about four inches in diameter, at the front and back, forming a case and the hermetically sealed phials being secured within. The circular pieces of glass were the windows at which you looked at the phials. An attendant was there holding a lighted candle which they now kept placing behind the glass while they looked through. It was not yet liquefied. All those standing found and upon the altar, priests and laymen and women were privileged to look through, with the candle always held just behind and the reliquary being frequently moved up and down to show that there was no fluid within. Occasionally it was held at arm's length to show the people for by means of the candle you could see some distance away. I was about twenty feet away from it and could see quite plainly; there was no liquefaction, and so half an hour or more passed away, all those on the altar looking all the time and for each one who looked it was moved round so that a fluid could be seen to move. It was all done in a quiet, straightforward manner, the good priest seemed never to tire of showing the people. It was conducted just like a court of enquiry, with as many people as possible on the committee.

All this time Masses were being said, one was reminded of that by hearing the bell at the elevation whilst hundreds in the great crowd kept saying their prayers. Once some woman towards the back in a loud and impassioned voice broke out in a supplicatory prayer in Italian which lasted three or four minutes. It caused some sensation for those on the altar craned their necks to see the woman who was evident in some trouble. It seemed to be quite an unheard-of effect.

About 9 o'clock the canon stopped showing the relic whilst he recited the Credo, which the people repeated after him.

Then they recommenced the examination until I thought the good priest's arms would ache, showing each one and moving it around. You could still see them shake their heads, there was nothing fluid, but at last the Canon's face brightened, he became alert—something was happening—there was a deathly silence, only that you could hear the priests saying Mass. It was quickly held before the faces of five or six who seemed to nod assent and say, Yes, yes. He held it up with his left hand and waved a white handkerchief aloft with his right. The liquefaction had taken place.

Then the crowd broke out with a tremendous shout—not a hurrah, but one single shout of triumph, which was taken up by the thousands outside and inside the Cathedral.

Then bombs were fired, which was like the booming of artillery, and told all the people of Naples that the miracle was accomplished. Above all the noise I heard people wailing and sobbing, and looking round from my elevated position I could see that

and then another would come to relieve him, wearing red vestments. He would first kneel down and examine the relic closely, then kiss it, etc., as I have explained.

The cord was then placed round his neck, he rose from his knees, and the priest being relieved would then kneel and examine the relic and kiss it, etc. This seemed to be the prescribed rule.

I bought a common little picture of the Saint at the Cathedral door, and touched the reliquary with it as I kissed it. I enclose it, and you will no doubt appreciate it as a souvenir.

Well, now you see I have not been delayed here for nothing. I have been prevented from coming to see my dear parents, but I know that my father will be glad indeed that one of his own family has been privileged to witness so astounding a miracle. I went there expecting to see something—but still I thought that something would be left to my imagination or faith to fill in; but there was nothing wanting—everything was clear as day.

RELIGION ON THE STAGE. "The Desirability of Producing on Our Stage Plays Dealing with Religious Matters" was the subject of a debate at a meeting of a London dramatic club recently held under the presidency of Mr. H. W. Massingham, literary editor of The Chronicle. The matter was introduced by Mr. Edward F. Spence, who moved a resolution: "That it is not desirable upon our stage that plays dealing with religious matters should be presented"—which resolution was not put to the vote. Mr. Spence contended that such matters should be excluded from the

stage. Then the crowd broke out with a tremendous shout—not a hurrah, but one single shout of triumph, which was taken up by the thousands outside and inside the Cathedral.

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A Column of Verse.

On Juda's Hill. By Mabel Earl in Sunday School Times.

The day on Juda's Hills was done, And, sailing slowly toward the west, The stars went onward one by one, Like freighted ships to find their rest.

Wrapped from the wind in mantle gray, The shepherd mused and watched the skies, While close against his bosom lay The lamb for next day's sacrifice.

The torchlight flared in Juda's stall On shining hoof and horned head; Strange shadows flickered on the wall Above Immanuel's lowly bed.

