

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

NOTABLE APPOINTMENTS
Mgr. Lugari, who was received by the Holy Father in private audience, is a prelate of great distinction and confidence in the Roman Curia.

1879 He presided over that important charge for some fifteen years. During the stirring days of the Land League agitation he was always a staunch and ardent supporter of the cause of the people.

ENGLAND
CONVERT TO THE CHURCH.
The London Tablet states The Rev. Arthur Whitcombe Taylor, B. A., Worcester College, Oxon, lately chaplain to the Anglican Bishop of Chaguan, was received into the Roman Catholic Church at Rome.

DIVORCE.
His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, preaching at the Church of Our Lady of Grace and St. Edward, Chiswick, said he wished to say a few words upon the feast of Cana—not so much upon a great doctrine of the Church, for it was before Our Lord began His public ministry that He honored by His presence such a gathering.

THE LAMBS OF ST. AGNES.

On the 21st inst., the Feast of St. Agnes, the virgin-martyr, an interesting ceremony, took place at the church dedicated to her beyond Porta Pia, where her body is preserved.

IRELAND
DEATH OF CANON CARBERY, P.P.

We exceedingly regret to record the death of Canon Carbery, the zealous and beloved pastor of St. James' Parish, in Dublin. The sad event was so entirely unexpected that the first tidings, even of his illness, came but only with the sobbing peals of the slow bell that announced the passing away of his soul.

All the parties were sufficiently instructed in the Christian doctrine, so that if God gave them children they would be able to instruct them in it. In conclusion His Eminence said that those about to enter into the holy state of matrimony must make preparation for it by cleansing their souls and receiving the Holy Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist.

UNITED STATES
RELIGIOUS STATISTICS

Dr. H. K. Carroll, who was in charge of the religious statistics in the United States census of 1890, and has since then annually made up figures on the growth of the churches, has just completed the statistics for 1901. He finds the total church communicant membership in the United States alone, and exclusive of members on foreign mission fields, to be 28,080,886, out of a population that must, if population growth has been the same this year as during the decade from 1890, be about 77,000,000.

simply volume the reaction that is setting in when he declared recently before the Illinois State Teachers' Association: "We have gone further than we need to go in the elimination of religious teaching in the schools. I, a Protestant, would rather have my children taught by a wise Roman Catholic nun than by an atheist."

The Late Aubrey De Vere

The following appreciation of the late Aubrey de Vere is taken from The Dublin Freeman's Journal:
Aubrey de Vere was not a popular poet. His genius was imaginative and philosophical, not sensuous, sentimental, or lyrical, dramatic rather than personal, and concerned rather with the greater spiritual truths gathered from the lessons of human history than the half-lights of latter-day impressionism.

An ampler ether, a diviner air, And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

The Little Black Rose shall be red at last.
What made it black but the March wind dry.
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
It shall redder the hills when June is nigh!

The Silken of the Kine shall rest at last.
What drove her forth but the drag-on fly?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast.
With her mild gold horn and her slow, dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove he's dead at last!
The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die!
This song is secret. Mine ear it passed.
In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

In truth, even in the pre-Emancipation days there was an Irish flavor about the best of the Munster gentry. The poet himself has described their relations with the people. There was something dependent and feudal about them that could not last; but it was a benevolent feudalism, not the bigoted, social tyranny that existed elsewhere.

IN THE CENTRE OF AFRICA the lame of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds, sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

A Tribute to The Catholic Press

The editor of The University of Ottawa Review writes:
Thanksgiving Day occasions indignation and bad literature. Society's unprecedented prosperity is sung in every key. We owe thanks, to whom?
To humanity of course, answer a chorus of cocksure prophets. Is it not to man's own strenuous effort that is due our unvarnished progress, marvelous inventions and matchless civilization? God, all-ruling and supreme, is superannuated, disappeared with our forefathers. Religion is invited to "go away back and sit down." Non-Catholic ministers of the Gospel unboom their messages to empty seats and literature reflects the prevailing nationalism. The profane raving for which Harpers' lately apologized, because a hitherto meek Catholic sentiment could endure no more, is merely a symptom of the epidemic. More than once has The Catholic Record, for instance, lifted its voice in protest. The Catholic Register has done the same. The Casket observes: "The utterances of some presidents of the large American universities on the aims, objects and results of their systems are as pagan as though there never was such a thing as Christianity." Rev. Fr. Campbell, S. J., in the current Messenger of New York, writes: "At the present time the world is flat on its face before its scientific idols which it adores because of their hugeness, and in spite of the uncertainty and at times grotesque features which they often present." At the demand of insane, untried faith, in the name of so-called science, hitherto inviolable principles of belief and conduct were ruthlessly exposed to dissection and dissolution. When, however, the insatiable craving for experiment and sensation resulted in McKinley's assassination the last straw was reached. Easy-going folk awoke to the grave peril occasioned by their mistaken tolerance. And President Tafting of the Western Reserve University

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ble to a right estimate of her religious character." He was already at eighteen trying his pinions for a flight. The Muse had made her home at Curragh Chase. Sir Aubrey de Vere, the author of "Mary Tudor," belonged to that band of minor poets of the early nineteenth century whose work possessed so much of the true metal of poetry.

conscience. He accepted the High Anglican theory of the Church; but when the Gorham judgment was delivered he could not reconcile it with the Anglican position. He, therefore, withdrew upon himself, and made a searching re-examination of the principles he long had held. He found them sound, and then he followed them to their logical conclusion and became a Catholic, despite the warnings of his friends. Sarlyle was one of these. "I have ridden over here," he said, "to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." De Vere answered—"But you always used to tell me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent, and could defend her position." Carlyle—"And so I say still." But the Church of England is much better understood, because her face is turned in the right direction." De Vere answered—"Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one." This was in November, 1851. His conversion had much influence on his work as a poet and as a critic. His theory of art became penetrated with the high mysticism under the influence which the medieval world had achieved so much, and his acceptance of its faith brought him in to closer sympathy with the nationality of the Irish people. Thence forward his work was to be suffused with Catholic philosophy on the one hand, and with an elevated literary patriotism. Though the aversion born of class associations and early predilections prevented him from ever accepting the political objects upon which his countrymen had set their hearts, the tragedy of Irish history took on for him a new meaning. His father used to tell him in his young days pathetic stories taken from the "Poetic Hibernia." Later, what struck him was that, "while the details of Irish history were obviously so full of significance, the history itself was nowhere to be found except in fragments. It appeared to lack all unity." "It was after the lapse of many years," he writes, "that the meaning of Irish history flashed upon me. It possessed unity, although not a political unity. Religion was Ireland's unity. That had not been a series of frustrations. A great destiny had been working itself out, not from the time of Strongbow, but from that of St. Patrick. The Norman time and the time of the Penal laws had both been episodes. . . . these things, doubtless, were frustrations. But these things constituted but an inferior part of Irish history. . . . One of the lessons taught to us by Irish history is this: that to the different nations different vocations are assigned by Providence; to one an imperial vocation; to another a commercial one; to Greece an artistic one; to Ireland, as to Israel, a spiritual one." It was under this thought that "Inisfail" was conceived. "No other poem of mine," he says, "was written more intensely. I may say, more painfully, from my heart than 'Inisfail.' . . . The book was addressed, not to many, but to the thoughtful and the few, and at least as much to English statesmen as to Irish patriots." The same high purpose and mystic interpretation of history ruled most of his later work. Even his "Alexander" was written to illustrate a great moral truth. When he passed from Christian Ireland to Pagan Ireland he was on the same search for moral greatness and for dramatic examples of the influence of heroic character on hu-

