

PAGE

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# The Catholic Register.

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**ALIVE BOLLARD,**  
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VOL. IX.—No. 52.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

## The History of the Christmas Crib

(By Eliza Allen Starr.)

One of the most touching customs for Christmas is that of preparing the Crib in some part of the church, which dates to that seraphic lover of holy poverty, Saint Francis of Assisi. We are told that stirred as he was in his own soul by the tenderest sympathy for the little infant shivering in the Cave at Bethlehem in the December midnight, he caught the idea of making all this present and real to the eyes of his disciples. A cave was prepared; a manger was filled with straw; the ox and the ass took their places beside it. On the straw lay the radiant Child so lowly in His majesty, and beside Him His Virgin Mother and her virgin spouse and the simple shepherds. How poor it all was — must have been — from all we know of Saint Francis, and on what he was likely to do! "How inadequate!" no doubt some of these said whose genuity had been taxed to prepare it. But when midnight came, and the Midnight Mass, and when Saint Francis rose to preach to them, with the Crib in sight, who can ever tell the wonderful effect of that Christmas sermon! Transported out of himself, he took all his listeners with him, and the whole church full of religious prostrated themselves before the Infant in his Manger-Crib. From the Convent of Saint Francis the custom spread all over Christendom. Churches, monasteries, convents, homes, castles and cabins had each its representation of the Crib. It was the manger, the meekness of Saint Joseph, the rapture of the Virgin Mother, the absolute poverty of the Holy Family, which Saint Francis put before his followers. "And we must do as Saint Francis did, if we would win souls to the simplicity of the Cave and the Holy Infancy. It can never be

too humble to draw the hearts of the multitude, who press around it with a rapture of love and reparation which no grand painting or representation of any other sort could ever inspire.

In the United States the Midnight Mass is said in churches at 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, and is followed immediately by the "Mass of the Aurora," as it is called. In ancient times the Pope went directly from his Midnight Mass to the Church of Saint Anastasia, who was martyred on the 25th of December, 305, and the second Collect of this Mass still keeps her in distinguished remembrance. The third, or Solemn High Mass, has so many graces attached to it that we cannot allow even the weariness which comes after the early masses to prevail against us. Every priest has the privilege of saying three Masses on Christmas Day; and it should be considered the privilege of every Christian to assist at three masses, if possible. Nor can any one be indifferent to the significance, as well as the beauty and the grandeur, of this Mass, for is it not the triumphal song of the incarnation? That incarnation, which began in the obscurity and silence of a room in the Holy House of Nazareth, was fulfilled in the gloom and humiliation of a stable, but is now glorified to the eyes of all men by the magnificence of altars, of golden vestments, and, if in a cathedral, by all the solemnity of Pontifical ceremonial. If we have entered the stable to adore the Divine Infant in the Crib, it will relieve the wish of the heart to do something in honor of this little Babe, this Incarnate Word, who "came unto His own, and His own received Him not," to assist at the grand third Mass of Christmas. We shall, instinctively, offer it in expiation for that ignorance which shut against Him the doors of the pleasant homes of Bethlehem; that ignorance which leaves Him, even now, unrecognized by so many kindly hearts in the world which is called Christian, which cuts short His claims to worship and obedience, and even while Christmas greetings are sounding in our ears, makes Him forgotten in the love of worldly enjoyments. It will be just one little act of reparation to the Babe in the manger; and how precious is every such act, however small. Years ago a little girl, scarcely four years old, was in the habit of stealing to our side as we said our prayers. One day she was asked about a picture of the Nativity which hung near. In as simple words as we could we told her about the Babe born in a stable because no one had any room in their houses for His Mother; and how, when He grew up, He was put to death by cruel men, all because of His goodness. This child had never been baptised, and "must not be proselyted," but no sooner did this natural story come to her ears than her eyes filled with tears, and, throwing up her childish arms, she cried out: "Let me kiss the little Jesus baby again!" It was the true spirit of reparation; and that kiss, we believe, has never been; never will be, forgotten by Him who lay in His Crib in the Stable of Bethlehem. This spirit of reparation, which is so simple and so natural that a child practises it instinctively, inspires the sweetest and most sublime offerings made by man to God; and while the most hidden, they are the most powerful to win graces for ourselves or for others. This was the offering of His Virgin Mother, of His foster-father, who endeavored to supply the lack of love of others by the fervor of their own; and this is our offering when we attend the Solemn High Mass, or, better still, the Pontifical Mass, in honor of the "Word-made flesh and dwelling among us." As a reward for all this, instant and full, comes the Papal Benediction, bestowed on Christmas Day upon all who, having confessed and communicated, have paid the homage of adoration to the Infant Jesus.

But what of that even-song, the magnificent "Second Vespers" of Christmas? Is it possible that our dinners on that day are so elaborate as to give us no time to assist at Vespers? Is it possible that we have so many and such dignified guests — guests so indifferent themselves to the Liturgy of the day that we cannot join in the Blessed Virgin's own Magnificat, and that the Antiphons of this great day are to be lost for us? Is it possible that anything which the world calls pleasure can keep us from that Manger-Crib where lies the Infant who is to redeem us and all we hold dear? Has He lost



MADONNA AND CHILD.

Courtesy of Catholic Almanac of Ontario.

his charm so soon? Is there nothing in that smile which draws us irresistibly from the luxurious home and makes us almost weep to think how comfortable it is; still more from the groaning tables of the banquet? Let us steal away from all these for a while, and see how the Church attires herself, with her Pontiffs, to sing the praises of her Infant King.

Those who recited the dramatic Third Repository at Matins: "O, ye shepherds, speak, and tell us what ye have seen; who is appeared in the earth?"

"We saw the new-born Child, and Angels singing praise to the Lord. Speak; what have ye seen? And tell us of the birth of Christ."

"We saw the new-born Child, and Angels singing praise to the Lord. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

"We saw the new-born Child, and Angels singing praise to the Lord." will enter into the spirit of the antiphons at Vespers.

First Antiphon—Thine shall be the dominion in the day of Thy power, amid the brightness of the saints; from the womb, before the day-star, have I begotten Thee.

Second Antiphon—The Lord sent redemption unto His people, He hath commanded His covenant forever.

Third Antiphon—Unto the upright hath arisen light in darkness; the Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

Fourth Antiphon—With the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption.

Fifth Antiphon—Of the fruit of Thy body will I set upon Thy throne.

Antiphon at the Song of the Blessed Virgin—This day the Christ is born; this day the Saviour is appeared; this day the Angels sing praise in the earth, and the Archangels rejoice; this day the righteous are glad, and say: "Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia."

And each one set to its own ecclesiastical music; sung ages ago, as today, by choirs loving the chaste melodies they sang! No one can rightfully forego these sacred chants for any worldly reason; for the feast was given for this very end—the praise of the Babe of Bethlehem! To claim the feast, yet to neglect the intention, is one of the—shall we say sins, or blunders, of our time?

**The Holy Father Denounces Divorce**  
Rome, Dec. 16.—At the consistory held this morning the Pope formally announced, among others nominated to Bishoprics, the names of Right Rev. John J. O'Connor, as Bishop of Newark, N. J., and Right Rev. William J. O'Connell, as Bishop of Portland, Me.

The consistory was especially interesting, as the Pope, in an impassioned address, denounced the suggested divorce laws for Italy, and appealed to the Italians not to allow such an evil to be introduced in their country.

Pontiff declared that divorce was the moral ruin of woman.

**Cardinal Gibbons on Prayer:**  
Preaching at Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, on Sunday last, Cardinal Gibbons said:

"The reasons our prayers are not answered are that we frequently pray for things that are not good for us, or with bad dispositions. We are then like little children asking their father for something that will do them harm. If God does not grant what we ask for, He gives us something better.

"A lady said to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death: 'I have prayed for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the State prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?' I answered her that God answers our prayers either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He did not save President Garfield's life, He preserved the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He infused into the hearts of the American people at a time of much political bitterness, a greater reverence for the head of the nation and He intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.

"Let us, therefore, never undertake any work without first submitting it to God. When the Constitution of the United States was being drafted at Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin made a speech in which he showed how much he thought of prayer. 'We have spent days and weeks,' he said, 'but we have been wasting our time and have been groping in the dark, because we have not sought light from Him who is the source of all light.' Although Franklin cannot be regarded as a model for a Christian, yet that religious feeling placed by Divine Providence in the heart of every man had taken firm root in him. He believed in the efficacy of prayer."

### A Jesuit's Challenge

It is worthy of note that, as the author of a paper in The Month informs us, the German Jesuit, Father Roch, in 1852 issued a public challenge offering to pay the sum of a thousand Rhenish guilders to any one who, in the judgment of the faculty of law in the University of Heidelberg, or of Bonn, should establish the fact that any Jesuit had ever taught the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or any doctrines equivalent to it. This challenge has been before the world for forty-nine years, but the thousand guilders have never been awarded.

**THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.**—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

## Rome and the Immaculate Conception

The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing on Dec. 9, says:

Yesterday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was observed by the Romans with all that outward display of devotion which the present condition of the times permits. From the windows of several houses brightly-colored draperies hung, and in the evening many private residences, as well as colleges, convents, and other Catholic institutions, were illuminated with tiny lanterns and candles. In other days, ere the Power hostile to the Church had battered down the walls of Rome and placed its Government within the city, the outward expression of the people's joy on such a Feast as this was visible all over the city in the decorations and illuminations of their houses and of the numerous shrines at the corners of streets and on the facades of palaces.

A memorial of the Pontiff Pius IX.'s definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception exists in the Vatican. The walls of the large room preceding the Stanzes or Chambers of Raphael, as the visitor comes from the Sistine Chapel, are covered with great frescoes commemorating this religious event.

The circumstances accompanying and surrounding the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception have been carefully recorded at Rome. On the morning of the memorable Friday, 8th December, 1854, the weather, which had been previously dull and rainy, cleared up and a brilliant sunlight shone upon the city. After a lengthened series of ceremonies Pius IX., standing at the Throne in the apex of the great Church of St. Peter's, read, in the midst of a profound religious silence, the decree promulgating this doctrine. So great were his emotions on this occasion that he was frequently obliged to suspend the reading of the decree. The Cardinal Dean, with the Latin and Greek and Armenian Archbishops and Bishops present here, after thanking His Holiness for the decree, asked permission to render public this dogmatic definition. Meanwhile the cannon of Castel S. Angelo announced the tidings to the city.