The patient oxen watched the flame With drowsy wonder in their eyes, When unto David's city came The Eternal Lamb of sacrifice.

While yet the shepherd pondered, The purple heavens flashed with fire; More bright than mortal eyes might know Shone out and sang the angelic choir.

Down to his knees on Juda's hill The shepherd sank, and veiled his eyes, While on his bosom slumbered still The lamb for next day's sacrifice.

Christmas in Sweden. They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea, How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee, Before the Prophet, princes came, bringing gifts in hand, The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn Kneelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born. And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night, The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care, They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare; The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we can feed the birds, And make dumb creatures happy by kindly deeds and words. No animal so humble, no creeping worm so small, But that the God who made us has made and loves them all! If we to them are cruel, like Christ we cannot be! And this shall be our lesson from our dear-Christmas tree!

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod, With stumbling feet to find my God. Gaining a foothold bit by bit, Then slipping back and losing it. Never progressing, striving still, With weakening grasp and fainting will.

Bleeding to climb to God, while he serenely smiling, unnoting me. Then came a certain time when I loosened my hold and fell thereby. Down to the lowest step of my fall, As if I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there I heard a footfall on the stair, In the same path where I, dismayed, faltered and fell and lay afraid.

And lo! when hope had ceased to be, My God came down the stairs to me. —Theodosia Garrison in Smart Set.

Star-dust and vaporous light— The mist of worlds unborn, A shuddering in the awful night Of winds that bring the morn.

Now comes the dawn; the circling earth Creatures that fly and crawl; And Man, that last imperial birth; And Christ, the flower of all. —Richard Watson Gilder's "In Palestine."

Christmas Day: Glory to God in the Highest (By E. M.) "Glory to God in the highest" For Christ the Lord is born! Rejoice, rejoice, dear children. This happy Christmas morn.

Join the angelic chorus, And kneel with shepherds mild, To praise the Lord of Heaven, A humble little Child.

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

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Telephone Main 489 THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1902

LET THE MAIL APOLOGIZE

Flaneur, in The Mail, describes the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius as a "swindle," and in support of this elegant epithet gives an alleged extract in English from a French work of which we have heretofore not heard.

Any intelligent reader will see from a careful scanning of the paragraph paraded in The Mail that it is not original, inasmuch as any person sufficiently well educated to make the translation would have detected in it contradictions of history glaring enough to discredit the whole apparent purpose of the author.

"Under the First Empire General Championnet was occupying the City of Naples with a handful of troops. At the instigation of the English a conspiracy was hatched to kill off the French, which was to break out on the fête of St. Januarius, the pretext to be found this wise: Every year at the same date the blood of St. Januarius, contained in a vial, is exposed, completely thickened, before the eyes of the multitude.

Finally, to settle the whole matter, the following from the official organ of the French Republic, 'Le Moniteur' (No. 259, 19th, Prairial, Year VII. (June 10th, 1799), ought to be sufficient: 'Naples 21 Floreal VII. (May 13th, 1799) — The festival of St. Januarius has just been celebrated with the customary solemnity.

This city of Toronto prides itself upon its English traditions. We really think it owes The Register a debt of gratitude for going to the trouble of defending Englishmen against so insidious a slanderer as The Mail.

in it with this. And the paper that publishes as history — as unquestionable and unquestionable truth — this pretty story, is The Toronto Mail, organ of the select "loyalists" of the most loyal colony of England.

It is true that French troops occupied the city of Naples in 1799, where they established the "Parthenopean Republic." On the 4th of May, 1799, General (afterward Marshal) McDonald, commander of the French army in Naples, was present with his staff in the Cathedral, during the exposition of the blood of St. Januarius.

The speech of Premier Ross, which followed, was a friendly commentary upon the tone of Mr. Plunkett's deliverance. The difficulties which have fallen into Mr. Plunkett's lonely furrow would not trouble Canadian politicians in the least.