man destiny. Of his studies in early Gaelic legend he says—"The poetry of that first age, though very unequal, was great. The 'Heroic Age' of Ireland anticipated by some five or six centuries the 'Saintly Age.' . . . The poetry that illustrates a 'Heroic Age' is quickly recognized. It is both great-hearted and light-hearted. . . . These old Irish poems have for me the stamp of reality. The poet was a witness, and did not set himself up as a judge. He did not look down on them from a height, real or imaginary, but encountered them face to face as he moved along the paths and by-paths of men." From these studies came "Queen Maeve." Side by side with the current of this poetry that had its source in patriotic study, ran the current of religious and philippic verse. His "Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire" appeared in 1887. "St. Peter's Chains" in 1888, and "Melisaval, Records and Sonnets" in 1893. The volume published in his 72nd year showed no waning of the fire. It exhibited the same rapt elevation, if less of the lyrical beat of his earlier work. But it was out of harmony with the tendencies of a time, when to be a bard of the hour the singer must worship "Pan," and shout "Christ is not Risen." "I am in the happy position," said the poet once, "of being able to double my income any moment. I please 'laying down my pen,' replied, "By the way, my pen," he said, "is not the poet's. His audience was few, indeed, it fit. But Ireland will yet find large audiences for the past whose love for his land and veneration for its heroes cannot be challenged. His fame may be left to 'The Old Land,' of which he wrote:

Ab, kindly and sweet, we must love thee perforce! The distaff, the coward alone would not love thee: Ah, mother of heroes! strong mother! soft nurse!

We sit thine while the large cloud swims onward above thee! By thy hills ever blue, that draw me close; By thy hills, by thy lakes, by thine ocean-tulled highlands; And more — by thy records disastrous and dear.

The shrines on thy headlands, the cells in thine islands. Through the cloud of thy pathos thy face is more fair; In the old time thou wert sun-dial; the gold robe thou worest! To thee the heart turns as the deer to her lair, Ere she dies, her first bed in the gloom of the forest. Our glory, our sorrow, our mother! Thy God In thy worst dereliction forsook but to prove thee; Blind, blind as the blindworm; cold, cold, as the cloud; Who seeing thee, see not, possess but not love thee!

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constipation the medicine administered must influence the action of the canal. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts that the substances in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

BRIEFLY, the sainted knowing well
The hidden wisdom that doth dwell
In this, the infant soul
And with its infant soul
The doves the humble offering
That crown the Holy year

SECOND MONTH 28 DAYS February THE HOLY FAMILY

Table with columns for dates, feast names (e.g., Feasts of the Holy Family, Epiphany, Circumcision), and liturgical details.

Indulgences: An indulgence of 40 days to all those who devoutly invoke the most holy name of Jesus.

HOME CIRCLE advertisement with decorative border and text.

WHY SHE WASN'T WORRIED. A refined woman, middle-aged and dressed in black, hailed a Columbus avenue car at Seventy-second street...

passengers grew interested. The woman simply maintained her seat and asked not to be bothered.

"I wanted to get off at Ninety-second street, if you will kindly stop the car," answered the woman, sweetly.

"That ain't my mother," he said. "My mother is 'home' that woman just boosted me on."

"No, dear," he said, "it's all wrong there's too much of it. Besides, it's too frivolous in tone. This allusion to the company's cashier, for instance, would be perfectly harmless if you spoke it, because your eyes and voice would show that you were good-natured and friendly, but the man who reads it hurriedly might easily take it as a complaint or a slur if he chanced to be an enemy of the cashier, he might even use it to make trouble for an employe who has always treated you very kindly. Never joke in a business letter or in any letter to a stranger."

"Another rule. Even when you write to persons you know quite intimately, it is best to avoid allusions that may touch your friend or his friends. Your Uncle John is wondering why Mr. Burnside is so cold to him of late. The reason is a postscript John added to a business letter. 'Fine house you've bought,' he wrote. 'Wish I could be elected to the Legislature!'"

before the woman. She handed him a nickel. "A fair for the boy," said the conductor. "I pay only for myself," said the woman, closing her purse and settling back comfortably.

If your frivolities reach him when he is in a despondent mood, unable to see the joke in anything, they are almost certain to give off a bad odor.

"The safest way is to keep your letters for your family and the very few friends who love you so well that they will be sure to give you the benefit of any doubt. Never mind if your letters to others do 'sound stiff.' That is better than that they should seem rude or unkind."—The Companion

CATHOLICISM IN THE MIDDLE AGES. The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco has just published in pamphlet form the first of a course of historical lectures which Rev. Thomas Shahan, of the Catholic University, delivered under its auspices last September. The opening lecture is entitled "Catholicism in the Middle Ages," and makes a fifty-four page pamphlet.

It was a long and patient process. The Church had to lay the very foundations of civilization, religion and morality, government and law, personal responsibility and a sense of the common weal, letters and art and all the elements which made up civilization. Dr. Shahan outlines the Church's activity along those lines in a masterly manner. The pamphlet would make an excellent text-book for reading circles, literary clubs and advanced classes in parochial schools and academies. It sells for ten cents per copy.

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after storm is the relief when an obstinate pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balm. No opium in it. The good effect lasts. Take a bottle home with you this day.

Advertisement for Allen's Lung Balm with an illustration of a person coughing into a handkerchief.

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Legal notice for MCDONNELL, BOLAND & THOMPSON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS.

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The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CROFT, Manager and Editor.

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THURSDAY FEB 13, 1902

PRICES IN THE BRITISH LAW OFFICE

Let us be paid for small notices...

