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The Catholic Register.

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VOL. XI, No. 11

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1903

(Written for The Catholic Register.)
 One hundred years ago the celebra-
 tion of St. Patrick's Day was a very
 gloomy event in Ireland. It is true
 that the faith, which only sparkles
 the brighter the more it is trampled,
 like the embers of a certain Eastern
 wood, was aglow in the hearts of the
 people, and that the fervor and devo-
 tion of the Catholic population were
 heightened by the afflictions and mis-
 eries that had come upon their land;
 but there was little of hopefulness,
 and less of assurance in the contem-
 plation of the future. The Act of the
 Union had been passed and was in
 full operation; the men of '98 had
 disappeared, either by way of the
 scaffold or of the transportation
 ships; the echoes of Grattan's dying
 appeal had died out in the deserted
 halls of the nation's Parliament; the
 grass was fresh on the newly-dug and
 unshrined grave of Emmet. Tone,
 with all his ambitions and glorious
 plans, had "perished in prison
 alone," and in Bodenstown church-
 yard his ashes slumbered; O'Connell
 had not yet come forth, like a new
 Moses, to guide his people out of
 the Egyptian bondage of religious dis-
 ability, into the promised land of
 Emancipation; adown the future there
 was gloom impenetrable, and vast
 clouds of suffering and national mar-
 tyrdom massed themselves along the
 ever receding horizon of the coming
 years; the prophet could have caught
 glimpses of fiery flashes of electric
 emotion and movement darting here
 and there, through the storm-charged
 atmosphere; and the Irish people cele-
 brated the anniversary of St. Pat-
 rick's in silence, or by stealth in the
 recesses of the mountains, or down in
 lone glens and unfrequented paths.

A century has passed away, and
 looking back over its vast expanse,
 the Irishman of to-day can contem-
 plate the kaleidoscopic scenes that
 marked its course. Successes of a very
 partial nature; losses, disappoint-
 ments, failures and famines, insur-
 rections, partial successes, defeats,
 organizations, agitations and an end-
 less variety of movements—such as
 might be noticed in the lamb under
 the jaws of a lion. What a difference
 to-day! It would require many vol-
 umes to tell the story of Ireland's
 troubles during the hundred years
 that have elapsed; and it would de-
 mand a considerable volume to relate
 the circumstances that surround the
 present and the events that marked
 the past year or two. This is not the
 moment, nor is there space to enter
 into such a vast subject; but we can-
 not but contrast the spirit of hope-
 fulness in which this year's national
 festival is celebrated with the des-
 pair that hung over that day a cen-
 tury ago. At this moment there is a
 golden streak along the eastern hori-
 zon, which is the infallible herald of
 the sunrise—the long-looked-for "sun-
 burst" of Ireland's expected day, af-
 ter so dark and dreary a night.

It would be interesting, and doubt-
 less inspiring, were we able to gaze,
 with prophetic glance, down the fu-
 ture; if we could see Ireland in one
 hundred years hence, in all probability
 we would not believe our senses,
 we would think that it was a dream
 of the night, destined to vanish in
 our awakening. But there is no nec-
 essary of speculating as to the prob-
 abilities or possibilities of the next
 hundred years. With the present we
 have to do, and it is sufficiently

charged with events of importance to
 arrest and hold our attention. As
 we in Canada look across the Atlan-
 tic and follow, as best we can, the
 progress of events in the Imperial
 Parliament, we cannot resist the feel-
 ing that Ireland's cause has entered
 the era of triumph. And we feel a
 very legitimate satisfaction in the
 knowledge that our own Canadian
 constitution, the freedom that it
 guarantees, and the success, in every
 sphere of life, that Irishmen—he they
 natives of Ireland or of Canada—
 have enjoyed in this land, have all
 contributed greatly to the advance-
 ment of that cause, and may be cred-
 ited with a degree of merit in the
 final success that is about to be
 attained.

During the coming session of Par-
 liament it is the intention of Hon.
 Mr. Costigan to move a resolution
 approving of the resolutions that were
 the outcome of the Dublin Land Con-
 ference. The Government will sup-
 port that movement, and it will be
 carried very probably unanimously.
 When we look back over the twenty
 years that have elapsed, since the
 first Home Rule resolutions were in-
 troduced at Ottawa, we cannot but
 note the effect that they, and each
 succeeding set of like resolutions,
 have in shaping public opinion in the
 old country. We must also consider,
 apart from Canada's many contribu-
 tions in money to the various funds
 that were necessary to carry on the
 great struggle, that this colony has
 contributed Hon. Edward Blake, one
 of our foremost statesmen, jurists and
 orators, to swell the ranks of Ire-
 land's Nationalist Party in the Im-
 perial House. If the present election
 in Galway should result in the return
 of Mr. Devlin, Canada will again
 have largely contributed to the ac-
 tive propaganda of Ireland's cause in
 the arena of British politics. Look-
 ing, then upon the situation, as a
 whole, we, the Irish-Canadians, should
 feel a great degree of satisfaction in
 the prospects of a speedy termination
 of Ireland's difficulties, and the grant-
 ing to that long distracted country of
 at least the same degree of legisla-
 tive autonomy that we enjoy.

St. Patrick's Day, 1903, is there-
 fore a memorable occasion, one that
 is fraught with untold importance to
 the children of Erin in every land. It
 is an event that should call forth the
 deepest and most vibrating devotion
 of the race; and that devotion should
 find its expression in a two-fold pray-
 er—a prayer of invocation—that the
 Almighty may guide the legislators
 and rulers of the hour in the path
 of justice that they may learn the
 wisdom of restoring to Ireland the
 rights that one century ago were
 wrenched from her—and a prayer of
 thanksgiving, a Te Deum of gratitude
 to the Ruler of all things, for the
 blessings of the present season of
 promise and of hope.

Douay Bible in the Public Schools

New York, March 3.—Rev. Dr. Wil-
 liam F. McGinnis, president of the
 International Catholic Truth Society,
 in a lecture delivered in the Church of
 Our Lady of Good Counsel, in Brook-
 lyn, advised Catholic teachers in the
 public schools to read to their pupils
 the Douay or Catholic version of the
 Bible. He said that when it was de-
 cided that the Bible must be read in
 the schools several Catholic teachers
 felt that they could not conscientiously
 use any version but that of their
 own Church. Dr. McGinnis said that
 the Catholic Truth Society recently
 asked State Superintendent Skinner
 if the Catholic version might be used
 and was told that it might.

Commenting editorially on the sug-
 gestion of Dr. McGinnis, The Sun
 says:
 "It seems, however, that no Douay
 Bibles have been issued by the sup-
 ply department of the Board of Edu-
 cation. It is unquestionably fair
 that if Roman Catholic teachers prefer
 to use that version, or if they feel
 that its use is obligatory on their
 consciences, they should not be re-
 strained from reading from it under
 the rule we have quoted. The Bible
 is not read in the schools in the in-
 terest of any church, but to give to
 our secularized public education a
 slight flavor of religion, or as a re-
 cognition of religion. This purpose is
 attained, of course, whether the read-
 ing is from the Protestant, or King
 James, version or from the Douay
 version, authorized by the Roman
 Catholic Church. Both impart a religious
 influence, if the mere perfunctory
 reading of a passage from the
 Bible can be said to exercise such an
 influence."

OBITUARY
JOHN McNAUGHTON.
 John McNaughton, a former King-
 ston merchant prince, died in the
 House of Providence on Monday, aged
 81 years. He was a native of Mont-
 real and was in business there for
 forty years. The deceased was a
 staunch Catholic.

TO POPE BY WIRELESS

At the request of His Eminence Car-
 dinal Gibbons a message of congrat-
 ulation was sent to Pope Leo XIII.
 Monday night by wireless telegraphy,
 and in the morning word was receiv-
 ed at the office of the American Mar-
 coni Company that the message had
 gone through without a hitch. When
 Cardinal Gibbons requested that the
 message be sent, it was at first de-
 cided to send it from the station at
 South Wellfleet on Cape Cod, but
 Marconi, who is now abroad, is not
 quite through with his experiments
 there, and so it was decided to have
 the message transmitted from the
 station on Glace Bay, Cape Breton.
 Following was Cardinal Gibbons' message:

"Baltimore, Md., March 2.
 "Pope Leo XIII., Rome, Italy:
 "American hierarchy, clergy and
 laity send congratulations on jubilee.
 "JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS."
 This message went from Glace Bay
 over the 2,400 miles of space to Pod-
 hu, without trouble of any kind, and
 from there it was transmitted by
 wire to the Pope in Rome. The high
 power station now in course of con-
 struction at San Marco, Italy, was
 not sufficiently far advanced to re-
 ceive the message direct. John Bot-
 tometo, manager of the company, was
 in high spirits over the successful
 sending of the message.
 "There was no hitch anywhere," he
 said. "We could have sent the mes-
 sage from South Wellfleet just as
 easily as not, but in Marconi's ab-
 sence thought it better to wait un-
 til he had placed the station in com-
 mission. We expect a return message
 soon."

A VISITOR FROM THE WEST.

Mr. Joseph Fahey, of Winnipeg, was
 a visitor in Toronto last week. Mr.
 Fahey's former home was in Belle-
 ville. He was for over 20 years the
 most popular conductor between Port
 Arthur and the coast, but his activi-
 ty in labor circles ended his railroad
 career some time ago. Mr. Fahey
 has gone into business in Winnipeg,
 and is prospering apace. He is a
 probable Parliamentary candidate.

THE CARDINAL PRELATES OF CANTERBURY.

(From The London Catholic Times.)
 St. Augustine, a Benedictine monk,
 founded the See of Canterbury at the
 order of Pope St. Gregory the Great
 in the year 597. A successor of St.
 Augustine, the great Archbishop
 Theodore, who was a native of Tar-
 sus in Greece, and was sent to Eng-
 land by the Pope, was the first to
 organize the dioceses of the land; and
 did it so well that the Anglican
 Church of the present day bears wit-
 ness in its outer form to his work.
 These were the days of "Soul Scot"
 and "Light Scot" and "Rome Scot."
 What the Bishops of that time were
 like and what their doctrine was, and
 how they performed their ceremonies,
 can be seen by consulting the "Bene-
 dictinal of Ethelwold," a priceless
 ancient manuscript now preserved in
 the Duke of Devonshire's library at
 Chatsworth. From the Norman con-
 quest in 1066 to the days of Arch-
 bishop Wareham and the so-called
 Protestant Reformation, the See of
 Canterbury was filled with a contin-
 uous and glorious line of Catholic
 Churchmen headed by Archbishop Lan-
 franc and St. Anselm. Then came such
 men as St. Thomas of Canterbury, to
 whose shrine all England and Europe
 made pilgrimages for over three hun-
 dred years; Cardinal Stephen Lang-
 ton, the great patriot prelate who
 was consecrated by the Pope himself
 at Viterbo on June 17, 1207; the
 Benedictine monk, Cardinal Simon
 Langham; Cardinal Robert Kilwarby,
 the Dominican Friar; Archbishop
 Beckham, the Franciscan Friar; Car-
 dinal John Kemp, who received the
 Pallium from Pope Nicholas V.; Car-
 dinal Thomas Becket, who performed
 the marriage ceremony between
 Henry the Seventh and the Princess
 Elizabeth of York, and who was made
 Primate of England by the Pope at
 the petition of Parliament and the

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SMALL SAVINGS

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Council: Cardinal John Morton, Lord
 High Chancellor of England, a vivid
 word picture of whom occurs in Bles-
 sed Thomas More's "Utopia." These
 were the men of renown, Catholic and
 Roman, who filled the See of Canter-
 bury in the days when as yet the An-
 glican Church had not commenced its
 existence.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' UNION.

The return debate between St.
 Mary's C. L. & A. and the Catho-
 lic Student's Union, was held at the
 club rooms of the latter on Friday
 evening last. The subject, "Resolved,
 That the Canadian System of Gov-
 ernment is Better Than That of the
 United States," was discussed very
 fully and with much effect. The affir-
 mative, for Catholic Students was up-
 held by Messrs. Sheehan and Fergu-
 son, and the negative, for St. Mary's,
 was taken by Messrs. Johnston and
 Pioux. The judges were Rev. Father
 Plomer, Mr. L. V. McBrady, K. C.,
 and Mr. W. T. Kernahan, C. A. After
 careful consideration judgment was
 given in favor of the affirmative.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL'S CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The above society have several boys
 of from eight months to seven years
 old, and 100 little girls of five years
 for whom they desire to procure good
 foster homes. Apply to F. Hynes,
 Agent, 25 Shuter street, Toronto.

LEO AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

(The Catholic Times.)
 The Popes in past ages achieved ex-
 traordinary results for the benefit
 of humanity and the advancement of
 civilization. Their authority it was
 that put an effective check upon the
 tyranny of temporal princes. They
 may, in fact, be said to have saved
 society, the family, and public mor-
 als. But in their struggles for the
 betterment of the people few, if any,
 had so many difficulties to contend
 against as those that have beset the
 labors of Leo XIII. Surrounded by
 the officials of the hostile power es-
 tablished at the Quirinal, he has found
 himself deprived of the independence
 which former Popes so fully enjoyed.
 All the arts of statecraft that the
 Italian Government could exercise
 have been employed for the purpose
 of limiting and restricting his influ-
 ence in Italy. Whilst this has been
 the state of affairs in Rome, His
 Holiness has had to handle the most
 delicate questions in dealing with
 foreign governments.