The newspaper readers of the city of Toronto will probably wonder at the mild airiness of Mr. Plunkett's references to the Galway election.

The Imperial Government, opposing Home Rule, because the Government might have something better to offer. Had he been elected, the victory would have been Mr. Chamberlain's.

Mr. Chamberlain can hardly consider it in the same light. The Galway election was in reality very astute politics on the part of the Government. The rebuff personal to Mr. Chamberlain with which it was met was not anticipated.

to be murderous conspirators and in this sensitive English city of Toronto that sort of thing cries to heaven for vengeance.

MR HORACE PLUNKETT IN TORONTO

Toronto's centre of gravity was so much disturbed by the recent Galway election that the visit of Mr. Horace Plunkett, the defeated candidate, to the city was something of a blessing in disguise.

We have no fault to find with his speech in Toronto. Home Rulers and others who were present, to honor a distinguished visitor heard nothing of a contentious or controversial nature fall from his lips.

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berlain with which it was met was not anticipated. The fight and the issue of it were but incidents in the history of Home Rule, which remains to-day what it has been from the start, a strictly constitutional movement.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Toronto is certainly getting out of the old rut of municipal politics. There is a principle, or at least the profession of a principle, involved in the present municipal elections.

The familiar "Queen's Head" stamps, which have been in vogue for almost 65 years, will soon pass into the limbo of things that were.

Ottawa House. This would be an important step. A third party in politics with a sane programme of reform calculated to remedy the monstrous abuses that have grown up with the development of the moneved corporations in this Dominion, would be nothing short of a national blessing.

Sussex street, they presented him with an illuminated address and a cabinet of solid silver cutlery. At the last meeting of the High Court in Detroit Mr. Quinn and the Catholic Foresters of Ontario were honored by his election to the important position of High Vice Chief Ranger.

Mr. Walter J. Roche made the presentation to Mr. Quinn and Mr. Wm. J. Kane read the following address: Bro. Michael Quinn, Vice High Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters:

stood by the discerning press of Ontario to mean a tacit confession of merited ostracism. Hon. Edward Blake, a few years ago, during a visit to Toronto, went upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier's platform and was ordered to a back bench by an usher who did not know him.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

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high chief ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Your unwavering fidelity and untiring energy on behalf of Catholic Forestry are so well known and highly appreciated by the brethren of this city and district, that they have availed themselves of this opportunity to in some way give expression to that esteem in which you are held by them, and also to share with you the distinction, so well merited and conferred on you by the representatives of one hundred thousand Catholic Foresters recent held in the city of Detroit.

In after years, when the young members assume the cares of office and you are enjoying the quiet and happiness which is sure to be the lot of those who have been industrious, frugal and upright characteristics which we are proud to know you possess, you will be able to recall with pleasure and pride the esteem in which you were held by those laboring with you for the elevation and perpetuity of our grand and noble order.

ST. BRIDGET'S C. O. F., OTTAWA. St. Bridget's Court Catholic Order of Foresters, elected the following officers: Chaplain, Rev. Father McCarthy; Chief Ranger, W. J. Kane; Past Chief Ranger, M. J. Shea; Vice-Chief Ranger, J. G. O'Neill; Recording Secretary, H. Reynolds; Financial Secretary, F. P. Lewis; Treasurer, M. F. Kehoe; Medical Examiner, Dr. J. F. Dowling; Trustees, P. Devine, T. Kealey and M. O'Brien; Senior Conductor, J. O'Brien; Junior Conductor, L. Keely; Inside Sentinel, F. Stringer; Outside Sentinel, John Kane.

Obituary. One after another the landmarks of old Bytown are passing away, and enrolling themselves with the silent majority.

MacNab & Co. 274 Yonge Street. Telephone Main 2205. Toronto. Mistakes are very frequently made by purchasers of furs. Poor material is frequently foisted upon innocent purchasers.

The Boer Children's Christmas.