All the bells of the church towers of Rome pealed together in festive tones, and the inhabitants of the city began to adorn their houses with draperies, and antique tapestries hung out from the windows and balconies. In the evening, at the expense of the Roman Municipality, the great dome of St. Peter's, the Piazza, the two colonnades, and the buildings of the Capitol were all illuminated. A grand academia of the Literary Society Arcadia was held in the Hall of Conservators at the Capitol and here Cardinal Wiseman delivered a most eloquent discourse in presence of a great gathering of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates and other distinguished personages. "Rome that day," says a writer, "gave unmistakable proofs of extraordinary exultation, demonstrating how general and how profound was its devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin."

Three remarkable memorials of this great event are to be met with in Rome—the Column of the Immaculate Conception in the Piazza di Spagna, the Stanza of the Immaculate Conception in the Vatican, and the marble slabs in St. Peter's, with commemorative inscription and lists of the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops present on the occasion of the promulgation of this doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. The first of the Column in the Piazza di Spagna was unveiled in the presence of Pius IX. of the 8th of September, 1857. It stands in front of the Propaganda, and is well known to every visitor to Rome. The shaft, discovered in the Campo Marzio, is 42 feet high, one of the largest known masses of Carystian or Cipollino marble. A flaw near the base is strengthened by a pretty bronze device. A statue of the Blessed Virgin in bronze surmounts the capital, and at the base are four marble statues, seated, of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and four bas-reliefs referring to the event commemorated.

The chamber painted by Cav. Francesco Padesti in the Vatican is a most interesting record of this great event. The grand fresco represents the Definition of the Dogma. Pius IX., standing upon the steps of the Throne erected in the apex of St. Peter's, holds in his left hand a red-covered book, and, with his right hand stretched forth he intones the "Te Deum." His features are illuminated with that historic sunbeam which wrapped him in light immediately after the reading of the decree. This fact of

the light then beaming on the face of Pius IX. is remembered by many still living who witnessed it on that day. In Podesti's picture the ray of sunlight is represented as proceeding from a cross in the heavens held by an angel, at which a crowned female figure, symbolizing the Church, points with her right hand. The Cardinal Dean, Macoli, stands at the foot of the dias, and is turned towards the Pope, who has a Cardinal Deacon on each side of him. The Prince Assistant at the Throne is Prince Orsini. Behind the Cardinal Bishops, to the right of the spectator, are the Prelates of the Papal Household. Then near at hand are the Consistorial Advocates, the Canons of St. Peter's, the Cardinal Deacons, with the dark, handsome features of Cardinal Antonelli conspicuous among these last. On the left, behind the Cardinal Bishops, are members of the Roman Senate, in their official togas, and beyond them in the picture many Prelates and Cardinal priests, among whom may be readily distinguished the well-known features of Cardinal Wiseman. In the group of ecclesiastics and other spectators on the right of the picture in the foreground are Father Perrone, the well-known Jesuit and theologian; Father Passaglia, of the same Order, whose vast learning had been of great service in preparing for this definition. A pathetic interest attaches to this figure, which is represented with an absorbed, almost sad, expression, as if contemplating the course of action which separated him from his Order. Here also is Father Marocco, of the Conventuals; Father Buttaoni, of the Dominicans; and Father Darrignau, of the Recollets. In the upper portion of this picture the Blessed Virgin is seen

(Continued on page 5.)

**DUNN'S**  
**Best Gifts**  
No better thing to give than a Fur Garment—no better Fur Garments than ours. For thirty-six years we have been selling Christmas gifts to the Toronto public, and each year has seen us making larger exhibits—larger efforts. Our showrooms to-day present a display of Furs unequalled by any other in America.

**Here's a Selection**

- Ostrich Feather Boss—Best of selected feathers—thick and silky, \$15.00 to \$25.00.
- Electric Seal Ruffs, regular \$5.50, heads and natural tails \$4.00.
- Electric Seal and Grey Lamb Capelines, were \$12.00 for \$10.00
- Columbia Sable Storm Collars were \$5.00 for \$4.00.
- Mink Ruffs, \$5.50 \$3.00.
- Alaska Sable Ruffs, splendid value for holidays only, were 7.50 for \$5.00.
- Capelines, in Persian Lamb and Alaskan Sable, were \$30 for \$25.00.
- Stone Martin Capeline\* splendid values, \$25.00.
- Blue Possum and Electric Seal Capelines with Astrachan yoke, were \$12.00, \$10.00.
- Ermine Capelines, finest Parisian designs, \$75.00 to \$50.00
- Chinchilla Muffs, melon shaped the newest thing, \$35.00.
- Red Fox Ruffs, \$8.50.
- Blue Fox Ruffs, \$20.00.
- Silver Fox Ruffs, \$30.00.
- Muff Chains, the latest novelty 75c to \$2.00.

**THE W. & D. DUNN CO'Y**  
Limited  
**YOUNGER TEMPERANCE**  
TORONTO



**Will a Watch Chain Do?**

If you think of giving a watch chain you should see our stock. For Ladies' wear we have a very large assortment of the "Long Guards" now so fashionable. For Gentlemen's wear we have all the approved styles, such as "Curb," "Cable" and "Fetter" Links, in both gold and silver, and at prices that will agreeably surprise you.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
"Diamond Hall."

**Sterling Silver Spoons.**

We show a line of patterns that has never been approached in Canada.

- 1. 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, \$2 per dozen up.

Our \$50 Sterling Silver Chest central is—

- 6 Tea Spoons, 4
- 6 Desert Spoons,
- 6 Dessert Forks,
- 6 Table Forks,
- 6 Table Spoons,
- 6 Coffee Spoons,
- 1 Sugar Spoon,
- 2 Salt Spoons,
- 1 Mustard Spoon,

all suitably enclosed in a handsome leather case.

**Ryrie Bros.**  
"Diamond Hall."

Store open until 10 o'clock

**Ryrie Bros.**  
Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets  
Toronto.

Before the Tabernacle

ough the narrow chancel win-  
dows  
beams the light of setting sun;  
the light of a surpliced child in lighting  
altar candles, one by one.  
1911.  
w, before the Holy Eucharist,  
Bends a priest, above his head  
in light through a crimson win-  
dow  
Paints the crucifix blood red.

White-robed choir boys softly  
chanting  
"Nunc Dimitis." Solemnly  
tingled voices low responding  
To the mystic litany.

Whispering soft a haughty woman  
Prays, her proud head bended  
low,  
As the symbol's lifted heavenward  
Beats in faith her breast of snow.

Man of wealth and mighty station  
Bows his head and bends his  
knee,  
Lips held firm but heart respond-  
ing,  
"God be merciful to me."

Lights are out. The prayers are  
ended.

Shadows 'round the altar creep.  
A my heart the benediction  
Lingers with life's shadows deep.

## The Great Lottery

(By W. Phillip Sheppard.)

(Continued from last week.)

"But Miss Lomas ... Claire," he urged, "you are surely not serious in thinking—well, I hardly know how to phrase it."

"Nor I, Wilfred, at the moment! There! I've called you by your Christian name; take hope from that. Perhaps I'm only in fun, perhaps I don't quite know my own mind yet. Will you wait as I ask you?"

Nothing could have been more provokingly bewitching than her half-serious, half-jesting mode of dismissing him; and if it is right to imagine any deeper depths of love than that from which sprang a "proposal," he certainly then and there sounded them.

Father David, who was soon in possession of the facts, considered it was as good as an engagement; but as he had never been an ardent lover in a worldly sense, perhaps Wilfred Challis was justified in considering his opinion of doubtful value. At any rate, he returned to town unsettled and irritable, and half inclined to think the fates were not using him very well. Father David went about his accustomed parochial duties, Claire Lomas continued the education of Westborough's little ones—and the world went on very much as usual.

A week passed, and at the end of it he returned to Westborough to renew his proposal and press for a more definite answer.

"Still after my lottery ticket?" she said, laughing.

"Still seeking a prize beyond value," he corrected; but neither that nor any argument he could advance sufficed to alter her determination.

Another week passed, and by the earliest Saturday train he could tumble into he was back again in Westborough with new arguments and more tender entreaties.

"You have designs on poor Father David's £500," she answered. "I shall tell him not to receive you any more."

He kept good-tempered and smiled. "There are hotels," was all he answered.

He had passed through a half-miserable, half-exquisite fortnight of hope and doubt, and would endure another week, for at the end of it the lottery excuse would end with the publication of the winning numbers.

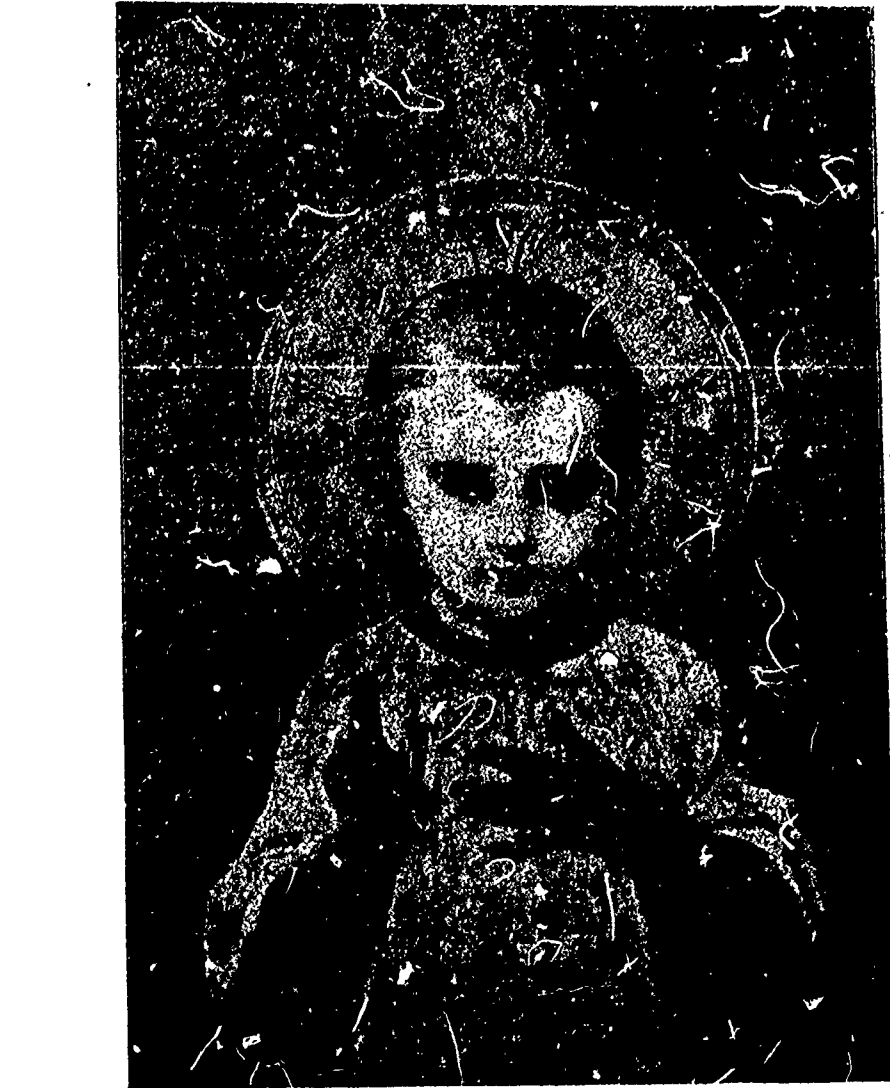
"Now, don't come down next Saturday," she urged. "Be a sensible man and wait until the Monday, when I shall know."

