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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. XI. No. 50

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903

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St. Mary's Church, Berlin

Formal Opening and Blessing on Sunday
Last—First Mass Celebrated by the
Apostolic Delegate—Three Ontario
Bishops Present.

Berlin, Dec. 14.—(Special) — The solemn blessing and opening of the magnificent new Catholic church, called St. Mary's Church, Berlin, was signaled yesterday by ceremonies imposing in the religious sense and expressive in a remarkable way of the growth of the Catholic people in Western Ontario. As a building erected to the honor and for the worship of God, Berlin's new church stands as a milestone of progress in this part of Canada. Twenty years ago no one would dream of a Catholic church of such size raising its tall steeple in this section of the province. The occasion was also rendered memorable by the presence of the representative of the Supreme Pontiff, Mgr. Sbarretti, who was accompanied by Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro and the two Bishops of Western Ontario. The Metropolitan of the province, Archbishop O'Connor, was unable to be present.

The interest created among the Catholic people of this city and district was proportionate to the importance of the day.

The weather conditions were anything but favorable, it being exceedingly stormy, but this handicap did not deter hundreds of people attending the ceremonies of the morning and the evening services.

Shortly after nine o'clock the members of the St. Boniface, Catholic Order of Foresters and C.M.B.A. formed a guard of honor, leading from the rectory to the church, and while the bells pealed forth in the wintry air, the procession of priests and their attendants marched to the church, and the Rt. Rev. Thos. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, solemnly blessed the structure, first on the exterior of the church. Then unhooking the church, the procession entered and the ceremony was concluded. After the priests returned, the crowds who were waiting outside, entered and by ten o'clock fully fifteen hundred people were comfortably seated in the large and commodious church.

The celebration of the first Mass then began. His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate, was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. A. Weiler, Berlin, as archdeacon, Rev. Father Mahoney, rector of the cathedral at Hamilton, dean. Rev. Father Forester of New Germany and Rev. A. Zinger of Berlin, were deacons of honor. Rev. J. Schweitzer, Berlin, was the master of ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Father Dowling was attended by Rev. Father Kreidt, O.C.S., of the Carmelite Mission, Niagara Falls, and Rev. D. Pennessy, Superior for the College at St. Mary's, Ky. Rt. Rev. Richard A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterboro, was attended by Revs. Wm. Kloefer and J. Fehrenbach, and Rt. Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London, by Rev. Father Urban of Toronto, and Rev. Theo. Spetz, D.D., of Berlin.

The sermon of the opening was preached by Rt. Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London, from Chron. 6th Ch. 28, 19 and 20 verses, the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple. His Lordship explained that the erection under God's direction by Solomon was the pride and glory of the Jewish people, and its dedication was celebrated amid much joy and splendor. Why? Because the Lord God having chosen the temple, and directed its erection, was pleased therewith. When God's temple was dedicated amid much joy under the old law how much more joy



St. Mary's Church, Berlin, Ont.

J. W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT.
1903.

BY COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN ARCHITECT.

there should be under the new law, and if God poured down blessings in the old dispensation He will most certainly pour down blessings in new dispensation. God has promised that where two or three are gathered in His name, He will be in the midst and if He is in the midst of two or three, He will also be in the midst of His people who gather in His house in public prayer. Prayer gives a peace to the soul which the world cannot give, nor man take away. Christ is in the church, veiled in the tabernacle, and can be taken to the home or the hospital, to the bedside of the dying penitent. His Lordship enumerated the various functions of the Church on earth, beginning with the consecration of the child by baptism, the confirmation, the entry into priesthood, matrimony, burial of the dead, and the preaching of the Word of God. No man has a right to minimize the Word of God, and no person has the right to preach it who does not accept it as a whole. A church in which God is truly worshipped makes the Christian think of his home in heaven. People do not think enough of heaven; they think more of death and hell. Why not of heaven? It will be our everlasting home. It has been purchased for us at a great price, and Christ founded the Church to lead His people to Heaven. Christ's church is imperishable and infallible and we should love it. In conclusion Bishop McEvay congratulated the congregation upon its loyalty to the Church, the clergy and His Excellency, and also on the completion of the magnificent church which should be the pride of the entire town.

BISHOP DOWLING SPEAKS.
At the conclusion of the sermon Bishop Dowling spoke a few words in German in which he thanked the congregation for their co-operation and generosity in erecting their new church. He then turned to His Excellency the Papal Delegate, and tendered him a welcome in behalf of the parish and the diocese, and expressed his gratitude for the honor conferred upon them in coming to Berlin to assist in the blessing of St. Mary's Church. He assured His Excellency of the sincere loyalty of the people in this parish, and he was pleased to testify to the zeal and fidelity of the clergy of the parish—Fathers of the Congregation of the

Resurrection. He then introduced the representatives of the congregation who presented an address to His Excellency, and in conclusion asked as a special request that he would pronounce the Apostolic benediction.

THE CONGREGATION'S WELCOME
The delegation of twenty members of the congregation then entered the sanctuary. Messrs. G. C. H. Lang, Sheriff Motz, T. Tracey, H. Krug, W. J. Motz, H. A. Deitrich, J. Winterhalt, M. Kiefer, J. Huck, G. Engburst, M. Reidel, J. Querin, P. Ringle, Jos. Winterhalt, Jr., C. Dillon, and others. Mr. Geo. C. H. Lang then read the following address: To His Most Reverend and Illustrious Excellency, Monsignor Donatus Sbarretti, D.D., Archbishop and Papal Delegate.

May it please your Excellency: The blessing of our church makes this day an auspicious one for us, the members of the parish of "Our Lady of Sorrows," but its importance has been greatly enhanced by the presence among us, of the Rock of Peter, Pius X., in the person of our most respected guest, His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal Delegate, as well as by the presence of our beloved Chief pastor, the Rt. Rev. Thos. Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, and his esteemed associates in the vineyard of the Lord, the Rt. Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London, and the Rt. Rev. Richard O'Connor, Bishop of Peterboro.

The parish of Berlin, the German centre of Catholicity in Canada, does this day greet Your Excellency as the direct and immediate representative of the Holy Father. It has ever been its pride to be loyal to the Church and to foster in its bosom an institution from which has gone forth the greater part of our diocesan clergy.

The noble structure that has today been given over to the service of God, and unexcelled and model parochial school, are standing proofs of the growth of Catholicity in our midst; they are but a slight manifestation of the continual progress of our Holy Church in the land of the Maple Leaf.

In the manifold cares and worries of the exalted and responsible position which your Excellency holds, it is most doubtless a solace to you, as you are to lay before the chair of Peter, the condition of affairs, so prosperous, so full of life, and development, of the Catholic Church of Canada.

With your Excellency's benign condescension we, the members of the parish of "Our Lady of Sorrows," ask as a signal favor, the Apostolic Benediction.

In conclusion, may God in his wisdom and prudence spare you many years to guide the ship of Peter, in this our dear Canada, and to assist us, and those placed over us, to faithfully and perseveringly tread the path of virtue and salvation, and may in the ripeness of years, yours be the glory of Heaven.

In behalf of the parishioners of St. Mary's,
GEO. C. H. LANG,
Berlin, Ont., Dec. 13, the year of salvation, 1903.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY.
The Papal delegate in reply said he was pleased at being able to attend the blessing of St. Mary's Church, Berlin, and assured the people that they had just reason for their pride and satisfaction in having erected so magnificent a church, dedicated to the Most High. He was also pleased in hearing from Bishop Dowling

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is well constructed. It has been used by some of the world's greatest musical artists, who have been unanimous in describing it as a faultless piano.

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HEAD OFFICE
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Death of Fr. McGurty

Third Victim of Ottawa University Fire
Ottawa, Dec. 15.—Death claimed a third victim from the Ottawa University fire at 5 o'clock this afternoon, when Rev. Father McGurty passed away. The reverend gentleman's injuries consisted of severe burns about the face, chest and hands. He also inhaled a quantity of smoke, and as he had weak lungs serious doubts have all along been entertained as to his recovery. The deceased clergyman was only 25 years of age. He was born in Lowell, Mass., and spent his novitiate at Tewksbury, Mass., after which he came to Ottawa. For the past four years he had been assistant at St. Joseph's Church. The dead priest had a sister in Lawrence and a brother in Philadelphia. The funeral will be held on Thursday, when Rev. Father Emery, rector of the university, will preach the sermon.

The rector of Ottawa University stated to-night that the classes will be resumed on January 7th in the new science hall. Dormitory accommodation will also be provided.

PERSONAL.
President J. J. Murphy of the St. Vincent de Paul is indisposed from cold. President Doyle of St. Mary's Conference is also on the sick list.

Mr. C. H. Hurst has opened offices 104-105 in Mail and Empire Building in partnership with Mr. Thos. Wilkins, the firm name being Hurst & Wilkins. Messrs. Hurst & Wilkins are stock brokers and deal in stocks and bonds, grain, cotton, and coffee. They are also correspondents of the reliable firm of Porterfield & Company, Chicago, who have been in the business since 1832.

Mayor Kelly, of Uxbridge, was a visitor to Toronto last week. Mr. Kelly is concluding his second term in the chief magistracy of his native town and intends to pass the honor on to other hands for 1904. He is president of the Ontario Harness Makers' Association and is known in public affairs outside his own country.

DEATHS
GRIFFIN—At his late residence, 196 St. Helen's ave., Toronto, Patrick J. Griffin, of the Griffin Curled Hair Co., on Dec. 9, in his 44th year.

MURPHY—On Sunday, Dec. 13th, at his residence, 269 Niagara street, Michael Murphy.

MACDONELL—At his residence, 123 Huron street, Toronto, on Monday morning, 14th Dec., 1903, Alexander Macdonell of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in the 84th year of his age.

Mr. Bryan Sees the Pope
Rome, Dec. 14.—William Jennings Bryan, accompanied by his son, was received in private audience by the Pope to-day. Mr. Bryan was presented by Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College. His Holiness spoke with great interest of the Catholics in the United States. After the audience Mr. Bryan expressed himself as highly pleased with the Pope's kindly face and bearing.

Death of P. J. Griffin
On the 9th inst. Mr. Patrick J. Griffin, General Manager of the Griffin Curled Hair Company, breathed his last at his home in this city, 196 St. Claren's Ave. He had been sick for over two and one-half years, and spent much of his time at the various southern health resorts. Mr. Griffin was born on St. Claren's Ave. 44 years ago and lived in Brockton nearly ever since. He, with his brother Peter, engaged in the steam curled hair business in 1885. Three years ago last September their plant was destroyed by fire, and over its ashes was erected the large brick factory of to-day. The brothers severed partnership some time ago, and since then Mr. Griffin has traded under the name of the Griffin Curled Hair Company. His father and mother were among the earliest settlers in the Brockton District, and his mother still lives in that locality. Mr. Griffin leaves a widow and three young children. Also three brothers besides Peter—Thomas, of Denver, and John and Michael of Toronto. He was a member of St. Helen's Church, to which place the funeral was held on Friday last, and from thence to Mount Hope Cemetery.