The Register, not having seen in any Canadian or American paper, the text of the poem, written by M. Edmond Rostand, the brilliant author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "La Princesse Lointaine," and "L'Aiglon," on the Christmas of the Boer children, reproduces the words in their entirety:

BALLADE DE NOËL. (Pour les petits enfants d'Europe.) Voici venir le jour on les enfants sont Rois, Puisque c'est ce jour là que la Douceur est née. Et les petits enfants de ces faiseurs d'exploits Dont l'âme ne sera jamais exterminée. Meurent Grelottements de chair contaminee, Ils meurent dans les coins de camps naseusebondés; Et leur Noël n'est pas un vieux homme aux yeux bons, C'est un spectacle; il n'a pas dans ses mains transparentes Des caisses de joujoux, des boîtes de bonbons, — Mais de petits cerceaux de tailles différentes. La buche de Noël des conquérants narquois Est une poutre en feu de la ferme ruinée; Mais eux, les doux captifs, pieds nus, sans feu, sans toits, Quels souliers mettront ils dans quelle chemise? Morte, la grande sœur, par la guerre muette! Le grand frère a rejoint dans le bleu des vallons. Ceux que, lord Kitchener poursuit, a reculons, Et chaque nuit, du clos sinistre ou sont les tentes, Sortent en défilés montés furtifs et plus longs. De tout petits cerceaux de tailles différentes. Cinq mille tout petits cerceaux en quelques mois! Mais la rougeole est donc anglaise cette année? De ces sur mille enfants quatre cent trente-trois. Quoi! Noël fait chez nous danser la maitresse? Quoi! tu dresses, sapin, ta tête illuminée? Quoi! des tas de joyeux bonshommes font des bonds Vers la branche aux fruits d'or que vers eux nous courbons? Et, là-bas, des regards de femmes expirantes Voient clouer par des mains de vieillards moribonds Tous ces petits cerceaux de tailles différentes.

Edmond Rostand.

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The Millennium at Coffinville

The priest at Holy Family was feeling that low in his mind... The good woman watched over his Ladies and Penates in the inn and comforted him with what she might be the sanctity of his spirit...

He didn't get enough to eat. It is difficult to be sleek and well fed when you are poor and troubled with that unpleasant guest, a conscience... "I say he's a peach," declared Dan Casey, the storekeeper...

consider, more pertinently than elegantly, a church row... "I tell you what I'll do, boys," he began, "I'll write to the Board to send him my box..."

BLOOD HISTORY Born in bone marrow—dies in the liver. This is the beginning and the end of the rich, red blood that keeps us all alive... Scott's Emulsion often plays most important part in blood history...

the good ladies. All were talking at once — this was not an uncommon proceeding, and at the tops of their voices — but at last the president restored order... "The simplicity of this letter goes to my heart," said Mrs. Leader...

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The glow of the minister's enthusiasm never dimmed; indeed, his troublesome heart gave him no rest until he had written his letter... "Dear Ladies of the Queen Street Church," he began, "I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you..."

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which was strange good fortune, considering that the man's apparel was selected by feminine hands with a view to filling masculine wants, would fit the priest, and these he could keep with a clear conscience, since the wants of so many of his flock could be provided for out of the rest of the contents of the box. There were oranges, lemons, dates, figs, dried apricots, prunes, luxuries indeed, and several bottles of fine wine, and all these Mrs. Hansey promptly seized and bore away to hiding, lest the rector give them away and lose the benefit of them himself. There were candies and toys, and at the very bottom of the box a letter.

Father Jones adjusted his spectacles with trembling fingers. This would explain all. He read eagerly—but such a letter! He could scarce believe his eyes. It contained the warmest expressions of interest in his welfare and admiration for his character, and—strangest of all—it closed with asking him "to accept the accompanying as a testimonial of the appreciation felt for his excellent work in spreading the Gospel in Collinville and bringing the people to the faith of Christ," and the letter was signed "Louise Tracey, Secretary, Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen Street Methodist Episcopal Church."