THE BELL OF ST. PATRICK.

We must not forget the "sweet-
 sounding bell of Saint Patrick,"
 which is still in existence. It was
 made by one of Patrick's disciples,
 Macceth, and blessed as it was,
 seems to have been used by Patrick,
 as blessed bells are still used by
 pious people, in order to keep off
 danger, and especially the dangers
 which come from those spirits of evil
 who walk the earth seeking whom
 they can draw from the grace of
 God.

At one time Patrick made a retreat
 of forty days and forty nights. At
 the close, these spirits of evil inten-
 tion came around him in the shape of
 birds, whose blackness hid from him
 the heavens and the earth. Patrick
 immediately put himself anew to

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Arrival of Sir Gavan Duffy's Remains in Ireland

Dublin, Feb. 28.—In a stormy life
 there was, perhaps, no more stormy
 passage than that which Sir Charles
 Gavan Duffy was compelled to ex-
 perience on his way from England to
 his last resting place in his own be-
 loved country. The body was con-
 veyed from Nice to Paris, from Paris
 to London, from London to Liverpool
 and last evening, after a terrible sea
 passage, it reached the north wall
 about eight o'clock. Thence the re-
 mains were conveyed to the Pro-
 Cathedral, Marlboro street. The ter-
 rible storm, needless to say, inter-
 fered with the due reception of the
 remains at the North Wall. Several
 times during the morning and early
 part of the day deputations were at
 the Wall awaiting the arrival of the
 boat, which should have come early in
 the morning. Amongst those who put
 in an appearance were: Alderman Hen-
 nessy (Lord Mayor Locum Tenens);
 the High Sheriff (Councillor Fana-
 gan); Mr. Rossiter, Mr. T. D. Sulli-
 van, and others. About half-past
 seven last evening the Liverpool boat
 Ulster, bearing the remains, arrived
 at the North Wall. A hearse was in
 waiting, and the remains were con-
 veyed to the Pro-Cathedral, Marl-
 borough street, followed by a consid-
 erable crowd. There they were receiv-
 ed by the Very Rev. Father McEntee,
 Adm., and the Rev. William Flanagan,
 C.C. After the ceremonies at-
 tending the obsequies in the Cath-
 edral, the burial will take place in the
 O'Connell Circle at Glasnevin Ceme-
 tery.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF LONDON.

London, March 10.—The election of
 officers of the Irish Benevolent Society
 took place to-day. Mr. T. W. Scan-
 drett took occasion to congratulate
 the retiring president on the success
 of the past year's work. As a
 successor Mr. Scandrett nominated
 Mr. T. J. Murphy, a nomination se-
 conded by Dr. Sippi, and carried with
 the greatest enthusiasm.
 The naming of the first vice-presi-
 dent fell to Ald. Forristal, who nomi-
 nated Mr. John Stevely. The nomina-
 tion was also unanimous, Mr. Wm.
 McPhillips seconding.
 The other officers chosen were:
 Second Vice-President—Mr. Philip
 Pocock.
 Third Vice-President—Mr. Denis Ma-
 son (an old war-horse, as his mover,
 Mr. B. C. McCann, called him).
 Secretary—Mr. Wm. A. Martin.
 Treasurer—Mr. P. F. Boyle.
 Auditors—Messrs. John M. Daly and
 Ed. Ryan.
 Physicians—Drs. J. D. Wilson, Niven,
 Moore, and Fred. Guest (St. Thomas).

REQUIREMENTS OF RELIGION.

Religion is not more exacting than
 philosophy; far from demanding from
 mankind any sacrifice that an honest
 man can regret, it spreads a secret
 charm over all his duties and pro-
 cures for him two inestimable ad-
 vantages—a profound peace during his
 life and a sweet hope at the moment
 of his death.

ENGLISH PILGRIMS IN ROME.

Rome, March 10.—The Pope to-day
 received with great solemnity the
 Duke of Norfolk and a delegation of
 British Catholics, who presented the
 Pontiff with greetings and offerings.
 The Duke read a loyal address, which
 the Pope answered, expressing his
 appreciation. The Pontiff looked very
 well considering his late illness. He
 said he felt quite himself again.
 The following was the most impor-
 tant passage in the Duke of Norfolk's
 address: "We cannot forget the noble
 series of encyclicals in which you
 have regulated the affairs of the
 church with the kingdoms of the
 world, while strenuously asserting
 that independence of the Holy See
 which Catholics throughout the world
 will never cease to claim."

THE DAILY EXAMINATION.

Which of us can sit down at the
 close of a day and say, "To-day I
 have done all that was in my power
 to do for humanity and righteous-
 ness?" Ah, no! we look for large
 things and forget that which is close
 at hand. To take life "as God gives
 it, not as we want it," and then
 make the best of it is the hard les-
 son that life outs before the human
 souls to learn.

The Heintzman & Co. piano
 is a "thing of beauty" in tone
 and construction. It has been
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 It is a favorite with the leading
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Charity Sermon in Hamilton

Hamilton, March 9.—Before a very
 large congregation in St. Mary's
 Cathedral last evening, Rev. Father
 McMenamin, of Lucan, preached the
 annual charity sermon on behalf of
 the St. Mary's Benevolent Society.
 He took for his text words from
 Matthew xxv. 34-36, "Come, ye bless-
 ed of my Father, possess the king-
 dom prepared from the foundation of
 the world for you. For I was hungry,
 and you gave me to eat, I was thir-
 sty, and you gave me to drink, I was
 a stranger, and ye took me in."
 Some people, he said, thought the
 world was made for them alone.
 Christ had shown the great difficul-
 ties such people had in entering heav-
 en, and had also shown how the poor
 were blessed by Him. Charity was
 part of the foundation of the church.
 Go where we would in any kingdom,
 nation, or city, and we would find
 the poor just as Christ had. There
 were many examples of the great
 charity Christ Himself had displayed
 on earth. Even at His death on the
 cross He had shown His charity,
 when He said, "Father, forgive them."
 What an example this was for us.
 God was most merciful and just,
 and we must do something in return
 for Christ, who had said, "What you
 give to the poor you give to me. I
 was hungry, and you gave me to eat;
 thirsty, and you gave me to drink."
 Another example of Christ's charity
 was when He saved the woman from
 the mob. He had asked them her sin,
 and they said that, according to the
 law, she deserved death. Then Christ
 said to them, "Let the first amongst
 you who hath not sinned cast the
 first stone," and the crowd moved
 away, grumbling. Then Christ said
 to the woman, "Sin no more; thy
 sins are forgiven thee." The above
 was only one of the many examples
 of God's charity of doing away with
 jealousy and hostility. When the rich
 man's son came to Christ and asked
 what he should do to be saved, Christ
 answered "If thou wouldst be per-
 fect, sell thy goods and give them
 to the poor," but the young man
 went away sorrowing. We had to do
 something to merit heaven. Christ
 supplied us with the material to build
 our crowns in heaven, which must be
 very beautiful. It was necessary to
 perform some obligation, such as
 helping the poor and making sacrifi-
 ces. Who had anything to-day that
 was not received from God? God did
 not ask us if He were to put us in
 this world, nor did He ask our per-
 mission to take us out of it. This
 was His will, and it all came from
 God alone.

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 with Consumption.

The Serpent's Egg

JOHN A. FOOTE IN THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

"Was it murder?" An English tourist who gave his name as Thomas Hughes, while hunting in the woods near Marshtown, Pa., last Wednesday sought shelter from the cold in a cabin which he found in a clearing. On entering the hut he found its occupant, an aged man, lying dead upon a miserable bed. The room was in disorder, but no marks of violence were visible on the old man's body. Hughes notified the authorities and the case was investigated. In the hut was found a quantity of old gold and silver coins—some of them dating back many centuries. Some rare old manuscripts and antique armor were found in the cellar.

"At the inquest held yesterday afternoon the coroner stated that the condition of the internal organs had convinced him that the old man had died of heart failure. The heart showed no lesions, and this fact substantiated his theory that death was not caused by organic cardiac weakness, but that heart paralysis was brought about by means of some drug—probably chloroform. The jury having viewed the body and carefully examined the premises, suspected foul play and brought in a verdict of death by violence at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"Two suspicious characters who were seen in the neighborhood have been placed under arrest. The police expect to have a clear case in a few days. Their prompt action is praiseworthy, and it is to be hoped that the miscreants who are guilty of the foul outrage will receive their deserts."

The article just quoted, which I found in a leading New York daily a few days ago, is the reason for the statement I now make. There are those who will censure me for the abbreviated and incomplete statement I made when I notified the authorities, but I feel that my reasons for such action were good and sufficient, and I now submit them to the public in the interest of justice.

I had secured passage on a steamer which was to leave New York for Liverpool the day following the discovery of the body of the old man Herbert, by which name he was known, for I had been called home on urgent business. I told the authorities then all that the ends of justice demanded; for at that time there was no suspicion of foul play. Besides, what I had seen was so inconceivable, that, though I was convinced of its reality, I feared that its relation would serve no good end, and might entail upon myself endless annoyance, delay and, perhaps, suspicion. Even now there are those who will assert that the events which I describe as having occurred in the old man's hut were only a dream produced by an over-wrought imagination and the draught which I had taken from Herbert's hand. To these I say that it is my firm belief that the events, which I describe in relation to the old man, actually occurred; and as evidence of both my honesty and mental soundness, I am ready to affirm, in any way the law may require to free the two unfortunate accused of the murder of Herbert the truthfulness of the events set forth in the subjoined deposition:

My name is Thomas Hughes; my permanent residence Cardiff, Wales. I am not an "English tourist," as the New York paper stated, nor am I a tourist at all. My father and mother died when I was very young and left me a comfortable competence. My early training was attended to by a maternal uncle who, possessed of fine literary taste, resolved that I should have the best educational advantages. During my college course I became deeply interested in philology and particularly in the history and origin of the Celtic languages. Two months ago I went to New York to visit Prof. M., a man who has devoted his life to research in the studies which I am pursuing. When about to return I remembered that some distant relatives of mine resided at Scranton, Pa., and I concluded to visit them and see the anthracite coal fields before sailing for home. At Scranton I met many congenial spirits and, in talking of my hobby, I learned of the existence at Marshtown (a small mining village a few miles distant from Scranton) of an old man called Herbert, a sort of hermit, who was said to be a master of all the Gaelic tongues. I decided to visit this strange personage, but the hospitality of the Scrantonians pressed upon me so many social obligations that I postponed the visit from day to day. On the morning of Dec. 10 I received a cablegram from my attorneys at Cardiff requesting me to return as soon as possible to complete some business in relation to a transfer of property in which I was interested. I found that I could leave New York on the 12th, so I decided to visit Herbert that afternoon.

I took the train to Marshtown and after receiving some very complicated directions there, set out beyond the limits of the village to find the mysterious hermit's cabin. It was about 3 o'clock when I started. I tramped through the woods for nearly two hours, when, not finding the object

of my search, I began to think that I had lost my way, or had been deceived. The ground was covered with sleety snow and walking was extremely difficult. Darkness began to set in and I was on the point of abandoning my search, when my eyes caught a glimmer of light down in a valley only a short distance from the spot where I was standing. I pressed forward to the locality in which I saw the welcome radiance and found that it came from the cabin I was in search of. The hut was situated in a small clearing in a pine forest at the foot of the mountains. To reach it I would have to cross a half frozen stream of water. The ice would not bear my weight, consequently I must leap the stream, as there was no bridge crossing it. I am not very athletic, yet I considered the leap not beyond my powers and essayed it. I succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, but one of my feet slipped on the icy ground and I fell heavily, wrenching my ankle so severely that I could hardly rise from the pain of it. With some difficulty I succeeded in reaching the hut and knocked at the door. "Enter," said a voice, and I pushed the door open.

Before an open fire of pine knots sat an old man of gigantic stature. His hair and beard were long and white as snow, and his face, though aged looking, was unlined and almost classic in profile. At my entrance the man noticed my halting step and assisted me to a chair. I commenced to apologize for my intrusion, but he interrupted me, saying:

"Do not speak—do not speak. I am very glad that you have come. When I shall have dressed your foot we will talk." He lifted me in his arms as though I were a mere child and laid me on a couch in a corner of the room. Then with his deft fingers he bandaged my foot, and saturated the bandages with liquid of peculiar odor that lessened my pain and produced a grateful feeling of warmth and comfort.

"Now," said he, "lie quietly, and by to-morrow you will be able to walk."

"To-morrow," I exclaimed in consternation. "I must leave to-night."

"You cannot leave to-night. Even if you were well darkness would mislead you. Be content where you are. People say I am a skillful leech, and deem it a favor if I will but try to heal them."

He said this with a pleasing smile that dispelled any doubts I might have had regarding the sincerity of his welcome; and as I realized the truth of his words I thanked him for his hospitality.

As I spoke with him I fancied that he resembled a picture I had seen of a venerable Druid priest. His voice was deep and unusually musical, for a man of his apparent years, and his remarkable stature and erect carriage indicated a latent strength that contrasted strangely with his aged appearance. While I was thinking of these things he passed into an adjoining room, and in a few moments returned with a plate containing some cold fowl, oat cakes and a pitcher of milk, and setting them before me with great suavity of speech and manners he urged me to help myself. Recovered somewhat from the shock of my slight accident, I ate rather heartily, and having finished my meal I explained the object of my visit. While he listened his face lit up, and we carried on an animated conversation in which he showed a wonderful knowledge of not only the Gaelic language but also of Latin and Greek, and the modern languages. He spoke of the ancient runic tongue, of which so little is known at the present day, and astonished me by his comprehensive knowledge of the subject. Dipping from the subject of philology we spoke of the Druids and their theology. He explained their doctrine of the transmigration of souls and enlightened me on many other points that I did not know or fully understand.