"Buried alive!" What measure are not taken to prevent such a peril? But there are souls which are buried alive, hearts which are buried alive, and who troubles himself about them?

DINEEN'S FURRIERS

An article every Canadian gentleman should have is a Fur-lined Overcoat. We have manufactured some one hundred high-class coats of strictly superior English Beaver outside, 30 inches long, lined with best Russian Rat, and with collar and lapels of Otter or Persian Lamb—

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This is the best value we have been able to offer because of a specially large purchase of fur.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

Rome, Nov. 25th. One of the most interesting amongst the important audiences granted recently by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius X. was that of Saturday morning 21st November, when his Holiness received the Very Rev. Monsignor Murphy, Rector of the Irish College in Rome.

Monsignor Murphy afterwards presented to the Holy Father Mr. James Doughane, of Liverpool, and his two daughters. Mr. Doughane is an Irish Catholic gentleman, who as member of the Education Committee in Liverpool, is rendering excellent service to the cause of Catholic education in that city.

On Sunday morning the celebration of the feast of St. Cecilia, which in the days of Rome's ancient renown led from the city to the east, to Brindisi, on the Adriatic, was again thronged with many wayfarers.

It is not only a transfer from the noise of the city to the silence and solitude of the country that the wayfarer beyond the gates makes, but also a sudden plunge into the region of the past.

The ground that overlies these Catacombs rises above the road, and as you enter, a view of marvellous beauty and interest opens out before you.

On her side she rests As one asleep, the delicate hands are crossed, Wrist upon wrist, a clinging vestment drapes.

And there she lies for all to see. The poet is inaccurate in his description, if this is not crossed, and there is no gold circlet around the slender throat!

brown eyes look out calmly on the spectator from under high arched eyebrows. Mass was sung here on this Sunday morning, and the chanting of the choir resounded in the long-silent galleries of this early Christian cemetery with a strange solemnity.

Commendatore Crazie Marucci delivered a lecture in French on the place and its memories in the history of the early Church in Rome.

The annual meeting of the prelates who are Professors of the Catholic Institute took place on Wednesday, both Cardinal Richier, who is back from Rome, and Cardinal Langenieux presiding.

The Oblate Fathers of Marseilles, the town where their Congregation was founded by Mgr. de Mazenod nearly eighty years since have been flung out of their house called the Calvaire.

After the religious ceremonies of that morning the Very Rev. Prior of St. Clement's entertained a number of distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen to dinner.

It is reported this morning that Lord Brave, during the audience which he had recently with his Holiness, Pius X., informed the Pope that he would offer a premium of £100 a year to be awarded to the best work on some subject connected with Holy Scriptures.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been frequently attacked by the clerical Press for having, as the framer of the Associations Bill, paved the way to the inhuman persecutions of Religious Orders organized by M. Combes.

The Pope has received moral and material help for the erection of a monument to Leo the Thirteenth on the top of the Lepini Mountains, which encircle Carpineto, his predecessor's birthplace.

The Vatican at the World's Fair

The Vatican will have an extensive exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The news of the acceptance by His Holiness, Pope Pius X., of the official invitation to the Vatican to participate in the World's Fair, to be held in St. Louis next year, has been received in Washington and by the Exposition authorities at St. Louis.

Not only will an exhibit be installed, but Cardinal Satolli is expected to be the guest of Rev. Father Ehrle, Prefect of the Vatican Library, who will select such objects of interest relating to the Vatican as will be most appreciated by and instructive to Exposition visitors.

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The Immaculate Conception

Immaculate! Immaculate! All sinless, spotless, pure and fair! That Eden of the Tree of Life No serpent's slime to stain could dare.

The life of the first Mother Eve in perfect purity began; Shall she begin with lower grace? The Mother of the Perfect Man?

No, not for swiftest lightning flash Of time or thought could faintest stain. Though seen alone by God's pure eye, On this one chosen heart remain.

What filial heart but fair would save Mother beloved from shame and harm? Would make her perfect, beautiful, With all that filial heart can charm?

Then, what unutterable store Of griefs, a mother's soul must fill! Her Son is God, and with a wish Can make her whatsoever He will.

Hold, this were falsest blasphemy! Her "most and first, did Jesus save, For His own Mother pouring out The life blood which that Mother gave."

Would not that raptured mother bless The rescuers of her darling more? Amid the breakers' angry roar?

Immaculate! Immaculate! All sinless, spotless, pure and fair! And yet these sinful hearts must dare.

O Mother, canst thou love even me? From Heaven thy smile doth fall On all for whom thy Jesus died— And Jesus died for me, for all.

The Pope and Australia

The Pope has received in private audience Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales, and Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland.

The Pope was most pleased with the account of the progress of Catholicism in Australia given to His Holiness by Dr. Gallagher and Dr. Higgins at their private audience to-day, and said to them: "It is the greatest satisfaction to receive such encouraging news from such a far-away point of the world, while nearer and older countries often cause pain to my heart."

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes In the land of the ivied towers, And they welcome the dearest of festival times.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs, And across the Swedish fells, And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs.

They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls, They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles, To the praise of the Crucified, Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells.

They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls, They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles, To the praise of the Crucified, Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells.

Rome, Dec. 1.—The rumor emanating from Vienna that the Pope intends to go to Venice may have originated in the fact that the Pontiff is projecting a scheme of reconciliation with Italy provided the latter take the first step with a concession which he would be regarded as the motive for such a great event in the eyes of Catholic Christendom.

We attain to heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away; we perfect our nature, not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it towards aims higher than its own.

Each one, according to his ability and opportunities, must attain the heights of knowledge, religious and secular, which are within his reach; that from those summits he may the better "declare the virtues" of Jesus Christ and preach his religion.

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC.

Waterloo, Ontario Educational St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY

The Pope and Australia The Pope has received in private audience Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales, and Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland.

Loretto Abbey... WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ON This fine institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size, is situated conveniently near the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study.

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ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of instruction in this Academy embraces every branch suitable to the education of young ladies in the Academic Department special attention is paid to modern languages, fine arts, piano and fancy needlework.

Mrs. Wells' Business College Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts. ESTABLISHED 1886 Day and Night School Individual Instruction All Graduates Placed in Positions

TOOLS We are showing complete sets of tools in prices from \$3.00 to \$20.00 a set. SCROLL SAWS and LATHES Rice Lewis & Son LIMITED Cor. KING & VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

It reaches the Spot.—There are few remedies before the public to-day as efficacious in removing pain and in allaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

TWELFTH MONTH December 31 DAYS THE ADVENT OF CHRIST

Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, and Color of Vestment. Lists dates from Dec 1 to Dec 31 with corresponding feast days and vestment colors.

ARE YOU FEEBLE? Dunlop Rubber Heels GIVE A SAFE FOOTING

The HOME CIRCLE

CHRISTMAS COOKERY. Christmas Plum Pudding ("Chaperone's" recipe). One quart seeded raisins, pint currants, half pint citron cut up, quart of apples peeled and chopped...

THE GIRL WHO WORKS. The girl who earns her own money should endeavor to save a portion of it from each payment. No matter how small the payment may be it will be forming a wise habit to lay it aside.

PLEASANT CORNERS. "Why, auntie," we exclaimed as we found the dear old lady busy out of doors, "you are putting some of your choicest rose bushes away out here in the back yard!"

HOME-MADE SACHET POWDER. Sachets of all sorts make dainty and acceptable Christmas gifts. For those who are making a number of these scented cases it is economical to prepare the powder at home.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. Alluding to the good influence exerted by a kindhearted woman of humble life and retiring disposition, a great writer on moral and religious

their opinions. Well, these were the reasons for saying that men should marry for money. First of all, that as a husband has all the worry of the business which is to provide comforts for the wife, he is justified in expecting his life partner to contribute capital stock to work the business; and, secondly, that his wife's possession of money is a man's only safe guarantee that she is marrying him for love and not for a home.

It was argued that the hard-working unselfish man who makes the best husband is the one who takes most pleasure in the fact that his wife is relying trustfully on him for the provision of the necessities of life, and who dreads having it said of him that "he married for money."

The Santa Claus Sceptic

The pity of it is that a material age is robbing childhood of its heritage, forcing mature convictions on budding intellects, and in the name of knowledge ruthlessly insisting on gradgrind facts. My friend, the sceptic, is a sad case in point. The ten-year-old unbeliever has poisoned his mind, passing on to him the teaching of another prematurely-developed intellect. I capitalize the word for intellect is the fetish that has dispossessed the power of heart and soul. We all bow before it.

My poor little doubter! He is older than I because his childhood is over, and mine still lingers, or, to be strictly correct, returns to me on occasions like this. I love the things that belong to Christmas, the noise and bustle, the crowded streets, the shifting throngs in stores and market places, the toy counters and the tiny things that swarm about them, yes, even the discomfort of being hustled about like a human shuttle or wedged into a jam that threatens to be permanent, but suddenly gives way under the impetus of a progressive shopper, who hasn't a moment to spare. Such scenes are part of the season, and to enjoy them is to prove one's self superior to the efforts of life to take from one the zest of living.

Any Sore That Will Not Heal

Any Ulceration, Eruption or Irritation of the Skin is Curable by means of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

There is no guesswork about the results obtainable from Dr. Chase's Ointment. With all medicines taken internally there is more or less uncertainty as to the effect, because the condition may not be exactly as indicated by the symptoms, but if you have a sore or wound and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and heal it you can see for your own eyes the definite results.

Statue of Marquette. Washington, December 3.—The marble statue of the Jesuit pioneer, Father Jacques Marquette, will be the subject of a controversy in Congress this winter between those who favor and those who oppose the formal acceptance by the Government of this beautiful gift of the State of Wisconsin as one of her two contributions to Statuary Hall in the Capitol.

THE OLD CAMPER has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

Children's Corner

A LITTLE JOKE ON RICHARD.

Richard cried the least bit after his grandmother kissed him and left him in the big bed in the front room upstairs, it isn't surprising. He had never been away from his mother before, and the wonder is that he cried so softly nobody heard him.

Christmas Eve in Church

I remember in particular a midnight Mass which I attended one Christmas Eve in the church of an old Breton village, where we were spending the holidays. The sacred and storm-beaten edifice, when we entered it shortly before midnight, was filled to overflowing with kneeling and picturesquely arrayed peasants.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: Dear Sir—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

year the then Governor of Wisconsin, W. H. Upham, sent a communication to Congress stating that the statue had been placed in position in the Capitol as one of the two contributions of that State, under the law, to the collection of Statuary Hall. He explained that the Legislature of Wisconsin passed a resolution in 1887 providing for the modeling of a statue by Chevalier Trentanove, a well-known Florentine sculptor.

Resolved, That the statue be accepted to remain in the National Statuary Hall, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to His Excellency the Governor of Wisconsin. This resolution passed the Senate, but struck a snag in the House, and the statue never has been formally accepted, although it has been allowed to remain in the Capitol.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1903.

DEATH OF FATHER MCGURTY.

