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## VOL XI. No. 5 Catholic order Foresters



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| $\begin{aligned} & 10 \\ & 10 \\ & 10 \\ & 20 \\ & 20 \\ & 20 \\ & 22 \\ & 20 \\ & 23 \\ & .25 \\ & .28 \\ & 28 \\ & 28 \end{aligned}$ |  |  |  <br> s. Dinaysius. Popo <br> S. Hyacinth <br> Septuagesima Sunday <br> At Pitacipal Mases and at verpers., Solefanit of the <br>  <br> S. Telesphore. S. Gregory II. S. Agatho. <br> Sexagesima Sunday <br> Vesper Hymn "Iste Confessor." Blessed Gren <br> Comsed Gregory X. C. Raymuration of the Passion of Our Lord. S. <br> S. Titus. S. Cyril of Alexandria. Seven Founders of the Servite Order. <br> Quinquagesima Sunday <br> Vesper Hymu. ." S. Peter Damian. S. <br> Iste Confessor.' <br> S. Margaret of <br> e Crown of Thorns of our Lord. Peter's Chair at Rome. |
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| as a boy to-think and act quickly When we were boys, writes the brother, there was a large pond near our home that held pdenty of roach and excellent carp. These carp were and excellent carp. These carp were long, muscular fish, always ready fight hard. Once and again the talkle that we occasionally got a sight of. His size was naturally magnified in the imaginatien of the boys who fishthe imaginatign of the boys who fish- ed with us, apt we fancied him much bigger than he was likels to be in reality. $\qquad$ start right away for a patch of weeds Early one morning my light floater, after swirling about, ter. Then the usual red-bending wa motion ensued. The fish got tired and so did I. We had no landing net and the fisk was in thick weeds and could not move. Suddenly Charles cried:; "Wait a minute and I'll have He scrambled over a hedge, and a ditch and borrowed a hay rake, with had the greatest difficulty in getting clump, where our foe was secluded, and was soon up to his waist in wa- ter. and down Charles popped the aweeds the other side. Mr. Carp in his des peration had so jammed himself int back out. The rale was pushed under him and he was pulled up, kle and all. Charies then pressed a heap o weeds on the broadside of the row big prongs, and so enclosed and land- $\qquad$ | CROOKED HANS. <br> A Simple Story by Which One Hero Recognizes Another <br> (By Helen F. Huntington.) <br> Not all heroes are on the rolls the Legion of Hongr. <br> "Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero, looking about at the bare rough walls of his prison. "And ten nights!' <br> It was the first time he had complained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at him collectively. <br> "Got misery?" demanded the man in the leather shoops. The wounded man nodded mutely sat bolt upright in the stifi stretcher, his head swathed in band ages, and a frieze greatcoat loosely bottoned over his shoulders, for the room was draughty in spite of the roaring fire. He was a hero in the hearts of his rough companions be cause he had rished tife and limb by standing at his post when deserted; but the men of Murdoch were a silent lot; their deepest thoughts seldom passed their lips wherefore no one had told him how hê stood with them. <br> The door opened suddenly, letting in a driving gust of wind and a big, gant lad, who shufled into with a lurch that emphasized his awkwardness of figure and carriage. His several fingers were bent almost | in de snow, cryin' foh hees mudder, an' mos' freeze. I jus' grab heem in mah arms an' run. I been so glad he moh arms an reeze dead. But bym-by I mek net heem walk foh to save hees life, 10h heem walk foh to save hees hre, on he been 'most stiff, an' de pore lil t'ing cry an' cry till mah heart ache. But bym-by, we'n he gin to git warm, I sit down an' feed heem mah supper, an' he eat an' stop cryin' an' supper, an feel good. <br> "Meester, I been so glad to see dat lil boy I forget to watch de road, an' bym'by I got fraid we been los' in the greet white forest. De lil boy been so ve'y sleepy he cry an' beg me let heem lie down, an' w'en we foun' two greet win' <br> babby cuddle up foh lil res'; an' de sleep till mornin' bread lef' foh day lil boy an' he berap of $\qquad$ for heem wit' nice good tings, an' big start out, which way I dunno, w'en dere been no stars to look by. Long time we go time we go on, stoppin' often foh to listen, but couldn't hear nattin'. Mah old mocasins give out, an' de ice cut mah foot till it make me limp, why he been so ve'y tired, I carry heem and heem cryin' foh hees mudder an so hungry it mos' breek mah heart I hear wolves, jus', a lil cry lak a baby's voice, den. Why de Lord let me fin' dat lil Pretty soon don' want me save heem? |
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## The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDCTIIIE SALVE




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