At Marlborough street Mr Horace...

Mr Kennedy - I do not put that as...

Mr Kennedy - Yes, in a higher court...

THE ACCESSION OATH

Although in these islands the agitation...

Nothing could exceed the devotion...

There is not a day to be lost, however...

banishment for life, which is the penalty enacted in sections 29, 30 and 31...

Mr Kennedy - I do not put that as a ground I said practically obsolete...

THE ACCESSION OATH

Although in these islands the agitation for an amendment of the insulting language employed by the Sovereign...

Nothing could exceed the devotion of Aubrey de Vere to the poor on his father's and other estates during the time of the Irish famine...

A Call To Catholics

Is it not time for the Catholic people of Ontario - and especially of Toronto - to take to heart and ponder upon their indifference to the cause of higher education?

This word INDIFFERENCE may seem a harsh term to apply, but plain speech is wholesome when facts have to be stated and a necessity faced.

Let us begin, then, with the facts. The first which goes without saying, is that we have no adequate home of higher Catholic education in this the capital of Ontario.

And now let us ask whether or not this condition of things amounts to a charge of indifference to the wants of higher education on the part of the Catholics - particularly the wealthy Catholics - of this city and Province.

What of St. Michael's? There never has been such a thing as an endowment small or large there. All that has been done - and that glorious results have been achieved...

The Community of Basilians in Ontario have often gone on record on the educational question, and their policy is well understood. They are not here to carry out any ancient plan of European higher education.

To return to the Catholic wants of Toronto. As far as science is concerned we have here in the affiliation of St. Michael's with the University of Toronto facilities unequalled in any other part of the Dominion.

This question arises and must be answered, because we see that the Basilians have themselves forced the issue in such a way that it can no longer be shirked.

There is not a day to be lost, however, in issuing a call to our Catholic people in and outside the city to get in line and co-operate with the College authorities. This is the first conviction forced upon us by the necessity of the situation and the magnitude of the plans now necessary to cope with it.

MINISTER OMBEN

Lord Salisbury and the ex-American millionaire Astor have been trying to raise a rebellion in Ireland during the week.

Mr Astor has sent an emissary to Dublin to improve upon the tone of the Premier's astonishing utterance.

The wickedness of all such deliberate attempts to work the British public up to the belief that Ireland is on the verge of an organized revolt need not be enlarged upon here.

That the political conversion of Ulster may come about before the Tories have the instrument fashioned for the cutting down of Irish representation to an extent that would count over sixty in a division is the dread of the Salisbury-Chamberlain Government.

"Quasi the Apostate" is the way he is described in the Tory press. Years ago he carried the cry: "Crom of loyal Ulster and disowned" on a thousand British platforms.

"Time passed and little was heard of him until 1900, when he bounded into the political arena with a shout of compulsory land purchase in Ireland involving enormous expense.

"Last year he published a book, 'Ireland and the Empire,' in which he announced his views had changed from those of 1888, and that his former opinions were based on a partial and mistaken reading of Irish history.

"When I went out to fight in 1880 for the union on the platform of Great Britain," says Mr. Russell, "I did so under two serious misconceptions: I believed in the Irish landlords; I did not believe in the Irish leaders; I now understand for the first time Dilke, O'Brien, Redmond and Healy."

"To this The Daily Express replies: 'We now understand T. W. Russell, and he must get out of the Unionist party.' The Nationalists have received him with open arms."

Others will follow where Mr. Russell has shown the way in Ulster. The rebellion bug will not frighten the Ulster men again. The country is more free from garrison crime now than any other in the world, but punishment is the most satisfactory feature to the political party to whom the...

Ireland into rebellion and over 150,000 Irish people were slaughtered qualifying by the age limit. The new Solicitor-General is in his 86th year, if he had the misfortune of being born in Ontario he might not be considered too young to vote yet, but the usual sentiment of the province would certainly remind him of the propriety of sitting away back and letting the aged and infirm attend to the administration of public affairs.

But Irishmen themselves refuse to be stamped by the use of such disreputable and oft-repeated methods, it will be impossible in any event to overrun the country with military, which would indeed be a certain step towards successful provocation to revolt.

CATHOLICS AND GOVERNMENT

The Catholic press of the Dominion will not fail to express satisfaction with the Government rearrangement following upon Mr. Mills' elevation to the Bench of the Supreme Court.

At the same time the fact as we see it is proper public subject for congratulation. For this note of congratulation there are several eminently respectable precedents.

When the late Lord Russell of Killowen was appointed Attorney-General in Mr. Gladstone's Government, afterwards when he was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of England; and - to find a more recent instance - when Mr. Justice Mathew became a Lord of Appeal and Mr. Joseph Walton was elevated to the Bench, both being Catholics, the Catholic press of Britain was notiggardly in expressions of pride and congratulation.

When Charles Fitzpatrick's elevation will surprise no one. He was an eminent figure at the bar before he entered the arena of Federal politics. When elected by the bar of Quebec as Solicitor-General he was, we believe, the youngest member of the profession to wear that signal honor.

The New Minister of Justice has not yet reached his fiftyth year. He was educated at St. Anne's College, Quebec Seminary and Laval University, being a B. C. L. and gold medalist of the last named institution.

The new Solicitor-General was educated at the same institutions as Mr. Fitzpatrick and like him is also the son of Irish parents. The fact that both are eastern men, reminds us that practically all of our leaders in politics to-day hail from the other side of the Ontario boundary.

Our young men in Ontario need more generous recognition. We have fallen into the dry-dock yet here, where the main requirement for a position of responsibility or emolument is to have one in the grade. Our young men should meet themselves...

their ability felt rather than think of qualifying by the age limit. The new Solicitor-General is in his 86th year, if he had the misfortune of being born in Ontario he might not be considered too young to vote yet, but the usual sentiment of the province would certainly remind him of the propriety of sitting away back and letting the aged and infirm attend to the administration of public affairs.

DEATH OF LORD DUFFERIN

Yesterday Lord Dufferin died at Clondeboye. He was the ablest and most eminent diplomat of the Victorian reign. As Governor-General of Canada, as Viceroy of India and as Ambassador in the capitals of the great powers, his record has not been outshone.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mgr. Merry del Val is announced but thus far not officially, as the probable Papal delegate at the forthcoming Coronation ceremonies.

The Protestant lecturer Widdows has been committed for trial at Bow street, London, upon a charge similar to those which previously got him into trouble on this side of the Atlantic.