It was past midnight when our conversation ended. I did not feel the time pass and gladly would I have continued, but he rose from his seat, saying, "You need rest," and walked to a hearth where a liquid was brewing in a copper vessel. He poured it into a cup and handed it to me, saying:

"Drink this; it will prevent a fever from your hurt and cause you to rest."

When I had drunk the decoction he extinguished the light and passed off to an adjoining room.

That this man of evidently superior education and refinement, who could fill a university professorship with distinction, should choose to bury himself in this "out-of-the-way" place, was incomprehensible to me; and I felt that there must be some mystery surrounding his early life. The events of the day passed before my puzzled mind, but fatigue, and the soothing draught which I had taken, cut short my reflections and I fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

A noise as of some person moving about the room aroused me and an instant I was awake. I arose to a sitting posture and peered into the pitchy darkness. In the direction in which I conjectured the entrance to the room to lie, I noticed a luminous spot of a pale opalescent color. As I looked the point of a light grew large

er and brighter until I saw the face and then the figure of Herbert irradiating with the ghostly gleam. A long, white robe hung in loose folds about him; on his head was a chaplet of green oak leaves and in his hand he bore a golden wand. The soft radiance that enveloped him was diffused from his neck by a chain of gold; and as I took note of these things a preternatural fright seized me, for I recognized the costume of the Druids—the prehistoric dwellers of the British Isles. He noticed my terror, for he said:

"Be not afraid. I come not to do you harm, but rather to give you all of the things that men strive after in this world. Whence my power comes you need not ask; let it be sufficient for you to know that I possess it. Last night you were surprised at my knowledge of the dead languages and the Druid customs. More than I then told you do I know, for I—Herbert of Britain—the last of the Druids."

"The last of the Druids!" I cried in astonishment, but the old man interrupted me.

"You would say that the Druids died hundreds of years ago. Do you not remember what I told you of the transmigration of souls? This talisman" (pointing to the luminous object on his breast) "has preserved my body from corruption, and instead of changing its tenement my soul has lived within me through generations. I appear to you to-night, not from my own choice, but because it is ordained from eternity; and I offer to you, on this the Druid night of Sacrifice, all the wealth you may desire; of all the power you may dream of; all the wisdom you may ask for; if only you will bow your knee to Efus and moisten with a drop of your blood this talisman—the anguineum, the holy serpent's egg."

He pointed to the object suspended from his neck, and after a little while he continued:

"I await your answer; be not afraid to act according to your wisdom, for no harm shall come to you."

Such an astounding proposition as this, with the uncanny surroundings, would be enough to unnerve a stronger man than I professed to be, so for a time I could not collect my thoughts or frame a reply. Herbert watched me intently, and after a few moments his deep, dark eyes seemed to exercise a soothing influence over me. For I answered him saying:

"You offer great things indeed to me—so great that I fear I could not return them even if I desired them. As for wealth I have enough to satisfy my wants. My tastes are simple—I am a student. Power has no charm for me. I would rather teach than command men. Wisdom I prize above all things of life, but I prize my conscience more. Therefore, I cannot bow to Efus and take your gifts, for I will not abandon my God, the only one true God, and Jesus Christ, His Son, my Redeemer."

"What matter what name we worship," said the old man. "God is Efus—Efus is God. There is but one Creator. And even did you give up your God; how many have done the same? How many are doing it to-day, though in other ways? They do not even bow to Efus, but they worship Wealth, power and wisdom, and give to the material things of life the honor due to the Deity, the homage of the heart which is due to God."

"Do not tempt me further," I said, "it is no use. I have decided."

He paused after I had said this and seemed to be overcome with emotion, but whether of joy or sorrow I could not tell. Then mustering himself by a powerful effort, he raised his spindly-like face and said, half to himself:

"At last, O Efus! thy power on earth is at an end."

The majesty of his mien, together with the simplicity and sincerity of his language, produced in me an indescribable feeling of awe. At first I said, "He must be mad," but in a little while after we had spoken together, I felt (although his statements were beyond human reason) that he had only told the truth. He seemed to know this, for he moved closer to my bedside and continued:

"Time presses and I cannot tarry long. The hours—nay, even the moments of my life are numbered and will soon have passed away. I say this, not with sorrow, but rather with exultation, for death is the only boon I have craved for in vain. Therefore, I tell you that in refusing the earthly favors I offered to you, you have done well; for their possession has never yet brought perfect happiness to any man. Nay," he said, as I strove to speak. "I know this. I sought until my soul was sick within me, and never till to-night did I find one who valued conscience above the things of life. For these things that I have told you, you are the one ordained to relieve me of my earthly bondage. Standing as I am on the threshold of eternity, I leave in your care the account of my doings that men may profit by them. Do with them as you will."

For a moment he bowed his leonine head as if to collect his thoughts and then continued:

"You who have studied history need not be told the glories of our ancient nation. The motions of the planets; the curative powers of medicines; the studies of philosophy and rhetoric were taught by the Druid priesthood. Guided by just and simple laws we worshipped Efus in our groves of sacred oak, and lived in peace with the world and one another.

When the Roman legions invaded our land—the land we now call Wales and England—we who were not versed in arms could only bow in submission. The Romans found among us a civilization in some respects superior to their own. Their philosophers came to our island and found that we could improve upon their systems; their astronomers and physicians sought us for our learning. But when they obtained from us all that they sought by courtesy, the edict went forth that the Druid priesthood menaced the safety of the Empire. Our priests were driven from the island at the point of the sword, or put to death. Those who escaped made their way across the channel to Brittany, a country on the west coast of France. It was after this migration and during the reign of the Emperor called Augustus, that I was born there."

"This statement terrified you. Well, before I finish you will judge me more deserving of pity than of terror. My earliest recollection is of a pleasant spot near the ocean. Then I remembered a night of horror—the cries of my countrymen, the clash of swords and afterwards a long journey in the arms of some one on horseback. That night the survivors of the former massacre were slain by the Romans. My father and mother were both killed, but my uncle, Volgisius, the arch-priest, escaped with me to the mountains of Britain. There, in an inaccessible mountain region, I was reared and received my education. Like primitive man we lived in a cave, and lived only for ourselves. Druidic learning was never confined to writing, and so, the mind of my uncle was better than a Roman library. Before I was sixteen I had memorized all of the twenty-four thousand verses comprising the education of a Druid priest. Volgisius, in his flight, did not forget to take with him his instruments for viewing the heavens, and when I had finished in rhetoric, physics and medicine, he applied me to the study of astronomy and astrology.

"From my childhood, until I left the mountain in my twentieth year, I never saw the face of a man other than that of Volgisius. The mountain is an admirable place for contemplation and study—perhaps we are nearer heaven there; however, I went farther in my reasoning than my uncle taught me. The religion of the Druids seemed to me to be incomplete. Thus, we worshipped by one God; we believed in the immortality of the soul and a future state of reward or punishment; notwithstanding, I felt that there was something unsatisfactory, something lacking in the whole. The destruction of our religion by the Romans had a depressing effect upon me, and, again and again—though I strove hard to suppress it—the thought came to me, if our religion were divine it would not be destroyed—for things divine are of eternity. I dared not confess my doubts to my uncle, for I could not confirm them, and I did not wish to embitter the old man's almost completed life."

"One night, it was the tenth month of the year, I was engaged in casting a horoscope of my life, when suddenly in the eastern sky there appeared a new star of wonderful brilliancy. In great dismay I found that this new luminary crossed the orbit of my natal star, and thenceforth my forebodings were strengthened. I continued, night after night, to study the bearings of the new planet, and found that its inimical influence threatened the planets that controlled the destiny of the Druid religion. This discovery disheartened me beyond measure, and I could neither eat nor sleep from my mental agitation. My uncle noticed my gloomy state of mind but attributed it to the excitement and worry induced by the anticipation of the holy office to which he intended to ordain me—to make me a priest of the Druids. That indeed, was the primary cause of my anxiety, but while he thought I was overpowered with joy, I was harassed with perplexing doubts. The more he pressed me to the ceremony the more I shrank from it, until, one day, there came a crisis that decided the matter forever.

"That morning, when I arose, I found Volgisius still on his bed, his aged cheeks flushed with a fever. All that my art could do I did to ease his sufferings, but my herbs seemed to have lost their potency, and I was filled with grief. Perceiving my mental trouble my uncle said:

"Do not sorrow for me, my son, for my choice is not for this world. My race is run; I am useless and feeble. If I choose I could baffle this disease, but I would rather sleep peacefully knowing that I leave behind me one more worthy than myself to perpetuate the glories of my faith."

"Volgisius was the only human being whom I then knew, and never since have I met his equal in humanity and kindness; so, when I heard him speak in this way I could no longer restrain my grief and I commenced to weep. My sorrow pained him and he rose from his couch, and then seated on its side bade me bring his wand and robes, the very ones I now wear. Then as I knelt before him he invested me with the priestly robes, and placed the golden wand in my hand. I was little mindful of the ceremony, for in my anguish the doubts that had tortured me for so long assailed me with redoubled force and I broke forth saying:

"O, Volgisius, my uncle, my protector, my only friend! Why do you need to sacrifice yourself and leave me alone? Now I am the only one of

the Druid priesthood. Our people are scattered far and wide, our ancient glory has departed. Even the stars foretell the doom of our religion. We seek to preserve it against the will of heaven? I am not fit to do the work you have allotted to me. If you possess the talisman of life keep it and use it for yourself. I will devote my life to you, and when my time comes we may depart from this world together."

"Volgisius smiled, a beautiful, pitying smile, it seemed, and laid his hand upon my head.

"For thy great love for me I will forgive thy distraught words," he said. "But thy selfish doubts shall be removed. You say that the doom of the Druid religion is close at hand, and even as you have said it so shall you witness it, for you shall live until the old faith is no more."

"He took the sacred serpent's egg and laid it upon my breast, saying: 'I give to you a talisman that will bring wealth, power and fame at the will of him who doth possess it. But that is the least it can do. It possesses the power of prolonging, at will, the life of its human possessor. Take it then, mark well what I say, and refuse me not what I ask of you.'

"Whatever you ask of me I will do," I replied.

"It is well," he said. "When I am gone and you have placed my body beneath the ground, go out into the world and use the talisman as you will for your own profit. But mark me, at the end of four cycles (80 years) go, on our night of sacrifice, in the twelfth month of the year, and offer to the first man you meet the gifts of wealth, wisdom and power, if he will bow to Efus and wet with his blood the sacred anguineum. If he refuses, you will know that you may join me; if he accepts, you will live until four cycles have again passed and you will again make the offer to a man. And so it shall be with you until you find a man to refuse your gifts. This, then, is my legacy to you; and remember, until men cease to love wealth, wisdom and power the dominion of Efus shall not end upon the earth." Then having kissed my brow and placed his hands on me in benediction, he closed his eyes and his spirit passed away. Reverently I paid the last duties to the dead.

"Half crazed with grief and loneliness I longed for death and cursed the hated talisman that gave me life. I know not how long I wandered about, like a hunted animal, until one day while near the coast I espied a Roman camp. A great hatred rose up within me against the Romans, for I attributed to them all my sufferings.

"Does not the talisman give me power? I said. I would go amongst them and learn their ways and use that power for their destruction. With this idea in my mind I went back to my mountain home and taking the store of gold which had lain untouched for years, I made my way to the coast and secured passage on a Phoenician trading vessel bound for Rome. We had a stormy passage. My moroseness and reticence caused the rough crew to regard me with distrust, and several times I was forced to defend myself against them. When we arrived at the imperial city I lost no time in seeking and gaining admission to the army. My learning and apparent bravery and sobriety won me rapid promotion, and I was soon made commander of a company.

"After the destruction of the Roman army under Quintillus Varus by the Germans, Rome lost much of her former military spirit, and thus distinction was more easily gained.

"One who has passed only a fraction of the average human life cannot understand what an awful experience it is to live on with no hope of rest. I lived in the broad light of ancient civilization. I saw it fade until its faint gleam shone only through the monasteries of the Middle Ages, and I watched its flickering rays grow brighter until it outshone its former radiance. I sickened of fame, I tired of wealth, and wisdom only taught me the hollowness of my earthly possessions. I who have lived while nations have been born and have passed into history—while history itself of the world's greatest ages has been made—know all too well that the God, who allotted man a certain time to live, did as He does all things, in wisdom and mercy. I travelled among all and they are dead while I still survive—but everywhere I found men the same. My time is short and you need rest. I will not weary you further. This, then, is my pitiful story. Until to-night no one has refused my gifts, and you know what cause I have to be joyful. To you I owe much. May the God who does all things well reward you. I can say no more. I am thankful. Farewell!"

The luminous halo grew fainter and fainter until at last the figure of the old man was swallowed up in the gloom. My mind was in a perfect turmoil with the marvelous things I had witnessed and the weird tales I had listened to. For several hours I lay awake waiting for the dawn, but tired nature, overtaken by the strain of the events of the night, claimed its due, and day dawned before I realized that I had slept.