But late on the following Saturday night Father David was disturbed by a visitor.

"Bless me!" he ejaculated, "you lovers have neither respect nor reason. Truly a disgraceful hour. I shall leave you to find your way to bed by yourself."

But instead he foraged for supplies, and placed some supper ready for him.

"You will hurry if I stay with you," he said, "and I must be up earlier than you. Good night, Don Wilfred Quixote."



THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

### THE DAWN OF PEACE

Put off, put off your mails, O kings,  
And beat your brands to dust.  
Your hands must learn a surer  
grasp,  
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,  
And break the helmet bar;  
A noise is in the morning wind,  
But not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain baths  
The glittering hosts increase—  
They come! They come! How fair  
their feet!  
They come who publish peace.  
And victor— fair victory,

Our enemies are ours!  
For all the clouds are clasped in  
light,  
And all the earth with flowers

Aye, still depressed and dim with  
dew!  
But wait a little while,  
And with the radiant deathless rose  
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing  
Shall feed by streams of rest;  
Nor lamb shall from the flock be  
lost,  
Nor nursing from the nest.  
—John Ruskin.

### EASURE BRINGS PAIN

Impassant Results following  
Holiday Feasting, and How  
to May be Prevented.

Christmas Season with its  
making and feasting is fol-  
lowed in very many cases by a  
stagnant period of Dyspeptic Pains  
Stomach Troubles. Careless  
and excess in eating and drink-  
ing overtax the stomach and di-  
gestive organs, and pain and dis-  
comfort change a time of pleasure  
and into one of pain and sorrow  
sickness, which lasts till the  
effects have worn off and for-  
ce us to a diet very meagre.

If this is really unnecessary. We  
feast with impunity if we  
to and not be tortured by in-  
gestion if we will, but remember  
give assistance to the organs  
digestion just when they need  
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets pro-  
vide the easiest and most direct  
method of helping these organs.  
Two or three of these dainty tablets  
taken immediately after eating will  
digest the heaviest meal, and that  
with little or no assistance from  
the stomach itself.

That they are an absolute cure  
for all stomach and digestive  
troubles has been indisputably  
proven by many who have ex-  
perienced their benefits. Here is  
a testimonial from a  
sufferer:  
"I cannot say enough in favor of  
Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suf-  
fered for a long time with Dyspep-  
sia, and was constantly getting  
worse till I read an advertisement  
containing a testimonial from a  
sufferer whose symptoms seemed to  
be like mine, and who  
had been cured by Dodd's Dyspep-  
sia Tablets. I sent right away for  
a box and began taking them. They  
relieved me at once and I kept on  
and now I am cured. I can honest-  
ly recommend them as a cure for  
Dyspepsia."  
This statement is signed by G.  
V. Campbell, of Little Shippegan,  
N. B.

They that deny a God destroy a  
man's nobility; for certain a man  
is of kin to the beasts by his body;  
and if he be not of kin to God by  
his spirit, he is a base and ignoble  
creature.

It may be only a trifling cold,  
but neglect it and it will fasten its  
fangs in your lungs, and you will  
soon be carried to an untimely  
grave. In this country we have  
sudden changes and must expect to  
have coughs and colds. We cannot  
avoid them, but we can effect a  
cure by using Bickel's Anti-Con-  
sumptive Syrup, the medicine that  
has never been known to fail in  
curing coughs, colds, bronchitis,  
and all affections of the throat,  
lungs and chest.

thing that you can say will satisfy me but Wilfred, I will be your wife."

"Now, this is downright unrea-  
sonable, Mr. Challis," was her re-  
joinder. "You know my wishes, you  
have waited some weeks on ac-  
count of them, and on the very  
last day of the waiting you come  
down here practically to bully me  
into an answer. It is utterly un-  
fair, and I shall certainly not an-  
swer you."

"Not bullying, Claire—only per-  
suading. I want your answer to-  
day. I may have been wise to  
wait this long at your request,  
however little I could understand  
the reason of it, but now I am  
wise in waiting no longer. I want  
your answer to-day."

"Cannot you see how it strength-  
ens my idea that you are running  
after my lottery ticket? It must be  
that, or it would not matter to  
you if you waited just another  
day," Claire answered.

"It would matter. I have rea-  
sons," he said.

"You have already heard that I  
have won it?" she asked quickly.

"On my honor, I have not. But  
if I had heard—if you had won  
would it make any difference to  
your answer? We shall not be  
married by to-morrow, and I am  
sure you I should have no power  
whatever to touch a penny of the  
money—if you win it." She then  
tossed her head.

"I should at least be independ-  
ent," she said, with a half-bated  
breath. "You would not be marry-  
ing a penniless girl."

Then they entered the church gate  
and the conversation was inter-  
rupted; and after-mass she some-  
how managed to elude him, and  
again after the High Mass, at  
which she assisted in the choir.  
In the afternoon he called, but she  
had gone to two villages which lay  
in diametrically opposite directions,  
—"which one they didn't quite  
know"—and in doubt as to  
which village to seek her in, he  
went to neither, but fumed and  
fretted away the afternoon alone.

It was dusk when she returned,  
and he eventually caught her; and  
then she affected the blindest ig-  
norance of the fact that he had  
been seeking her so long.

"Have you had a nice day?" she  
asked him, with bewitching  
effrontery.

But it was dusk and he was des-  
perate and sleepy Westborough of-  
fered no onlookers at the moment.  
He held her two arms firmly, but  
yet very gently, and wheeled  
around so that the twilight caught  
her eyes, and he looked into them  
for the secret they might contain.  
And though she struggled a little  
and tried to look cross, and said  
she was sure she had hated him  
and would never marry him, she

"Yes. A bargain is a bargain."  
So then and there they ex-  
changed the tickets, and Wilfred Challis  
felt that he had very satisfactorily  
concluded one of the most gratify-  
ing days of his life, for he was not  
wrong in imagining, the pleasure he  
knew was in store for her when  
the morning's post told her that  
the new ticket bore the magic num-  
ber of the first prize she so much  
desired.

"You knew it at the time," she  
said, when they met at the railway  
station. "You must have done,  
and so it was not a fair exchange."  
"A bargain is a bargain," he re-  
minded her, "and what should I  
care, dear, for that sort of prize  
when I had already won yourself?"  
—Catholic Fir-side.  
(The End.)

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS,  
coughs and colds, all quickly cured  
by Pnyv-Blaam. It has no equal.  
Acts promptly, soothes, heals and  
cures. Manufactured by the pro-  
prietary of Perry Davis' Pain-Kill-  
er.

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Including  
Coffee Grinders Meat Choppers Knife Cleaners

Gurney's Scales  
all kinds.

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LIMITED  
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## THE MOST NUTRITIOUS EPPS'S COCOA

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Cocoa, and distinguished every-  
where for Delicacy of flavor, Su-  
perior quality, and highly Nutri-  
tive properties. Sold in quarter-  
pound tins, labelled JAMES  
EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic  
Chemists, London, England,

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BREAKFAST—SUPPER

## TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an  
instrument built to charm  
its hearers and delight its  
possessors. In grace of de-  
sign and beauty of finish it is un-  
excelled. Its thoroughness of  
construction insures against dis-  
appointment. But its truest  
excellence is the marvellous  
quality of tone it produces.

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited  
MANUAL PIANOS, REED ORGANS  
AND FIFE ORGANS  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

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facturers of the IMPERIAL  
Band Instruments. Illustrat-  
ed as well as Music Cata-  
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SOUVENIR PHOTOS of Manufac-  
turers' Arches, printed on P.O.P., size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2,  
or 10 cents; or Developing Paper, size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2,  
price 25 cents. Mounted in good Matta. Also  
views of other points of interest in and around  
Toronto. Orders filled for special views. Address  
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side St., Parkdale. Please mention this  
paper when ordering.

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ARE THE BEST.

## BEAUTIFUL WATCH FREE!

Why not own a handsome watch during Christmas? We give away a beautiful watch to every person who purchases a box of our Chocolates, Cocos or Coffees. The watch is a beautiful timepiece, and is a most valuable gift. It is a gold watch with a diamond-set bezel, and is guaranteed to run for years. The watch is a beautiful timepiece, and is a most valuable gift. It is a gold watch with a diamond-set bezel, and is guaranteed to run for years. The watch is a beautiful timepiece, and is a most valuable gift. It is a gold watch with a diamond-set bezel, and is guaranteed to run for years. The watch is a beautiful timepiece, and is a most valuable gift. It is a gold watch with a diamond-set bezel, and is guaranteed to run for years. The watch is a beautiful timepiece, and is a most valuable gift. It is a gold watch with a diamond-set bezel, and is guaranteed to run for years.

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The Best at Any Price  
Sent on approval to  
the unable people.