A curious commentary on the recent sensational reports about the serious condition of the health of Leo XIII., is the statement of a Rome correspondent that His Holiness has determined to make a strong effort to take his full share in the forthcoming "Jubilee ceremonies." They will begin on February 20th, and on the 2nd of March the Pope will celebrate his ninety-second birthday.

CATHOLIC SWINDLES

The Editor of The Catholic Register: Dear Sir - Your editorial article dealing with this serious matter, and for which there seems to be no lasting remedy, was most timely.

Our experience has been exactly similar to that of the Messrs. B. & J. Sadler, and much annoyance has resulted therefrom. That your warning will have the effect of putting Catholic householders on their guard against all those who have not proper credentials is our earnest wish and we desire to add our thanks to you for your efforts in combatting this nuisance.

Respectfully, BLAKE'S WEST SIDE CATHOLIC BOOK STORE.

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Canadian News

BISHOP GRANDIN OF ST ALBERT DYING

Winnipeg, Feb. 5.—Bishop Grandin of St. Albert, Alberta, is dying, and last sacraments have been administered to him. The Apostolic blessing was received from the Pope this morning. Next to the Bishop of Iowa, he is the senior Bishop of America.

LECTURE ON JACQUES CARTIER

A Peterborough despatch reports a very pleasing entertainment at the T. A. S. parlors under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Miss Deane presided. An excellent paper by Miss S. Kelly, upon Jacques Cartier was greatly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audience, dealing as it did in a most interesting manner with the discoverer's life and many enterprises. The paper was profuse of a very profitable discussion. A musical programme rendered during the evening consisted of instrumental pieces by Miss Houlahan, Miss Robert and the Misses Doris, and vocal selections by Mr. Jas. Weir, Miss Annie Simons, Mr. Stanley Lewis.

So popular are the entertainments given in connection with the T. A. S. proving, that it has been found necessary to enlarge the hall and this will shortly be done by acquiring a vacant hall adjoining and adapting it to the desired purpose.

C. O. F. PRESENTATION

Peterborough, Feb. 8.—A special meeting of St. Peter's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, was held last evening, and proved most interesting to the large number of brethren present. The occasion was the visit of the former chaplain, Rev. Father F. J. O'Sullivan, who was at one time connected with the cathedral clergy, but was transferred some months ago to Lindsay, afterwards to Campbellford, and is now parish priest of Victoria Road. He was for upwards of five years chaplain of the local Court of the C. O. F., and hence the severance of his official connection therewith was much regretted by the brethren. Expression was given to their feelings last evening, when they presented Rev. Father O'Sullivan with a suitably worded address, accompanied by a token in the form of an elegant gold headed cane, bearing an appropriate inscription. Mr. Jas. Clancy made the presentation and Mr. Jas. Mahar read the address, which is as follows:

Rev. J. F. O'Sullivan
Rev. and Dear Sir—It was with feelings of deep regret that we, the members of St. Peter's Court, learned that we were about to lose our much revered chaplain, through your departure from Peterborough. But we cannot allow you to leave without giving you some expression of the deep sense of regret we feel at our loss and our appreciation and gratitude for the great interest you have taken in the affairs of our Court. On all occasions you have been most anxious for our welfare, you have always encouraged and exhorted us to the faithful practice of our religious duties and what is better still, your daily life has been a model of those Christian virtues you have inculcated by your earnest teachings.

We earnestly pray that you may be long spared to perform your priestly office. In conclusion, Rev. and Dear Father, we ask you to accept this cane as a slight token of the esteem in which you are held by members of St. Peter's Court. Signed on behalf of St. Peter's Court, JOSEPH MAHAR, JAMES CLANCY, JAS. P. BRYSON.

The presentation was a great surprise to Rev. Father O'Sullivan, and his reply was a feeling one, expressive of sincere appreciation of the honor done him and wishing St. Peter's Court success.

Rev. Father McColl, rector of the cathedral, Rev. Father Collins, of Brockville, Rev. Dr. O'Brien, and Rev. Fr. John O'Brien were present at the meeting, and in short speeches made reference to the good work the Order was doing. Rev. Father Collins was the first chaplain of St. Peter's Court, and in a short speech he expressed his pleasure at the remarkable growth which the court had experienced, having now a membership of over 150 and on a sound financial basis. He recalled much of the past history of the Court and the difficulties that attended its inception. All these had long since been dispelled and he hoped that continued prosperity would be the record of the future.

Short and appropriate speeches were made by Deputy High Chief Rector M. Coughlin, Messrs. James Rogue, Jno. O'Brien and Jas. Mahar.

DEAN KILROY'S GIFT

Stratford, Feb. 8.—At a meeting of the Separate School Board last night the Chairman, Rev. Dean Kilroy, made a most generous offer towards wiping out the debt on the separate school property. There is a debt of \$2,000 on a mortgage to Rev. Dean Kilroy. The latter was desirous that a special effort be made to liquidate the debt, and as an encouragement to the board he cancelled the \$2,000 owing him and he made a cash donation of \$600, a condition that the board set aside towards the liquidation of the debt a further sum of \$100 per annum until the maturity of the debt, and also procure the release

of certain real estate on which a lien was placed as security for the payment of the first debentures issued by the board. The Rev. Dean's offer was accepted, the board signifying its appreciation of his generosity.

DEATH OF A NUN

London, Ont., Feb. 8.—The funeral of Sister Clare, Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham, was held yesterday from Mount Hope to the Catholic cemetery. The remains arrived from Chatham on Friday afternoon, and during the time they lay in the chapel at Mount Hope they were viewed by a large number of persons, who had known the deceased during her three years' term as Mother Superior at St. Joseph's Hospital here. Solenne High Mass was said by Rev. Father James, Superior of the Franciscans at Chatham, who was assisted by Rev. Father McKean and Rev. Father Pinsonneault of London. Bishop McEwen was in the sanctuary, assisted by Rev. Father Buckley, St. P. of Owen Sound and Rev. Father Hayward of this city. The Bishop pronounced the Absolution, and Rev. Father McKean read the prayers at the grave. After the Solenne Mass of Requiem the remains were carried to the house by the Sisters of St. Joseph, others following in procession and carrying candles. Sister Clare is the third member of her family to die in the St. Joseph Sisterhood, the other two having passed away at Mount Hope within the past few years. The death of the aged father occurred after a few days illness. Sister Clare was visited at Chatham on Sunday last by her brother, Rev. Father Mogan of the Township of Raleigh, who was taken ill with pneumonia before returning to his parish, and has since been confined to the Chatham hospital. Another brother is ill in Detroit, and a sister, Mrs. Devlin of Tilsonburg, was also unable to attend the funeral on account of illness. Sister Clare is survived by her sister, Mrs. Devlin, Father Mogan of Raleigh, M. N. Mogan, of St. Louis, Mo., and the brother in Detroit.