When I stepped out of my bed I found that I could use my injured foot as well as ever. "It must have been a dream," I said to myself. Yet it was with no small anxiety that I opened the door leading to the adjoining chamber. It was a small, rough room. In the corner on a rude couch lay the old man covered with a sheepskin—a striking contrast to the white robe I had expected to find. He appeared to be sleeping, and I

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for there remained only the easiest part of my scheme—the winning to my side of the young Jewish leader. To accomplish this purpose I followed the throng one morning out of the city to the mountain, whither He had gone for rest with a few of His chosen followers. The people followed Him everywhere; and when I reached the place, I found Him addressing a multitude so vast that I marvelled how all could hear Him, but His voice had a soft, vibrant quality that floated into one's ears like music, and though I stood afar off, I lost none of the discourse. He spoke as I had never heard man speak. As I listened my passion and hatred melted away.

"No words of mine can describe the sweetness and love that shone in that visage, and my soul was satisfied, for the words of wisdom that fell from His lips, the doctrine of universal love, was what I sought for in vain in the Druid religion. The Jews were mistaken in this Man. Were these the words of an earthly conqueror? 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; for if you will not forgive, neither will your Father that is in heaven, forgive your offenses. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' At the sound of these words, so simple, yet so sublime, I felt a horror of my mission. To speak to Him of temporal conquest or revenge would be a sacrilege. His teaching would prevail throughout the earth, for had not the stars foreshown it? Thus light had come to my mind and I was about to throw myself at His feet and ask to be taken as one of His disciples, when I thought of my promise to Volgisius. Until men should cease to love wisdom, wealth and power I was fated to roam the earth. Saddened at heart I turned away, comforting myself with this reflection: It will not be long, for He teaches men to be not solicitous for the things of life."

"I could not wait, so I sailed back to Rome and tendered my resignation as commander, urging age and ill health as my reason for quitting the army. But, alas! the hopes that I had built on my own change of sentiment were shattered by the news that the Son of Man, as He called Himself, the Redeemer, had been put to death by the Jews who He had come to save. Squalid and disheartened through the years that followed, I offered the gifts to different men in different climes, and none refused to harbor their souls for them. Stranger that in all these years I never did meet, from that fateful Night of Sacrifice, a follower of Him whose disciple I wished to proclaim myself to Judea. Was it the avenging spirit of Efus that placed in my path only those who would accept my gifts, knowing that the followers of Christ would refuse and by refusing end his power on earth forever?"

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Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and liturgical text for the month of March 1903, including the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays of Lent.

Advertisement for Dunlop Creepers Heels, featuring the slogan 'Not a "Pick Me Up" But a "Keep Me Up"'. Includes the 'HOME CIRCLE' logo.

SINCERITY AND SYMPATHY. The man of to-day likes sincerity in a woman. A frivolous woman is always at a disadvantage, even though she be physically beautiful.

MORBID LITERATURE. Germany is at present greatly alarmed over an epidemic of suicides. All over the country young men and women who have become saturated with the modern literature of the Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Kant schools take their own lives upon the slightest disappointment.

WHAT MOTHERS CAN DO. A mother can give her daughter the benefit of a fair and equal start, she can give her the best moral, mental and physical training given material will permit; she can build up between themselves a bond which shall be a solace in sunshine, a mainstay in storm; she can be not only a preceptor but a pattern for culture and character; she can give her the benefit of her experience as a

strength of mind, in the cross is the height of virtue, in the cross is the perfection of sanctity. There is no salvation for the soul, nor hope of eternal life, but in the cross. Why not then make the sign of the cross as if one meant it?

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE. Ottawa, March 4, 1903. Editor of The Register: In Memoriam A. H. H. Obit MDCCLXXXIII. These the characters which head all copies of the In Memoriam were the subject of a masterly lecture delivered on the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 25, by John Francis Waters, M. A., under the auspices of the d'Youville Reading Circle.

Neighbors did NOT KNOW HIM. Valentine Fisher's Sciatica Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Could Hardly Put One Foot to the Ground—Now He Can Walk all Day Without Trouble.

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THE LESSON OF LOVE. We have endless opportunities for exercising love. Our brothers lie stricken all along life's highway—brave men who have fought and failed, feeble folk who were never strong enough for earth's conflict, some without health, others without money; some without friends, others without hope.

Tennyson speaks of him as "My Arthur." "The man I counted half divine," and Gladstone said it was not too extravagant of course "In Memoriam" should be studied for itself, but an intimate knowledge of it will help us to a more intimate knowledge of "That life that all the muses deck'd With gifts of grace that might express All comprehensive tenderness, All subtilizing intellect."

"High nature amorous of the good But touched with no aetetic gloom; And passion pure in snowy bloom Thro' all the years of April blood."

"Angels of Life and Death are His; Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er! Who then would wish believing this Against His messengers to shut the door?"

A lecture such as that, of which I have given, but the mere substance, would need more than an ordinary vote of thanks, and this need Professor Stockley supplied. He characterized the insight we have been given into the mind and work of Arthur Hallam, as one of the most remarkable lectures he had ever heard; he spoke afterwards said the same of his vote of thanks. His appreciation was the best kind, that of a scholar.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

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 FINE TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are the benefactor of those afflicted with this disease. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTIN, Toronto, April 10, 1902.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, 72 Wolseley street, City. J. J. CLARKE. 114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith. Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

The Catholic Register

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Telephone, Main 489.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1903.

INDEPENDENT ELECTORS.

The Federal bye-elections have been most instructive to the country at large as well as to the parties. Especially to the parties is the lesson of North Grey and North Ontario of interest.

If political managers in Britain or the United States were to lead their party up to such a defeat as the Government sustained in North Grey, those managers would be permanently retired from the organization the next day after the debacle.

In North Ontario the Opposition workers were up to the last hour as confident of success as the Government forces had been in North Grey.

The lesson in both bye-elections is the same. It spells increasing popular independence and intelligence.

It happens that the result both in North Grey and North Ontario meets with the unqualified approval of the Catholic electors in these ridings.

The Register would be delighted to see Catholic electors always vote with like resolute independence.

A LONG DISTANCE SENSATION.

The Evening Telegram, of this city, has been publishing sensational reports concerning "sweating" and so on in the Good Shepherd convent at Nancy, France.

However, giving The Telegram credit for good faith in wishing to publish extraordinary news wherever found, we cannot distinguish the very unique features of the Nancy convent story that give it an absorbing interest at such a distance as this from the scene of the allegations.

Now, can any sane person believe for a moment that if a religious institution in France laid itself open to prosecution that the present Government would not prosecute to the utmost extent?

The Government having failed to find a pretext for prosecuting the Superior of this French convent, the sensation had to be bolstered up in some other fashion.

As the penitents, or inmates, of these refuges are drawn very largely from the fallen class, and as the work of the sisters is towards their reformation, there need be no question but that the poor creatures who go back into the world and fall again into sin, fall into the same deplorable existence from which the Sisters of the Good Shepherd endeavored to rescue them.

The only other point in the case is that penitents who left the institution are said to have gone forth penitents. How many women bring bank books out of our own jails and public refuges for female prisoners?

The fact is that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are doing the most notable work for the reformation of fallen women that the modern world has seen.

IGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES. Bigotry dies hard in the great Republic to the South.

Bigotry dies hard in the great Republic to the South. The following remarks on the session of Congress just closed, taken from the Washington New Century, will illustrate the tenacity of the old "Know-nothingism," which many of us thought John Boyle O'Reilly had demolished.

"To Catholics especially will the memory of the 57th Congress be an unpleasant one. It had not the decency to accept the statue of Pere Marquette donated to the United States and placed in statutory hall at the Capitol by the State of Wisconsin.

"The magnificent statue of the priest and discoverer, Father Marquette, the finest work of art in or about the Capitol, was one of those sent by Wisconsin. Congress at the time, however, wofully misjudging the extent of the wretched A. P. A. conspiracy (for it was all that) was afraid to take proper steps to accept it.

When you examine into the matter, what is called progress is nothing more nor less than the multiplication of the resources of those who, by means of dicker and barter, are trying all the time to overreach the public and their fellows in one way or another.

BLASPHEMERS OF MARTINIQUE

Rev. Dr. Harris, late Dean of St. Catharines, has written a detailed statement confirming former reports of blasphemous demonstrations in

IRISH NATIONAL HOLIDAY ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A project which is on foot in Ireland to make St. Patrick's Day a National holiday has received warm and general approval.

Dear Sirs—Your committee can, of course, count upon my full sympathy being with it in its praiseworthy effort to have the festival of our National Apostle observed in Dublin as a National holiday.

It has always been a humiliation to me to read, as I have been reading from year to year, of the impressive civic celebrations of St. Patrick's Day in New York and other cities beyond the seas, whilst, the only public celebration of it in Dublin—outside the churches—was the gathering of a crowd in the Upper Castle Yard to witness some military spectacle and dance to the music of a military band.

As to those who wish to celebrate the feast day of our National Apostle in such a fashion, no Dublin Nationalist, I feel confident, will ever think of interfering with their liberty to do so.

But surely the time has come for the vast majority of the people of our city to recollect that they have other duties to discharge than that of according their fullest and most friendly toleration to those who are not of their own way of thinking.

They have had before them for many a year the example of their fellow-countrymen abroad. Better late than never. Let them now at length follow that example by making the feast day of the Apostle of Ireland a civic, as it has been for centuries a religious festival in Dublin.

THE Rev. J. Fraser, late rector of St. Terman's Anglican Church, Banchoy, some little time ago joined the Catholic Church.

AN ANGLICAN RECTOR'S REASONS. The Rev. J. Fraser, late rector of St. Terman's Anglican Church, Banchoy, some little time ago joined the Catholic Church.

DEVLIN FOR GALWAY. Mr. C. R. Devlin has been elected unopposed for Galway. This makes the Irish-Canadian representation in the Imperial Parliament two; and of course the two are Home Rulers.

DAILY PAPERS AND YOUNG READERS. The Toronto papers are casting their dragnets far from home when they smear their pages with the slime of Buffalo criminals.

When you examine into the matter, what is called progress is nothing more nor less than the multiplication of the resources of those who, by means of dicker and barter, are trying all the time to overreach the public and their fellows in one way or another.

GRANTED AUDIENCE. Bishop Korum, of Treves, Bishop Gravel, of Nicolet, Quebec, and Bishop Dubois, of Verdun, were granted audiences a few days ago by His Holiness Leo XIII.

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Schwab and the Siren Wealth

A writer in The New York Evening Post says he chanced to be at the meeting of the stockholders of the United States Steel Company.

I had never met him, but his resemblance to his photographs had caused my sense of familiarity.

MISS MAUD GONNE A CONVERT. Many of our journalists have seemingly derived no little merriment from the marriage of that remarkable woman Maud Gonne, chronicled last week.

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THE PRIEST

No hour of night is sacred to his repose. No message is inopportune. No avocation forbids his immediate attendance at the sick bed.

He has learned that to enjoy his possessions he should limit them. There is a line over which he may not go without loss to himself.

There is a line over which he may not go without loss to himself. The line of profitable possession will some day be clearly drawn, and it will be so contrived that all men may toe it.

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THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO. SINCE 1854. 78 CHURCH STREET. Assets, \$3,000,000.00. Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES. Open every Saturday night from 7.00 to 9.00 o'clock. OFFICE HOURS:—9.00 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAYS:—9.00 a.m. to 1 p.m. JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

HOW ST. PATRICK USED THE SHAMROCK.

(Eliza Allen Starr.)

There is a pretty plant, with a triple leaf and head, or tuft, of white or purple flowers, which grows everywhere. It is seen in America, north, south, east and west.

More like three-leaved Roman plant than our own clover, is the delicate one which overruns Ireland; its leaf so small that we hardly think of it as a sister to our own rank clover.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints.

Finally, Catholic parents, let us beg your earnest consideration of this important truth that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time.

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My Valet. DRESS SUITS TO RENT. 30 Adelaide St. W. Phone Main 3074. Dressing, Repairing, Cleaning and Dyeing. Goods called for and returned to any part of city—"better and better".

When We Were Boys

By an Ex-Xaverian, in St. John's, Newfoundland, Chimes

"I make inquiry every year of late and find that St. Patrick's Day is now observed, at least by the Irish students, as a holiday at St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N. S. Once it was not so. They formerly respected St. Patrick in the same degree as that of all other saints in the calendar, and never for a moment considered that the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland should be observed with more éclat than any other of the saints' days in the year. Classes were always held on the 17th of March, and the usual routine of school work carried out. The change came in the year 1886. That year there were six Newfoundland students attending the institution. When we asked, on the 16th, if to-morrow would be a holiday, they laughed at the idea, and Donald Chisholm, in his dry, sarcastic way, wishing to indulge in a little railery at our expense, said:

"Who is St. Patrick, anyway? Was he born in Bay Bulls, or did he do business in St. John's wharf?"

