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VOL. IX.—NO. 50.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

First Holy Mass of Rev. C. F. Kelz

St. Patrick's parish was highly honored last Sunday in witnessing one of her own children offering up for the first time the august Sacrifice of the Mass. The Rev. Father Kelz, ordained last Friday at the Redemptorist College, Elchester, Md., is a son of a most respectable family of the parish. He was from early childhood an assiduous member of St. Patrick's Church and school. At the very altar where he offered up the Holy Sacrifice, he received his first inclination to become a religious and priest. From the good Christian Brothers at St. Patrick's School he received the primary education that fitted him to enter the Redemptorist Seminary. Truly, then, have St. Patrick's people reason to feel honored, to feel proud that he their own dear child, has successfully passed through the twelve years of arduous study and severe trials, has for six years proven himself to be a true Redemptorist and is now ordained a priest of the Most High.

The joy of all was publicly evinced by the vast concourse of people that graced the occasion, by the elaborate decoration of the Sanctuary and above all by the solemn ceremonies accompanying the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Church was crowded to its utmost with those eager to honor the new priest, to receive his first holy blessing. Only a few pews in front were reserved for the honored family and relatives, for the Rev. Bros. Odo, Patrick, Walter, Pious and Jerome, and for the Knights of St. John. All hearts were visibly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Many a tear could not be concealed in spite of renewed effort. Many a loving mother, many a thoughtful father prayed as they never prayed before, that their family might also be blessed with a priest.

The Sanctuary was resplendent with electric lights, draped with lace curtains and adorned with tropic plants. On the altars, especially on the main altar, there was a pleasing profusion of flickering wax tapers, electric lights and costly cut flowers, very artistically designed and blended by the sacristan, Rev. Bro. Hascar. An arch at the gates of the Sanctuary decorated with fresh rich greens and lit up with crystalline electric lights offered a silent though brilliant welcome to the priest.

But most impressive was the triumphal procession of the young celebrant to and from the Sanctuary. It started from the Sacristy out to the front of the church, into the main entrance and up the middle aisle. It was headed by the crucifix between two acolytes. Next came two scores of altar boys, with lighted torches, vested with scarlet and rich white cassocks and costly gauze surplices. They were followed by the Knights of St. John in full uniform. Mr. George Kelz, brother of the newly-ordained

priest, was at their head. These stalwart defenders of their faith were followed by fourteen innocent children in purest white. Next came the Rev. Christian Brothers, the master of ceremonies, Mr. F. Dalling, the arch-priest, Very Rev. P. Barrett, sub-deacon, Rev. Gannon, deacon, Rev. H. Urlen, and finally, with modestly downcast eyes, the reverend celebrant, the newly-ordained Father Kelz. His family and friends also accompanied the triumphal march of the new priest, following immediately in his footsteps.

As the procession neared the Sanctuary the Knights halted, unsheathed, presented and crossed swords, to permit the rev. clergy to pass beneath the glittering arch of steel.

The ceremonies of the Mass were then performed with the solemnity befitting such a festive occasion. Great praise is due to the organist, to the choir and its director, for the charming manner in which they rendered Mercadante's difficult Mass. It truly added brilliancy to the occasion.

After the Gospel of the Mass, Very Rev. F. Barrett gave a most eloquent and touching sermon. This he could best do since, besides being rector of the parish, was a friend of the family, and as he himself with no small amount of pride related, was the young priest's first Superior and Director, the same who received him as a mere boy into the Redemptorist College.

The reverend orator introduced his subject by describing in tender terms the joy of a kind father, of a loving mother, at seeing for the first time their dear little offspring. From this he appropriately led the thoughts of his hearers to the transports that must almost overpower these same parents when they behold their child, now in the bloom of manhood, raised to one of the highest dignities that can be conferred on mortal man. These joys must be shared also by affectionate brothers, loving sisters, dear relatives and friends. Indeed, the whole parish to-day rejoiced with him. And with very good reason, since she justly acknowledges him to be one of her own children, since at this very altar, at this very school, it was that he received his first public lessons in religion and education. Yes, he continued, the whole world ought this day rejoice, since the mission given to the neo-priest was to dispense the blessing of redemption throughout the entire universe: "Go ye and teach all nations."