A Pocket Companion of  
never ending usefulness. A  
source of constant pleasure  
and comfort.  
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as an advertising medium  
we offer your choice of  
the popular styles super-  
ior to the  
**\$3.00**  
grades of other makes for  
only

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Unconditionally Guaranteed  
Previously Satisfactory.  
Try it a week. If not suited,  
we buy it back, and give you  
\$1.00 for the additional ten  
cents to pay for your trouble  
in returning the pen. We are  
willing to take chances on you  
if you are going to sell, we know pen  
writers on all whom you  
have one of these.  
Finest quality hard Para rubber  
barrel. Perfectly balanced. The La-  
ughlin Point Gold Pen, any  
desired flexibility in fine, med-  
ium or stub, and the only per-  
fect ink for known to the sci-  
ence of fountain pen making.  
Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00  
(Registration, see extra.)  
This great Special Offer is  
good for just 30 days. One of  
our Safety Pocket Pen Hold-  
ers free of charge with each  
pen.  
Remember—There is No  
"just as good" as the Laughlin.  
Insist on it! Take no  
chances.  
State whether Ladies' or  
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Illustrations are full and of  
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We give this beautiful solid gold  
ring with a Ruby and  
Diamond for setting only 15.00  
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Write for details and prices.  
They return the money and  
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**PARLOR EDDY'S MATCHES**  
"Victors"  
are put up in neat aliding boxes  
convenient to handle. No sul-  
phur. No disagreeable fumes.  
Every stick a match. Every match a lighter.  
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**Are You Satisfied**  
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try one of our loaves. We've  
57 varieties always on  
hand. A sample loaf only  
costs you five cents—Tele-  
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will send you a sample loaf.  
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You can make your harness  
as soft as a feather and as  
tough as wire by using  
**EUREKA Harness Oil**  
It is a most valuable  
preparation for all harness  
made of leather. It is  
readily absorbed and  
keeps the harness soft and  
pliable. It is a most valuable  
preparation for all harness  
made of leather. It is readily  
absorbed and keeps the  
harness soft and pliable.  
Sold by all harness dealers.

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**COFFEE ESSENCE**  
makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble,  
no waste. In small and large bottles, from all  
Grocers.  
GUARANTEED PURE. 100

The Catholic Register. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CROMIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Telephone Main 489. THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1901. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE REGISTER FOR 1902. With the present issue The Catholic Register completes another satisfactory year. It has been a year of progress with the paper, the most successful in its history.

A PATRIOTIC BANQUET. Hon. Mr. Rolland, of Montreal, attended the banquet of the Manufacturers' Association in Toronto last week. When he returned home he told the newspapers that there is still enough ignorance left in Ontario to surprise outsiders.

Mr. Robbins was the star orator at the Manufacturers' banquet. He called Mr. Goldwin Smith names and demanded that the French Canadians be compelled to drop the word "French," and likewise stop exhibiting the tri-color.

most immediately and sang the "Marseillaise;" but Mr. Robbins for some private and prudential motive of his own did not throw a glass at the traitor. It was probably in his mind to do so; but the second Frenchman was a big fierce-looking fellow, with black, piratical whiskers and a title, and no one could tell what might have happened had one of the Ontario loyalists thrown a brick at him.

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN. Not a day passes now but the newspapers are able to chronicle the imprisonment of another Irish M. P. as a further sign of the activity of Mr Wyndham's campaign against the United Irish League.

DEATH OF REV. DR. FLANNERY. It is with sincere regret we publish the news of Rev. Dr. Flannery's death. He was so long and so well known in Ontario that the deep sympathy of widespread circles will respond to-day to the announcement that his last visit to the old land was but a destined preparation for the grave.

FREE SPEECH COMES A CROPPER. An English M. P. addressed an anti-war meeting last week in the Birmingham Town Hall. He escaped, but the hall didn't. It was wrecked by a mob and the casualties were numerous.

A CINCINNATI NEWSPAPER MAN. Thomas Fitzgerald, formerly of Barrie, but now of Cincinnati, is spending a few days in Simcoe County renewing old acquaintances.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The Liverpool Catholic Times has the following: A rumor is in circulation that the Holy Father has expressed a wish that His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan should be his successor in the Papacy.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

ed the great Temperance movement the Government was ready to pass a coercion act to stop it; and The Times and smaller fry of the press hounded the Government on.

ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD. A solemn and impressive ceremony was performed on Saturday morning in St. Michael's Cathedral, when Rev. George Doherty, of Toronto, and Rev. John Grant, of Toronto, were ordained to the holy priesthood for this archdiocese.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE. Testimonials—December. Form I. — J. Seitz, D. Balfour, G. Somers, J. O'Hearn, E. Malone, J. Mohan, P. Dec, W. Carter, E. Hurley, W. Hanna, T. Glover, G. Schreiner, H. O'Donoghue. Form II. — D. McColl, B. Doyle, A. Kirby, F. McCrohan, J. Clancy, J. Flanagan, E. O'Connor, L. Langley, A. Smith, G. Harrison, I. McDonald, H. Lavelle, E. Mitchell, C. O'Connor. Form III. — E. Kelly, W. Oster, J. Costello, G. O'Donoghue, J. Thompson, A. Grassi, T. La Brecque, F. Walsh, W. Walsh, J. Madigan, J. Adamson, H. Clark.

With a wish on the part of His Holiness would carry the very greatest weight, but that it would not be absolutely obligatory is the argument of "L'Intervention de Pape dans l'election de son successeur," a work from the pen of Abbe Peris, a learned Canonist, which has just been published by Roger and Chermovz, Paris.

DEATH OF A RELIGIEUSE. The remains of Sister De Pazzi (known to the world as Miss Waddick) of Chatham, who died in St. Joseph's Hospital, London, on Saturday, were buried there on Monday in the Catholic Cemetery.

DOMESTIC READING. The best thing to do is to do well whatever God gives us to do. It is vanity to desire a long life and take but little pains about a good one.

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I. McDonald, 10, E. O'Connor; 11, C. O'Connor. Form III. — I. W. Oster, 2, J. Costello, 3, G. O'Donoghue, 4, F. La Brecque; 5, J. Thompson; 6, J. Madigan; 7, J. Adamson; 8, F. Walsh; 9, A. Gros; 10, H. Clark; 11, W. Walsh; 12, R. O'Rourke; 13, F. Mulhall; 14, J. Norris.

DEATH OF JAMES MOONEY, BROCKVILLE. Brockville, Dec. 23. — Brockville lost a very prominent and highly esteemed citizen to-day in the person of Mr. James Mooney. He was born in Prescott about 65 years ago, and was one of four brothers, the others dying some years ago.

MR. JOHN FOY IMPROVING. The Register is glad to hear at the time of going to press that the improvement marked in the condition of Mr. John Foy was continuing. Mr. Foy has been in a critical condition, suffering from protracted fainting spells.

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religion sooner than wealth or fame, or ought else that earth affords.

BABY'S OWN DOMAIN. An ingenious young mother secured baby's comfort and happiness as well as leisure for herself by a device which is worth copying in every nursery. She has had a warm, bright corner fenced off with a padded railing perhaps a foot and a half high, forming a little square "park" in which the child can roll about and have his playthings with no danger from bumps or falls.

WORTH REMEMBERING. Pride is the sworn enemy to content. Medicines are not meant to live on. Friendship that flatters often goes out in a flash. Do good, and then do it again. Do all that you can to be good, and you'll be so.

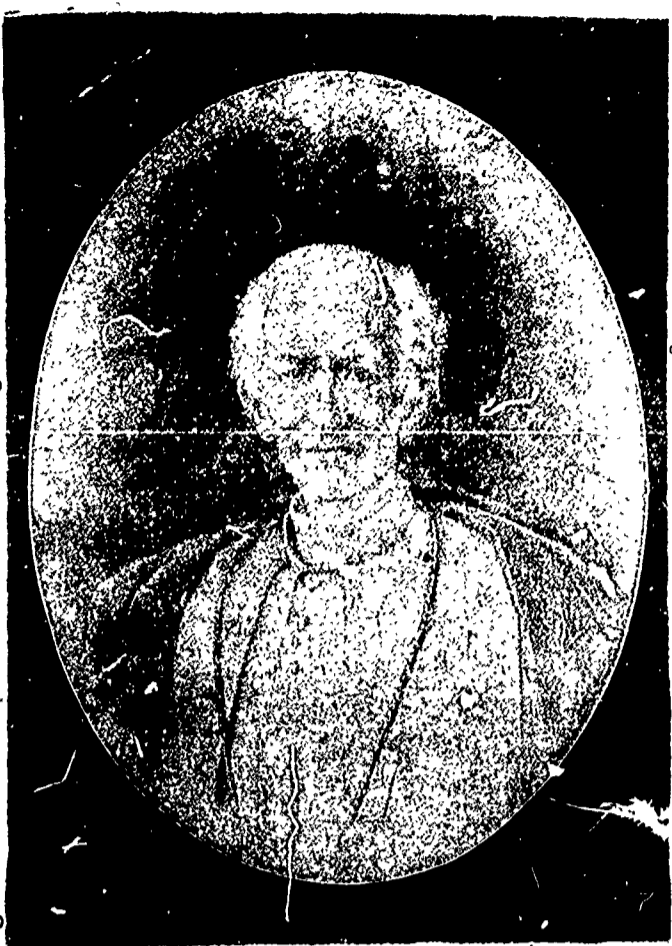
Death of Father Flannery. A private cablegram from Ireland received here announces the death on Saturday of Rev. Dr. Flannery, a well-known and greatly-loved member of the Roman Catholic clergy of this diocese. Rev. W. Flannery, D. D., was born in Tipperary, Ireland, over seventy years ago. He came to Canada when a youth and entered the priesthood at the time of his death within a year or two of celebrating his golden jubilee of fifty years of faithful service.

CONNOR — At Ottawa, on December 22, 1901, Charles O'Connor, barrister, eldest son of D. O'Connor, K. C.