We were too much disgusted to mind Donald much, although Strapp looked as if he wanted to fight him. We discussed the matter and agreed to hold a meeting among ourselves in a private room of the college as to the best steps to take. When the roll was called we found Fleming was absent. Fleming stood high with the professors and we felt our chance would be very slim without him. "Come," said Hogan, "let us hunt him up." We found him at his desk in the study had busily engaged in writing a translation of the day's Latin lessons in Cicero and Virgil. "Now brother Tom," said Hogan, affectionately, "do let those old Latin pagan blokes alone for a little while and turn your attention to the glorious St. Patrick, God bless him. Don't you know to-morrow is St. Patrick's Day?" By this time Hogan had closed the books Fleming was using, so he quietly put down his pen and asked, "What's up, anyhow?" "Come along," said McGrath, "we'll tell you when we go to the room." We could see that Fleming felt cold on the prospects of getting a holiday and said in a pleading, advisory tone:

"Ah, boys, I think we better give it up. Dr. McNeil, the President (now Bishop of St. George's, West Newfoundland, by the way) wouldn't like it. I've been here for three years before you fellows came, and never had a holiday on St. Patrick's Day." "You belong to Bay Roberts, Tom," said poor Menny, "and are no authority on the subject." Fleming agreed to attend the meeting after supper, which was duly held. Hogan was in the chair and we unanimously decided to select a delegate from amongst ourselves and send him to the President's room to make the request. Nobody cared to accept the mission, so Strapp suggested we draw lots. Hogan soon had six bits of sticks of different lengths prepared, and the shortest stick—so Hogan said, though I interpreted his wink otherwise—was drawn by Fleming. Finn said it was the irony of fate.

"Tisn't iron I'll want, boys, but brass, to face Dr. McNeil with such a request," said poor Fleming, with a crestfallen look. On McGrath remarking that he was never mistaken in his estimate of a Bay Roberts Irishman, Fleming screwed up his courage to the sticking point and agreed to go. Ten minutes afterwards he bounded into the room a changed man; in fact, Hogan said we should question him slowly to find out if it was himself at all. When he recovered breath enough to speak, he said:

"Boys, he did not give me a decided answer, but I'm in hopes 'twill be all right in the morning."

We all were inclined to think that Fleming's report was not in proportion with his joy, and Hogan in disappointed tones said: "Tom, what's the matter with you, anyway?" He didn't take into consideration then that Tom had gone down with the expectation of at least being ejected from the President's room forthwith, and with the gloomy feeling maybe of being expelled from the college on the morrow. But the President, having entertained the proposal, and suggested the possibility of giving a holiday as soon as the matter would be inquired into, was quite enough for Fleming, but not enough for Hogan and Strapp—especially when Fleming added that the President said that the like was never done since the college was founded, and he did not wish to establish a precedent; besides the boys from the country around would all want a holiday, as well.

We plainly saw that we were not sure of our holiday, yet somebody—I think 'twas Strapp—made the bold suggestion that we get up at four o'clock in the morning and play "St. Patrick's Day" through the dormitories. This made poor Fleming groan, and he said:

"If we do, boys, our chances of a holiday will be gone, and may result in getting the 'grand bounce' in the morning." Strapp, acting on the impulse of the moment, said: "It's as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb," and

unpardonable breach of discipline had been committed that the Prefect was dazed and speechless. The matter was reported to the President and while the boys were at morning study the Prefect made the announcement that Dr. McNeil wished to see the Newfoundland students in his room after breakfast. I glanced round to Fleming just behind me and a troubled look of deep anxiety was on his face as he grasped out the single word, "expelled." To tell the truth we all felt pretty blue and down in the mouth at the gloomy prospect before us. The Students, President and the three Rev. D.D.'s, who constituted the teaching staff residing in the college, took meals all together in the same refectory, and we saw the doctor for the first time since the escape when he came into the breakfast room and took his seat at the table. He wore a little green shamrock in the button-hole of his soutane, and the sight of it brought balm to our troubled hearts and changed the whole prospect. The little emblem of green never seemed so dear to us before. We repaired to his room with more confidence after breakfast, especially as we heard in the meantime from an old servant of the college that although the President's father was from the Highlands, his mother was of Irish descent. That settled it. All that passed at the interview need not be told here. The enormity of our offense was properly shown up; but we were given the holiday, with the condition attached that the President should know where and how we intended to spend it, and that being satisfactory, we should be back by five o'clock. Hogan suddenly discovered that he had a dear relative living in the country—a Newfoundland in the name of Doyle—and that we intended to spend the day at his house. If the innocent look which our spokesman assumed was any criterion of the manner in which we would spend the day, the President must have parted with us in easy mind. We repaired to our rooms, pinned on our shamrocks and marched two deep through the town to a livery stable to engage a team for the day. The people stared at us from all sides as if we were escaped lunatics. One old man, who we afterwards learned was from the County Cork, rushed out in front and took a long view at us; finally he burst out: "Glory be to God and St. Patrick! 'Tis a long time now since I've seen the sight of it, God bless ye, boys! Keep it up!" And he wound his old hat and cheered while the tears dimmed his eyes.

I need not say that Hogan's "cousin" turned out to be a myth, but we spent the day pleasantly at a hospitable and well-to-do farmer's house, and re-awakened memories of our native land in song and story, and the refrain of one song, a parody on "Deep in Canadian woods we've met, from one bright island flown," made the welkin ring on the return journey home and caused the steady-going Scotch farmers to look on with genuine surprise. We had gained a foothold for St. Patrick. A banquet was prepared at the college in honor of the "Irish Students" and the day, and at night instead of the usual routine of study, the President came to the lecture hall and delivered a grand panegyric on the subject of "St. Patrick," his life and work.

We felt triumphant that we had vindicated St. Patrick among our Scotch fellow-students and intertwined the shamrock and the thistle in loving embrace as was never done before in this historic walls of St. Francis Xavier's College. In taking a retrospect of those old days now a mingled feeling of joy and sadness comes over me—joy for having lived those days in happy union with the loyal companions as one big family under the fostering care of learned and kindly-hearted men so well fitted to teach and direct us—sadness to think that those days shall come no more, to feel that the scene is forever changed, the old familiar faces once bright and cheerful scattered, some gone beyond recall, and nothing seems left but the memory of those happy youthful days that shall ever remain fragrant and green.

Watchman, what of the hour? How do those few stand at present who figure in this brief sketch? Some are still journeying on life's rugged way, some have finished the course and already reached the goal. Of the Irish group, poor Menny has dropped out. After leaving college he went to the Irish College at Rome to prosecute his studies for the priesthood, but lost his health and died on his way home in Ireland, where he sleeps his last sleep on Irish soil; Strapp is following his profession as M.D. at Harbor Grace. Doctor Hogan is doing the same in one of the southern districts. McGrath is a prominent M. P. at Bonavista. Finn is a Rev. Father of the Church stationed in a parish away north, and "the last but one, but not least of the group," brother Tom, is also one of God's appointed, doing noble work in God's Vineyard in the wilds of Muskoka, in Canada, and myself—well, I'm trying to do my best with my poor pen and come under the category of that class that sometimes have the honor of being called scribblers of the public press.

Of the Scotch group, jovial and open-hearted Johnston, I understand, is a successful business man in some part of Cape Breton; Donald Chisholm when last heard from was a school teacher, Alex. McNeil is a lawyer and solicitor of one of the leading firms at Halifax, N.S. Angus McDonald, if I mistake not, entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, and

became a priest, and poor Cameron, good and true, Fleming's ever fond and faithful companion, the warm friend of us all, accomplished much in a brief space of time as a holy priest in the service of the Master, and is gone to his reward. God be with them one and all, and with those happy college days, which awaken so many pleasant memories, and fills the heart with noble aspirations, and now after many years in our struggle through life to have lived only for a short time amid such hallowed associations makes us feel that we have caught a glimpse of the cool streams and summer fields find shady groves of the Garden of God.

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

Editor of The Catholic Register: Dear Sir—I read with interest the letter of "A Thorold Catholic" in your issue of the 26th ult., re Missions to non-Catholics, and I quite agree with him as to the prospects of success. I had the pleasure of being present at some of the lectures given by the famous Father Elliott, in connection with a similar mission in Brechin, in Ontario County, a short time after that at Thorold. This Mission was advertised to be given in the public hall, but finding it unsuitable the first night the rest of the lectures were delivered in the parish church. Notwithstanding this and the fact that the weather was rather unfavorable, the Mission was well attended throughout. The question box was well patronized and the literature distributed was eagerly accepted. And I learned afterwards that there were some converts as a result. However, as far as I can learn, priests are so scarce throughout the greater part of Ontario at present, that they have enough to do to attend to the various wants of their own people.

It seems to me, therefore, that for the present it is our first duty to try to remedy this sad state by encouraging vocations to the priesthood. At the same time we can preach a constant mission to non-Catholics by a strict conformity of our lives to the sacred doctrines of our holy religion. We learn from the early history of the Church that the first Christians preached such a mission and that many of the pagans were converted by it.

But alas! in our day and country, many well disposed persons are turned away from the Church by the scandalous lives of some Catholics. What is the use in spending our energies in getting missionaries to preach to non-Catholics that the Mass is the same sacrifice as that of the Cross, and therefore of infinite value, if we, on Sunday morning, trump up all sorts of excuses for staying at home, or if having started from home we stop drinking in an hotel, on the way until we are too late for Mass, or again having gone to Mass, we are impatient to get to the nearest hotel to spend the rest of the Sunday, or a large portion of it, in drunkenness? What is the use in trying to teach non-Catholics that in Holy Communion we receive the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, if some of us go straight from the church to the nearest hotel and get beastly drunk? What is the use of asking non-Catholics to join a congregation in which the highest position to which the people can appoint is given, perhaps, to a hotelkeeper who defies, as far as he dare, the laws of God and man, and is ready to sell intoxicating drink to all who ask for it, even to men already drunk, and to children—as long as they can pay for it, no matter where the money comes from?

There are many other inconsistencies which we must remove in order that our lives may preach the constant mission which I indicated above and moreover, their removal would also leave our hard-worked priests more time to prepare for missions to non-Catholics. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the use of your valuable space, I am, etc., PRUDENCE.

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Write plainly and mention Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

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The Catholic Register Address "SALADA" TEA CO., Toronto

FEDERAL LIFE

Twenty-First Annual Statement

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The new business of the year consisted of 2,012 applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,866,600, of which 1,943 applications for \$2,739,625 were accepted; applications for \$126,975 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$192,462.31, and have now reached \$1,642,387, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,512,387.81, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,474,740.48, showing a surplus of \$1,037,647.33. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$167,647.33.

Policies on 61 lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$132,328.88, of which \$16,048.54 was re-insured in other companies; a rate of mortality considerably under that provided for.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$32,214.74, with annuities, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$201,411.68.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded better than the average results of insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The results of the year indicate a most gratifying progress in every desirable direction. Compared with the preceding year, the figures emitted by the directors for your approval show an advance of 11 per cent. in income, 13 per cent. in assets, and 14 per cent. in the amount of insurance written.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$13,981,577.56, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

DAVID DEXTER, President and Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company: Gentlemen—We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending 31st December, 1902, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company as on 31st December is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted, H. S. STEPHENS, J. J. MASON, Auditors.

Hamilton, March 3, 1903.

Financial Statement for 1902

Premium and Annuity Income	\$481,203.80
Interest and rents	71,297.86
	\$552,501.66
Paid to Policyholders	\$201,411.68
All other payments	167,692.00
Balance	183,397.98
	\$552,501.66

ASSETS—December 31st, 1902

Debentures and bonds	\$ 371,100.86
Mortgages	665,822.95
Loans on Policies, Bonds, Stocks, etc.	278,709.24
All other Assets	326,754.76
	\$1,642,387.81

LIABILITIES

Reserve Fund	\$1,435,641.55
Death Losses awaiting proofs	18,000.00
Other Liabilities	21,098.43
Surplus on Policyholders' Account	167,647.33
	\$1,642,387.81

Assets	\$1,642,387.81
Guarantee Capital	870,000.00
Total Security	\$2,512,387.81
Policies were Issued Assuring	2,739,625.00
Total Assurance in Force	\$13,981,577.56

At the Annual Meeting of shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Company in Hamilton on Tuesday, the third of March, the foregoing reports and statement were received and adopted on the motion of President David Dexter, seconded by Vice-President Lieut.-Col. W. Kerns.

All the retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected: Mr. David Dexter, President and Managing Director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. T. H. Macpherson, Vice-Presidents.

COWAN'S

Perfection Cocoa
Royal Navy Chocolate
Famous Blend Coffee
Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Chocolate Ginger and
Cowan's Oake Icings
ARE PURE HIGH-CLASS GOODS

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Survey, Plans and Descriptions of Properties,
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The Pianauto

The Pianauto is the greatest of all "piano-players." It will play on any piano any piece of music ever written. It can be played by anyone without musical knowledge and its operation is so simple and light that a child can play it with ease. In the total absence of fatigue involved, it differs immensely from all other piano-players, and it is also vastly superior in capacity for "expression."

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Should Travel by the ROYAL MAIL TRAIN

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leaving Montreal 12 noon Sunday, which lands

Passengers, Baggage and Mail

alongside the Royal Mail Steamships at Halifax the following Monday evening, thus saving 24 hours of a sea voyage.

Write for me tables, fares, etc. to 10 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Mardi Gras Festivities

February 18th to 25th, 1903

Return tickets from Toronto to NEW ORLEANS, LA., \$33.76

MOBILE, ALA., and PENSACOLA, FLA., \$32.56

Going Feb. 17th to 22nd, inclusive. Returning valid, arriving at original point not later than Feb. 28th, 1903. Proportionate rates from stations Toronto to North Bay and West.

Service to the South

Fast, luxuriously equipped trains. Prompt connections with all routes. The International Limited leaves Toronto, 4.50 p.m. daily. Cafe Parlor Car and coaches to Detroit. Pullman Sleeper to Cincinnati, connecting for all Southern Resorts.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables, and Information, apply to Agents.