Greatest, however, must be the joy of the ordained himself. For on him has been conferred that sublime dignity of the priesthood; to him has been given all power in heaven and on earth. He has become the ambassador of Christ. He is as it were a second Christ. The reverend speaker then took occasion to show what honor and respect is due to a priest, on account of his exalted dignity. He illustrated, by means of several examples, how priests were revered in former ages, how kings and emperors themselves did not hesitate to publicly evince by their exterior deportment that they before God were inferior to the priest.

Incidentally also a gentle rebuke was offered to those that dared despise the priestly dignity. Very appropriately were applied to them the words of our Lord to His Apostles: "He that heareth you, heareth Me; he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." In conclusion, the Father turned towards the celebrant, and in tender terms congratulated him in the name of the young priest's relatives and friends, in the name of his own community and confreres; lastly, in the name of the whole parish. He prayed for success in his future ministry and perseverance in the faithful fulfillment of the arduous obligations of the priesthood.

After the Mass, the celebrant very devoutly gave his first blessing to his many relatives and friends individually, and collectively to the vast concourse of people assembled. The procession then formed and solemnly marched to the Sacristy in the same order as it had entered the church. In the evening at five o'clock the young priest was entertained at his once-own dear home at a grand dinner. The truly Catholic piety of the family was here once more displayed when on rising from the festive board all in one voice enchanted that grand hymn of praise: "Holy God we praise Thee name." The day was closed by solemn Vespers and Benediction given by the newly-ordained priest.

We never regret kind acts, but often grieve over unkindly and unloving ones, when friends who have passed away can feel our love no more.

TAKING THE VEIL

(Special).—On Wednesday, the 13th ult., a very beautiful and touching ceremony was held within the historic walls of the Ursuline Convent in the City of Quebec, when Miss Ida, eldest daughter of Mr. W. J. Poupore, ex-M. P. for Pontiac, received the veil and holy habit of the Ursuline Order with all the pomp and ceremony surrounding such occasions. Mgr. Marois, Vicar-General of Quebec, presided at the ceremony, which was also witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. Poupore and the Misses Mabel and Mary Poupore. Rev. Father Twomey, formerly Parish Priest of Morrisburg, where Mr. Poupore once resided, came four hundred and fifty miles from Tweed, Ont., to be present at Miss Poupore's renunciation of the world and to show his affectionate regard for his old parishioners. The pious postulant is a young lady of most remarkable intellectuality and marked musical ability, and will be a valuable addition to the distinguished ladies of

the Ursuline Convent, which has been the foremost educational establishment of this country and the lawful pride of the Catholics of Canada for the past three hundred years. In entering the Ursuline Order, Miss Poupore leaves behind her, not only the comforts which riches could procure and a world that held out to her every hope of earthly joy and happiness, but also a host of the very warmest friends, who admired her for her great ability and loved her because of her amiable disposition and character. These friends greatly regret her departure from their midst, but appreciate, at the same time, the excellent selection of their estimable young friend, and the great sacrifice which it involves. They also prayerfully join with her fondest parents, who have so cheerfully given her up to the service of the Church and humanity, in wishing her good luck and God-speed in the better and nobler sphere to which she has been called.

HOW THE POPE IS CHOSEN

Rev. Dr. Kolbe writes in the course of a long article in The South African Catholic Magazine: In the days when State was closely united with Church, the Catholic nations were allowed to have a good deal to say in the Papal elections. Hence much abuse. This much the Church has gained by the breach with the State, that the election is now, and will henceforward remain untrammelled by any consideration extrinsic to the good of the Church herself.