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

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HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII, (OACIHM PRCI)

Born at Corchiano, Italy, March 2, 1858, ordained Priest Dec. 21, 1887, promoted to Archbishop of Damietta in part infidel, Jan. 17, 1894, consecrated Feb. 19, 1894, transferred to Parma, Jan. 13, 1896, created Cardinal Dec. 19, 1895, elected Pope, Feb. 20, 1898, coronation, Mar. 13, 1898. Courtesy of Catholic Almanac of Ontario.

ancement of his affairs." Quoting from an address by the Archbishop of Quebec, the writer points out that the colonization of our country by children of the soil is the sure pledge of their future success. The French Canadians are eminently fitted for the work of colonization and are doing pioneer work in this respect for Canada.

Mgr. Scalabrini on America.

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Standard and Times writes: The return to Italy of Mgr. Scalabrini, Bishop of Piacenza, has proved that his tour throughout the Italian colonies of the United States is to be attended by practical results on behalf of the emigrated Italians. The chief event of his present stay in Rome has been his reception by Leo XIII on November 29. A lengthy interview while he has accorded to Sig. Berretti, a prominent Liberal journalist and which appears in the official Italian paper this morning, is one of the indications happily afforded that the Italian State will at least give as more adequate support to the religious aid offered to the emigrants from this country to the United States.

In the interview Mgr. Scalabrini speaks of the growing esteem of the Italian element in America and cites as instances his receipt by the Catholic Club of New York and his conversation with President Roosevelt. "The Catholic Club," he is quoted as saying, "comprises the quintessence of American Catholics, who never showed themselves very favorably disposed towards Italy, and I, in accepting the gracious invitation, feared lest certain prejudices might appear. On the reverse, in the speeches with which I was greeted Italy and our immigration were spoken of with feelings of admiration and profound respect, and this moved me deeply, and I am grateful to the eminent men who directed that colossal club."

Towards the end of the interview the Bishop said: "I found everywhere a manifestation of religious and patriotic enthusiasm and I became more convinced than ever that our emigrants must preserve their nationality in order to keep to the Catholic religion, which would otherwise be lost, and vice versa. Religion and the fatherland are inseparable. The emigrant must everywhere find our Church and our school." It now depends upon the Foreign Office to display energy in this field, where its efforts will be heartily seconded by the Catholic Church.

HOW BIRDS DRESS WOUNDS.

Many birds, particularly those that are reserved for sportsmen, possess the faculty of skillfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages. A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has killed woodpeckers that were when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound, evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE A VAGUELY KNOWN OR NEGLECTED DISEASE... KOENIG MED CO., 9 Franklin St. Chicago

WHY? I know a curious little boy Who is always asking why— Why this, why that, why then, why now, Why no, why by-and-by.

He wants to know why wood would swim, When lead and marble sink, Why stars should shine and winds should blow, And why we eat and drink

He wants to know what makes the clouds, And why they cross the sky; Why sinks the sun behind the hills, And why the flowers die.

He wants to know why winds should come From out the bellows' nose; Why pop-guns should go pop, and why the ocean ebbs and flows.

He wants to know why fish have gills, And why we cannot fly; Why steam comes from the kettle's spout, And why the rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn, But not a bit of stone; How seeds get in the apple core, And marrow in the bone.

He wants to know why ice should melt; Why spiders eat the flies; Why bees should sting, and why the yeast Should cause the dough to rise.

Some of his ways are not too hard To answer, if you'll try; But others, no one ever yet Has found the reason why.

Rome and the Immaculate Conception

(Continued from page 1) with the moon beneath her feet, surrounded by the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. Above, at the sides, are two groups seated—that on the right the four great Propheets, that on the left the four Evangelists. Beneath them is St. Joseph on one side and St. John the Baptist on the other, and near those are St. Peter and St. Paul. Here also are the Doctors of the Church and the Saints of the Old and New Testaments—the celestial hierarchy—and then groups of angels filling the corners of this grand composition. In a square panel at the base of the picture a Latin inscription relates that in the year of Christ 1854, on the 8th of the month of December (8th December), Pius IX., Sovereign Pontiff, having assembled the Bishops of the Catholic world, solemnly declared that it is of faith that Mary, the Great Mother of God, has been preserved from original sin, and orders that the proclamation of this dogma shall be represented by a painting in fresco. In the centre of this group, the

Canadian News

THE SHIP FEVER MONUMENT.

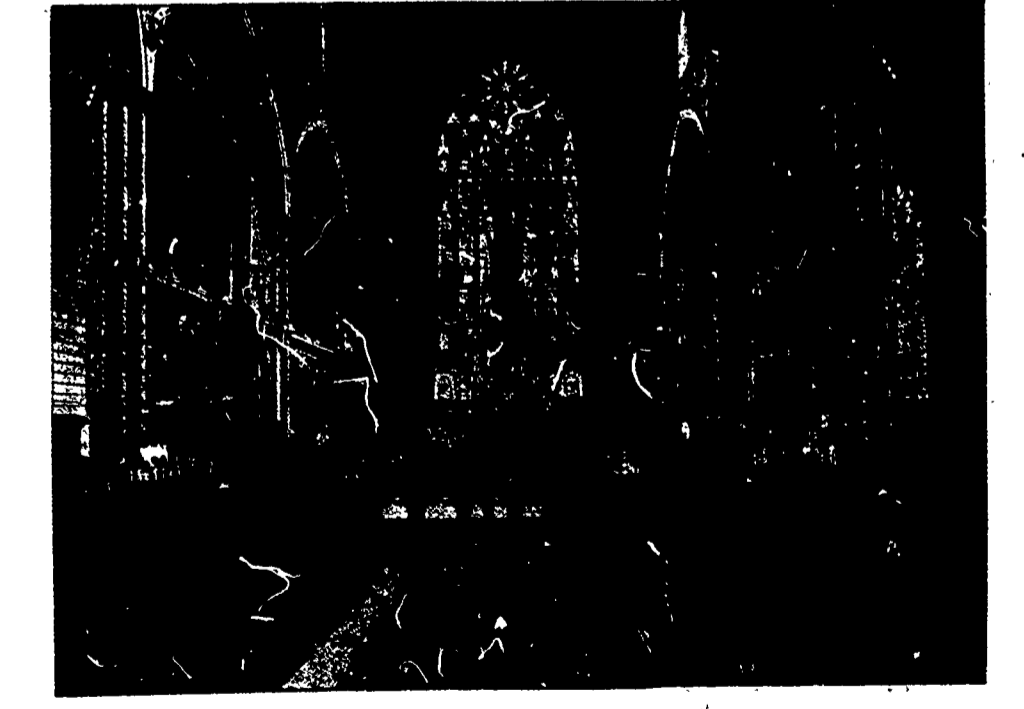
Montreal, Dec. 21.—A deputation representing the Irish societies of Montreal to-day called upon Mr. G. B. Reeve, second vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and laid before him the resolutions passed at the recent meeting of the delegates of the various societies regarding the situation of the ship fever monument.

BISHOP LENIHAN DEAD.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Dec. 15.—Right Rev. Thos. Mathias Lenihan, D. D. Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyo., one of the best loved prelates of the Church in the West, died here to-night, at the home of his brother, Father M. C. Lenihan, where he had been for the past six weeks. Bishop Lenihan was consecrated February 24, 1897. He had been ill a year and a half, his malady being heart disease, which had been greatly aggravated by the high altitude of his western home. Bishop Lenihan was 57 years old. The remains will be taken to Dubuque on Tuesday and the funeral and interment will be in that city on Thursday.

WEDDING AT OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—A wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church this morning, when Miss Mollie Dowling, eldest daughter of Dr. F. Dowling, was married to Lieut. Douglas Graham, of the third Canadian contingent. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Whelan at nine o'clock, in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives of the contracting parties, and the altar was adorned for the occasion with light and flowers. The bride was given away by her father, Dr. Dowling, and was attended by Miss Gertrude Harvey, while Mr. Arthur Brophy acted as best man. The bride wore a travelling gown of grey venetian cloth, tucked and strapped, with a grey ostrich boa and picture hat trimmed with plumes. She carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaid was also gowned in grey, with a white lace yoke and wore a white hat trimmed with pink roses. She carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The groom was in his khaki uniform. After the ceremony, the bridal party, to the number of about 30, proceeded to the home of the bride's parents 96 Metcalfe street, where breakfast was served. The table was adorned with roses and carnations and smilax was wreathed about the mantel. Lieut. and



INTERIOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO

FRANCE AND FRENCH-CANADIANS.

Mr. Alph Gagnon contributes an article to "La Revue Canadienne" in the current number, entitled "Our Cousins across the Sea." In portraying some of the characteristics of these two peoples of common origin, the comparison is made in favor of the French-Canadians, when he says "they do not discourse very much on liberty, but really enjoy it." Again "the workman experiences fewer deceptions in life, accustomed as he is to count more on his own efforts than on the state for the ad-

other walls of which are also painted in fresco relating to the same theme, there stands a rich and most artistic book-case, adorned with carvings and mosaics and marvellously wrought metal work. This case contains books in nearly 300 languages. The Bull of the Immaculate Conception is written and illuminated in these various tongues. The bindings of the books are characteristic of the national art of each nation. One of the most striking in richness and execution is the volume containing the translation into Irish of the Bull.

WARD No. 1 Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested on behalf of the election of JOHN PRESTON As Alderman for 1902 Election, Monday, January 6th, 1902.

WARD No. 1 Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested on behalf of the re-election of F. H. RICHARDSON As Alderman for 1902 Election, Monday, January 6th, 1902.

WARD No. 1 Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested on behalf of the re-election of W. T. STEWART As Alderman for 1902 Election, Monday, January 6th, 1901.

Ward No. 1 Your Vote and influence are respectfully requested on behalf of the re-election of JAMES FRAME As ALDERMAN for 1902 Election Monday January 6th, 1902

1902 WARD NO. 2 1902 Your vote and influence are respectfully solicited for the re-election of JOSEPH OLIVER AS ALDERMAN ELECTION—MONDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1902.

WARD NO. 5 Your Vote and Influence are respectfully requested on behalf of the re-election of J. R. L. STARR As Alderman for 1902 Election, Monday, January 6th, 1902.

WARD No. 1 Your vote and influence are respectfully requested for the Election of Robert Fleming As Alderman for 1902 POLLING DAY, MONDAY, JAN. 6th, 1902.