WEDDED AT ORILLIA

An event of much interest was the marriage of Miss Beatrice Cashman to Mr. Frederick Johnston, of Bradford, Pa., which took place in the Chapel of the Church of the Angel's Guardian, Orillia. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Moynan, and was entirely a family affair.

A largely attended reception was held on Friday afternoon and evening to give the host of friends an opportunity of combining their farewells and best wishes to the winsome "bride-elect." The decorations of the drawing-room were of the usual festive character, bridal flowers, ferns and palms being everywhere in evidence. The hall draping of "Union Jacks" and "Old Glory" (a compliment to the groom), was particularly effective. The tea room was an artistic conception carried out in a chaste design of green and white. The attendants were the three charming nieces of the bride, the Misses Gough. Miss Cashman received in a dainty gown of silk tissue hand embroidered over taffeta, and many and sincere were the compliments and good wishes extended to "sweet amiable Dolly." The gifts were unique and dainty. The groom's included a diamond guard and pendant, of pearls and opals. Miss Cashman was the youngest daughter of the late Cornelius Cashman, of the Crown Lands Department, and hosts of Toronto friends extended congratulations.

DAWSON'S CATHOLIC MAYOR

Dawson, Y. T., Feb. 8.—The election to-day was a close run. Mr. Henry McAuley, wholesale liquor dealer, formerly of Lindsay, was elected Mayor by a majority of 18 out of 725 votes cast. The Mayor and six aldermen are nearly all Liberals.

IT IS AN ELIXIR OF LIFE

—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil is an Elixir, because it cures all ailments, and it is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

Some are especially called to work for souls, but there is no one who cannot help much in their salvation. Holy example, earnest intercession, the offering of our actions in their behalf—all this needs only the spirit which animated St. Francis Xavier, the desire to make some return to God.

Domestic Reading.

A smile for every day makes sunshine all the year.

Good will, like a good name, is lost by untidy actions, and lost by one.

The life of the Christian ought to tend by continual efforts to add new virtues to those he has already acquired.

Whatever manner of death may take us from earth, let us make sure of God's mercy, which alone can save us in the hour of dissolution, whether foreseen or unexpected.

If you consider that you are both a rational and a moral being, your moral condition will depress the pride of your reason, and your reason will fortify you in your moral condition.

The sinews of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule and above the hush-water mark of contempt.

One thing only is necessary—the committal of the soul to God. Look that thou thyself art in order, and leave to God the task of unravelling the skein of the world and of destiny.

Be thy longing desire to see God, thy fear to lose him, thy sorrow to be deprived of Him for a time, thy joy that He can draw thee to Himself, then wilt thou live in profound peace.

The least things done for the love of Our Divine Master may be full in His sight of the richest and sweetest merit, and the greatest things we may do or suffer, if they are not done in charity, are, as the Apostle says, worth nothing.

While the passion of some is to shine, of some to govern, and of others to accumulate, let one great passion alone influence our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which Heaven in-

spires—that of being and doing good.

Life is a combat and not an untroubled liberty of enjoyment, life is the struggle of the Divine element, which would fain reconquer his place. Glorious struggle, which finds peace and liberty upon the ruins of bad inclinations and degraded instincts!

Gratitude is the latest blossom that springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none so fragrant; while its opposite, ingratitude, is a deadly weed, not only poisonous in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

There are cords in the human heart, strange, varying strange, which are only struck by accident, which will remain mute and senseless to awaiting the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view.

It may be that Jesus Christ gives you the grace of an ardent attraction toward the Blessed Sacrament for other reasons beside that of your own personal devotion. It may be that He would make you a living centre of devotion, as it were, to the Sacred Species, in order that your fervor, your love, and the knowledge of Him which you have gained by your frequent contemplation of Him, should act through you upon others, so that by your zeal, by your example, you should bring souls to Him, and thus cause the graces which He has given you to bear tenfold fruit. What if you misuse these graces and divert them from their rightful ends by your selfishness, your cowardice and your apathy? What if wrapped in your own interests, you fail to note the soul by your side on whom you might bring so holy an influence to bear? What if, by your conduct, you thwart instead of forward the action of the Blessed Sacrament? Think of it!

INTER-CLUB DEBATING UNION.
The second debate of the series takes place this evening at St. Basil's Hall. Subject: "Resolved, That the Permanent Connection of Canada with the Motherland is Desirable." The judges are Rev. Dr. Treacy, Mr. W. T. J. Lee and Mr. J. J. Howarth. The next debate will be at St. Clement's Club on Tuesday, the 18th inst.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from nervous coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest success. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY



HEAD OFFICE: 112-118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

For the Year Ended December 31st, 1901.

Table with columns for Receipts, Disbursements, Assets, and Liabilities. Includes sub-totals and grand totals for each category.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other home Company.

NEW INSURANCE ISSUED DURING 1901... EXCEEDING THE BEST PREVIOUS YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY BY OVER HALF A MILLION.

NOTICE TO LADY READERS

The following letter contains an offer of an absolute gift to you. You don't have to buy anything to get it. It is a bid for your friendship, and if overlooked it will be a loss to you and a disappointment to us.



DEAR MADAM: This Sugar Shell is a GIFT TO EVERY LADY who answers this Advertisement.

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you free of any charge this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL. With the Sugar Shell we will send you 8 Boxes of Standard Elective Remedies to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each.

Form for requesting a Sugar Shell and Medicines, including fields for Name and Address.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN Columbus Commandery NO. 210 Knights of St. John SOCIAL, BENEFICIAL, FRATERNAL

D. Mann & Co. UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS 507 Yonge St. Phone North 2282

Earn This Watch... GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Train No. 4, leaving Toronto at 9 a.m. (Daily) is the 'PEOPLE'S FAVORITE' Day Train to Montreal.

REGAN BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS 101 1/2 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MISSION SUPPLIES Our Goods are of the Latest Impression and Design... BLAKE'S

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 31 JORDAN ST. TORONTO.

NICKEL PLATED Bathroom Fittings Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED 83 and 84 King St. East, Toronto.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Typewriters... GIBBY WATCH.

'My Valet' FOUNTAIN THE TAILOR 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 5074 Dress Suits to Rent

Photographic Studio 535 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Clarified Milk Talks No. 8

CITY DAIRY CO., LIMITED SPADINA ONT.

THE OPINION OF AN ADVERTISER. To the Editor of The Register: Dear Sir—It gives me much pleasure to state that the advertisement which I have in The Catholic Register has well paid me.