The process of the election now is that, immediately on the Pope's death, the Cardinals are summoned from all parts of the world. Wherever the Pope dies, there the election must take place, and it must begin on the tenth day after his death. "Within the ten days the conclave must be constructed in the Papal palace, or in some other suitable edifice. The large halls of the palace are so divided by wooden partitions as to furnish a number of set of small apartments, all opening upon a corridor. Here the Cardinals must remain until they have elected a Pope. On the tenth day a Solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost is said in the Vatican Chapel (i. e., the Sistine chapel—supposing the election to be in Rome, as it usually is), and after it the Cardinals form a procession and proceed to the conclave, taking up their respective apartments as the lot has distributed them. For the rest of that day the conclave is open; crowds of persons flock in and circulate among the apartments and corridors; and the ambassadors and delegates of foreign States, besides their personal friends, visit the Cardinals for the last time. In the evening every one is turned out except the Cardinals and those authorized to remain with them, and the conclave is closed. This is done under the superintendence of two

guardians of the conclave—one a prelate previously appointed by the Sacred College, who is called the governor; the other a lay official, designated the "marshal" (Catholic Dictionary). The Church is anxious to show that in this supreme act she does not forget any of her children, so the laity are there to guard their rights.

"All the entrances to the building but one are closed; that one is in the charge of officials who are partly prelates, partly officials of the municipality, whose business it is to see that no unauthorized person shall enter, and to exercise a surveillance over the food brought for the Cardinals, lest any written communication should be conveyed to them by this channel. After three days, the supply of food sent in is restricted; if five days more elapse without an election being made, the rule used to be that the Cardinals should from that time subsist on nothing but bread, wine and water; but this rigor has been somewhat modified by later ordinances. Morning and evening, the Cardinals meet in the chapel, and a secret scrutiny by means of voting papers is usually instituted, in order to ascertain whether any candidate has the required majority of two-thirds."

It is a grand example the Church gives us in this subjecting her highest authorities to so severe a discipline for the common good. It reminds me of nothing in the world so much as of the loving violence the working bees do to their Queen Mother, knowing how essential her well-being is to all of them.

There are three possible modes of election: (1) by compromise—the Cardinals can unanimously agree to entrust the election to a small committee; (2) by acclamation—one man is so evidently the right man that when the Cardinals meet they all call out his name together without a dissenting voice; (3) by scrutiny, or ballot, which is the usual way.

British Constitutional Morality Dead

The Catholic Times, the paper of Father Nugent, who has done so much for England and the Empire, has a powerful article in its current number, from which we make the following extracts: "If any Englishman, coming home after years of foreign travel, were to ask himself what is the dominant feeling at this hour in the hearts of his countrymen, he would say, distrust of the Government. And he would be right. Above and beyond all questions of the justice or the management of the war, of the decay in our commerce, of the insular state of many urban and rural dwellings, of the gradual depopulation of the country parts, of the suspicion and hatred in which foreign nations hold us, the people are most concerned with the incapacity of their Government to govern. Though possessing an overwhelming majority, and, until recently, enjoying all the advantages of widespread popular favor for its own policy, Lord Salisbury's Ministry has not managed to carry on the nation's business. He has strengthened—or weakened—his Cabinet by the selection of many members of his own family; he has legislated in the House of Commons by machinery; he has, where he likes, abolished free speech, and made the members little better than cleverly manipulated marionettes; but he has not governed. Business has not been done; reforms have miscarried; energy seems absent; the nation is in de-

spair. Looking around for a deus ex machina, it asks Lord Rosebery but will they heed? Is the evil of that can be cured by any very precept? Is not what the nation wants a doer, not a talker? Can Lord Rosebery bring back the constitutional morality? If he can not, he may as well be silent.