156 POETRY SONGS... McFarlane & Co., 114 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

In the apse of St. Peter's the memory of this great event is preserved in the marble slabs bearing the inscription relating to the definition and the names of those present on the 8th of December, 1854. Of the two hundred Prelates, Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, who were gathered together in St. Peter's on that day very few, indeed, survive. The six Cardinal Bishops then present have all passed away. Amongst the thirty-six Cardinal Priests but one survives, Joachim Pecci, of the Title of S. Chrysgoncus, Bishop of Perugia, now the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII. Cardinal Nicholas Viseman is recorded as present on that occasion, but more than 36 years have gone by since he died. These slabs constitute, as it were, pages of history. Here is the name of Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin; of John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; of Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore; of William Walsh, Archbishop of Halifax, and of Joseph Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh. Here are Bishops McNally, of Clogher; Derry, of Clonfert; Murphy, of Cloyne; Dupanloup, of Orleans, and Neuman, of Philadelphia—names still remembered with veneration.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be printed before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

FREE... We give a handsome open fire which with polished metal case, ornamental legs, four wheels and genuine American leather movement, for only \$25.00... 4905, Toronto.

The D.L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil... Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE! TONE YOUR NERVES! MAKE YOU STRONG! MAKE YOU WELL!

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE Monday, the twentieth day of January next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills. Monday, the twenty-seventh day of January next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to the House. Friday, the seventh day of February next, will be the last day for presenting Reports of Committees relative to Private Bills. CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly. Toronto, 10th December, 1901.

CATHOLIC Christmas Gifts... Allow us to suggest some article from our varied stock... 801 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO

**Presented to the Queen**

Claude M. Girardeau in the Catholic World



On the banks of the bayou stood the cabin of mud-chinked logs, with a mud chimney at one end and a paneled window on each side of its open door. From the casements wooden shutters hung lopsided on rusty hinges; it was only a question of time and tempestuous winds when they would fall upon the gourd-vines beneath.

Naked, the cabin would have been a miserable sight, but in the land of the sun Nature is a prodigal mother, covering even her step-children with gay garments of green moss and aspiring creepers that offer to the joyous winds their silken trumpets of rainbow hue.

Majestic oaks with a swaying drapery of mystery gray towered behind the tiny dwelling, contrasting their permanence with its pitiful decay. Above it hung, in magnificent condensation, the vanished leaves and alabaster blossoms of the magnolia, glorious empress of the summer woods, fit to adorn a regal park or the mirador of a poet's villa.

In a japonica but a few feet from the door a mocking-bird, attracted by the profusion of rosy flowers, perched and sang rapturously, filling the air with his melodious clamor.

A young girl just within the cabin got up from her chair, exclaiming in a poignant voice:

"Oh, that bird!"

"No, Marie," came pleadingly from the bed in the corner, "do not drive him away. I will not hear him sing to-morrow."

"Mother!" cried the girl sharply, then sank upon her knees at the bedside and clasped in her brown hand the pale one of the dying woman. In the other, toilworn and clammy, the beads slipped like a measure of heart-beats. Three children on the doorstep immediately turned inquisitive little heads. The eldest, a boy of ten, crept to the foot of the couch.

"Mutterchen!" he murmured, and the tears rushed to his eyes.

The dying woman looked from one to the other:

"My poor little ones! You will be good to them, Mariechen?"

"Oh mother—thou knowest!"

"Do not leave us! Do not leave us!" mourned Rudolf at her feet. He squeezed himself between the wall and the bed and lay down beside her, snuggling his face against her arm, wetting her sleeve with his tears.

The other small creatures came into the room also. The youngest, a baby of three, pucker her cherry lips and set up a pitiful whimper.

"Nein, nein, Lottchen! Cry not," said Marie softly, picking her up.

Her blonde moon-face was stained with blackberry juice, betraying her disobedience, and her sturdy white legs, sadly scratched, showed through the rents in her coarse homespun frock. "Do not whip me," she pleaded in baby German, helplessly, widening her lovely eyes of forget-me-not blue.

"Nein, liebchen," whispered Marie, kissing her apricot cheek, "sit there, sweet," and put her on the bed beside the mother, who held her tenderly, kissing her soft neck and dimpled shoulders.

The other girl, Odile, slipped under Marie's arm with jealous eyes, and from the shadow of the fireplace a tall, handsome lad of fifteen stole to her side. They knelt with heads huddled together, and the mother's soft black eyes lingered from one to the other. She stretched out her hand; it wandered from Lottchen's golden curls to Marie's black ones, from Odile's flaxen plaits to Hermann's short brown bristles.

"My children, my children!" she said faintly; then more clearly: "You will be always good children? You will mind the father? You will keep the house clean, my Marie? Odile you will knit the stockings, and Lottchen will pick up the chips for Marie, and Hermann will help the father in the field, for the sun is hot and the ploughing is hard. My little Rudolf will milk the Kulchen and see that the ducks and chickens are fed, and—" her voice ebbed away.

"Yes, yes," they sobbed.

She slipped the beads between her delicate fingers and began to whisper the rosary, the children responding. The doorway darkened as the husband and father entered—a patient creature with stooping shoulders and myopic eyes. He went to the foot of the bed and leaned heavily upon it.

"Oh, my Eliska," he murmured, "thou art very ill to-day, then?"

"Yes, Rudolf—I think it is time to send for the priest. Things look strange to me—even my children! And your voice sounds far away."

"Yes, it is time," he answered, and went out with dragging feet. Herman kissed his mother again and again, and stole away. The old plough-mule was at the door with a miserable blanket strapped over a raveled blanket.

"You must go to the Fathers at Palmetto," said Rudolf, "and beg

one of them to come quick. Tell them your mother is dying. I have never seen her look like this. Ask for Father Vogel."

Hermann rode away, holding the sobs in his aching throat. He usually like the journey to Palmetto, under the interlaced boughs of the tall trees that made a green roof for the road, and he always kept a lookout for a fern or a flower for his mother. But now he was too occupied with the idea of her going away from them to think of anything else. She had never been one of those loud-voiced, bustling, scolding woman like some he had seen and heard. She was always smiling and merry of speech, and even if she had to punish, it was with a light hand, and she would cry as much as the naughty child. So it was seldom that she had to ply either hand or switch. For the rest she was a slender little figure with abundant hair like the silk of young corn, eyes like blots of ink, and a clear singing voice. People always observed her curiously in return for the timid, deer-like regard of her soft eyes, as if there was something uncommon about her. There was; but not as they thought.

The father of the family, Rudolf Raubauer, had drifted to the South after emigration to the North, where he had been on the verge of starvation. His father and grandfather had been geographers in a nobleman's preserves near Kalisz, as a Rudolf married Eliska Timanoff, the daughter of one of the Count's Polish serving-women. People touched their foreheads significantly whenever they saw the girl, for her ethereal beauty was of a type decidedly more aristocratic than is to be expected among women of her class. Certain things were whispered behind her back, and fingers were pointed at various portraits in the splendid gallery of the castle in confirmation. But Eliska's mother was herself beautiful and married respectably, and the girl grew up in the lodge-keeper's cottage, became a wife when she was but fifteen, and when her eldest children were eight and six years old emigrated to America. The Raubauers knew nothing of life outside the forests of the Polish frontier, and glad the wife was when they left the crowded squalid quarter of the cold northern city for the bright, open clearing banks of the bayou.

The Southern woods were fairyland to her, with the spiky palmettos, the lustrous magnolias, the swollen cypresses and spreading live-oaks. How beautiful to her was the sluggish bayou reflecting in its deep bosom the golden constellations of the summer skies, and cradling in its shallows the splendid water-lily above whose ivory shallops fluttered the blue sails of the Flower of France!

The heron, the flamingo, the snowy crane, mallards with peacock necks, and hundreds of wild fowl unknown to her built nests—as she did—in the swamp and reared their young in peace. When the full moon hung its glorious glassy orb in the profound skies the mocking-birds sang all night long, perched in ecstasy upon the dazzling pyramids of the daggered yucca. Yet; at times when Eliska awoke in the midsummer brilliance at dead of night, her heart would stand still at the sound of the rapturous trilling of the Southern nightingale. Again she saw the vast expanse of snow beneath the northern light, the black and solemn firs against the mountain side, and heard the fairy sound of distant sleigh-bells, or the long cry of the wolf from the dismal wood.

Very often the heating, incessant sunlight sickened and blinded her. When Lottchen was born she had a hard fight for life, and after that her step became less and less elastic; there was an oppression at her heart. At times she could breathe with difficulty. Often Marie would find her half-sleeping, half-fainting in her chair, the darning-needle in her fingers, or the pan of peas or potatoes in her lap. She had to give up digging in the garden, but the flowers grew bravely as if to reward her past attentions. A thick bush of white roses made a great bouquet on one side the doorstep, a red rose on the other. They were the Polish colors, so Eliska—after plaiting her abundant hair—would stick a flower from each bush over her ear, and pin others on the bosom of her cotton gown.

Remembering this, Marie gathered a quantity of them and scattered them over the coarse but clean coverings of the death-bed. Her mother held out eager hands for them, inhaling gratefully their pure delicious fragrance. The little shrine, just where her eyes could rest most easily, was bright with the flowers, hiding the cheap cups and taper-stands before the crucifix that Hermann had deftly carved for her.

"Marie," said the dying woman presently—"look in the old trunk—in the bottom of it—and bring me—" her eyes and languid hand completed the sentence. She

was almost too tired to look at the garments Marie brought her. The young girl looked at them covetously. She was thinking of Arsene de l'He Dormante and her promise to marry him. The mother read her eyes and murmured: "Mariechen—would you wear—as a bride—things that were woven and made—for death-clothes? If so—I will give them to you."

"No, no!" cried Marie, shrinking away. "But they are beautiful, mother."

"Not beautiful enough," whispered the mother, "Do I not remember how the countess dressed to go to court? Oh, if I could dress like that! All silk—with a veil like mist—white feathers in my hair—satin on my feet—pearls like moons and diamonds like suns!"

"Mother!" cried Marie in alarm. "I am not dreaming, my child. Am I not to be presented to a Queen?—the Queen of Heaven! Oh, Marie, how glorious it will be!" Then, as a sudden thought occurred: "But what shall I say? What shall I say?"

"Say—mother?"

"Why, yes," continued Eliska, sitting up in bed, her face bright with anxiety. "One must not be dumb like a fish—or a peasant—when a Queen speaks. Oh, if I could only remember what the countess said when she went to court! Can you not think, Marie?"