Death has claimed another victim of the recent fire in Ottawa University. To the relatives and brother priests of Father McGurty The Register extends the most sincere sympathy. The tribulation which the University authorities are called upon to bear is heavy indeed, but very Rev. Dr. Emery and his confreres are showing their faith and confidence stronger every day, and are rewarded by the sympathy and generous interest of thousands of friends. The city council of Ottawa will manifest a true sense of civic duty by promptly acting upon the motion already made to help generously in restoring an institution of education that is a credit not only to the capital, but to the country. The Register is officially informed that there will be no change or diversion of the college work. In a little while every contingency will have been provided for as fully as temporary arrangements can go. The fortune that comes forth from noble sympathy, and which assuredly receives the breath of life from Providence always favors the brave and hopeful.

THE SCHOOL MASTER AT LARGE

The Register has always made it a point to exclude from its pages at Christmas time everything that savors of bitterness and controversy. There is a good deal of provocation, however, to speak without restraint of a sonnet which has been published by Prof. Tyrrell of Trinity College, Dublin, in contempt of the Catholic Church. It would be but a sorry sonnet if addressed to any other object than the house of God; but such as it is, its mere publication will be sufficient to warn Catholic parents of the dangerous contact awaiting their sons in secular colleges, where it is now a fashion among professors to adopt a Pagan pose in imitation of the French school of irreligious. Mr. Tyrrell's sonnet is a fair sample of the new enlightenment:

Is Erin of the truth by golden bands bound to the feet of God? Your spire elate Rear'd high the squalid scene to dominate, Does it to heaven beckon suppliant hands? Nay, rather a grim monument it stands

Of cold observance, the incestuous mate Of superstition, destined of blind fate To draw the very marrow from the land's Poor starving delvers, and in empty air Scatter their wasted energies. Around Lies helpless destitution, ruin bare; Its ugly huggens scorns the common ground

And points to heaven; but to seeing eyes Each soaring steeple "lifts its head and lies."

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN MONTREAL.

The discussion of matters concerning Catholic education is always certain to attract particular notice from the general public, and it was perhaps inevitable that the case against the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal, which Rev. Fr. Donnelly of St. Anthony's Parish has formulated, should come in for an extraordinary amount of attention. However, there is no necessity of turning aside on account of any misrepresentations that may have arisen around the exact facts. Father Donnelly holds the Commissioners responsible for the adequate performance of their public duty, and it is now for the Board either to display more energy of vindicate itself in the premises. The whole question is one of suitable school buildings and efficient teaching. Father Donnelly is careful to forestall the old bogey of French-English antagonism. The Catholic people of Canada, French or English-speaking, are altogether too intelligent to allow their unity and mutual good will to be surprised or disconcerted by those who are only too prone to conjure the ghosts of imaginary racial differences. No

other feelings but those of confidence and mutual respect can find room where educational interests are at stake as between French-speaking and English-speaking Catholics. The Irish Catholics of St. Anthony's Parish and their worthy pastor, Father Donnelly, know that in Archbishop Bruchesi they have an authority capable and broad minded, to whom the progress of Catholic education is a matter of vital concern.

SUNNYSIDE ORPHANAGE.

The conversation of friends, the attractive holiday appearance of the stores, the general air of life within doors and outside, reminds us hourly that the blessed season of peace on earth and good will in every Christian heart is approaching. It is a holy and elevating sentiment that unites the especial happiness of children with the religious joy awakened throughout the world by the returning feast of the Nativity. And though it is essential that the home and hearth should be the citadel of child love at so gracious a time, it is not only in the home that the infancy of the true God may be wondrously renewed in the realizing faith of little children. Were the promptings of that benediction which was announced to the world upon the first Christmas morning, confined by walls or limited by the natural ties of parentage, Christian good will could never be manifested on earth. Happily for the orphaned their experience is otherwise; and though their hearts may ache for the touch of the personal love they have lost or perhaps never may have known there will be a large measure of recompense in the tenderness of Christian sympathy that bids all come and taste the sweetness of divine affection among the Holy Family at Bethlehem.

Among the Catholics of Toronto it has been the unflinching custom to cheer the orphans at Sunnyside when Christmas comes round. Nor is it necessary to remind our people of this as a duty. The Register is certain that this year as in the past the opportunity will come entirely as a pleasure. Times are prosperous with people in all walks of life and Christmas spending is being done with a lavish hand. Blessed will be the hand that offers the orphans' share generously.

OTTAWA MAYORALTY.

Catholics are always proud to be identified with the movements of political progress. The distinguishing feature of progressive politics in this day is the prominence allowed to young men. In politics at least the saying is now fairly applicable that the race is with the young man. In the Ottawa mayoralty contest, a man has come forward who displays every qualification and gift that belongs to the candidacy of young blood. All his Catholic fellow-citizens should be proud to vote for Mr. D'Arcy Scott as mayor of Ottawa for 1904.

MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

It has already become evident that the introduction of the cumulative plan of voting in municipal elections will be taken advantage of for the furtherance of sectional aims. The Register has information that word went out around certain societies and organizations to lump the enlarged voting privileges for particular candidates for the Board of Control. With the election of members of the Board of Education we have nothing to do. The law gives Catholics a mere form of representation in that body and there is nothing to be gained by questioning it at this stage. Perhaps no other plan was possible; but it is beyond doubt that if Catholics could stand for election on the Board of Education their representation on the new body would be larger than the two members allowed by law. The Register has confidence enough in the liberality of the electors of Toronto to say this.

St. Vincent De Paul Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly general meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held on Sunday afternoon in St. Vincent's Hall, Shuter st. Rev. Father Rodgers presided and among the clergy present was Father L. Minehan. The residents of the different branches were on hand with reports and about 40 other members put in an appearance. The reports from branches showed that the calls on the Society this winter are not as heavy as usual and all the branches are carrying balances in the bank. A discussion upon the welfare of the Italian citizens took place. Penitence is the daughter of hope, the renunciation of infidelity and despair. Let a man but have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the side of spring.

EDITORIAL NOTES

To His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Ad multos annos.

We congratulate the editors of The Bee upon the handsome appearance and interesting matter presented in their souvenir number of the opening of the new St. Mary's Church.

The inauguration at Rome of the Jubilee celebrations in connection with the 50th year of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception—a dogma proclaimed on December 8th, 1854, by Pope Pius IX. of happy memory reminds a contemporary that the only prelate now living who was present as a Bishop at the time is the venerable Dr. Murphy, Archbishop of Huron, who celebrated the 57th anniversary of his consecration last October. It is worthy of note that the great theologian who publicly defended the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was an Irishman, Duns Scotus, a Franciscan Friar, and the process of his beatification is now nearing a close.

As if in acknowledgement of the honor proposed to France by Pope Pius X. for the sake of the Maid of Orleans, M. Combes, the French premier has brought forward a new bill for the suppression of all religious teaching orders, even those now actually authorized by the republic. The bill provides for the dissolution, accompanied by the sequestration of property, of such congregations as exist solely for the purpose of teaching, and for the partial sequestration of the property of those congregations which in addition to teaching also conduct hospitals for the indigent. Five years are allowed for the complete carrying out of the proposed law, the adoption of which will entail the closing of 1,299 schools for boys, 2,195 school buildings where girls are taught, and all the schools conducted by the Christian Brothers. The Pagan republic is finding its new bearings. Charity as well as education will be penalized, thus paving the way for that real barbarism which in all history has been seen to follow rapidly upon the footsteps of civilized and learned paganism.

Death of a Simcoe Pioneer.

Mr. Phillip Reilly, one of the earliest pioneers of the township of St. Paul's Church, Mr. Macdonell, county of Simcoe, died on the 30th ult., at the advanced age of 84 years. It was in 1846 that the deceased first took up residence on Lot 8, Con. 3, Vespra, where he lived continuously until his recent death. The changes since those days are very considerable, as when Mr. Reilly first took up residence on the 3rd line, the existing mode of communication with Barrie—the nearest settlement—was over a road cut through the bush just wide enough for a yoke of oxen and a jumper. He hewed his home out of the forest and became a prosperous farmer, loved and respected by all his neighbors on account of his genial disposition and sterling worth of character. The old gentleman was a fine sample of the men from the land of the Shamrock, and having a splendid memory to the last, was one of the most interesting and entertaining men of the county. His wife predeceased him by some 13 years. Three daughters and one son survive, viz.: Miss Mary, who lives at the homestead; Margaret, wife of Mr. Henry Smith, Utopia; Anna, wife of Mr. Ed. Shanacy, Midhurst; and Thomas, who lived in the city. There are 23 grand-children. The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, to the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Dean Egan said the Mass at St. Mary's Church and read the last prayers at the cemetery. The pallbearers were the six sons of Mr. Ed. Shanacy.—R.I.P.

Branch 111, C.M.B.A.

On Thursday evening last the election of officers took place at Branch 111, C.M.B.A. The meeting was attended by the largest number of members brought together during the year. Three new members were initiated. Rev. James Walsh, spiritual adviser, was present. The new officers are: President, Vincent P. Fayle; Vice-President, James Kelly; 2nd Vice-President, Daniel J. Redding; Recording Secretary, William J. Markle; Asst. Recording Secretary, John J. Boland; Treasurer, P. Tempie; Financial Secretary, V. P. Fayle; Guard, T. J. O'Connor; Marshal, W. J. Pegg; Trustees, W. J. Markle, James Kelly, J. J. Boland, W. F. Pegg, J. J. Redding. Representative to Convention, James W. Mallon, alternative, Thos. McQuillan.

St. Vincent De Paul Society.

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The Late Alexander Macdonell

A void is made in the Catholic life of Toronto by the passing of Mr. Alexander Macdonell, of Huron street. Others may have had a wider circle of friends and many were more prominently before the public; but for unobtrusive charity, for the example of a blameless life, for the absence of personality childlike in all things wherein true Christians are admonished that they must be as children are, the late Alexander Macdonell may be spoken of as a man who lived apart and whose capacity for doing good was bounded only by circumstance or opportunity. He was one of the sons of Hon. Alexander Macdonell, first sheriff of the Home District after the organization of the Province of Upper Canada in 1792. He was 84 years of age and a bachelor. Spare in figure with carefully brushed white hair framing a face that might have been cut out of an old French painting. Mr. Macdonell, old-fashioned and quaint, came down to Osgoode Hall every morning with a brief bag in his hand, and no official of the courts was more respected and loved than he. Outside of his office hours, there was no exaggeration to say that almost all his activities were devoted to helping the needy.