"For it is the old constitutional morality that England has lost. While the forms of her freedom main, the forces are gone out from them. The State is no more popular than was the Roman Republic under Augustus. For a free Parliament we have a family party; open discussion we have a ten minutes' rule; for responsible Ministry we have an irresponsible Cabinet for popular protest we have parliament meetings broken up by gang ruffians. Not such was the nation's ideas of government before it fell into the hands of the Cecilis. . . . To say one word, until quite recently, against the present Government to come forth from his high philosophical stage, like Hercules in the Philoctetes, speak the word which all wish to hear. He will speak, was called treachery to the country; and newspapers, which claimed to be popular, betrayed the people's best interests by defending or flattering the people's fickle opinion. Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury was dictator, and he so completely allowed things to drift that his friends at length had to remind him that he could not be permitted to sleep for ever. They woke him up; but he was sleepy still, and he still sleeps. "Will Lord Rosebery waken up,

not only Lord Salisbury, but the old principles of constitutional morality as well? If so, his appearance will be a benefit to us all. The issues at stake are not merely the early conclusion of this terrible war, but the assured continuance of those political principles which have come down to us as our most glorious inheritance from the past. Should the existing methods endure, they must result in a curtailment of popular privilege, and an increase of kingly prerogative. No nation has ever been apathetic about its government without seeing its freedom pass into the hands of its masters, soon to grow into its tyrants. In modern days one man rule has been supposed to be alien from the democratic spirit; the condition of our own country warns us against too hasty generalization. We are nearer the loss of our liberties than many of us think. A blindness has fallen on our eyes. Prosperity has darkened our vision of impending dangers, and the clamor of war has deafened our ears to the claims of peace. The safeguards of popular liberty have been wantonly broken down, and England is no longer ruled by a freely elected Parliament. A family compact is in power.

Sisters Volunteer as Small-Pox Nurses.

Boston has a small-pox scare, and the other day Mayor Hart received the following letter from Sister Superior at Carney Hospital, offering the services of Sisters of Charity as nurses at the detention hospital:

"Carney Hospital, Nov. 20.
"The Hon. T. N. Hart, Mayor of Boston.

"Dear Sir: Pardon the liberty I take in addressing these lines to you, but charity for the poor citizens of Boston afflicted with the dread disease, small-pox, prompts me to offer you our assistance in this trying ordeal. Our Sisters will gladly go to the detention hospital and assist in nursing the poor victims free of expense. Three of them are immunes and trained nurses. Should you wish to accept this offer we are yours to command. Most respectfully yours,

"SISTER GONZAGA.

The Mayor replied as follows: "Dear Madam: Your announcement that the Sisters of Charity are ready to serve the city free of charge, in nursing small-pox patients, is very highly appreciated. In behalf of the city I thank yourself and the Sisters of Charity for this generous offer, prompted by the spirit of faith, fortitude and sacrifice. Should the city require the help you offer, our Board of Health will communicate with you. With great respect

"THOMAS M. HART."


Mary Conceived Without Sin

On the eighth day of December, 1854, a new vein of glory was added to Mary's crown, and the event will be ever memorable in the history of the Church. It was on that day when many of the prelates of the Church were assembled in the great Basilica of St. Peter's in the Eternal City that the Vicar of Christ, Pius IX., rose and, in majestic tones, declared and defined the doctrine of the Church which held that "the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her Conception, by a singular grace of Almighty God, and in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, had been preserved exempt from all stain of original sin." While this was new as a dogma of faith, it was not new as a belief of the faithful. There is ample evidence that the doctrine was generally believed in for many centuries before it was defined.

Some Protestants have a curious idea of the meaning of the early belief in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; they claim that it referred to the conception of Our Lord in the womb of the Blessed Virgin. This, however, is but an assumption of their own, entirely inconsistent with the teaching of the Catholic Church, which asserts that in Mary's case "God's mercy interposed" and grace was poured into her soul from the very first moment of its existence. Jeremiah and St. John the Baptist, as we read in Scripture, were sanctified before their birth, but to Mary alone amongst creatures was it granted never to have come into contact with sin from the first moment of her existence. The doctrine would enhance the merits of her Divine Son, were that possible, for what more fitting entry could our Redeemer have made into the world than as the child of one absolutely without stain?