"How can I, mother?"

"Perhaps your father will remember." She fell back on her pillows, while Marie whispered to Rudolf, who sat on the door-steps, holding his head miserably in his hands.

"Poor thing her mind wanders," he said. Then went in and sat beside the sleeping woman until the priest came in.

Father Vogel, besides his duties as a priest, taught a class of most unruly boys in the college in the town, of which establishment he was also housekeeper; so a horse-back ride in the heat of the day was not soothing either to mind or body. The animal he bestrode was never intended by nature to wear a saddle, and Father Vogel groaned despite himself when he dismounted at the cabin-door, being a merciful man and regretting the necessity for the application of the hickory to urge his unwilling beast from a stiff and solemn walk into a perpendicular, tongue-biting trot or a gallop that loosed every joint in its socket. A sympathetic traveler could have easily forgiven him for seeing nothing but the poverty of the place; the rotting casements and threshold, the bare floor, the children in faded clothes, greasy from dinner, uncared for in the stress of grief.

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The heat made him perspire profusely, to his great discomfort and mental disquiet. He mopped his dripping head and hands, and sat for a few moments on the rude bench in the shade of the magnolia while Marie offered him a glass of lukewarm bayou water, which he poured over his wrists, an unpremeditated libation to the earth. When he went into the cabin he was surprised by the white death-bed which love had spread with roses.

Eliska's simple confession was soon made. No gravid, life-weight was here to be disposed of. A little, pitiful, month-old list of home-longings, of pardonable scoldings, of tiny vexations, of mild envyings of the fortunate earth, of a regretted shrinking from her voluble neighbors, the l'He Dormantes; a mother's natural jealousy of her daughter's betrothed. Then the priest beckoned and the family knelt in a decorous row, the father at the head, his rosary in his hand.

After receiving the last Sacraments the dying woman turned her white face to the wall; the priest bent an ear to her breathing—she was still alive. How bright and hot the sunlight was! How intense the odor of the flowers! How shrill the filing of cicadas! Sounds were borne from a great distance in the quivering air—the screech of a saw-mill a mile away, the rhythmic plash of the oars in the bayou, the intermittent tap-tapping of a hammer in some distant clearing.

As Father Vogel was leaving the room, thinking that the sick woman might sleep for hours and perchance wake to renewed life, she turned her face and called imperatively:

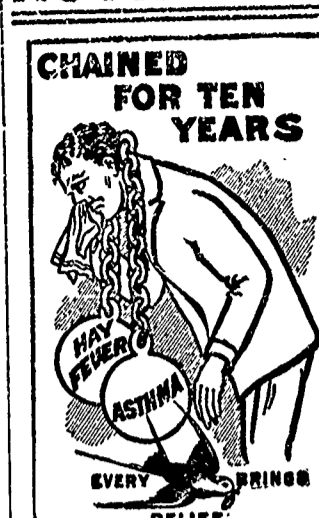
"Father, father!" and he hastened to her. She was sitting up, her eyes brilliant. "Oh, father—I almost forgot. What shall I say when I meet the Queen of Heaven? What do the ladies say when they are presented at court?"

The priest was astonished; he knew nothing of Eliska's history, but her question made him look at her attentively. He noticed the unusual refinement of her features, the careful arrangement of her beautiful hair, the delicacy of her transparent hands, the sweetness of her voice.

"See, father," she continued, "I have kept the best I had to wear. I embroidered these. I made the lace. Once I made some like them for the wife of a grand duke. She wore them when she went to court. But I cannot remember what she said when she was presented to the queen. What will the Queen of Heaven think of me if I stand tongue-tied and stupid before her? What shall I say?"

The poor priest was himself at a loss. At first, like Rudolf, he thought her delirious. Then, remembering the ineradicable vanity of the sex, he considered this exhibition of it on the grave's edge something extremely reprehensible, and—in connection with Eliska's appearance—denoting unusual frivolity. He stood silent and accusing, groping for words that would not wound too much, yet determined that he dying should not expect to enter Paradise or Purgatory as a princess. He him-

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Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., New York, Jan. 3, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene 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 Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, 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 Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the 1st 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.

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that guided her over it. Look earthward, her triumphant range clear and sweet: "raised be Jesus Christ!" and at that Name every knee in heaven bowed, and countless multitudes proclaimed Him Lord of

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Christmas Morn

(J. William Fischer in The Bee.) O happy morn, so bright and fair, With jeweled star-glens in thy crown...

O happy morn! The star so bright, That lingers in thy fond embrace, Is smiling on the earth's lone face...

O happy morn! In bated breath, All nature waits with throbbing heart The joyous Dawn, which will impart...

O happy morn! See, now appears The Light to bless a course well run! 'Tis Christ — the new-born King!

Grace O'Malley

At the Cellidh of the Inghinidhe nah Eireann, says United Ireland, Miss Thornton read the following paper:

Grainne Ni Mhaille, the Irish Sea Queen, is a personage about whom is woven a mass of historic and romantic legend...

Grainne's father, Owen O'Malley, was chief of Umallo, now the baronies of Borrischoole and Murrisk; he was descended from Brian, King of Connaught in the Fifth Century...

Good man yet there never was of the O'Malleys who was not a mariner, Of every weather ye are the prophets, a tribe of brotherly affection and friendship...

Sydney, the Lord Deputy, in one of his despatches on the State of Connaught, says: "O'Malley (who came to him) is an original Irishman, strong in galleys and in seamen."

Grainne was brought up as customary in those times, by foster parents on Claire Island, and there her youth was passed, among a seafaring race whose lives were in constant war against the storms and perils of the ocean...

When Grainne was eighteen she returned to her home on the mainland, and while there she frequently accompanied her father, who made many expeditions for commercial purpose, and sometimes the fleet was engaged in protecting the landing of cargoes from France or Spain.

Grainne was married to Donal O'Flaherty, surnamed Donal an Chogaidh, or Donal of the Wars, who was chieftain over West Connaught. The O'Flahertys were treated by the settlers in Galway who were trying to establish trade under the protection of the English bastions; whenever opportunity offered they would swoop down, ravaging and destroying everything before them...

On her brother's death, a son being an infant, Grainne was elected by the clansmen to be the chieftain of the O'Malleys. According to the laws of the Gaelic Morn a woman was considered eligible to fill the position, but the wishes of the clansmen

overruled this. The territory of the O'Malleys and even of the rest of Connaught had up to this period remained comparatively free from the destroying forces of the English, who were turning the fair Province of Munster into a desert...

At her husband's death, Grainne was only about twenty-four, and although an affliction so great might well have crushed an ordinary spirit, yet in a character such as hers it only served to bring out more strongly the sterner traits of her nature...

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ance, and the banner of the O'Malleys with its motto, "Mighty on Land and Sea," quailed neither to prince nor baron, not even to the standard of the English queen.

Seeing how useless force had proved against the Irish chieftainess, Elizabeth, on the advice of Lord Deputy Sydney, resolved to try the effect of an opposite policy.

The power and influence of Grainne Ni Mhaille were considerable, as the ruins of her places of strength on the mainland are still numerous, and the castles of Clare Island, Kildannit, Carrigahowly and Doona still standing prove to the least observant how strong must have been her sway on land and sea.

"I went thence westwards to the place where MacWilliam was, who met me with his wife, Grainne Ni Mhaille, with all their force, and did swear they would have my life for coming so far into their country, and, especially, his wife would fight with me before she was half a mile near me."

Mhaille, with all their force, and did swear they would have my life for coming so far into their country, and, especially, his wife would fight with me before she was half a mile near me.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Sing a song of rapture, Gayly everywhere! Four and twenty thousand Snow-flakes in the air.

Sing a song of sleigh-bells, Ringing loud and clear, While the roughish whirrs Follow in the rear!

Sing a song of sleighing— Now the sport's begun! Four and twenty snow-birds Looking at the fun!

Sing a song of sunshine, For the storm is o'er; Gay old earth is laughing At the marble floor.

The Maiming of a Priest

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of The New York Sun: Sir—The Rev. William J. O'Kelly, a priest of the Catholic Church of this city, who died on Monday of blood-poisoning caused by a wound on the thumb made by a fishhook...

An application on the part of Father O'Kelly for a dispensation of this nature, unusual as it might be considered, could be supported by a most distinguished precedent in the case of Father Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit martyr...

After being dragged from village to village by his captors, he was rescued, more dead than alive, by Aendt Van Curler, the Dutch commander at Fort Orange, who paid, we are told, 100 pieces of gold for his ransom.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils.

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The Whole Story in a letter: Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS)

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HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

THE RED BREAM OF THE IRISH ROBIN.

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree, and carol from the sycamore and chestnut, the prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat. It's cockle little Robin! And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him; for he sings so sweetly still. Through his tiny slender bill, with a little patch of red under his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground, to other little birdies so bewilderin'.

Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found singing Christmas stories to the children;

Of how two tender babes were left in woodland glades, by a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;

But Bobby saw the crime (he was watching all the time) and he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of Autumn around us thickly fall, and everything seems sorrowful and saddenin'.

Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall singing what is solacing and gladdening.

And sure, from what I've heard, He's God's own little bird, and sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;

But once he sat forlorn on a cruel Crown of Thorns, and the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

-Boston Pilot.

WHERE OUR LORD WAS BORN.

The grotto of Bethlehem, to which the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph retired, and in which Jesus was born, still exists. It has a natural cavern, part of which has been covered with masonry, and subsequently the vault and ceiling coated with marble by the piety of the faithful. The pavement is itself composed of white marble, with incrustations in jasper and porphyry.

In the centre is seen a silver star, laid in 1717, in which has been inscribed in Latin these words

at once so simple and so touching: "On this very spot Jesus Christ was born of the Blessed Virgin." What an impression must not the reading of these words make on the Catholic heart! Emperors, kings, patriarchs, thousands and thousands of travellers have read them, and were so struck with awe that they fell prostrated on the floor and adored Him who was born on the spot for our salvation.

Many sovereigns have desired to have in the grotto of Bethlehem a perpetual mark of their faith and piety; hence there are as many as thirty-two magnificent lamps continually burning there, which were given by the Republics of Venice, the Emperors of Austria, Kings of Spain and Naples, and finally by the pious King Louis XIII. of France.-Selected.