The family of Sheriff Macdonell, originally Scottish, came to Toronto from Niagara or Newark, where Governor Simcoe had his capital. The homestead of that branch of the Macdonells was near the present intersection of John and Adelaide streets, and for many years Alexander Macdonell, with an invalid brother, lived in a pretty cottage on John street, which was at all times beautiful with flowers. He built a larger house on Huron street when John street began to lose the pleasant appearance of the old times. He continued to be a member of St. Patrick's parish and in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in aiding the Italian Mission, and in sustaining the home for aged and dependent poor he found congenial occupation. In larger Catholic undertakings he was ever ready, and no good thing done or planned by or in behalf of the Catholic people of the city in the past forty years failed to find his generous co-operation. He was one of those who started the Catholic Review some years ago, and later on supplied money for incorporating with it the Irish Canadian and bringing out The Catholic Register. He had the warmest sympathy with his Irish Catholic friends, subscribed to all their undertakings, and often took the lead among them, as in the proposed monument to the victims of the ship fever which lie in nameless graves beside St. Paul's Church. Mr. Macdonell, all who conceived and started this project, who recommended it to the late Archbishops Lynch and Walsh and secured in turn their sanction to it, as likewise the sanction of the present Archbishop. One of his last communications to The Catholic Register was in the form of a noble letter appealing for funds for the monument, a letter which was widely read and which was read by unsympathetic eyes among the fellow-countrymen of those poor immigrants, in some instances, perhaps, among their descendants. Mr. Macdonell was a Home Rule sympathizer, a prompt subscriber to all the Home Rule funds raised in Canada.

Of his official life a few words may be said: He was the oldest official of the Shamrock, and during the service some two score years ago. He had been under the late R. G. Dalton, an official in the old Court of Queen's Bench and shortly after the amalgamation of the Courts by the judicature act of '81 was appointed Clerk of Single Court. Almost ten years later he became clerk of the Process, succeeding the late W. B. Howard, an office which with his advancing years gave way to allow the friends of the late Hon. A. S. Hardy make provision for him, after his resignation of the premiership. Since that time Mr. Macdonell has held a clerkship in the Central Office.

The funeral of the late Alexander Macdonell of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, took place yesterday morning to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. H. Barrett, rector, with Father Urban as Deacon and Father Derling as subdeacon. A special choir sang at the Mass, among whom were Messrs. Forbes, Caron and Cottam, and Miss O'Donoghue. Father Barrett, prior to the blessing of the remains, said that although it was not customary to say anything of funeral that he would make a few remarks on account of the exemplary life of Mr. Macdonell, who was guided in his lifetime by the principles of justice, charity and truth. He had many opportunities of knowing the life of the noble citizen, and found his life to have always been an exemplary one. In his connection with the St. Vincent de Paul Society he gave proof of his unbounded charity. He related that only on last Sunday Mr. Macdonell asked Father Barrett to allow him to receive the Blessed Sacrament at his house, which request was granted on account of Mr. Macdonell's infirmities. Many citizens of the city were in attendance, among whom were Ex-Mayor Howard, C. P. W. Biggar, K.C., G. B. Barry, John Ross Robertson, Henry "Smiley" Frank O'Flannery, Humphrey Irving, Hugh T. Kelly, Dr. McTahon, Osgoode Hall, Wm. Gormally, James Gorrie, J. J. Foy, K.C., A. E. Bastedo, P. F. Cronin, Neil McLean, J. S. Cartwright, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., Frank Ford, K.C., Frank Walsh, P. J. Costello, J. J. M. Landy, E. J. Heara, Wm. O'Connor, G. Murray, D'Arcy Hinds, J. J. O'Hearn. The pallbearers were Manley German, M.P.P., Claude Macdonell, W. B. McWilliams, Tally McArthur, James Macdonell and John Macdonell. Rev. Father Derling officiated at St. Michael's Cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest. The cortege was in charge of Mr. W. K. Murphy.

Our Montreal Budget

(From our own Correspondent.)

A new branch of the C.M.B.A. of Canada was instituted last week at Gauthier Hall, 1279 Berti street. The ceremony of institution was performed by Mr. J. J. Costigan, Grand Deputy, assisted by several other leading officers of the organization. The new branch will be known as St. Michael's Branch, No. 378. The first meeting of the branch was held on the following evening at its office for the year. The officers for the year are: Spiritual adviser, Rev. J. P. Kieran, P.P.; medical adviser, Dr. E. J. Mullahey; president, Bro. John J. McCaffrey; first vice-president, Bro. W. J. Foley; recording secretary, Bro. M. J. Berigan; assistant secretary, Bro. Joseph P. Ouellette; financial secretary, Bro. S. McN. Trainor; treasurer, Bro. J. J. Wright; marshal, Bro. John Weir; guard, Bro. M. Cahill; trustees, Bro. M. Griffin, J. Manning, W. H. Verneau, W. W. Burns and Terrence Murphy. W. W. Addresses on the objects of the association were delivered and much regret was expressed that illness prevented Grand Deputy Feeley from attending. The new branch has excellent prospects for the future. This is another step upwards and on towards St. Michael's parish, the youngest among the Irish Catholic ones.

The parish of St. Anthony's is in an unenviable condition educationally owing to the need of a school building for girls. Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly, the pastor, has spoken at length on "Education and the Montreal School System." He points out the business of School Commissioners, which, he says is to build schools, equip them properly, and see that proper education was imparted to the children attending the schools. The Catholic School Commissioners were not fulfilling their duties in respect to the education imparted to girls. Here Father Donnelly says that a few years ago the Sisters of Notre Dame rented a building on St. Antoine street for school purposes. At the present time the building has become unfit for school purposes, and has been condemned several times by the health authorities, and is just now overcrowded. Last year Father Donnelly requested the Commissioners to build and again to lend a helping hand and build a school for the girls. After waiting patiently for some encouragement, he received an answer lately that the commissioners would do nothing in the matter, as they did not build schools for the girls. "Were it not for the good Sisters of Notre Dame and other orders," says Father Donnelly again, "the education of our girls would be sadly neglected. What do they receive from the commissioners? A miserable pittance, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. The commissioners have direct and full control of seven schools in Montreal—not enough to educate one-third of our children." Speaking in reference to the education imparted in the schools, the dual system of languages, he wished to understand that he was not speaking from any antagonism toward the French element. He strongly condemned such a system from personal experience. The child should be best educated towards the object in life he is striving after. Many of the children leave school at the age of fourteen years, and with their little knowledge of both languages are sadly handicapped.

A boy of fourteen who masters both languages, French and English, grammatically, is a prodigy," he remarked. A thorough knowledge of their own language was an absolute necessity for English-speaking boys was often rejected when he applied for a position in an English house on account of his poor education in his own language. St. Anthony's parish, which has grown to large dimensions in the past six or seven years, has a large school population. The boys and girls of the parish attend no less than seven or eight different schools in the vicinity, whereas two schools, one for boys and the other for girls, would give the parishioners what they were entitled to as their share of the tax money.

Last Sunday morning at high mass in St. Anthony's Church, Rev. Father Donnelly referred briefly to the school question. When seen afterwards at the presbytery, Father Donnelly spoke at length on the difficulty. For years he petitioned for the rights of his parishioners. "Petitions to the board were useless, and requests in vain. The time has come when we must exact what is ours by right and justice."

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and Catholic school commissioner, admitted the justice of Father Donnelly's complaint, but held that the board at the present time was powerless to help him. "Several times during the year at the various meetings of the board," said Father Martin, "I voiced the necessity of the board to come to Father Donnelly's aid, and though strenuously backed up by my colleagues, Messrs. Sempie and Gallery, the board failed to meet Father Donnelly's claims, owing to a peculiar enactment of the Quebec Legislature, by which for the last eleven years the taxes of St. Anthony's parish have been going to St. Casimir's municipality to support a French school and the English-speaking Catholics had nothing in return."

"Let the present Quebec Government right the wrong which its predecessor did eleven years ago to the English-speaking Catholics of St. Anthony's, and the members of the board cannot but see, as I do, the justice of Father Donnelly's appeal, and remove the cause of complaint."

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death of its late member, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K.C., a gentleman who, by his eminent talents and consistently high standard of conduct, reflected credit upon his race, and whose many sterling qualities had won for him the esteem and admiration of the community at large. That this society desires to respectfully tender to his widow and family in their sad bereavement the heartfelt sympathy of all its members. The Requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late M. J. F. Quinn, K.C., took place Wednesday morning at St. Anthony's Church, St. Antoine street. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father Shea, as deacon, and Rev. Father Thos. Hoffmann as sub-deacon. There were no drapings used, but a large catafalque, surrounded with innumerable tapers, was placed outside the altar rails. The choir of the church rendered Perault's Harmonized Requiem Service. At the Offertory, "Domine Jesu Christe" was sung by the quartette. At the Communion the organist, Miss M. E. Donovan, played "Nearer My God, to Thee." At the conclusion of the Mass, the "Libera" was chanted, Rev. Father Donnelly singing the solo parts. During the singing of the entire "Libera," the main altar was lighted by electric lights. A very large congregation assisted at the service, including the members of the Shamrock Athletic Association. Mr. Quinn, father of the deceased, and other relatives, occupied seats in the front of the church. At the end of the service Chopin's Funeral March was played by the organist. Among the large number of gentlemen who were present at the funeral, which was one of the largest seen in Montreal for years, were the following: John O'Brien, M. J. Polan, B. J. Ryan, Geo. Grant, D. McIntyre, Percy C. Ryan, A. MacCaskill, M. F. D. Monk, Judge Curran, R. A. E. Keefe, J. D. Morrison, M. Lynch, Thos. Griffin, F. Clarke, J. McIntyre, P. O'Neil, Ald. Turner, John Humphries, W. P. Lunny, John Carroll, E. Laframboise, R. J. Louis Cuddihy, Ed. Ronayne, J. J. Ronayne, A. L. Kaplanski, Jos. Quinn, John Crowe, Thos. Lyng, B. Tansey, John McCarthy, ex-Ald. Tansey, sr., P. D. Monk, George Curran, R. A. E. Greenlands, K.C., A. G. B. Claxton, George Horfall, George Murray, John W. Blair, J. Monk, jr., Ex-Chief of Detectives Cullen, P. J. Shea, A. D. Maloney, J. Keenan, M. Keenan, H. Pelletier, Nap. Lambert, T. Jones, Captain Doolan, D. J. O'Grady, P. Coleman, F. B. McNamee, G. T. McNamee, Patrick Murphy, Chas. P. Donnelly, front of the church, K.C., Charles J. Raynes, Col. J. P. Cooke, K.C., M. Birmingham, A. Rives Hall, Edwin Howard, Col. Busted, Hon. John S. Hall, Mr. Justice Doherty, S. P. Leet, J. E. Martin, K.C., Sir Melbourne Tait, G. E. Mathew, C. M. Armstrong, J. C. Walsh, A. W. Buchanan, Jas. O'Connor, Ald. Sadler, Peers Davidson, Robert Meighan, Jas. McEry, E. Marquette, J. P. Kerner, George Harbisty, Dr. Scanlan, Dr. E. B. Ibbotson, E. J. Surveyer, Hon. J. I. Tarte, A. W. Atwater, P. McGovern, Ald. Ames, ex-Ald. McBride, Bishop Carmichael, J. L. Perron, S. O. Shorey, F. J. Bisailon, Hector Bisailon, John Hoolahan, E. J. Langlois, Donald Macmaster, K.C., W. H. Baker, M. C. Foley, H. Bolger, E. W. Villeneuve, J. U. Simier, Senator MacKay, Ald. Gallery, Ex. Guerrier, Ald. Walsh, J. L. Archambault, C. A. Harwood, Jos. Piquette, T. M. Reynolds, T. Slattery, M. J. Brogan, E. J. Collins, G. O'Keefe, Dr. E. C. Kennedy, T. O'Connell, D. Callaghan, John Collins, J. J. McShane, P. Carroll, Ex-Chief of Police Hughes, Senator Cleon, J. Johnston, R. White, P. Heelan, Ald. Kinells, Harry McLaughlin, Judge Oimet, Henry Hobbins, F. Clarke, P. Peguan, T. McBrierty, Judge Lacoste, Emanuel St. Louis.