FREE!... BLAKE'S

E. McCORMACK MERCHANT TAILOR 31 JORDAN ST. TORONTO.

NICKEL PLATED Bathroom Fittings Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED 83 and 84 King St. East, Toronto.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Typewriters... GIBBY WATCH.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE CHILD TO THE FATHER (By Robert Hood.) Father, it's you that guide me...

DICKIE'S SECOND THOUGHT (By Sallie Campbell, in Sunday School Times.)

Dickie had just come. So, of course, he had to look at everything on the place. It took him the most of the day...

WHITE AND RED

Pale blood—pale face—poor health; Scott's Emulsion—red blood—rosy face—good health, that's the order of events.

Our first lines give a condensed history of many cases, chiefly young girls at school. For some reason girls of that age are frequent sufferers from pale blood—a real blood starvation.

AN EPICUREAN INCIDENT (Henry F. Keenan in The Era for February)

It would hardly be suspected, that the best month of the year had been enjoyed in one of the ancient countries of the old world by an incident of such making character.

THE SLAVE OF A HABIT

A writer in The Catholic Union and Times credits an old Irish rector with the following:

THE HAPPY SQUIRREL (By R. K. Monkittick)

He's running around in his wheel all the day. He never feels weary of frolic and play.

GOT HIS RECEIPT (From an Exchange.)

Tim Murphy had run up a small bill at the village shop. He went to pay it, and wanted a receipt.

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL

—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmentier's Vegetable Pills to be lacking in strength.

Chats With Young Men

NO PRETENCES! Mr. Augustine Birrell makes this plea for sincerity in his "Essays and Addresses."

Are You Satisfied

with your baker? If not try one of our loaves. We've 57 varieties always on hand.

Patents

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Trade Marks, Designs, Copyrights, etc.

Pain-Killer

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Cramps, Dizziness, Headache, All Bowel Complaints.

CHURCH BELLS

Chimes and Pells, Bell Foundry, 210 Queen Street West, Toronto.

HEART FAILURE

The Great Number of Cases of Sudden Death from this Cause makes the following story of the greatest importance.

SILLY LETTERS

(Marie Rideau in Boston Republic.) I wish some of the young people who write for advice on love and kindred topics to the editors of columns devoted to the publication of such epistles would stop and ask themselves if they would enjoy having their mother or father know that they were the authors of contributions.

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.

Time to Think of Your Winter COAL WHY? TRY A TON AND SEE P. BURNS & CO. 26 KING STREET WEST

Toronto Furnace & Crematory Co's Heating and Sanitary Plumbing

Chats With Young Men Are You Satisfied

Patents 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Pain-Killer For Cuts, Burns, Bruises

CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Pells

HEART FAILURE The Great Number of Cases of Sudden Death

SILLY LETTERS (Marie Rideau in Boston Republic.)

A CURE FOR ASTHMA Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home

Pan-American Exposition BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL ALE AND PORTER

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.

OUR BRANDS The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO

MONUMENTS The Monument & Marble Co

PAKLOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Relieve these Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract

COWAN'S COCOAS CHOCOLATES OFFETS ARE THE BEST

OLERGY AND LAITY MEMORIAL WINDOWS OR ART GLASS

FORZKA HARNESS OIL

THE... DOMINION BREWERY CO. Limited. Brewers and Malsters Toronto.

WHITE LABEL ALE

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, Limited. Maltsters, Brewers and Distillers TORONTO.

In Lager Beer The Standard of Canada

REINHARDT'S "SALVADOR" Toronto and Montreal

Empress Hotel

F. ROSAR Undertaker

McOABE & CO. UNDERTAKERS

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates.

WINTER TIME

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed, A frosty, fiery sleepy-head; Blinks but an hour or two; and then, A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies, As morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, batho and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit To warm my frozen bones a bit; Or, with a reindeer sled, explore The colder countries round the door.

Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frosted like a wedding cake. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Case of Revenge

(By Ellis Schreiber.)

"You hard hearted brute! May the day come when I shall see you half dead with thirst, your tongue cleaving to the roof of your mouth — that I may have the satisfaction of refusing you the draught of water for which you will long, and long in vain!" This cruel wish came from the lips of a cavalry officer, whose countenance was aflame with rage. He addressed a big, ungainly private who stood at a short distance off, with an ugly scowl on his rough features.

It was indeed a cruel wish, the cruelty of which those only can appreciate who know by experience the agony caused by thirst. The man who uttered it knew what thirst was; in fact, he was suffering from it at the time. The day before he had taken part in one of the fiercest battles of the South African war, which proved so disastrous to the British arms, owing to the ignorance of the officers concerning the nature of the country and the tactics of the enemy.

Now, on the day after the battle, the officer in question was ordered to carry some important dispatches to the colonel in command of another division of the army, and this he had to do with the greatest possible speed. His own horse had been killed on the previous day and walked quite lame, so that another had to be brought. It proved to be a restive, vicious beast. Many precious minutes were lost before it could be got to stand still for the officer to mount, and when at last the rider was in the saddle, it reared and plunged, so that he could hardly keep his seat, until presently it started off at a rattling pace.

"I might have got on fairly well," the officer said when narrating his story, "had it not been that the road was blocked with vehicles of all kinds—ordnance carriages, ambulances, carts conveying fugitives, my untractable steed shying at every unaccustomed object in the most provoking manner. When at last I got clear of these obstacles I met a whole company of artillery, so that everything combined to impede my progress, although the despatches being urgent, I was bound to press onward with all expedition. The heat of the day, moreover, was intense; the scorching rays of an African sun beat down on me pitilessly. I was enveloped in a cloud of dust; my throat was dry, my lips were parched, my pocket flask was empty.

"Presently, to my delight, when I had left the more frequented road behind, I descried at a short distance from the wayside a party of soldiers resting beside a spring in the shade of a group of trees. A welcome sight indeed for a thirsty man; but on my attempting to leave the road and ride up to the spot to obtain a refreshing draught, my horse became so unmanageable that I was compelled to dismount. The private leader of the soldiers, who made merry, over what they designated my clever feats of horsemanship, added to the irritation I felt at the obstinacy of the animal. However, I controlled my temper, and, unbuckling my flask, I called to the soldier who was nearest to me, saying: 'Comrade, be so good as to fill this flask for me.' The fellow did not stir; he only regarded me with a sullen, sinister expression, answering as he turned on his heel: 'Go and fill it yourself!'