WHEN DISTRACTED IN PRAYER.

From The Catholic Columbian. We are all more or less troubled with distractions in our prayers and devotions. Some have quite a long string of prayers with which they become so familiar that they frequently seem very much like the boy who, on being reproved for whistling in school, said he did not whistle, "it whistled itself." So they do not pray, it prays itself, while their minds are busily employed in something entirely foreign to the serious matter in which they are engaged. May we modestly suggest to such persons to try the effect of saying their prayers backwards, or rather, in reverse order—that is, commence at the last prayer and go back to the beginning in regular succession. This will require close attention at least for recalling each prayer, and this will be a great help to the end in view.

A GENEROUS WORD.

From the Independent. We congratulate the Catholic benevolent and literary societies on their perfecting their federation last week. Such union should increase enthusiasm and strength. The only threatened danger ought to be escaped by the rule in the constitution adopted, which forbids partisan politics to be discussed or candidates for office to be endorsed by any constituent society.

Servants should never lose sight of the humility of their condition, and masters should not forget that their servants are their equals in the order of nature.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat in Flume—The Visible Supply—Heard Live Stocks—The Latest Quotations. Monday Evening, Dec. 23. The Visible Supply. Dec. 23 '01 Dec. 21 '00 Dec. 21 '99. Wheat .... 58,805,000 51,473,000 58,818,000  
Corn .... 11,131,000 7,301,000 12,301,000  
Oats .... 2,665,000 2,575,000 3,415,000  
Rye .... 200,000 ..... 1,319,000  
Barley .... 2,010,000 ..... 2,042,000  
Wheat decreased 55,000 bushels this week; a year ago which increased 391,000 bushels.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Receipts of grain were light on the street market this morning, only 1,000 bushels of rye. Prices were about steady. Wheat—Was steady, 500 bushels of goose selling at 54c per bushel. Barley—Was steady, 500 bushels selling at 54c to 51 1/2c per bushel. Oats—Were a little firmer, 300 bushels selling at 40 1/2c per bushel. Rye—Was steady, 25 loads selling at \$11 to \$12 per load for timothy and \$7 to \$8 per load for clover.

British Cattle Markets. London, Dec. 23.—United States cattle, 6 3/4; Liverpool, Dec. 23.—Canadian cattle, 5 1/2 to 6; choice, 6 1/2. Demand firm; stock mostly steady.

Montreal Live Stock. Montreal, Dec. 23.—There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, 25 calves and 250 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in large numbers and there was a bid demand, with firm prices paid for anything good in the shape of beef and veal, and even the common stock brought better prices than they have been doing for a long time past. There were very few Martel bought six of the best, paying 6c per lb for choice beef and 5 1/2c per lb for the others. Pretty good stock sold at from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb, and the common animals at from 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c per lb. Sheep sold at from 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c per lb. Fat pigs sold at from 6c to 6 1/2c per lb, weighed on the cars.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. East Buffalo, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,200 head; steady to strong for good grades; others slow, but doing. Steers, \$3.40 to \$4.60; rough and coarse steers, \$3.40 to \$4.40; stockers and cows, \$3.00 to \$4.20; veals, \$4 to \$7.75. Hogs—Receipts, 27,000 head; higher, fairly active. Choice, \$6.75 to \$7.50; medium, \$5.75 to \$6.50; mixed packers, \$6.15 to \$8.20; medium to choice, \$6.15 to \$8.20; pigs, \$5.10 to \$5.20; roughs, \$4.90 to \$5.20. Sheep—Receipts, 21,000 head; good demand; stronger, choice, \$5.30; good to choice, \$5.10 to \$5.20; fair, \$4.90 to \$5.10; shear chub and heavy, \$4.85 to \$6; light, \$4 to \$5.75; bulk of sales, \$5.50 to \$6.25. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000 head; steady to strong; choice wethers, \$3.50 to \$4.25; western fat sheep, \$3 to \$4; native lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.10.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, Dec. 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 12,000; 800 Texas; 10c to \$12c higher; good to prime, \$9.25 to \$7.00; poor to medium, \$3.50 to \$2; stockers and feeders, \$2 to \$4.00. Hogs—Receipts, 40,000; mixed steady; heavy shade lower; mixed and butchers, \$4.70 to \$6.20; good to choice, \$4.75 to \$6.20; light, \$4 to \$5.75; bulk of sales, \$5.50 to \$6.25. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000; steady to strong; choice wethers, \$3.50 to \$4.25; western fat sheep, \$3 to \$4; native lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.10.

Montreal Grain and Produce. Montreal, Dec. 23.—Grain—There is a fair cable demand for Manitoba wheat, but otherwise the market is very quiet. Feed barley at 50c; and rye at 62c.

Flour—The market is quiet but prices are firm. The market is very quiet but prices are firm. The market is very quiet but prices are firm. The market is very quiet but prices are firm. The market is very quiet but prices are firm.

Butter—There is a fair jobbing trade at steady prices. Finest townships, full creamery, 20 1/2c to 20 3/4c; best Quebec full creamery, 18c to 19c; western dairy, 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; Manitoba dairy, 14c to 15c. Provisional market and unchangeable. Finest Ontario colored, 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; straight white, 10c to 10 1/2c; finest townships makes, 10c to 10 1/2c; finest Quebec makes, 9c to 10c.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Dec. May. Dec. May. Chicago .... 77 1/2 81 78 1/2 82 1/2  
New York .... 84 1/2 87 1/2 85 1/2 88 1/2  
Toronto .... 75 1/2 79 1/2 77 1/2 80 1/2  
Duluth, 1st port .. 75 1/2 79 1/2 77 1/2 80 1/2  
Minneapolis .... 76 1/2 79 1/2 77 1/2 80 1/2  
Milwaukee, 2nd port .. 84 1/2 87 1/2 85 1/2 88 1/2  
St. Louis .... 84 1/2 87 1/2 85 1/2 88 1/2

London, Dec. 23.—Close—Wheat, on passage, rather firmer; cargoes about No. 1 selling at 86s to 90s; 3d sellers, from December and January, 35s 3d sellers. Maize, on passage, rather firmer. Wheat, English country markets of Saturday quiet, French country markets of Saturday quiet, but steady.

Antwerp, Dec. 23.—No. 2 red winter, 19 1/2. Paris, Dec. 23.—Close.

To enjoy alone is to be able to share. No participation can make that of value which in itself is of none. It is not love alone, but pride also, and often only pride, that leads to the desire for another to be present with us in possession.

Johnny (in the garden)—Father! father! look out of the window.—Father (putting out his head)—What a nuisance your children are. What do you want now? Johnny (with a triumphant glance at his playfellow)—Tommy Brooks wouldn't believe you'd got no hair on the top of your head.

HAD LA GRIPPE. — Mr. A. Nickerson, farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

TEACHER WANTED FOR School Section No. 2, Woolwich; duties to commence January, 1902; must be Catholic and have second or third class certificate; one that can teach German preferred. Apply, stating salary, to Anthony Friedman, Weisenberg P. O.

TEACHER WANTED — To teach Separate School No. 4; duties to commence January 1st, 1902. Apply, stating salary, to Trustees of R. C. Separate School, Athens, P. O.

A MALE PRINCIPAL FOR the R. C. Separate School at Peterboro; boys' department; duties to begin after the holidays; applicants will please state salary required, giving experience and testimonials. John Corkery, Secretary Separate School Board. Mention this paper.

FEMALE TEACHER WANTED for School Sec. No. 1 Salter. One holding 1st or 3rd class certificate. Preference given to one speaking both English and French. Duties commence Jan. 2, 1902. Salary \$225. Apply A. Faubert, Sec.-Treas., Massey Station, Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED, HOLD- ing second or third class certificate for the R. C. Separate School No. 3, Biddulph. Duties to begin January 3rd, 1902. Apply, stating salary, qualifications and experience, to William Tooley, Sec., Lucan, Ont. Mention this paper.

A FEMALE TEACHER WANT- ed holding a second or third class certificate for the Roman Catholic Separate School section No. 6, township of Sunnidale, for the year 1902; duties to commence the 2nd of January next. Address, stating salary with testimonials, Michael Coyle, Secretary, New Lowell P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

A FEMALE TEACHER HOLD- ing a second class certificate wanted for the R. C. Separate School, Douglas, Ont., for the year 1902. One able to teach music preferred. Apply at once, stating salary, experience, testimonials, etc., to John McEachen, Sec., Douglas, Ont., Co. Renfrew. Mention this paper.

A TEACHER THAT WILL BE able to teach French and English; Warren Catholic Separate School, Mederic Tremblay, Secretary-Treasurer, Warren, Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED, MALE or female, holding 1st or second class certificate. Duties to commence Jan. 2nd, 1902. Applications to be addressed to Jacob Gatschen, Sec.-Treas., R.C.S.S., No. 4, Hesson Township Mornington, Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. No. 6, Biddulph, for 1902. Stating salary, certificate and experience, address Michael Breen, secretary, Lucan, P. O., Ont. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR Union S., Brougham, for the year 1902. Holding second class certificate. Address John J. Carter, Mt. St. Patrick, P. O. Mention this paper.

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 6, Tilbury North — bi-lingual, English and French; Roman Catholic preferred; state age, salary and experience. Address Arthur Atkinson, Secretary, Tilbury, Ont. Mention this paper.

WANTED TEACHER FOR JUN- ior class-room of the R. C. Separate School, Section No. 9,

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School Vacations  
To Teachers Pupils of Schools and Colleges, on Surrender standard Form of School Vacation Railway Certificate signed by Principal.  
GOING DATES AND LIMIT.—At Lowest One-way First-class FARE AND ONE-WAY FARE, from December 24th to 25th, inclusive. Tickets good returning from destination not later than January 20th, 1902.  
Commercial Travellers  
Territory.—Between all stations in Canada.  
FARE, GOING DATES AND LIMIT.—At Lowest One-way First-class Fare (not Commercial Traveller's Fare) from December 20th to 25th, inclusive. Tickets good returning from destination not later than January 6th, 1902.  
Tickets and all information from J. W. RYDER, C. P. and T. A., N. W. corner King and Yonge streets. Phone, Main 4200.  
M. C. DICKSON District Passenger Agent.

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