In the mortuary chamber the floral offerings were beautiful, among those sending such tributes being Mr. G. G. Foster, Mrs. J. Fogarty, Mrs. M. J. Hart, Mrs. J. J. Milloy, the employees of Quinn & Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Kinock, the Junior Conservative Club, J. P. Mullerkey, E. D. Monk, Montreal Shakespeare Club, O. P. Clarke, Daniel McEntyre, E. P. Ronayne. Those who sent cards were as follows: Mrs. Donohue, John Crow, Gerald E. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, R. T. Dinahan, Shamrock Athletic Association, Miss M. Stephens, T. W. O'Reilly, Mrs. P. L. Doyle. "Shed not for him the farewell tear Nor give the heart to vain regret, 'Tis but the easket that lies here, The gem that fills it sparkles yet." Sarsfield Court 133, C.O.R.—At the regular meeting of above Court.

Archbishop Bruchesi

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of His Priesthood

Montreal, Dec. 15.—Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, celebrated to-day the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. In accordance with the express desire of his Grace the celebration was confined to a religious ceremony. That, however, was made as solemn as possible, and the large cathedral was crowded with worshippers at the service, which was held at 10 a.m. The altar was splendidly decorated with flowers and lights, and the chant sung by the numerous clergy present was most effective. Besides several hundred priests, all the religious communities, both men and women, were represented by numerous delegates, and the colleges, convents and Catholic institutions were represented during the ceremony. Mgr. Racicot presented an address in the name of the clergy and of all the dioceses. The formal presentation of the gift of the diocese for the fund of the Hospice, in accordance with the sum of \$13,586.36 was contained in the purse, the offerings of the Faithful, which will be devoted to charitable work.

St. Joseph's Court, C.O.F.

On Thursday evening the 10th the election of officers for the ensuing year of St. Joseph Court, C.O.F. was held and the following results announced: Chief Ranger, T. U. W. O'Connor; V. C.R., Thos. Smith; P.C.R., J. J. Ryan; Rec. Sec., P. J. Murphy; Fin. Sec., Wm. Mitchell; Treas., W. J. Brooks; Trustees, Henry Stoman, Geo. West, John Culleton; Medical Examiner, Dr. P. J. Brown; Spiritual Director, Rev. H. J. Canning.

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THE PRIDE OF LIFE

(Continued from page 1)

Ruxton took a cup of tea from Mrs. Valgrave and refused the drop of Jamaica rum she offered from her daintily cut glass decanter.

"No," he said, with the smile of a man who must deny himself for the sake of duty, "you're awfully kind, Mrs. Valgrave, but I must keep my head clear—I must write my last chapter to-night."

"Ah," said Mrs. Valgrave, re-lighting the lamp under the hot water kettle, "you don't know how I shall rejoice in your triumph, for it will be a great triumph. Your first book is all white roses and dew-drops—but this—this—"

Mrs. Valgrave clasped her fingers, which glittered with bands of brilliants and topazes, under the candles.

Ruxton stood holding his teacup and looking into the eloquent violet eyes before him.

"You are very kind," he said, drinking the flattery of the voice and the eyes. "But I am not sure that 'The Pride of Life' is an advance on 'The Lily in the Woods.' I think that I put my best into my first book."

"Don't go yet," Mrs. Valgrave said, looking over at Lafayette square, where the cold winter shadows were falling. "There has been such a crowd here—such a crowd, but not one spirit."

The light from the great fireplace glittered on the arabesques of jet that covered Mrs. Valgrave's velvet gown, whose long train was thrown in front of the low chair into which she had thrown herself. Her slender figure, her well-formed head crowned with a coronet of red gold hair were lighted at intervals by the steady glow of the candle and the thousand of the fire. The scent of violets filled the warm air. Ruxton felt a sense of delicious contentment upon him—he sympathized with him. There was a short silence. The sound of carriage wheels broke it.

"I hope that nobody is coming here!" she exclaimed. "These minutes are sacred!"

"The strokes of the horses' feet on the asphalt died away."

Ruxton had doubts about his novel, "The Pride of Life," which the publisher of "The Lily in the Woods" had bought before the tenth chapter was finished. A young man from a country village in Northern New York, he had enjoyed his success as a writer who has struggled to get his story told. "The Lily in the Woods" had been the idyll of a pure and simple life. He had written it in the impulse of an unstained heart. Its motto was:

"The dew upon the lily in the shade of tangled wood paths, where the meadows grow Untouched by foot of man,—that never knoweth O'night!"

Slipping his tea in the presence of Mrs. Valgrave, whose face and exquisitely graceful figure were now outlined in the fire and candle light against the darkening background enveloped only by a little sword point of sharp brightness, which now and then pierced the gloom, Ruxton felt as if his past experience of life had been cold and colorless. He thought of the little house in the hop fields, whose rooms were now wreathed with holly for him—those plain, white-washed rooms, where there was no scent of violets and gardenias, but only the homely smell of gold rose leaves and last year's lavender. How dim it all seemed! He thought of his own little bedroom, with the crucifix standing out against the wan wall in the evening shadows, and of the serene face which flush when his hand should touch the off-fashioned knocker, wreathed with holly, too. Far off! Far off! But here the joy of life,—no maxims of narrow duty,—rich scents and the stimulus of understanding words from a beautiful woman.

"You will finish the last chapter to-night?" Mrs. Valgrave said, softly.

"To-night."

There was silence again. Again a counter-acture arose before him—the picture of the winding road through the dried and snow-sprinkled wild asters,—in the early morning light. Again he heard the distant sounds of singing from the groups of farming folk hastening to the chapel, over the snow-bound earth. Ever since he could walk he had gone, hand in hand, with his mother on Christmas morning, towards the sacred place where the neighbors waited for Mass, while they sang the "Adeste Fideles." He reached towards the decanter of rum and half filled his teacup with the aromatic liquid. He wanted to forget,—to feel that life was full of color.

"The Pride of Life' will make you!" Mrs. Valgrave said, enthusiastically. "My dear boy, when I finished the MS. last night, I wept for sheer joy. Who could have imagined that the anaemic young monk of 'The Lily in the Woods' is the very passionate god of 'The Pride of Life.' I inspired you,—admit that!"

"I think you did, Mrs. Valgrave," he said, slowly, "some things you said—"

"Many things," "some things you said,"—since you must finish the book to-night. It's the only copy, isn't it?"

"The only copy."

She shuddered. "If it should be lost!"

"I should be ruined! There's more than two years' work in it."

"And I—my work never be the same. There is so much of me in it. There are some passages in it I must read to you now before you take it. They are not of my heart,—not of my heart, which was imprisoned and bound while my husband lived."

She arose, and she swept across the long room, her train of glittering jet and soft velvet catching the light as

she went. She returned with the portfolio containing many sheets, and sat in the low chair again.

"You must dine with me on Christmas Eve," she said, as she turned the pages of the MS. "I shall have the Illyrian minister and the Countesse de Bravoise. He is in love with her, but she can't marry him,—the Count de Bravoise will continue to live,—and, after dinner, the theatre."

Again the chapel flashed before his mind—he kneeling at the rail, as he had done every Christmas and—the old Southern garden and a soldier and a maid!

"You didn't answer."

"Oh," he said, starting, "I am engaged."

She looked at him steadily.

"With another woman?" she asked, a faint touch of shrillness in her tone.

"Yes."

"She who inspired 'The Lily in the Woods,' I presume?" There was a scorn in the voice now.

"Yes."

The logs in the grate burned under the rising wind. Blue and green and red tongues shot from them; they had more part of strained bulks seasoned by the sea.

"You'll not break your engagement with that woman?"

He did not answer. The scent of the violets was more insistent. A band in one of the homes where there was a reception played Schubert's Serenade. It was softened by the distance and the thick hangings. It seemed to strengthen the scent of the violets.

"Will you read our book to that other woman?—our work full of the rapture of the free joy of life? So you think that she,—the pale, bloodless creature can understand your heroine? Why she will cast you off as one polluted! She, 'The Lily!'" Mrs. Valgrave laughed. "I should like to see her read some passages in which the secret of real hearts is revealed. It's splendidly pagan! Fancy her horror! No,—you will not break your engagement with your 'lily!'"

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Ruxton started, as if stung by one of those green serpents in the fire.

"If she dares, she will turn as red as the reddest rose," he said, slowly, "and I shall always love her."

She looked at him from under her long lashes. Then she approached the red glow of the grate, fanned by the wind.

"You love her?" she replied.

"Yes," he said, watching her, and knowing intuitively what she was going to do.

"And you will always love her; and you will go to her tomorrow, with your book finished, sure of riches and fame?"

He made no reply; he took up his hat. She threw the papers upon the fire,—serpents red, purple, green, blue and of the color of saffron seized upon them.

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His lips curled; he made no attempt to save the sheets. They turned black while he watched them; the smell of the burning paper had killed the perfume of the violets.

"You can go," she said, "I have ruined you,—but you drove me to it. And you love her still?"

"Yes," he said, a finer light in his eyes. "Yes; I shall always love her, for she is my mother,—and you have saved me."

The butler pushed aside the door-curtain.

"The Countesse de Bravoise and the Illyrian minister," he said.

"Tell them that I am dressing for dinner," Mrs. Valgrave answered softly.

Ruxton bowed to her.

"Good night," he bowed again slightly, with a glance at the black, fragile paper in the grate.

"Good night," she answered. "Richard and Mr. Ruxton's overcoat,—it is cold, very cold,—more logs, Richard."

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"Tell them that I am dressing for dinner," Mrs. Valgrave answered softly.

Ruxton bowed to her.

"Good night," he bowed again slightly, with a glance at the black, fragile paper in the grate.

"Good night," she answered. "Richard and Mr. Ruxton's overcoat,—it is cold, very cold,—more logs, Richard."

she went. She returned with the portfolio containing many sheets, and sat in the low chair again.

"You must dine with me on Christmas Eve," she said, as she turned the pages of the MS. "I shall have the Illyrian minister and the Countesse de Bravoise. He is in love with her, but she can't marry him,—the Count de Bravoise will continue to live,—and, after dinner, the theatre."

Again the chapel flashed before his mind—he kneeling at the rail, as he had done every Christmas and—the old Southern garden and a soldier and a maid!

"You didn't answer."

"Oh," he said, starting, "I am engaged."

She looked at him steadily.

"With another woman?" she asked, a faint touch of shrillness in her tone.

"Yes."

"She who inspired 'The Lily in the Woods,' I presume?" There was a scorn in the voice now.

"Yes."