"It was then that, beside myself with anger, I uttered that unchristian wish, and putting spurs to my horse, galloped off at a desperate pace, heedless of the soldiers who shouted at me to stop. A little further on I came across a compassionate Kaffir, who, when I made my want known to him, gave me and my horse a draught of deliciously cool water. In my gratitude I bestowed a sovereign on the man; and, after a few minutes rest, went on my way, reflecting within myself that a savage possessed a kinder heart than a Christian and my own fellow-countryman. The features of the barbarian who had refused me the proverbial cup of cold water were deeply imprinted on my memory. 'I shall know that fellow again wherever I see him,' I said; and I swore that I would not rest until I found him and revenged myself on him for his brutal behavior. This was no idle threat. For eighteen months I kept my resolution in mind, but neither on the battlefield nor in the hospitals did I meet with my enemy. At last the looked-for opportunity for vengeance arrived.

Croup and Whooping Cough

Claim Scores of Thousands of Young Lives Every Year—Lives That Could as Well be Saved.

It is a serious question with every mother as to how she can best combat croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and similar ailments, which are sure to suddenly attack the little ones at times least expected. The hollow, croupy cough comes with frightful foreboding as it arouses the mother from sleep. She realizes the hopelessness of battling with a disease which often defies the most skilful physicians.

In croup above all other diseases prompt action is of the greatest importance imaginable. With Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand any mother can effect almost instant relief when the children are struggling frantically for breath. By sheer force of merit it has won its way to popularity and is known throughout this continent as the most effective treatment for throat and lung troubles that science has ever devised.



GROUP. Mr. W. McCre, 48 Waight Avenue Toronto, Ont., states: 'There is no remedy in my opinion that acts more promptly than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It cured my son of croup absolutely in one night. We gave him a dose when he was black in the face with choking. It gave him instant relief. During the night he took several doses, and in the morning woke up bright, perfectly well and cheerful. I must say it is a wonderful medicine.'

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Is the most necessary preparation that can be kept in any house. For children and grown people alike it affords the most thorough and prompt relief for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. 25 cts. a bottle, family size, containing three times as much, 60 cts., at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

He then gave me some little valuables among his belongings to be sent to her; afterward he asked to see the chaplain and received the last sacrament. Before I left him, at the close of our conversation, he asked me 'if there was not some passage in Holy Scripture about a cup of cold water.' 'Pray do not say anything more about that!' I cried. 'You pain me.' 'Ah,' he rejoined, in a low tone, 'you little know what an act of charity it was on your part to give me that drink of water.'

THE LITTLE LINNET OF BOE (By Seumas MacManus) Re-published by Request. When I was young my life was glad as Murlo's crooning stream. Each moment was a sparkling joy and every day a dream. Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet the sun was low, and listened to the linnets, green, that waked the woods of Boe.

Lon flushed and paled. A strange pricking sensation ran over his whole body and his brain seemed whirling like a toy windmill. He knew that by a simple operation, which any ordinary veterinarian could perform — an operation as familiar as A, B, C to himself and to his father and grandfather before him — the most obstinately cribbing horse could be cured of his fault and made perfectly sound. He knew that if Mr. Hackett's horse should be so treated he would be as sound as his own and worth every cent of the two hundred and fifty dollars which he had paid for his own. Here was a dazzling chance to take advantage of another's ignorance and get just the horse he wanted for the merest song.

CONSUMPTION

Prevented and Cured. Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers from this disease. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a run-down system.

FREE.

Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Do you spit up phlegm? Do your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina? These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption. Consumption, the bane of those who have been brought up in the old-fashioned belief that this disease was hereditary, that it was fatal, that some could recover who were once firmly clasped in its relentless grip.

The Sorrel Span

"I declare, Lon, that horse would make a first-rate match for yours, wouldn't it?" Mr. Henderson, the village storekeeper, stepped out upon the platform of his store and laid a friendly hand on the shoulder of his young assistant, Alonso Sawyer. "Lon," as he was universally called, was a great lover of horses. His father and grandfather had been so before him — and he had local reputation for his knowledge of horsemanship and horse nature. Some months previously Lon had bought a fine sorrel "Morgan" horse, which fully realized his ideal of equine beauty, soundness and speed, and his great desire since then had been to find a suitable mate for his pet so that he might hold the reins over as fine a span as ever pounded the hard slate roads of Leicester county.

The man in the carriage looked up with a friendly but somewhat incredulous smile. Lon was only seventeen and rather small for his age. "I don't know but what I would. Do you think you could find me a buyer for him?" "I'll buy him if he's all right," replied the boy, with a slight flash of indignation in his eye. "I've got money, if I am young, and I've got the horse that'll match yours like the other yolk in a double egg." "Well, he isn't all right," admitted the stranger frankly. "So I suppose that settles it. I wouldn't cheat anybody in a horse trade, least of all a boy. Is your horse all right?" "Yes," replied Lon, rather curtly. The boy resumed the stranger's implication that he was too young to protect himself in a horse trade. He jumped down from the platform and walked round the sorrel, eyeing him critically. Meanwhile the hotel keeper came out, in leisurely fashion wiping his hands on his shirt sleeves. "Want to put up?" he asked the stranger. "That depends. How much further is it to Danville?" "Ten and a half miles." "Is it? Then I'd better stop here over night, I guess. Well, how is it, young man?" he added, turning to Lon. "Find any faults?" "Getting a trifle large in the barrel for proportion," replied the boy. "May I look in his mouth?" "Of course."

and as for his single fault, why, for one who knew the real cause of cribbing, that wasn't so bad. The young horse lover chuckled to himself as he returned to his duties at the store but suddenly the smile died from his lips and he looked sober again. He had never yet cheated in any business transaction. He had vowed in his heart that he never would. Now, he asked himself, would it be cheating to take the advantage naturally coming to him from a superior knowledge of horsemanship? What is knowledge for, except to give us an advantage in life? A subtle temptation, truly, and yet the boy unceasingly recognized that it was a temptation, a solvation to wrong.

He kept turning the matter over in his mind until it was time to close the store for the evening. Then, before he went to supper he dropped in at the hotel. The stranger was waiting for him, and they sat down in a corner of the public room to discuss the matter which was just then uppermost in the minds of both. "My name is Hackett, John Hackett," began the stranger, "and the landlord tells me that yours is Alonso Sawyer, Lon for short, which I prefer. Now, Lon, I don't want to make any false representations or statements, even in a horse trade. Those who know me call me call me a square man, and I want to live up to that reputation everywhere and under all circumstances. They tell me you are an honest boy as ever was made, so I hope if we come to any kind of business deal it will not be a case of Greek meeting Greek. Now, Lon, you know and I know that my horse would be a valuable animal if it weren't for that unfortunate habit of cribbing. But having that habit, which I suppose is incurable, he is worth only a comparatively small sum. I wouldn't think of selling him if he weren't a cribber, that's sure. But I want a perfectly sound horse, and if you are willing to take this one, knowing his fault, and give me eighty-five dollars for him, it's a trade. What'd you say?"