Father Jones could not understand it, but, with the simple, sturdy faith that marked him, he laid it all to the special goodness of God and thanked the sweet Christ Child for the Christmas blessing. If Father Jones was astonished with his box, not less so was the Rev. Ephraim Jones, with the check which fluttered from a letter received the day before Christmas. He had been dreading to tell his wife were to have no box that year. In fact, he had been afflicted with that deadly and devouring terror known only to the fond husband when concealing something that was eventually to be told to the wife of his bosom. Armed with the mighty cheque and the exceedingly graceful letter of the secretary he sought the partner of his joys and sorrows, principally the latter, with a more sprightly step and a less hang-dog air, than that which he had of late disported.

As her husband came into the sitting-room, little Mrs. Jones raised a pair of fine, dark eyes, window-lights of a soul as strong and brave as only a woman's can be, from the twenty-third sock she had darned that morning. "Any mail, dear?" she asked. "Yes," he answered. "There is this, but I guess I'd better not tell you that we'll get no box this year." "No box!" then her eye glanced from the letter to the cheque in her husband's hand. "Ephraim Jones, they have sent us five hundred dollars instead of the box!" Her voice raised to a still staccato in excitement.

"Yes, dear, but you can buy what you want, you needn't mind—" He stopped short, for his wife had interrupted him with an ecstatic— "Mind! Well, I guess not!" And to his horror she first flung her arms around his neck, squeezing him till he gasped for breath, and then performed a pas seul in the middle of the floor, a waltz dance of joy, which ended in a fit of hysterics in which she alternately laughed and cried and said: "I can go to mother! I can go to mother!" until poor Mr. Jones thought she had gone crazy and sat and looked at her helplessly.

At last she calmed down, and seeing his dazed face, said: "Oh, you old goose, don't you see what this money means? We can go to St. Louis—to mother—I haven't seen mother for ten years, and she's never seen half the children. You can go to Minister's Meeting and Conference and buy some new books, and I can choose a dress for myself. I've tried to be grateful for the boxes, and things, but I'm so tired of wearing other people's clothes, if they are good as new, and I'm tired, tired of making over frocks for my children, and I'm just tired of all of never having a cent to buy the babies a stick of candy with—don't you dare say a word about the heathen, Ephraim Jones; I'm going to have ten dollars of that blessed money just to frivol with, so there!" and little Mrs. Jones looked radiant with delight. "But how did it all happen?" she asked; "what do the ladies say?" And her husband said:

"Rev. Ephraim Jones, Zion Church, Collinville, Mo.: My Dear Sir—The ladies of the Queen Street M. E. Church beg you to accept the accompanying, hoping you may find it sufficient to fill all your needs. We much appreciate your generous spirit and desire to express thus our admiration of your character, rich in all those qualities that go to make the man. Very truly yours, Louise Tracey, Secretary Woman's Home Missionary Society, Queen Street M. E. Church." "It's a nice letter, but a strange one," said Mrs. Jones, looking puzzled. "I should have thought they would have sent it to you because you are a minister of the Gospel!" Mr. Jones looked thoughtful. "Perhaps," he said, "they think

HOME CIRCLE

WHEN THE KETTLE SINGS.
 When open the door swings and
 Some One comes in,
 The roses of winter on cheeks and
 on chin,
 Her curly locks loosened, her fea-
 tures a-blow,
 And sits herself down in the fire-
 light's glow,
 It's little she dreams as she sip-
 per's
 That envy is taking possession of
 me!

Her muff—why, the eyes on it
 roughly wink
 At me till, distracted, how can I
 but think
 What luck is in store for that mon-
 ster of fur
 Bound home through the still,
 snow twilight with her,
 Two slender hands nestling content
 in its hold;
 The closer, the surer to keep out
 the cold.

The bubble of china—thin, delicate
 pink—
 She tips with a glance at me over
 the brink,
 Has malice preposse in the finger-
 ing way
 It touches her lips, just as much as
 to say
 Provokingly, gibingly: "Talk about
 bliss!
 What wouldn't you give for a
 chance to do this?"