TORONTO OFFICES: North-West cor. King and Yonge Sts., J. W. RYDER, C. P. & Ticket Agent, (Phone, Main 4209). Union Station, J. A. Telfer, Ticket Agent. All inquiries from outside of Toronto should be addressed to J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

TENDERS FOR INDIAN SUPPLIES

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on Wednesday, 1st April, 1903, for the delivery of Indian supplies during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1904, at various points in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

Forms of tender containing full particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. D. McLEAN, Secretary, Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, 16th February, 1903. N.B.—Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority of the Department will not be paid.

Reasonable Treatment for

Eczema Salt Rheum Boils Scrofula

TAKE

WEAVER'S SYRUP

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By Purifying the Blood destroys the origin of these afflictions.

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NOTICE

Friday the Twentieth day of March next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills.

Friday the Twenty-seventh day of March next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

Thursday, the Ninth day of April next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE, Clerk Legislative Assembly

Devotion beautifies the soul, especially the soul of the young.

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

On Feb. 20 took place the presentation to the Pope of the very rich golden tiara, the gift of the Catholics of the whole world. It was presented by His Eminence Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of Rome, accompanied by all the Bishops who are in Rome at the present moment, for this occasion. All the Cardinals of the Sacred College here assisted at the solemn ceremony, which was carried out with great solemnity. The Noble Guards who accompanied the Pope appeared then in their new uniforms of red, a color which they have not worn since the 20th of September, 1870. All the members of the Pontifical Court were arrayed in their most gorgeous uniforms.

The tiara which the Catholics of the world, on the initiative of the International Committee, presided over by Count Giovanni Acqueduni, offered then to the Holy Father has been executed by the illustrious Bolognese artist, the goldsmith Augusto Milani, whose former works have been much admired, such as the votive lamp offered by the Italian pilgrimage at the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. The tiara is of fine silver bands, all wrought in relief, of oval form, somewhat pointed at the top, surmounted by the cross dominating a tiny globe representing the world, and this is fixed upon a curved, dome-like form which surmounts the pierced summit of the tiara, the piercings being in star-like forms suggesting the firmament. The silver oval is divided by three crowns of the purest gold placed one above the other. The two bands which run between the first and second and the second and third crowns are adorned with continuous reliefs, very choice in design, and every finely wrought, representing olive branches burdened with fruit, which, rising from the base, are exquisitely interwoven one with another, covering the silver ground work with leaves and fruit.

On the first band are placed six medallions admirably wrought in niello, which, as the late Professor Middleton described it, is "a method of producing delicate and minute decoration on a polished metal surface by incised lines filled in with a black metallic amalgam." In four of these medallions are figured the first Pope, St. Peter, Leo XIII., who has reigned the years of St. Peter in Rome, Pope Pius IX., and the figure of an angel. In the other two are two inscriptions wrought in the same style.

The upper part of the tiara above the third crown is all pierced, a device which has allowed the maker to give it the necessary lightness in weight—which is just two pounds avoirdupois—and to the design a lightness which is pleasing to the eye. This rare artistic work is valued at several thousands of francs, and has occupied the artist during a whole year. Such is the gift which, through the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, the Catholic world presents to the Pope on this the 25th anniversary of his election to the See of St. Peter!

ENGLAND

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

It is believed that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who is near seventy, and not in robust health, is about to ask the Pope to appoint a Coadjutor cum iure successionis. In London Catholic circles interest is already aroused as to the name of the probable Coadjutor. It is said that at one time the strong wish of Cardinal Vaughan was that the choice of the clergy should fall on Monsignor Merry del Val, a brilliant young prelate who, though still at the sunny side of forty, has filled with such distinction many high offices, and is so great a favorite of the Pope. Monsignor Merry del Val is Irish by paternal descent, Spanish by birth, and English by education and maternal descent. To Monsignor Merry del Val the English Catholic nobility have, it is said, made strong objection, for while they admit his eminent fitness, they hold that the appointment of a foreigner to the See of Westminster would have a bad effect on the interests of the Church in England. Cardinal Wiseman, though born in Spain, was technically an English citizen, his Irish father and mother being British subjects. It is now believed that the new Coadjutor will be Dr. Bourne, the Bishop of Southwark, unless his health should not be strong enough. Dr. Bourne is the son of an Irish father and mother.

The legend according to which Pope Leo XIII. is styled "Lumen in Coelo" finds no favor amongst the learned, nor, it is said, with His Holiness himself. Irish saints attracted a vast amount of interest in the Middle Ages and, especially the voyages of St. Brendan and the Prophecies of St. Malachy, who was Archbishop of Armagh in the eleventh century. One of the alleged prophecies of the saint described past Popes from St. Peter by a motto, and in a similar manner predicted the character of future ones. The late Marquis of Bute, who was as learned as he was devout, devoted

to this alleged prophecy a very learned article in The Dublin Review. Lord Bute's belief was that the Prophecy was a sixteenth century forgery. He shows how up to the date of the Prophecy's appearance the mottoes exactly fitted, yet it was only by desperate efforts they could be made to apply to the Popes in later days. "Lumen in Coelo" fits well enough for so learned and brilliant a Pontiff as Pope Leo, but Lord Bute pointed out that anything could be explained in the way in which it has been said that "Aquila Rapax" refers, not to the gentle and holy Pope Pius VI., but to the "Ravenous Eagle," Napoleon, who made the Pope a prisoner.

FRANCE

The conflict between the Holy See and the French Government over the nomination of the Bishops is still continuing. The Univers states that the Sovereign Pontiff would on no account accept the nominations made by the French Government without a previous understanding on the important matter at issue. The conflict has reference to the intentions of the French Government to nominate bishops to the Sees of Bayonne, Saint Jean de Maurienne, and Constantine without referring to Rome. A minor phase of the conflict is the refusal by the French Council of State, the guardian of the Administration, to register the bulls of the Canonical institution or investiture of the Bishops of Annecy and Carcassone. Strictly speaking, the real conflict is that about the nominations to the three Sees mentioned. M. Combes must undoubtedly give way on this question, unless he wants to get himself branded as the most unstatesmanlike of all the French Republicans who have held the reins of power since the fall of the Second Empire.

The phase of the conflict which has special reference to the question of what is known as the "nominavit nobis," is by no means new. It was raised by the nomination of the Bishop of Quimper, who, in the Papal bull, was described as having been "presented," not "named" or "nominated," to the Sovereign Pontiff by the then President of the Republic, M. Thiers. Cardinal Antonelli admitted that the wording of the bull needed alteration under the terms of the Napoleonic Concordat, so he had the "presentate" changed to "nominate." The French Government thus vindicated its claim to "nominate" bishops. At that time there was no question of the "nobis," but in 1872 the re-established Council of State objected to that pronoun, as the French Government is also doing now, in connection with the institution or investiture of Mgr. Delannoy to the Bishopric of St. Denis. It was considered that the use of the "nobis," meaning that the President of the Republic had named to the Sovereign Pontiff the selected bishop, did not indicate sufficiently the authority of the French Government in the matter. The French President accordingly issued a decree formally asserting the authority of the State relative to the nominations of bishops, and admitting that the Holy See had fully recognized this authority, and agreeing to the formula in the bulls of "nominavit nobis," as the said phrase or formula was not intended to be prejudicial to the rights of the Government. It was also set forth that the said phrase or formula had been employed in the Papal bulls since 1803, that is to say, in the time of the First Napoleon. Thus both Napoleon and M. Thiers admitted this formula, which M. Combes or his State Councillors find, or affect to find, incompatible with the dignity of the Government. With reference to the direct nominations which M. Combes is trying to carry through as regards the Sees of Bayonne, Saint Jean de Maurienne and Constantine, M. de Narfon, very appropriately recalls in The Gaulois the fact that, in 1880, M. Florens nounced to Mgr. Puyol, then chaplain of a college in Paris, that the Government intended to nominate him to a certain See without any preoccupation as to whether Rome would ratify the selection or not. The priest simply refused to have a nomination to a bishopric on such terms, wrote on the subject to Gambetta, who not only approved of his determination, but said he would arrange that no such attempt to alienate Episcopal candidates from their allegiance to the Holy See should be made thereafter.

In this connection the clause of the Concordat of 1801 with reference to the nominations of French bishops is worth quoting. It runs: "The nominations to new bishoprics, and to those left vacant, shall be made by the First Consul, and the Canonical institution shall be given by the Holy See, according to the forms established, as regards France, before the change of Government."

LIKE OTHER EVILS cramps and diarrhoea come suddenly. Promptly give a dose of Perry Davis' Painkiller and the pains will go immediately. A bottle at hand will save hours of suffering—be prepared.

CENTENARY OF A FAMOUS ABBEY

Rome, March 9.—When Napoleon the Great was in his glory he wrote from Erfurt to Talma, the great tragedian, "Come to Erfurt and you will play to a pitful of Kings!" Yesterday afternoon when Cardinal Satolli stepped on to the platform in the great hall of the Cancellaria Palace to inaugurate the celebration of the 9th centenary of Grottaferrata Abbey, it might well be said that he addressed an audience of Princes. Ten Cardinals in their scarlet robes occupied the row of crimson and gilded chairs that stretched from one side of the hall to the other. Here were their Eminences Vincenzo Vannutelli, Bishop of Palestrina; Macchi, Martinelli, Mathieu, Sanminiatielli, Cassetts, Tripepi, Segna, Gennari and Vives y Tula.

The occasion was an important and interesting one. At Grottaferrata, about 14 miles from Rome, there stands an Abbey of Greek Basilian monks, which is renowned in Italy and throughout Europe. It is near to Frascati, and the road that leads from this suburban See to Grottaferrata is very beautiful in the spring and summer; great elms border it and shade it. "When you reach the Abbey," wrote a traveller some years ago, "you might imagine that you were the victim of some illusion, and that you were in presence of a vast mediaeval fortress. The enclosing walls present a quadrangular form with towers and by ramparts fortified with turrets. A deep ditch surrounds the whole mass of the buildings, and, although it is under cultivation at present, it might even yet be easily inundated, and thus serve to defend the Abbey."

That the Abbey of Grottaferrata occupies the site of Cicero's Tusculan Villa is the opinion of Padre A. Rocchi, the Basilian Monk, who has written a most interesting work on this Monastery. This opinion is supported by the late master of Christian Archaeology, John Baptist de Rossi, who, after treating of the question in an exhaustive manner, declared that the greatest number of the best archaeologists and topographers recognize this as the site of Cicero's Tusculan Villa.

At the beginning of the 11th century, that is to say in the year 1004, under the Pontificate of Pope John XVIII., brother of Gregory I., Count of Tuscum, the Abbey of Grottaferrata Nilus, a saintly Abbot of Calabria, of a noble family of Rossana, tormented by the incursions of the Saracens, who were masters of Sicily, and infested the southern shores of the Peninsula, went about 980 to the neighboring districts of Campania. After years spent in other parts of Italy he finally came to the spot where the Abbey of Grottaferrata now stands. In the traditions of the time, though they had grown languid, the place that he had fixed upon was the famous Tusculan Villa, which had descended from hand to hand among the Lords of Tuscum, and which in that period was a rude country house held by tillers of the soil. It was a select place, because it was furnished with water, and sanctified by the vicinity of a church, of which according to De Rossi's accounts, there are few but important remains in the Abbey. "The robust Roman constructions," writes Rocchi, "those great vaults rendered habitable, of some one of which it may be supposed a chapel was formed with iron railings, may have given to the whole place, long before the Abbey was founded, the name of Grottaferrata."

In a discourse which was a delight to listen to from the excellent mode of enunciation employed by the speaker, in which every word stood out clear and distinct, and from the admirable manner in which the thoughts followed one another, equally clear and distinct, Cardinal Satolli traced in rapidly succeeding pictures the story of the growth and life of this great monastic centre of religion and learning. He dwelt on the original purpose of this retreat—the pursuit of the religious life. Then he dwelt on this singular peculiarity of the Abbey, which is the use of the Greek Rite in its church. Although the Rite of the Latin Church is exercised within its walls in the administration of the Sacraments to the faithful, and also in the celebration of the Divine mysteries for the people, nevertheless the principal and most solemnly employed is the Greek Rite, which is special to the monks of St. Basil.

Then the Cardinal referred to the other works by which the monks of Grottaferrata deserved well of mankind. The cultivation of learning was a portion of their daily labor, and towards the development of knowledge and its preservation devoted to our own days they contributed largely by their indefatigable copying of ancient documents, especially those in the Greek language. The natural consequence of the place which this Abbey has for nine centuries occupied, the essential effect of the application of the monks to studies, and of their love for good literature and for artistic calligraphy, is that within its walls there were to be met with, and even still there are, important monuments of literature and of art. It would be a long task to relate and describe the valuable ancient manuscripts they once possessed, many of which have been transferred to the Vatican, and others which they still possess.

They also, learning this from the Benedictine Monks of Monte Cassino, gave themselves up to the cultivation

of the land, and thus proved of inestimable benefit to the people who settled around the Abbey, and who were employed by them, and who learned from them to reclaim lands from their prevailing barrenness. In many parts of Italy the beneficial efforts of the monks to make two blades of grass where only one grew before have been recognized by a grateful people.