The logs in the grate burned under the rising wind. Blue and green and red tongues shot from them; they had more part of strained bulks seasoned by the sea.

"You'll not break your engagement with that woman?"

He did not answer. The scent of the violets was more insistent. A band in one of the homes where there was a reception played Schubert's Serenade. It was softened by the distance and the thick hangings. It seemed to strengthen the scent of the violets.

"Will you read our book to that other woman?—our work full of the rapture of the free joy of life? So you think that she,—the pale, bloodless creature can understand your heroine? Why she will cast you off as one polluted! She, 'The Lily!'" Mrs. Valgrave laughed. "I should like to see her read some passages in which the secret of real hearts is revealed. It's splendidly pagan! Fancy her horror! No,—you will not break your engagement with your 'lily!'"

"The Lily in the Woods" was the story of a woman's youth; I had it from her very lips—"

Mrs. Valgrave stood up, a fierce light in her eyes. She threw aside the portfolio and clutched the MS. in her beringed hands.

"But this, passionate, redolent of the revolt that defies all law for love,—speaking a passion which the Pagan heart of one would well welcome,—is more than a story! It is a heart-throb; it is a defiance of those conventions which Julian of old protested against. It is the apotheosis of the elemental passions,—you can't go back to her now."

He arose.

"You read all this in my book?"

"The world will read it, too,—and the dormant Pagan love of joy will revive,—and you will, triumph with me."

Again he saw the crucifix on the white wall, and the slim figure crowned with gray hair praying before it, perhaps now praying for him.

"And you read all that in my book?" he asked again, in a new, strange tone.

"And more!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "You say what few men have the courage to speak in these Christian times of hypocrisy! I read perhaps more than you know there."

He did not move; then he laid down his tea cup,—a trifling action, but which struck her as done in a new way.

"Your 'lily' will not dare to read our book!"

Ruxton started, as if stung by one of those green serpents in the fire.

"If she dares, she will turn as red as the reddest rose," he said, slowly, "and I shall always love her."

She looked at him from under her long lashes. Then she approached the red glow of the grate, fanned by the wind.

"You love her?" she replied.

"Yes," he said, watching her, and knowing intuitively what she was going to do.

"And you will always love her; and you will go to her tomorrow, with your book finished, sure of riches and fame?"

He made no reply; he took up his hat. She threw the papers upon the fire,—serpents red, purple, green, blue and of the color of saffron seized upon them.

"Now," she said, shrilly, holding out her hands, to prevent him from saving the sheets. "Now! you are ruined! Your 'lily' will not care for you,—there will be no long leaves among the holly."

His lips curled; he made no attempt to save the sheets. They turned black while he watched them; the smell of the burning paper had killed the perfume of the violets.

"You can go," she said, "I have ruined you,—but you drove me to it. And you love her still?"

"Yes," he said, a finer light in his eyes. "Yes; I shall always love her, for she is my mother,—and you have saved me."

The butler pushed aside the door-curtain.

"The Countesse de Bravoise and the Illyrian minister," he said.

"Tell them that I am dressing for dinner," Mrs. Valgrave answered softly.

Ruxton bowed to her.

"Good night," he bowed again slightly, with a glance at the black, fragile paper in the grate.

"Good night," she answered. "Richard and Mr. Ruxton's overcoat,—it is cold, very cold,—more logs, Richard."

Sore Throat!
Don't delay; serious bronchial trouble or diphtheria may develop. The only safe way is to apply

Painkiller
A remedy you can depend upon. Wrap the throat with a cloth wet in it before retiring, and it will be well in the morning.

There is only one Painkiller,
"PERRY DAVIS"

BANK OF MONTREAL REPORT

Eighty-Sixth Annual Report Exhibits Most Satisfactory Condition of Its Affairs

BRANCHES OPENED IN THE WEST
Hon. George A. Drummond in His Address Notes the Prosperity Incident Toronto Can-ada

The eighty-sixth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the head office of that institution at Montreal at noon on Monday.

There were present: Hon. George A. Drummond, vice-president; Sir William C. Macdonald, Hon. Robert Mackay, Messrs. R. B. Angus, A. T. Paterson, E. B. Greenfield, R. G. Reid, Charles Alexander, E. K. Greene, G. F. C. Smith, A. T. Taylor, Hon. J. K. Ward, Donald Macmaster, K.C., C. J. Fleet, K.C., F. S. Lyman, K.C., Henry Dobell, Angus Hooper, Richard Archer, Thomas Gilmore, James Tasker, James Moore, George Hague, B. A. Bois, James D. Forbes, Angus, George Taylor, R. H. Clerk, John Gibson, John Filer, R. H. Macdougall, Robert Archer, Hugh Cameron, W. D. Gillan, Robert Hampson, M. S. Foley, W. Howard, W. H. Farquhar McLennan, H. J. O'Hair, Alfred Edgington, J. J. Robinson and John Morrison.

On the motion of Mr. John Morrison, Hon. George A. Drummond, vice-president, was unanimously voted to the chair. Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Mr. B. A. Bois moved, seconded by Mr. Henry Dobell: "That the following gentlemen be appointed to act as scrutineers: Messrs. S. Lyman, K.C., and G. F. C. Smith; and that Mr. James Aird be secretary of the meeting."

Directors' Report.
The report of the Directors to the Shareholders at their eighty-sixth annual general meeting, held on Monday, 10th December, 1903, was read by Mr. A. Macnider, Acting-General Manager, as follows:

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the report, showing the result of the Bank's business for the period from 30th April to 31st October, 1903, in accordance with resolution at the special general meeting, held 7th January, 1903:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th April 1903	\$ 724,807.75
Profits for the half-year ended 31st October, 1903, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	917,156.31
Premiums received on New Stock	416,021.00
	\$2,057,985.06
Dividend 5 p.c., payable 1st December, 1903	684,000.00
Amount transferred to Reserve Account	1,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	373,985.06

MR. W. J. BRYAN IN DUBLIN

Mr. William J. Bryan, who was twice Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, arrived in Dublin, and was entertained to luncheon at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor.

Mr. William J. Bryan, who was received with great enthusiasm, said in reply to the toast of his health: My Lord Mayor, your Grace, and gentlemen, I need not assure you that it gives me

GREAT PLEASURE TO MAKE THIS VISIT TO IRELAND

and to meet those who have been kind enough to respond to the invitation to-day. I ought in the first place to acknowledge the indebtedness to the Lord Mayor for the distinguished courtesy he has paid to one of the citizens of the United States, and to express the gratification I feel that I happen to be the representative of the United States to whom the tribute has been paid.

MY NAME, AS YOU RECOGNIZE, IS AN IRISH NAME.

(Cheers.) If I were compelled to state exactly how much Irish blood I have in me, I am afraid it would be difficult to calculate it, because while the name is an Irish name, it is so long ago since the original Bryens came to America that I have not been able to locate either the persons, the time, or the place from where they came (laughter). But when they come from a good place, it is not necessary to know (laughter).

THE O'S AND MACS.

than I find in this room. It may be that the United States is the really Irish country after all (laughter). Our country is so large and has received so many contributions from the various nations of Europe that you can go into any of our great cities and find more people there of different nationalities than you could find of their own particular nationality in any city of the home country (hear, hear).

OUR GREATNESS IS GOING TO BE DUE LARGELY

to the composite character of our people. We have the best blood of all the races, and we are going for a development and civilization that will be in advance of any that the Old World has known (applause). And that new civilization will be all the more useful because those who come to those across the sea, and they will communicate to their own peoples what they may learn in the science of Government and the art of administration. It seems to me, therefore, that while we are gathering from the world we are also in a position to contribute to the world.

ACCORDING TO MY THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

those things that can pass freely from country to country are really great things. The material things of life are not always the most important. We have to have food and clothing, but these minister to our bodies, and I have been taught to believe that the mind is greater than the body and that the heart is greater than the mind.

MEASURED CIVILIZATION BY

the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature. That at first seems to be a very plausible definition, but on examining it you will find it left entirely out of consideration the material element. If you measured your civilization merely by the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature, it applies merely to intellectual progress.

vance must be measured by intellectual progress. I am, however, compelled to dissent from this distinguished man. My investigation of history has convinced me that the moral element is not only important, but predominant. This moral element, in my opinion, is

THE PREDOMINANT ELEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

I have studied the question, and I have found in the last analysis that every economic question is at bottom a great moral one, and that no question is ever settled until it is settled right, and that it is never settled right until the moral principles involved upon it are ascertained and passed upon. I am not going to discuss any particular questions here, because in the first place I don't want to discuss American politics outside of the United States, and still less your politics or the politics of any other land.

LEARNED TO RESPECT AND REVERE ARCHBISHOP WALSH

(loud applause). I remember that that pamphlet grew out of the facts of the existing situation. As I recall it, his Grace was called on to testify in regard to the fall of rental, and took up the position that with falling rents no rent was just to-day would be just a few years hence, because while the amount of the rent was fixed in dollars, pounds or shillings, the ability of the tenant to pay, while prices were decreasing, decreased also (hear, hear). Therefore, with a principle of justice there was associated the moral element, and through all this pamphlet have referred to runs the moral tone. Take any of those questions that have been dealt with by statesmen whose names we have learned to know—take the question on which they have struck blows that have resounded through the world—and it will be found their fame is due to the fact that they have been pleading for what they believe to be just (applause). The response that has come to them is the response that comes from those who entertain the same views, and who also are seeking for justice. So that justice is, after all, the thing on which we must build, and my friends, justice is a national virtue. It is not a truth confined to any land.

JUSTICE IS THE UNIVERSAL FOUNDATION OF GOVERNMENT.

(Applause). And just as in proportion as a government is built on justice, it is strong, and in proportion as it rests on injustice, it is weak (hear, hear). Wendell Phillips once said something like this: "You can build your Capitol until it reaches the skies, but if it rests on injustice, the pulse of a woman will beat it down." It is gratifying to those who strive for what they believe to be right and who desire to know the right if they are in the wrong—it is consoling to them to know that there is omnipotence in justice (applause). It is consoling to know that if they are fighting for what is right, it will ultimately prevail, and that upon no other foundation can man fight boldly and continuously. Take away from man the belief in the triumph of that which is just, and what courage has he to go into battle? I had occasion some time ago to use the phrase, "The Prince of Peace," and then I thought I would go back and look at the character in Isaiah to be sure of the quotation, and I found, after the prophecy that the coming Messiah would be called the Prince of Peace, a phrase like this: "Of the increase of peace and government there will be no end; for He shall judge His people with justice and with judgment." Now,

SOME BELIEVE THAT NATIONS MUST DIE,

like individuals, and that civilizations must pass away like men. Some people argue that there is in nations and in civilizations the seed of death, as in the human frame. I deny that. There is no analogy between individuals and nations that makes it necessary for a nation to die. Individuals must die; it is part of the law of their being. But a nation, while composed of individuals to-day, is in its national life composed of generations (applause). And as one generation passes from the stage and another comes on, and unless there is some reason why a future generation will be weaker or worse than this, there is no reason why any age or civilization will be worse than the present. The more therefore does it seem to me to be with our power to give the assurance or progress or the proof of decay, and we can give the assurance of progress only as we try to build up this idea of justice. That recognizes the moral element, and it seems to me that I can see not only in my own land, but from what I read, a tendency in other lands also, to apply more and more the principles of justice (hear, hear). I saw the old armour and weapons in the Tower of London the other day, and the impression it created was that in former times they relied largely on force. We have passed beyond all that to-day. We are recognizing that

THOUGHT IS STRONGER THAN FORCE,

and I believe we shall come to the time when we will recognize that the characteristics of the heart are

greater than the characteristics of the mind. We talk about the progress of the intellect. We are amazed at the inventions of genius, and well we may. We are amazed that a man can send by a telegraphic instrument a message to people ten thousand miles away. That is a wonderful achievement; but the achievements of the heart are more wonderful, achievement; but the instrument of operation some movement for the benefit of the human race will speak to hearts that beat ten thousand years after all of us have passed away (applause). It seems to me that it is why we are appreciating the superiority of moral force over mere physical force. There are very few of any generation who can become conspicuous, and often the conspicuousness of men may depend on circumstances. It is not always that we are able to detect the greatest man of his generation, but while that is true, we know that nothing that is done well is done in vain, and that no good word spoken is spoken without avail. If we believe that, then every real argument every great truth—it does not change in passing from land to land and from nation to nation (applause). Neither does it change from age to age. Truth is eternal, it is universal, and when circumstances require the application of any truth it is the same everywhere.

IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A VICTORY

and also in the consciousness that the overflow from his life has been greater than the income. And so it is with individuals as it must be with nations. The individual that is short-sighted and selfish—who will do nothing except he thinks he will make money by it—is not likely to leave an indelible impression upon the age in which he lives. Therefore I believe that nations composed of individuals must build from things higher than the mere pecuniary reward (hear, hear). And in proportion as we can get our nations to recognize those higher ideals, we shall have increasing peace between nations (applause). There is no reason why two families in our land should come into conflict. They can have their separate family affairs and interests and yet have no reason to clash. Nations also have no reason why they should clash. I am glad that my life is cast upon a time when there is less of hostility between nations than there was in former years. We sometimes say how much better it would be if we could have lived a few centuries ago. I have read history and if I had my choice of all the ages there recorded I would rather live in this age than in any other, because we have the advantage of the light that has come from those who have gone before us. We have advantages that I believe were never opened up before in this generation. I do not mean to say that any who are agitating and talking and laboring at this time will do a work as great as that

ACCOMPLISHED BY THE GREAT IRISH AGITATOR

as we knew him—O'Connell—(loud applause). But while no two kinds of grievances are just the same, and while two great factors cannot easily be compared, I believe that to-day furnishes the largest opportunity for energy and labour for anyone who really desires to be helpful to his fellow-men that in any age was ever through the courtesy of the Lord Mayor. I am glad to-day, Mr. Mayor, to have representatives of the greatest city of Ireland—to meet and shake hands with the men whose achievements have been such as to make their names known across the Atlantic (applause). I need not tell you that over there we know not only his Grace the Archbishop (cheers), and your Lord Mayor, not only Mr. Dillon, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Davitt (renewed cheers) and those who are working with them, but we know—and we are glad to know it—the progress of the nation is not to be measured by the fame of its great men. It is to be measured by

THE HAPPINESS AND PROGRESS OF THE GREAT MASSES OF PEOPLE

(cheers). As one who has received more distinction in the political line than he deserves, I can speak of those who are really more important than the leaders. In the battle the Generals die the glory, while the soldiers die. So it is in society. The leaders who are conspicuous often get the praise, while the work they do is small compared to the toil and work of the people who are marching in the same direction (applause). I have always insisted on dividing what fame I get with those who fight in the same cause to which I am attached (hear, hear). So when I come to Ireland I am glad to meet you people and to know of the fame of your leaders (cheers). But yet more glad am I to know that the average of your people is improving, that your education facilities are increasing, that you are widening the foundations of your land, that you are trying to bring more comfort within reach of your people, and

STUDYING EVERY MEANS OF IMPROVING

the condition and brightening the hopes of those who compose the great body of your civilization (applause). I want to learn everything I can on this side for the advancement of the toiling millions who make up the American citizens (cheers), and I shall do it in no selfish thought. I shall not do it merely to make America great, but with the feeling that if we in America can solve a problem right we not only help ourselves but all the world (hear, hear). If we are engaged in the work in which our hearts are set, where we believe we are doing that which is right, we do demand that we shall have leave to use the results of our labors. We have a poet on the other side, William Cullen Bryant, and in his "Ode to the Battlefield," he says:

Yes, though they lie upon the dust, / And they who helped them not to die, / Died full of hope and manly trust, / Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword will wield, / Another hand the flag will wave, / Until from trumpet-month is pealed / The blast of triumph o'er their grave.

And so those that labor for what they believe to be just, if they die before the victory comes, they die in the confident faith that the victory will yet come, and that its victory blast will sound above their resting places (loud and prolonged applause). The Lord Mayor then introduced his guests one by one to Mr. Bryan, at the latter's request, and soon after the proceedings came to an end.

An American Letter

(By Nora Hession).

The wind was howling dimly down the wide chimney, and many a large drop of rain fell, hissing loudly, on the glowing turf fire, which was piled in plentiful profusion on the open hearth. And, the brightness of the flaming peats was rivalled only by the faces of the merry-makers, who clustered round them for it was Christmas Eve, and as well as the usual rejoicings there was another very special one—"American letter" had been received that morning from Denis Flynn, with a very welcome enclosure of £10. The news had spread like wildfire over the district, and all day long Mr. and Mrs. Flynn had been receiving visits of congratulation from their friends and neighbors, and even still at this late hour there was a goodly company present to help them over Christmas Eve, although it is an unwritten law in the country parts of Ireland that no one leaves his own fireside on Christmas Eve or Christmas Night.

Once more the latch of the door is lifted—and no dreams of such a life-time proceeding as knocking in County Mayo—and Jim O'Toole's winder, bringing with him a gust of wind and rain which make the group round the fire shiver, and involuntarily draw closer to its genial warmth. "God save all here," said Jim heartily.

"God save you kindly, Jim," is the kindly response. "But it's the wild night entirely, Glory be to God," vigorously shaking his slouch hat and heavy frieze coat free from their burden of raindrops.

"Tis that, thank God, and sure what's worse it's a green Christmas we'll have." "Och! 'tisn't Christmas yet, Mrs. Flynn, ma'am, and God is good. Maybe, 'tis snow we'll have before morning. But 'tis great news entirely you have, 'hear. I was in Westport all day, or I'd be over earlier."

"Well yes, indeed, Jim, 'tis good news." "And Martin is going on splendid, they tell me. Coining, I believe. Sure, I think I'll go out myself - in Spring."

At that rate there'll be no one at all left in Cumma, for we're all going," said Bridget Flanagan, a bright-faced girl of twenty.

"What! Bridget, are you going too, and what will Barney Brady say?" "Barney Brady, indeed! Arrah, what's Barney to me with his shabby little hole of a shebeen when a girl might be earning her good money out there."

"Maybe Barney'd go too," said Mike O'Reilly. "It's no job to be able to spare £10 to send home every six months or less, and say there's more where that came from if it's wanted."

"The creature," said Mrs. Flynn wiping her eyes. "The creature, sure 'tis always too generous he was and it's starving entirely we'd be when we'd ask him for a penny. God bless him every day he rises, 'tis he deserves the nick for a better son never walked, though we were bitterly against his going at all. All them Leaguers do be saying frightened us, I suppose."

"Sure no one would mind them much. What do they know of America? They were never there."

"No, Mike, but after all they are educated men, and a lot of them know what they are saying. Paddy Flynn," said his wife sharply, "sure 'tis thanking God night and morn'ing you ought to be that your boy did not stick at home all the days of his life and never have a copper to bless himself with. If he never sent us a brass farthing isn't it good to know he's happy and content doing for himself out there, beside working his nick for a better old farm all his life just to pay the landlord and get a bit to eat."

Patsighed deeply as he drew his hand reflectively over his shining bald head. "I don't know about his being happy or content, Kate Agra. There's something in the boy's letter—"

"Oh, bother you and your croaking, you are always at it. If the money wasn't there to prove different you'd say he was starving."

"May be so, but anyhow I can't help having my doubts." "Arrah, Mr. Flynn, why would you look at the black side, when 'tis not there at all. Sure 'tis seriously I'm thinking of sending over my Tommy. He's a good lad, and he's just lost working for twelve shillings a week at home here."

"Take my advice, Mrs. Breen, and keep Tommy at home. You'll never have a day's ease if he leaves you." "Arrah, now, hold your tongue with you Paddy, and don't be discouraging

the recent woman. I suppose 'tis to see Martin toiling and moiling for the crust he'd eat you'd like." "Well, I doubt, but he'd be better body and soul, Kate."

"Arrah, what ails his body or soul either? Is it raising you are, man?" "Begor, his body can't be had any way, Mr. Flynn. 'Tisn't dying of hunger, for a man when he sends home £10, and Martin was always a fine cut of a boy," said Jim O'Flaherty.

"Don't mind him at all, Jim, sure 'tis only he likes to be talking about something or another. Come, shove over to the table all of ye, and we'll have a little game of cards till the supper is boiled; and maybe 'tis a drop of something good I'll give ye to drink Martin's health and may the next lot of ye that go out do as well."

Martin Flynn dropped his letter into the post office, and turned wearily away. The snow was coming down in great silent flakes only to be trodden into mire under the restless feet of the myriads of men and horses who in an unceasing procession passed and repassed through the busy streets. The bustle and roar of a great city were round him, a city which never seemed to sleep and which accorded to the poor human units who make up its sum a time of rest barely sufficient to keep the tired brain from utter collapse.

A few years ago how different it had all been; then he had been at home in "holy Ireland," where all was rest and peace, no hurry and no din. Ah, if he had but realized his happiness then, he never would have left his quiet home. Home! How the word stirred up the memories in his poor aching brain, and a great lump rose in his throat only to be forced back again for ever the sad relief of tears was denied him.

It was almost eleven o'clock, and until a short time ago he had been toiling in the great factory, which, if it paid him well, expected him also to work well. And he was not the hearty, strong-limbed boy who had left Cumma a year ago. City life with its confinement, rush, and excitement had wrought many changes in the country-bred lad, and none of them for the better. He was too proud and too obstinate to acknowledge this, for his poor old father had been bitterly opposed to his leaving Ireland, and it would never do now to own that he had been right. So when he wrote home he said nothing of the way in which he was worked, nor of the privations he suffered, the necessities almost which he denied himself in order to send home that little quarterly cheque which was such a welcome addition to the precarious income at Cumma. It was no use worrying them at home about what they could not mend, so his letters were always cheery and hopeful as he could make them, and it was only the loving anxious old father, would could read between the lines and detect the false note of a non-existent happiness.