Yes, even the dragon that's carved
 on her chair
 Grows mischievously at the sight of
 her there,
 With rude oaken arms round about
 her, while I
 Must wait and longing stand pa-
 tiently by
 And count it sweet favor accorded
 to me
 To pass up her cup for a little
 more tea! —Life

MONEY WELL SPENT.
 A subscriber to the "Sacred Heart Review," who says he has been a constant reader of Catholic papers for more than a half a century, writes:
 "One good wholesome Catholic weekly ought to be taken in every Catholic family, and as many more as can be afforded. I have found from experience that what money is invested in this direction pays well."

NO JOY IN THIS FAMILY
Illness of the Head of the House
make the Festive Season a
Very Bad One.

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And there is no reason why this should not be forever banished and at once, for Dyspepsia can be presently relieved and permanently cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many who have been cured of Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn and Bloating by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have given their testimonies. This evidence multiplies as time goes on.

At Milford, Ont., lives Mr. A. D. Miller, who for years suffered untold pain through Dyspepsia. His physician treated him for Liver Complaint and he grew worse. He would bloat up terribly after eating; his appetite was capricious, sometimes couldn't eat at all, at others ravenously hungry; his heart suffered also, palpitation being so bad that he could not sleep at night. He was so run down that he was hardly able to get around.

He commenced a treatment of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and soon began to improve. He says: "After using two boxes I was well and felt like a new man, and I have had good health ever since." Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have changed many a miserable victim of stomach troubles into a healthy happy man or woman and the best of it all is that once cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets means permanently cured.

AN APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY GIFT
"THE BEST CANADIAN NOVEL EVER WRITTEN"
ARE THE WORDS OF "THE CATHOLIC REGISTER" ABOUT
"A Daughter of New France"
THIS INTERESTING STORY IS WRITTEN BY
MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY
 AND PUBLISHED BY **THE MUSSON BOOK Co., Limited,** 17 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO.
 AT \$1.50 CLOTH, 12 Mo. GILT TOP.
FOR SALE AT ALL BOOK STORES OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

The Irish People, The Catholic World, The Irish World and some others whose names cannot be recalled now. This was done without labor, but it was done, and a most beneficial influence was exerted that is felt to this day among those to whom it extended.

A GRAPE DINNER.
 The very name "grape dinner" suggests numerous possibilities in the way of attractive decorations and serving to the ingenious hostess. One of these dinners was recently given which was a great success, and now that grapes are so plentiful one of these delightful dinners need not prove very expensive. In the centre of the table was a big silver and glass dish, into which were piled grapes of deep purple and the delicate green of the so-called white varieties, and an attractive decoration of grape leaves. From the dish there extended slender grape vines, which led to the four corners of the table, each terminating with a large bunch of green grapes.

The table was set for eight, and under each plate there was a doily in the form of a grape leaf, stitched with green around the edge and veined. The cloth was snow-white, as were also the dishes. The guests were served with grape jelly made in a bunch-of-grapes mould. This was served with the game. With the roast came grape sorbet, and after the other courses there were ices and cream in bunch-of-grapes form tinted with pistachio. Over the table bunches of grapes were hung from the chandeliers and bunches of grape leaves and tendrils formed the decoration throughout the dining-room.—Kitchen Magazine.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.
 Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 507 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHILDHOOD,
 Fair as a star, rare as a star,
 The joys of the future lie,
 To the eyes of a child, to the sighs
 of a child,
 Heavenly far and high!

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream.
 The hopes of a future sure
 To the wondering child, to the
 blundering child,
 Trusting, and free, and pure!

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
 Who has kept, after youth is past,
 All the art of the child, all the
 heart of the child,
 Holding his faith at last.
 B. Gelett Burgess.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
 Cures Deep-seated Colds
 Coughs Croup Bron-
 chitis. LARGE BOTTLE
 MEDIUM BOTTLE TRIAL BOTTLE

ASTHMA CURE FREE!
CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS
EVERY BREATH BRINGS RELIEF.