Lon flushed and paled. A strange pricking sensation ran over his whole body and his brain seemed whirling like a toy windmill. He knew that by a simple operation, which any ordinary veterinarian could perform — an operation as familiar as A, B, C to himself and to his father and grandfather before him — the most obstinately cribbing horse could be cured of his fault and made perfectly sound. He knew that if Mr. Hackett's horse should be so treated he would be as sound as his own and worth every cent of the two hundred and fifty dollars which he had paid for his own. Here was a dazzling chance to take advantage of another's ignorance and get just the horse he wanted for the merest song.

Lon started up in great agitation and walked to the window. Through the dusk he could see the spire of the village church, pure white against the darkening sky and the first twinkling stars. Alas! that his soul should be shaken to its foundations by the most servile and meanest of temptations. In an instant he whirled about and came back to Mr. Hackett. "Mr. Hackett," he cried, "I want you to know that I can cure your horse of cribbing in twenty minutes, so that he will never do it again. The only reason why he gnaws the manger or any wood that he can get at is because his teeth are too long. They force his jaws apart and make them ache. He gnaws to try to wear them down, and, of course, the gnawing and pulling make him swallow wind, and in time he bloats and gets out of condition. That is all that ails any cribbing horse. Now, I can take a little veterinary saw and cut your horse's teeth to the right length and he will be cured—I know it. I was tempted to keep this knowledge back and so cheat you and get your horse for a song. But, thank God, I've been kept from doing such a wrong. Now, you say you'd like to keep your horse, if only he were sound. I can make him sound if you'll stop over a day. If I don't succeed, or if I injure him in any way, I'll buy him of you and give you a hundred dollars for him."

There was a strange, glinting light in Mr. Hackett's eyes as he put out his large, firm hand and folded Lon's in a cordial grasp that lasted fully a minute. Then he said: "Lon, my boy, I'm glad for what you tell me about the horse, but I'm more glad for what you say about yourself. I'll stop over, as you say, Good night!" Lon's little veterinary saw worked the cure which he claimed it would. The sorrel horse seemed to understand what was being done for him, too, for he kept perfectly still during the operation. After two days' rest, cribbing the horse did no more trouble. Mr. Hackett walked into the store and laid one hundred and sixty-five dollars in bills on the counter before Lon. "That's for the operation," he said. "But I never charge more than ten dollars," protested Lon. "Well, young man," replied Mr. Hackett, "it's my right, I suppose, to pay what I please, and I please to pay one hundred and sixty-five dollars. Now, you can either keep the money or put eighty-five dollars with it and buy my horse. These are the only two alternatives; understand that."

This explains how Alonso Sawyer happens to be driving the finest span of sorrels in Leicester county. Mr. Hackett has not lost track of him, either. Strictly honest business men, with large commercial interests to manage, do not discover sound intelligence in a young man and then forget it. There is a well-told story that when he is going down to the city in the

spring to accept an important position in the big wholesale establishment of Hackett, Stevens & Co.—Forward

OSHAWA MIRACLE INVESTIGATED

A Sworn Statement of Facts Almost Beyond Belief

The Toronto Mail and Empire sends a Reporter to Oshawa. His enquiries result in a Compelling Verification of Original Story. Very many startling stories of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills have been published in these columns, and in other newspapers all over the country from time to time. Every case has been so well authenticated as to leave little room for doubt, and yet the statements made and the cures reported, have, in many cases, been so nearly miraculous as to be almost beyond belief.

Recently, The Mail and Empire of Toronto, and other papers, published a despatch from Oshawa, in which it was said that a mechanic in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works, had been cured of paralysis by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that, after he had been absolutely helpless for four months and had been given up by the physicians at the Hospital in Toronto. This was too much for many people to believe, and numerous demands were made on the paper in question for a verification of correctness. One correspondent signing himself "Medicus" in a letter to The Mail and Empire indignantly disputed the possibility of such a cure.

To get at the real facts a reporter was sent to Oshawa, and the result was a complete and very satisfactory confirmation of the original despatch. To put the matter absolutely beyond question, the following sworn statement was secured: THE STATEMENT OF MR. DROWN.

In the fall of 1897 I was taken ill with what most of the doctors called paralysis, and others nervous prostration. It commenced with a stiffness and soreness in the calves of my legs and gradually increased till I could not move either my arms or legs, having lost all power in them. I could not have raised my arms to my head to save my life. For over four months I could not stand or walk alone a single step. I doctored with all the local doctors and then with a Bowmanville doctor. Each one gave me some different medicine, but the more I took the worse I got.

At last the Bowmanville doctor told me that nothing could be done for me unless I went to the hospital in Toronto where they might perhaps have some later treatment for paralysis which would fit my case. I went there toward the end of January, 1898, and remained under treatment in that institution for a little over four weeks. All was in vain, I got worse. Twelve doctors told me I could not recover, and that nothing could be done for me, so as I was getting worn every day, and there was no hope of their being able to help me in the least, I was removed to my home here. I was like a baby, unable to move.

At this extremity someone advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my wife bought a box. We had not the slightest idea that they would help me, but like a drowning man I grasped at every straw. After I had used the first box, the numbness began to leave my finger tips, and I felt a little better, and kept on using the pills. By two months' time I could walk a little, and shortly afterward was able to go short distances without assistance.

The first time I went down town, one of the doctors who had given me up saw me across the street, and not being able to believe his eyes, went to my brother Robert, and asked: "Is that your brother Joe?" Robert told him that it was I, and he said in astonishment: "Well, I never expected to see him around again." I used, altogether, twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the first of May, I was able to start to work again in the shop here, and I have never been sick or off work a day since and that is over three and a half years ago.

I am glad of the opportunity to make this statement, for I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to work to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. (Signed), JOSEPH BROWN, SWORN CONFIRMATION. CANADA: I JOSEPH BROWN, Province of Ontario, of the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Oshawa, Ontario, do hereby certify that the above statement, signed by me, is absolutely true, and I make this solemn declaration, believing it to be true, and knowing that it is so, and that I am not under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893. (Signed), JOSEPH BROWN, Declared before me at the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Oshawa, on the 15th day of January, A.D. 1902. J. F. GRIERSON, a Notary Public.