He walked on quickly, thinking of many things. What would they be doing now in Cumma? Asleep and peacefully dreaming. God bless him; perhaps dreaming of him; they would get his letter before Christmas he hoped, in time for his mother to wear to Westport to her Christmas buy a good warm cloak when she was marketing. What a world of a place he had once thought Westport, with its sleepy streets which scarce wake up even on market days. He laughed now as he remembered his simplicity. How the shops with their little attempts at Christmas decoration had delighted and fascinated him. Ah! how would he spend his Christmas this year. As he had spent the last two he supposed, trying to lay the ghosts of happier days. Well, for the sake of old times and traditions he would get up and go to Mass, although it was many a long month since he had bent his knee before God's altar. Sunday was all too short for rest, and who thought of holidays here, save as times of dissipation? Then he supposed he would come home and have a cheerless dinner in his cheerless lodgings, and afterwards smoke and think until old memories became too much for him and drove him forth, as they had driven him on many a night before, to wander aimlessly over miles and miles of dreary streets, where, at every turn, he was only reminded more forcibly of his own loneliness, until the sound of childish voices shouting in joy, or the melody of the flickering of the dancing flames of a fire on a window-blind roused a passion of wild regret for the days that had been, and could be no more and the hot tears which his manliness refused to shed scorched his eyelids. And at home they would be thinking of him with envy as one for whom life held wonderful adventures. Ah, God, the iron of it all—New Ireland.

Christmas

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad fingers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvellous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the king cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule-log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral and filling every part of the vast pile with triumph

Companies

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Good Digestion should wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged, no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

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Good Character, Reliability and Good Company

The three great things for our future men are, good character, reliability and good company. The three are inseparable, for they go hand in hand. Character is the great thing in life. We are what we make ourselves. A good character is a great blessing, and it is within the power of the poorest and the slowest to have a good character. Energy of will is the soul of every great character. We should not be creatures of circumstance; we should make every circumstance lend itself to us in helping us to build up a strong, noble, enduring character. Not characters to change with the whims and fancies of the world, but to be steadfast in doing what you know to be right.

What a treasure a reliable boy or girl is! They are so few. It is so pleasant for parents and teachers to find this quality in the character. It is the truest mark of real greatness—an indication of future success. It serves to point out the youth of staying power—the one that can be depended upon—who is not a servant of the eye merely, but who can be trusted always. If young people would but value reliability they would increase their own worth and win the trust and confidence of their teachers and associates.

Too many of the young have no word, they cannot be depended on. They promise, but never fulfil their promises. Lying excuses are then given as a reason why the promises were not kept. The young boy or man who has no word will never be trusted. One of the most detestable things in a boy is the habit of lying. To tell the truth is hard at times, you must battle against self to win. Fight bravely on the best of lines, and never be lead into sin. God will help you if truth you love, so speak it boldly when speak you must. Peace will come to you from above, your foes will have to bite the dust.

Good company is becoming quite a rarity for the young in now-a-days. All the good instruction of the home and school is destroyed in a very short time by street education or bad company. Bad company is a rock on which hundreds of our young are dashed to pieces and manhood and honor are gone forever.

The glory of the deed is not in its dreaming, not in its fancy, however fair; the glory of a deed is in its doing, and each doing makes the deed rare.

The problem which the ordinary boy and girl tries to solve is this: To do the least work possible, and to make as little effort as can be made. "The servant of the eye" has no lofty motive in doing work, and the servant of the master's eye can only be trusted as far as he or she can be seen. Sow in youth what you wish to reap in old age. If you wish success, seek it. If you desire to be trusted, deserve it. If your heart is set on being a useful member in society, begin now.

I once knew a boy who was clerk in a large mercantile house which employed as entry clerks, bookkeepers, eighty young men besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen. This boy of fourteen felt that amid such a crowd he was lost and noticed, and that any effort he might make would be quite unregarded. Nevertheless he did his duty. After he had been there a year, he had occasion to ask a week's leave of absence during the busy season. "That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant, but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you ask."

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They had, indeed, watched him, and selected him for advancement; for shortly afterward he was promoted to a position of trust, for there is always a demand for excellent work. A boy who means to build himself up will find it a long, difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; while he who thinks to win without doing his very best, will find himself a loser in the race.

Life has many joys and pleasures, and young people, carried away with the novelty of the world and lacking experience, think life can be made "one long, sweet song." Youthful feelings are fresh and strong and buoyant, but they must be safeguarded, held in check, when liable to lead in the wrong direction. Young people should remember this. Life is a responsibility—a trial in which all shall have a share of joy and sorrow, and your joy will be all the greater, the longer and the sweeter, if you take it as God sends it, and not strive to grasp pleasures that promise much but leave only regret, disappointment and sorrow.

What a treasure a reliable boy or girl is! They are so few. It is so pleasant for parents and teachers to find this quality in the character. It is the truest mark of real greatness—an indication of future success. It serves to point out the youth of staying power—the one that can be depended upon—who is not a servant of the eye merely, but who can be trusted always. If young people would but value reliability they would increase their own worth and win the trust and confidence of their teachers and associates.

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WARD 3 1904 WARD 3

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-election of

Ald. RAMSDEN

POLLING DAY JAN'Y 1st

morse. Obedience to good advice, thinking before acting, and always striving to make good use of time, remembering the presence of God and the guardian care of the angelic spirits, are great helps to make life a joy to yourself, an honor to your family and a fine example to those around you. This should be a boy's motto: Work! Work! Work! With earnest heart and soul; Work! Work! Work! To keep a spotless soul. And, oh, for the heart of the brave, Where no base falsehoods lurk, And everything is done to save Our soul from evil's work.

Nothing else gives such deep and inmost satisfaction as the consciousness, not necessarily of being virtuous for no man is ever conscious of that, but of believing themselves good—but the consciousness of striving earnestly day by day to conform one's life more and more to the principles that are everlasting, that are embodied in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. It is a noble thing to seek God in the days of gladness, to look up to Him, in trustful bliss, when the sun is shining. But if a man be miserable if the storm is coming down on him, what is he to do? There is nothing mean in seeking God then, though it would have been nobler to seek him before. All's well that ends the way you to have it.

IN THE MATTER of the estate of Michael Murray, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, engine-driver, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Michael Murray, who died on or about the 29th day of October, 1903, are required on or before the 2nd day of January, 1904, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario, solicitors for Catherine Moonen, the executrix of the last will and testament of the said deceased, their names and addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said executrix shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only for the claims of which she shall then have notice and that the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution. Dated at Toronto this 27th day of June, 1903. HEARN & SLATTERY, Solicitors for Executrix.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Good Demand for Live Stock—Advancement in Hogs—Wheat Lower. Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

Trade at St. Lawrence Market to-day was not very active, as receipts were not heavy. The grain on the street amounted to 1,700 bushels. Wheat—Was a little firmer; 200 bushels of red sold at 75c to 76c, and 600 of goose at 72c to 73c. Barley—Steady; 200 bushels sold at 46c to 47c. Buckwheat—A little firmer, 100 bushels selling at 60c. Oats—Are unchanged, 200 bushels selling at 31c.

Dressed Hogs—Are 2c higher at 37 for light and 25c for heavy, but what was offered was not taken. Butcher—The receipts were very light and prices were unchanged. Eggs—Are scarce and firm at 60c to 65c for small lots of new laid. Poultry—The receipts were light and prices were unchanged. Hay—The receipts amounted to 20 loads, which sold at \$9 to \$10.50 for No. 1 timothy and \$8 to \$9 for clover. Straw—Was steady, two loads selling at \$8 to \$10.50.

Toronto Live Stock. Trade was fairly brisk in all lines at the Western Cattle Market to-day. The demand for Christmas beef is now becoming very active, and a few cattle of this variety are coming forward and are sold at firm prices. Trade for good exporters continues quiet. Price quotations all round show little change. Sheep and lambs were firmer and hogs advanced 2c per cwt. The total run amounted to 85 cars, and included 1,364 cattle, 1,352 sheep and lambs, 285 hogs, and 45 calves.

East Buffalo Cattle Markets. Liverpool, Dec. 15.—Close—Wheat, spot Walla, 68 7/8; No. 2 red winter, 68 1/2; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 68 1/2; futures quiet; December nominal; March, 68 1/2 nominal; May, 68 1/2 nominal. Corn firm; spot mixed American, 60c per cental; 48c to 49c; futures quiet; March, 28 1/2 nominal; Flour, Minneapolis, 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 nominal. London, Dec. 15.—Opening—Wheat, on passage, quiet but steady; wheat, cargoes LaPlata, f.o.b., steam, February and March, 28s, above average quality. Corn, on passage, firm but not active. Corn, cargoes LaPlata yellow rye, terms, passage, 15s. Weather in England cloudy; forecast, cold. English country wheat markets of yesterday quiet.

British Markets. Liverpool, Dec. 15.—Close—Wheat, spot Walla, 68 7/8; No. 2 red winter, 68 1/2; No. 1 northern Manitoba, 68 1/2; futures quiet; December nominal; March, 68 1/2 nominal; May, 68 1/2 nominal. Corn firm; spot mixed American, 60c per cental; 48c to 49c; futures quiet; March, 28 1/2 nominal; Flour, Minneapolis, 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 nominal. London, Dec. 15.—Opening—Wheat, on passage, quiet but steady; wheat, cargoes LaPlata, f.o.b., steam, February and March, 28s, above average quality. Corn, on passage, firm but not active. Corn, cargoes LaPlata yellow rye, terms, passage, 15s. Weather in England cloudy; forecast, cold. English country wheat markets of yesterday quiet.

Paris, Dec. 15.—Opening—Wheat, tone quiet; December, 20 1/2; March and June, 20 7/8. Flour, tone quiet; December, 22 1/2; March and June, 22 1/2. French country markets quiet. Paris—Close—Wheat, December, 20 1/2; March and June, 20 7/8. Flour, tone quiet; December, 22 1/2; March and June, 22 1/2. Weather in France north and south, cloudy; forecast, north and south, cloudy.

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A child in the midst of a crowd is conscious of nothing but its immediate surroundings. Crushed and stifled it can see and feel only the objects actually touching it. But let the father take it up in his arms and hold it aloft; what a difference the elevation will make! So we, too, are in a crowd, in the dark, finding often no meaning in what is stirring round us; but should God deign to raise us to His point of view, what a change would come over us! Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is more beautiful and a thousand times more true.

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WARD NO. 4 YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE REQUESTED FOR Edward J. Hearn As ALDERMAN for 1904

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE Respectfully solicited For the Election of JOSEPH OLIVER AS CONTROLLER. ELECTION JAN. 1ST, 1904

WARD NO. 4 Your Vote and Influence Are Requested For the Election of S. A. JONES AS ALDERMAN

WARD 4 WARD 4 RE-ELECT Ald. Stephen W. Burns POLLING DAY JAN. 1st, 1904

THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 1 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES

Under the present law homestead duties must be performed in one of the following ways, namely: (1) By at least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years, or— (2) If the father (or the mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of the law as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother, or— (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by himself in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements of the law as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so. INFORMATION Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at the Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

JAMES A. SMART, Deputy-Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands, to which the Regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other Corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

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