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

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

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

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
 Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel
 New York, Jan. 3, 1902.

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalone is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

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

Avon Springs, N. Y. Feb. 1, 1902.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalone for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalone. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,
O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

Feb. 5, 1902.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington street.
S. RAPHAEL,
 67 East 129th St., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

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



A Model of Simplicity
 In Other Words, a Model of a Pease Furnace.

Combined with Economy and Efficiency, these Heaters are noted for their simplicity of construction and ease of operation.

The latest pattern Pease Furnace has only one small concealed joint above the fireplace. Think of what that means—absolute safety against the escape of gas and dust. Other constructions have five to twenty joints.

Our Catalogue for the asking—Why not send to-day?

J. F. Pease Furnace Co., Limited,
 TORONTO.

THE TIME TO INSURE IS NOW
WHILE YOU ARE WELL, STRONG AND INSURABLE.
THE CONFEDERATION Life
ASSOCIATION issues policies on all approved plans of insurance, and is a prosperous and progressive Canadian Company.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.
MR. FOY IMPROVING.
HON. MR. HARTY FOR THE DOMINION.
Hon. William Hartly has accepted the Liberal nomination for the Dominion by-election in Kingston.

and outside the city will hear of his death with sincere sympathy.
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, ST. MARY'S BRANCH
The regular meeting was held in the rooms corner Queen and Bathurst streets, on Monday night.

1902 Mayoralty 1902
Vote for W. F. MACLEAN
A Man the People can Cheer For
Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited for Mayor
Howland's
Re-election for Mayor for 1902
Election Day-Monday, January 6th, 1902.

the candid expression of his opinion in Council. His vote, likewise, were given as decisively as his views were stated.
ST. JOSEPH'S SEPARATE SCHOOL, THOROLD.
Thorold, Dec. 30.—Senior IV.—1st, D. O'Brien; 2nd, K. Flynn; 3rd, J. Foley. Good Conduct—D. O'Brien, K. Flynn, J. Foley, D. Battle, P. McMahon. Junior IV.—1st, J. Frye; 2nd, R. Battle; 3rd, J. Garner. Good Conduct—J. Frye, R. Battle, J. Garner, F. Roach, J. Rockett, T. McDermott. Primary Good Conduct—R. Battle, J. Ferguson, M. Cartmell, R. McKeague, J. Cartmell.

ANOTHER MAJUBA ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.
(Toronto Globe Special.)
London, Dec. 31, a. m. — It is now possible to sum up the full extent of the blow which Dewet inflicted at Tweefontein on Christmas morning. The corrected lists of casualties show 61 killed, 54 wounded and 245 prisoners.

CHRISTMAS IN TORONTO.
The celebration of the great feast of the Nativity was observed throughout Catholic Canada with undiminished solemnity. From all parts of the Dominion our exchanges bring us long reports of Christmas observance. In Ontario the attendance at the morning masses were everywhere large. In Toronto the Cathedral and parish churches were crowded with worshippers from early morning till after the last Mass of the day had been said and again in the evening.

EX-ALD. JOHN DUNN.
Ex-Ald. John Dunn presents himself for re-election in Ward 5. There are several reasons why it would be desirable to see him back in the Council. The first is his long record of uncompromising independence as an alderman. He was always an outspoken critic, who had nothing to fear from the effect of his words. Mr. Dunn never shirked

READING ALOUD.
The season of the shortest days and the longest evenings has come, and the leisure hours which are always given so largely to outdoor recreation during the summer will now be devoted to indoor reading.
The occasion seems a fitting one to say a word on behalf of a practice never so popular as it ought to be, and perhaps somewhat less followed now than in former times—the practice of reading aloud.