Cardinal Satolli dwelt on the unity of these Basilian monks of Grottaferrata with the Holy See, even though their rite and language were Greek. Their constant attachment to the centre of unity took away from the dissentient Greeks the excuse that these rites and language were alien to Rome. The learned Cardinal pointed out that the New Testament, with the exception of St. Matthew's Gospel, was written in Greek, and that it was the language used by the Popes for the first two centuries of the Church. He declared that the Church is the jealous custodian of the Greek Rite. In a grand outburst of fervid eloquence, in which every word sounded clear as the stroke of a hammer upon a bell, he described the benefits of the monastic Orders in religion and to humanity. Art, literature, and Science owed much to them.

Chats With Young Men

THOUGHTS INTENDED FOR AD- JUMENT.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie was present at a meeting of a young men's society recently and delivered an address, in the course of which he said: "The best of wealth is not what it does for the owner, but what it enables him to do for others. "It is one of the most cheering facts of our days that under present conditions the wages of labor tend to rise, and the price of necessities of life to fall. There was never a nation so splendidly situated as ours is at this moment in regard to labor. Every sober, capable and willing man finds employment at wages which, with thrift and a good wife to manage, will enable him to go far toward laying up a competence for old age. There is nothing upon which the success and happiness of a workingman as much depends as a good managing wife.

"And here let one who has, almost without intention or desire, had himself loaded with somewhat more than a competence, tell you soberly that what one has beyond this brings little with it, and sometimes nothing desirable with it. What all of you should strive for is a competence, without which, Junius has said, no man can be happy. No man should be happy without it if it be within his reach. I urge all of you to save a part of your earnings these prosperous days and put it in savings banks at interest, or, better still, buy a home with it."

REVERENCE.

Reverence is a quality sadly lacking in the youth of to-day. There is prevailing an exaggerated idea of the "I'm as good as anybody, b'gosh!" sentiment. So you are "as good as anybody," son, if you make yourself so. But, being as good as anybody, you will not need to thrust that information on any one. Nor will you need to despise others. If you are really worthy of respect, you will not have to make an effort to exact respect. And it is a mistake to imagine that treating others with lack of respect elevates yourself. Respect will be paid to real worth by those whose opinions are worth the while. If your goodness does not meet appreciation by people of worthy character there is something the matter with your goodness. It would be well to make a personal inquiry and locate the trouble.

The habit of treating sacred subjects with levity is a bad one. It kills reverence in our hearts, and thus lowers our standards of goodness. We need to nourish high ideals of right, of goodness, of holiness or our characters are degraded. When reverence goes out greed, selfishness and inhumanity come in. Besides the wrong done to our natures when we fail, in reverence things held sacred, we do a grievous wrong to others. It is evil enough to lower our own standard of right, but when we cloud the sense of purity, of sacredness, in others it is doubly wrong. If we fail in ourselves to keep some ideal holy for our aspirations let us not drag the ideal of others in the dust under our feet.

BASEBALL AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

St. Michael's College will be represented on the diamond this year by one of the fastest college teams in Canada.

Of last year's team, Rosler, J. F. Kelley, Nixon, Quinn, Cunningham, Pickett and Dooley are available, while the new talent consists of Lynch, third baseman of the Scranton, Pa., State League team; Murphy, of Sandwich College; Dunn, of Holy Cross, and Burke, of the Pittston, Pa., team.

In the box will be found Burns, who twirled for the Fitchburg, Mass., High School team, and Riley, the crack twirler of the Middletown, Conn., State League team.

Behind the bat will be found Gorman and Nixon; Dooley will cover first base, J. F. Kelley second, Quinn short, and Lynch third. For the outfield there will be many aspirants. Rosler's record with the

famous Carbondale "Pets" last year, makes him a fixture in left field, while Murphy, Pickett, Cunningham, Ruddy and Burke will try for the other positions.

Senior League teams desiring practice matches before the opening of their respective leagues would do well to communicate with the secretary of the baseball team at once, as the schedule is now in preparation.

The season will open April 4th with a game against one of the strong city teams.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmele's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

HEROIC FATHER PUETZ

(From The New York Independent.)

Father Puetz is the only Catholic priest on the Island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies. When the terrible explosion of the Soufriere volcano occurred last May this clergyman was at Kingstown, at the southern end of the island, beyond the zone of devastation by steam and mud and blistering ash. Many were killed in that eruption, scores survived only to suffer from burns and blows of falling stones, while hundreds were made homeless and driven to distant settlements for shelter and food, their cabins burned, their little gardens blighted in the rush of scalding sulphurous vapor, the mills and plantations where they had worked buried under a million tons of dust and scoria. The poor blacks were dazed with grief and pain, and they were in sorry need. The land was filled with the cry of the children.

HOPED TO SPEND HIS DECLIN- ING DAYS IN COMFORT IN HIS NATIVE LAND.

Now, Father Puetz is a quiet, modest, sunny man, who is pastor of so small a church that he has a task to keep his people together. The money received for his services was little, for, like all of the Antilles, St. Vincent is poor, the people in a quarter instances earning more than a quarter of a dollar a day for mechanic labor, and but 10 or 15 cents for work in the fields. Yet he had managed to save a penny here and twopenny there, because it was the hope of his life to go back to Germany, his old home, and see his friends and kin before he died. He had been separated from them for years, and as the pennies increased to shillings, and the shillings at awesome intervals grew to pounds he began to dream glad dreams of the day when he would actually set sail for the old country. His joy was near, for he had enough for his steamer passage, and, lacking a few shillings, for the expenses of the trip. In a few weeks he would be in Germany; he would sit at meat with the old friends; he would hear his native speech; he would see smiles of welcome on the remembered faces; he would breathe an air of freedom; he would throw care aside and for the first time in years he would have rest.

GAVE HIS LIFE'S EARNINGS FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

In the day of shaking and thunder and darkness he learned that 1,500 of the natives of the island had been slain, that the northern third of St. Vincent was a smoking desert, that thousands of survivors, some barely able to move or be moved, were retreating across the hills, a hungry, frightened army. Father Puetz went to the bank, drew out every penny of his savings and placed the sum in the hands of the officials. "Give this to the people who need," said he.

The ship that had so often taken him to Germany in his imagination slipped away in the night. The sun that should have risen among the lindens still rose above the palms. It was only the silent birds of the tropics that stirred in the leaves, not the singing lark and flute-throated starling. Instead of happy days, days of friendliness and cheer, the priest saw before him months of duty, months of hardship, years—perhaps a lifetime—of imprisonment in his exile. But there was no repining, no complaint. He went about his work with a smiling face. In the greater suffering of the people he forgot his own. His dreams had faded, from clouds had fallen, but a ray from heaven pierced the darkness on that day and lighted a halo on the head of Father Puetz.

THE DEMON, DYSPEPSIA.—In olden time it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmele's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial. When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Laven's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. BUFFALO. GOLD MEDAL. AWARDED. Labatt's Ale and Porter. SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS.

"BREAD THAT IS BREAD". Such is the opinion of the people that use TOMLIN'S. The Toronto Bakery. 420, 422, 424, 426 and 428 Bathurst St. Phone Park 653 and have one of our waggons call with a sample loaf. It only costs 5c.

OUR BRANDS. The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited. TORONTO.

Established 1856. Office and Yard FRONT ST., NEAR BATHURST Telephone No. 440. Office and Yard PRINCESS STREET DOCK Telephone No. 190. P. BURNS & CO. Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Coal and Wood. Head Office 38 King St. East. PHONE MAIN 131.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale. Their other brands, which are very fine, are: INDIA SPECIAL, AMBER, JUBILEE, CROWN SPECIAL, XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF. The above brands can be had at all first-class dealers.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS EPPS'S COCOA. An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in 4 lb. tins, labeled JAMES EPPS & CO. Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England. EPPS'S COCOA GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOUR.

If you are Renting or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in New Ontario. For particulars write to HON. E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto, Ont.

POPE IS IN GOOD HEALTH. Rome, March 9.—The Pope this morning received in audience Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, France, thus contradicting the alarming rumors which again had been circulated regarding the Pontiff's health. His Holiness, in the course of this morning's audience, said to Cardinal Perraud that he hoped the relations between France and the Holy See would continue to improve, for they were not so bad as the enemies of the church wished. The Pope during the afternoon received in separate audiences five Cardinals who are leaving Rome, now that the jubilee celebrations are over. He will receive tomorrow a delegation of British Catholics headed by the Duke of Norfolk.

Allen's Lung Balsam. The best Cough Medicine. ABSOLUTE SAFETY should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium, and is prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs. Try it now, and be convinced.

Empress Hotel. Corner of Yonge and Gold Streets TORONTO. Terms: \$1.50 per day. Grading in all its variety. Paper hang- ing w.c., etc. SOLICITS A TRIAL. OFFICES 161 QUEEN ST. WEST. RESIDENCE 3 D'ARCY Telephone Main 8776.

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Barone's Talisman

GEORGINE T. BATES IN LOS ANGELES TIMES

Turning up the smoky lamp to its utmost in a vain endeavor to make it fulfil its office of lighting the ten-by-twelve room, Jim Barone proceeded to examine the packages which he had picked up on the street.

The removal of the inner wrapping of white tissue paper disclosed a diary elaborately bound in embossed leather, covered with a delicate tracery of gold.

The fly leaf bore the inscription: "From Ethel to Jim."

Smiling at the coincidence in names, Barone turned the pages idly, admiring the illuminated order and the design of which changed with the changing months. Then turning back to the beginning, he noticed what had before escaped him, a page of resolutions, and at the top, written in the same girlish hand, was the inscription, "I will not touch wine this year," and after it an interrogation point in lead pencil.

Barone laughed cynically. "So!" he said. "A sting in the tail. Evidently some young woman intent on the reform of her lover. Not a rafter, however, or she would not be satisfied with anything less than a life sentence. Shown her class, too, in taking wine as her symbol. Poor, unsophisticated Ethel! to start a raid against wine and leave the door open to whisky, brandy and gin!"

Jim Barone, sitting with the book in his hand, tried to reproduce in his imagination the sender of the gift and its to-have-been recipient.

Had it been lost by some serious-eyed maiden on her way to midnight service at the church whose lighted windows twinkled invitingly at him as he fought his way home through the sandstorm that raged outside. Improbable! There was too keen an appreciation for the gliding of life shown in the purchase. Doubtless it was one of the world's people hurrying up town to dance the old year out and the new year in in the good, old-time fashion. Barone sighed.

Time was when he, too, had mingled with wealth and fashion and drank punch from cut glass in company with star-eyed debutantes. And perhaps his present dinky surroundings could be traced to that self-same punch-bowl.

But at heart Jim Barone was a gentleman still, and an honest man, for it was his boast that if he dissipated it was not at the expense of his landlady or his washerwoman—a thing greatly to his credit; or was it to the credit of his ancestors, who had provided him with an income, tying up the principal so that it could not be squandered.

Drawing a letter-pad toward him, Barone wrote:

"If Ethel will send her address, the package which she lost on New Year's eve will be returned to her. Address J. B., Times Office."

"Too late for to-morrow's issue," Barone thought; "but I will take it over the first thing in the morning."

Pulling a handful of small change from his pocket he looked at it ruefully. A whole week before he could hope for a remittance, and funds were running low. Even twenty cents counted these days—still, Ethel must have her book.

But nothing came of the advertisement, and the diary remained to keep Jim company. Often he took it out and as he turned the pages he all unconsciously formed an ideal Ethel endowed her with the attributes he most admired in women and gradually she became an influence in his life.

One morning, awakened out of a heavy sleep by the shrill cry of a newsboy, Barone sprang to the window and called loudly for the boy to bring him a copy. He scanned the columns with feverish haste, until he came to an account of a "drunken brawl. This he read eagerly, and then dropped back on his pillows with a sigh of relief. The man was not dead, then—those implicated were unknown—by a merciful chance he had escaped being a murderer.

For a long time he lay staring at the ceiling, then, rising, he brought from his hiding place the diary and wrote below Ethel's line, "nor any other liquor, so help me God," and signed it "Jim."

But to determine it is much easier than to do, and Jim soon found that if he would keep his resolution he must have some occupation. But what? A stranger in a strange land with a none too savory past might look long for employment.

Jim bought himself a wheel, and when the thirst was upon him he rode, choosing the most crowded thoroughfares, where every faculty must be on the alert to avoid accidents. Killed he might be, but drink he would not. In the past he drank because he chose, but to yield now would be to acknowledge himself a slave to the habit.

His old comrades naturally resented his desertion, but he put them off with a, "Wait till the year is over, boys," in a tone that promised great things. And they concluded that something worth the effort was at stake and left him alone.

"Wise little Ethel! Well you knew the limit of a man," Jim would exclaim, grimly, when the temptation was strongest; and then fall to picturing the long, glorious spree he would have when the year was over.

But before that time things had changed with Barone.

In his long rides he frequently ran across a story or a bit of news that had escaped the regular reporters, and as the editor of a newspaper does not inquire into the antecedents of space writers, but is content if the story be readable and the news accurate, Jim soon became a familiar figure in the precincts of The Times.

But the city editor of The Times was a man of observation. He noticed Jim's dissipated appearance when he first began to turn in copy, and watched with interest the plucky fight he was making. Occasionally he gave him a detail, and finding that he had the newspaper instinct and good judgment, he offered him a place on the regular force at the beginning of the new year.

Sitting in his room, diary in hand, Barone reviewed the year, contrasting past and present. Then, taking up a pen, he gaily wrote: "Yours for another year, dear Ethel—Jim."

At that moment three young men burst into the room, exclaiming: "Come on now, Jimmy! Hurry up! Now for the spree you promised us!"