We have said the doctrine is no new one. St. Bernard, who died in the year 1153, wrote reprovingly to the Church at Lyons, where the celebration was kept, although the formal sanction of Rome had not been obtained. Scotus, the "Subtle Doctor," is said to have defended the belief on several occasions, and his death took place in 1308, and at the close of the fifteenth century the University of Paris required from all proceeding to the doctorate an oath that they would defend the doctrine. The Carmelites and Franciscans, besides many secular clergy of undoubted distinction, have been especially prominent in their support of the doctrine.

From Addis and Arnold's Dictionary we learn that "the feast had established itself in the calendar of the Roman Church before the middle of the fourteenth century." Sixtus IV., Pius V., Clement VIII., Clement IX., and XI. added to the honor to be paid to the celebration. But it was, as we have said, under Pius IX. that the office was again altered and the festival became that of "The Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin Mary."—New World, Chicago.


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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND THE BISHOP OF SALFORD'S STRICTURES.

A bold utterance, which will, we trust, says The Catholic Times, find a hearing from all for whose benefit it was intended...

while monks and nuns are driven out of the country. Madame Loubet attended a marriage in the Church of St Sulpice the other day...

Some of these men have lately been attacking not only the Jesuits, but other evangelists, in China, and have made them responsible for the rising of the Boxers...

PAPAL HONORS.

Extraordinary interest will be excited amongst the clergy and laity throughout the country by the following announcement: Father Herbert Ignatius Beale, T. O. S. F., Nottin'ham, has been created a Protonotary Apostolic...

REQUIEM MASS AT PRO-CATHEDRAL.

A Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, for the repose of the souls of the Catholic officers and men who have fallen in the South African War...

FRANCE

THE RIDDLE OF OFFICIAL RELIGION.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, President of the Council of Ministers, has been surprising some of his parsons and others as well, by his utterances in the Chamber...

While in Paris Mr. Jardine introduced Dodd's Kidney Pills to Mr. Dupuis, the esteemed and popular Secretary to the Canadian Commission...

would be the disfranchisement of all illiterates, while the second would be refusal to allow any priest, whether agent of the candidates or otherwise, to be within the polling booth, except to record his own vote and to leave.

LORD RUSSELL'S LOVE OF COUNTRY.

In the biography of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, by R. Barry O'Brien, it is said the writings of Thomas Davis were the source from which Lord Russell drew political inspiration...

A visit which I paid to Killowen in my eleventh year is an era in my life... There I made acquaintance with the first grown-up young people I had ever known...

But 'twere better be A prisoner for ever With no destiny

To do or to endeavor-- Better life to spend As martyr or confessor Than in silence bend To alien or oppressor!

Another poem which he admired greatly was one on Davis's death. Two lines he repeated again and again:

Not even to save the rare cargo of Truth Would he cast out a part of the storm.

It was under the influence of these ideas that he chose his career in life. During the brief period as an attorney in Belfast he helped Denis Holland to edit The Ulsterman. The clerk in the office of the paper at the time was "a smart, gentlemanly young man" named Richard Pigott...

If, he wrote, without compromising any opinions I hold sacred, I could remain in Ireland, endeavoring successfully to practise my profession—even though the business might be less—though the emoluments might be smaller—I would gladly, so gladly, say to myself, "I'll remain in Ireland to do or die!" It can't be so. I'm not romantic in these notions...

CANADA AT PARIS

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A SENSIBLE OUTFIT.

A lady who is about to accompany her husband on a long automobile tour kindly disclosed to me the other day the arrangements she intends to make for her comfort.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Third Sunday of Advent

- S. 16 St. Florence, A.D.
M. 18 St. Allen, Prop.
T. 17 St. Olympe, W.
W. 18 Expectation of the B.V.M.
Th. 19 St. Nemesion, M.
F. 20 St. Christian, J.
S. 21 St. Thomas, Apostle

MOTHER DIED TO-NIGHT.