THE MARKET REPORTS.
British Live Stock Trade—Grain and Provisionals—The Latest Quotations.
Monday Evening, Dec. 30.
Toronto Stock Exchange Market.
Receipts of grain were very light on the street market this morning, only 600 bushels of wheat, 1,000 of corn and 100 of barley.

GOD AND THE CONSCIENCE.
Conscience considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approbation and blame; but it is something more than a moral sense. It is always what the sense of the beautiful is only in certain cases—it is always emotional.
If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience. This implies that there is one to Whom we are responsible, before Whom we are ashamed, and Whose claims upon us we fear.

DEATHS.
SMITH — On December 30th, 1901, at his late residence, 381 Markham street, William J. Smith, aged 61 years.
Funeral from above address on Thursday, Jan. 2nd, at 9.30 o'clock, to St. Peter's Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery.
DOHONEY — On the 26th of December, Margaret Dohoney, aged 25 years.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC
A VALUABLE Book on Nerve Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Free on request.
KÖNIG MED. CO., 9 Franklin St. Chicago

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Christmas & New Year Holidays, 1901-2
All stations in Canada to and from Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Fort Covington, Poughkeepsie, Massena Springs, Route's Point, N. Y., and Island Pond, Vt., Buffalo, Black River, Suspension Bridge, and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE
NEW DESIGNS IN CHAMBER FURNITURE
Fresh from our Cabinet Works are some unusually handsome pieces for the bedroom, in golden oak and choice mahogany. The lot includes fine examples of the colonial style, now in high favor, and some novel designs in "low boys" and sofas or chamber pedestals.

Anchor Felt Mattresses are Ideally Comfortable, \$10.00
THE CHAS. ROGERS SONS & CO., LIMITED
97 YONGE STREET.

A Very Suitable Gift
We have in stock a line of Typewriters ranging from \$20.00 up. These machines have been remodeled and are guaranteed by us to give perfect satisfaction. They make a very suitable gift for a clergyman, a teacher, or for use in the School Room.

Creelman Bros., Typewriter Co.,
15 Adelaide St., East TORONTO.
Mention This Paper.

ADVERTISING
"THE REGISTER" PAYS
I have been benefited by my advertisement in The Register and can trace many customers as a result of it.
H. C. TOMLIN, Toronto Bakery.

WANTED — A TEACHER FOR Separate School No. 7, Vespera, County Simcoe. Apply to Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barric.
Mention this paper.

ARE YOU DRINKING "SALADA" CEYLON TEA?
If not you are certainly drinking an inferior tea, as no tea equals it. To prove this we will send you a free lead sample packet. If you will drop a postal telling us whether you drink Black, Mixed or Green. You can get SALADA at 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE
NEW DESIGNS IN CHAMBER FURNITURE
Fresh from our Cabinet Works are some unusually handsome pieces for the bedroom, in golden oak and choice mahogany. The lot includes fine examples of the colonial style, now in high favor, and some novel designs in "low boys" and sofas or chamber pedestals.

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We have in stock a line of Typewriters ranging from \$20.00 up. These machines have been remodeled and are guaranteed by us to give perfect satisfaction. They make a very suitable gift for a clergyman, a teacher, or for use in the School Room.

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WANTED — A TEACHER FOR Separate School No. 7, Vespera, County Simcoe. Apply to Very Rev. Dean Egan, Barric.
Mention this paper.

CATHOLIC Christmas Gifts
Allow us to suggest some article from our varied stock
Statues, artistically colored, from 25c up to \$1.00.
Pearl Necklaces, from 50c to \$10.00 each.
Prayer Books, from 25c to \$2.00 each.
Panels, 2 1/2 x 4, colored subjects, beautifully colored, 25c each.
Worn Hill Book Marks, sacred subjects.
Christmas Cards, from 5c to \$100.00.
Sacred Heart Plaques, 7 1/2 in. wide, 50c, (a beautiful Christmas gift).
Your money back if not satisfied. Let us make a selection for you.
BLAKE'S West Side Catholic Book Store
800 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO
Phone 248 288