"Oh, I say, boys," exclaimed Jim, in a tone of regret that was not altogether feigned, "why didn't you come sooner? You are just one-half minute too late."

"Oh, come off!"

"Fact. Have just signed the pledge for another year."

In vain he offered them a supper with their own particular and unlimited quantities. If he was to be a death's head at the feast they would have none of it. Gloomily they filed down the stairs, muttering complimentary remarks. Jim knew they had turned their backs on him forever, and for a moment he suffered the loneliness that comes of virtue.

Then with a shrug he turned to planning his future. His connection with the paper would give him a standing in the community; his salary would enable him to live better; there should be new surroundings, new interests, new friends.

For four years Jim Barone had renewed the pledge, but to-night he hesitated. To-morrow he dined with the Governor, an informal dinner, but there would be wine. It would make him conspicuous. Why not postpone the pledge for one day? But was he sure it would be for only one day?

Had he the courage to begin the struggle over again if the temptation proved dormant—not dead? He had climbed fast and high; could he afford to risk so much?

Half regretfully he wrote: "Yours for another year, dear Ethel—Jim."

The Governor's dinner was a small one; a rising young lawyer, a doctor, two men prominent in politics and finance and their wives, two young ladies invited to balance the tables were all, besides Barone and the Governor's daughter, a slip of a girl not yet out of school.

If Barone had hoped his abstinence would pass unnoticed he was doomed to disappointment. One of the young ladies challenged, and he was obliged to stand by his colors before the whole company. And the young men, taking advantage of the informality of the occasion, made him the subject of much raillery.

The Governor frowned. His dinner was not going smoothly, and he had no wife to take the helm and guide the conversation into smoother waters. His glance fell on his daughter, who sat gazing at the company with flushed face and indignant eyes. The Governor was reminded of the time he found her with a disabled kitten in her arms, keeping at bay a horde of street urchins from whom she had rescued it. Suddenly he determined to throw the game into her hands.

"I had intended," he began, "to propose a toast, but as my daughter Ethel" (Barone started at the name) "has to-day reached her majority, I will allow her to do it in my place."

Instantly the girl was upon her feet. She paused. A look of sweet seriousness replaced the excitement of a moment before. It was a look that the opponents of the Governor, when he was a young man at the bar, had learned to know and to fear. The droop of the long lashes betokened not so much shyness as a wish to hide the thought until the proper moment for denouement.

Standing with the unconscious grace of one entirely forgetful of self, the girl began in clear, level tones, slowly, as one who chooses words with care:

"Ladies and gentleman, it is with pleasure that I rise to propose as a toast the man that has the courage of his convictions—the man who, when reason dictates, does not hesitate to cut new paths for himself and to walk in them regardless of criticism. Such men the country needs, and when one is found, the highest gift in the hands of the people is not too great for him." Looking around the company she continued: "We are fortunate in having such a man with us to-day," then, for the first time glancing toward Barone, she said: "Let us drink the health of Mr. Barone, editor of The Western Register."

She had thrown down the gauntlet. The company burst into applause. Until the end they had supposed it a speech prepared for the occasion, and were expecting a toast to Theodore Roosevelt. They marveled at the

young girl's readiness, not realizing that her inheritance, enthusiasm, even her sorrow, had combined to fit her for the part. Even the Governor looked at his daughter curiously, with the amazement that parents feel when they see their own traits repeated in their children.

Fortunately for Barone, the laughing banter which followed spared him the necessity of responding to the toast.

When the party adjourned to the drawing-room Barone seated himself by Ethel.

"You were very kind to me to-night," he said.

"I was so angry—at the others. I could have beat them with my fists."

"But why?" he asked, amazed at her vehemence.

"They make it so hard for a man to be good."

"Do you like stories?" he asked, "or are you quite too old for that?"

The impulse to tell her his story was upon him.

She smiled encouragingly, and he began the story of the finding of his talisman.

"Why, it was my book," she exclaimed, when he got to the writing.

"Impossible. You were a child. It was years ago."

"It had an illuminated border all around the leaves."

"And who was Jim?" he asked.

"Jim was my brother," and her eyes filled with tears.

Then Barone remembered, early in his newspaper career, the story of a bar-room fight suppressed because in the son of the Governor had been killed.

"I should like to keep the book," he said, softly; "it has become very dear to me."

"Why, of course," she said. Just then the Governor glanced at her, and seeing the look which Barone was regarding his daughter, he frowned.

"I must look up that fellow's antecedents," he thought.

But in spite of that some years later a final entry was made in the time-worn book which read:

"Yours until death, dear wife.—Jim."—Georgine T. Bates, in Los Angeles Times.

NO ALCOHOL IN IT.—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Nor do climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the higher latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

THE FEDERAL LIFE. The Federal Life Assurance Company is now of age, having completed its twenty-first year in business. And in that last year of its minority its favorite company made an enviable showing, which must have been quite pleasant for the shareholders who attended the annual meeting. The report of the directors, which may be found in the advertising department of this issue, shows that the new business of the year 1902 included 2,012 applications for insurance, amounting to \$2,866,600, of which were accepted 1,943 applications aggregating the handsome sum of \$2,739,625. The income of the company showed a gratifying increase, which added \$192,462.31 to the assets, and brought these up to \$1,642,387.81, exclusive of guarantee capital. The security for policyholders is shown to be \$2,512,387.81, while the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims amount to \$1,474,740.48, leaving the tidy surplus of \$1,037,647.33. The assurances carried by the company amount to \$13,981,577.56, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and a considerable surplus beside. These figures show a great business, and Manager Dexter and his staff of able men have good right to be proud of the showing made by the favorite Federal life for the year 1902.

I AM A NEW MAN Angus McMillan, Over 80 Years of Age, Pays His Respects to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured His Dyspepsia. Nothing tells more forcibly the benefits aged people receive from the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets than the story of one of those old people themselves. Hear then the story of Angus McMillan, of Laggan, P.O., Glenageary, Co. Dub. Long past the three score and ten mark is Mr. McMillan, for he is over eighty years of age, and though for twenty years he suffered the pains and discomforts that only the dyspeptic knows he is today as bright and strong and cheerful as many a man of sixty. He has shaken off his old tormentors. He is a new man. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets did it.

"I suffered with Dyspepsia for more than twenty years," says Angus McMillan, "but never met with anything to cure me till a few months back when I commenced taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets when after using them for two days all pain and restlessness left me entirely. I am a new man. I have great reason to be thankful for all the good Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done for me." Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the antidote for discomfort.

LOSS OF FLESH, cough and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balsam loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

Some time ago your correspondent came upon a very unique article in an old publication, on the subject of "Ancestral Societies;" the very same day, in an American daily, of anti-Catholic leanings, there appeared a strange criticism of national societies. The latter contribution to the journalistic literature of the hour appears to have a special object in view—and that is nothing less than the decrying of all Irish national organizations. It sets out with the general principle that in America there is no aristocracy, and all races should leave behind them, in the old world, their national traditions, customs, memories and attachments and lose their identity in one general American nationality. This struck me as very ridiculous. As well as ask the newly-married couple, who have entered into their home for the future, to forget the existence of their respective parents, to wipe out all recollection of the homes of their childhood, and to consign to oblivion the attachments of their past lives. What seems most to have affected the author of this unique article is the "prevailing tendencies of such people as the Irish to organize purely national societies in this country."

He would also like very much to know "what have we to do with the traditions of that land (meaning Ireland), and of what benefit to our government can be those Hibernians and Sons of St. Patrick and of other saints?" There is a certain degree of ignorance displayed in the foregoing that one can afford to pass over in silence and with pity. But what has made me seriously reflect upon the animus exhibited, is the fact that the Irish should be selected as the sole objects of this Solon's criticism. This brings me to the old article first mentioned, and in which I find a very interesting account of the "Ancestral Societies" of New York.

I will take a few extracts from it, sorry indeed that I cannot intrude on the limited space of a weekly sufficiently to reproduce the entire contribution. However, what I am about to give will suffice to illustrate what appears to me to be a very reasonable contention on my part. But first let us have the extracts:

"The oldest of the New York societies, and American because composed exclusively of American citizens, descendants of colonists of New York, is the St. Nicholas Society of the city of New York. It was organized at a meeting held in the Washington Hotel on February 21, 1835, and is incorporated in 1841. Washington Irving was very active in organizing it, and was its Secretary before the adoption of the constitution; he afterwards became Vice-President of the society. Its membership is confined to persons who are descendants of natives or residents of the city of New York prior to 1785, and is limited to 650. It has long had a waiting list, and the larger part of the members now elected are descendants of former members, the society having become hereditary to a large extent. It is a New York society, composed of descendants of early settlers of every nationality, though Dutch traditions are largely preserved in it."

Leaving aside the details of the ceremonies and festivals of this association, we pass to the next:

"The Holland Society of New York, as might be expected from the Dutch origin of the city, is a large and influential organization, though its origin is as recent as 1885. Its membership is composed of descendants in the direct line of a Dutchman who was a native or resident of New York or of the American colonies prior to the year 1675, but including also descendants of persons of other nationalities who found a refuge in Holland. It practically requires its members to show a pedigree of two and a quarter centuries, and is thus one of the strictest of the ancestral societies. The society has undertaken some important public enterprises, such as raising funds for a statue of William the Silent, and to be erected in this city (New York) and arranging for courses of lectures on Dutch literature at Columbia University."

Here we might recall the subject of chairs of Irish language in American Universities; but we will just pass on to another:

"Another organization in which Dutch traditions predominate is the St. Nicholas Club, founded in 1875, which has a club-house in West Forty-fourth street. Its purpose is to collect and preserve information respecting the early history and settlement of New York City and State, and to promote social intercourse. Its membership is limited to 400, each of whom must be a descendant of a person who was a native or a resident of the city or State prior to 1785."

We now come to a fourth one: "The Huguenot Society of America is a national organization with headquarters in New York, founded in 1883 by the Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer. Its object is to perpetuate the memory and to foster and promote the principles and virtues of the Huguenots. The membership is confined to descendants in the direct male lines or through female lines of the Huguenot families which emigrated from France prior to the promulgation of the Edict of Toleration, November

28, 1787, and, unlike other societies of this kind, to writers who have distinguished themselves in research in Huguenot history."

Finally we have this one: "The Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of New York was organized in 1894 on a call issued by Capt. Richard H. Greene, the historian of the society. Other State societies elsewhere followed the formation of the New York Society, and in 1897 a national society was formed, with which all the State societies are affiliated, and membership in which is a necessary preliminary to membership in the State societies. The members, as the name of the society indicates, are persons lineally descended from passengers on the first trip of the Mayflower to this continent, or signers of the compact made on board that historic vessel."

As I stated, I purposely skip all details, which are otherwise very interesting. Now here we are in presence of national societies and even a religious organization of a quasi-national character. These associations are formed in America for the avowed, and very legitimate, purpose of preserving and perpetuating the national traditions of the Dutch immigrants to America, and for the upholding and conservation of the ideas, memories, associations and tenets of the Protestant French contingent to America; or, as in the last case, of the old Puritan forefathers of the first settlers in New England. While in no way in sympathy with either the national or religious sentiments of these people, we must fully recognize their right to form themselves into such bodies, and we must admire their attachment to the principles and the deeds of their ancestors.

How comes it that, when it becomes a question of Irishmen organizing societies of a national or Catholic character, the very people who are wild in their admiration of the Dutch descendants of early settlers, and of their patriotic mode of reviving the memories of the past, should object and find ground for unfavorable criticism? This all simply shows that the know-nothing spirit of prejudice, which once so nearly ruined the prospects of the great American Republic, has not yet been fully exorcized. It is in no spirit of ill-feeling that I draw attention to this contrast and even contradiction, but rather to make use of it as an incentive to Irishmen, on this side of the Atlantic to continue in their noble efforts to perpetuate the glories of their race, and to go forward in union, without paying the slightest attention to the firebrand and irrational enemies of their fatherland and of their church.

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OBITUARY Last week, at her late residence, 236 Borden street, Bridget Jones, wife of Samuel Hallett, Mrs. Hallett had been ill for the past three years, and her medical attendants did everything in their power in hopes of her recovery. Her illness was borne with the patience, fortitude and resignation that spring from well grounded faith. For some days past her relatives and friends had been sadly awaiting the coming of the great change, and at 8 o'clock on Monday, March 2nd, the end came, and the sufferer passed away. Deceased was 65 years of age and was a native of the County Clare, Ireland. Deceased is survived by her husband and nine children, namely: Mr. Stephen Hallett, Mrs. J. Coulter, Mrs. George Dunlop, Mrs. A. Mongewell, Mrs. Thos. Callaghan, Mrs. Fred. Monaghan, Mrs. T. J. Quinn and Miss Harriet Hallett.

At St. Peter's Church the Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of her soul. The Rev. Father Minahan officiating. Her husband and family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends, as Mrs. Hallett endeared herself to all by her kind, Christian character, as she was always willing to extend a helping hand to all. The pallbearers were the seven sons-in-laws of the deceased. The chief mourners were the widow, Samuel Hallett, one son, Mr. Stephen Hallett, and eight daughters, Miss Harriet Hallett, Mrs. J. Coulter, Mrs. G. Dunlap, Mrs. A. Mongewell, Mrs. T. Callaghan, Mrs. F. Monahan, Mrs. T. Quinn, Mrs. A. Fraser.

The remains were interred in Mt. Hope Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace.

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