"Your mother died to-night," - that's all it said; But, somehow, in that simple line I read The last sad words of love and sympathy, The last heart-blessing that she gave to me, The admonitions that all went amiss, And what God ne'er can give - her farewell kiss; The fadless picture as she knelt to pray That she might meet me up above - some day.

"Your mother died to-night," is all it said, As on the throbbing wire the tidings sped From that old, happy home, from which I came, To strive anew for honor and for fame, To toil with will to win a golden store To lay in solemn suppliance at her door; But shattered are the hopes, un-nerved the might, By that sad message, "Mother died to-night."

The Great Lottery

(By W. Philip Sheppard.) There were about a quarter of a million people interested in that lottery, with its great first prize of £3,000, so it may have been a trifle presumptuous on the part of Claire Lomas to say to herself, as she so emphatically did, "That £3,000 must come to me."

the adage that "charity begins at home" by decamping with the money and disappearing into foreign climes. Claire was seventeen at the time, and she was left with nothing but a good education and a considerable degree of beauty.

Derry-Na-Mona

(Continued from last week.) But Eily - who was in a distracted state - hardly listened to Nora's words. Again she broke from her and rushed into the snowy night.

"Come quickly - quickly!" she cried imploringly. "Every moment is precious!" The four men followed almost on a run, and Nora Brien stood shaking her head and gazing after them with a pale, dismayed face. "It'll be her death, so it will!" Nora muttered. "But I done all I could to stop her. Oh, my poor, dear child! I don't like this at all, at all, if I could help it."

When the trial came on at the next assizes, Hamilton was convicted on both charges and sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years. He made a confession of his crimes, from which it appeared that the burglary at Corranmore had not been his first offence of the kind. During his years of absence from home he had ruined himself at the gaming tables, and, aided by a small band of men as reckless and wicked as himself, he had had recourse to this desperate means of retrieving his fortunes.

"You'd better hasten, boys. When we get through this business, Miss Quinlan, I shall ride over to Clonane and have a carriage sent for poor Carroll. Don't lose heart, Miss Quinlan. It's my opinion that he'll be all right."

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And Inspector Garvey's opinion turned out to be true enough. Frank Carroll rapidly recovered. Within a fortnight he was himself again. By that time Walter Hamilton was in jail, awaiting his trial for the burglary at Corranmore, and also for the rascally attempt on Frank's life.

One of the chief witnesses was the wretched victim whom he had so vilely wronged - the woman who carried Frank's message to Eily, and who gave her name as Rachel Grant. With great difficulty, she stated that she had discovered Hamilton's whereabouts, and had followed him to Shu's Castle. But she was afraid to reveal herself at first, lest he should get rid of her by violent means.

"But, thank God, he failed, darling!" Frank said, when he and Eily were talking over the dreadful occurrence some months later. (James Quinlan had at last thought fit to bury the hatchet and at last consent to Frank and Eily's marriage.) "Had the bullet gone an inch lower, however, I should have been a dead man."

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THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1901.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

The recent discovery of smallpox in St. Michael's Hospital, and the admirable manner in which the case was dealt with, must attract not a little public attention.

PROVISION FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

In the Council on Monday, at the instance of Aids. Foster and Urquhart, a motion was carried directing the Medical Health Officer to make arrangements if possible with each of the city hospitals to set aside a ward for the treatment and care of poor consumptives.

It is to be hoped this motion will have effect. As a small concession to a class of persons, who within the past year or two have been shunned and isolated as the lepers of old, it can hardly be declined by any of the hospitals of Toronto. At the present time the only place within, or in the vicinity of, the city where poor consumptives are admitted and cared for is the House of Providence.

The patent medicine makers have turned many an honest dollar out of the scare, and even people of strong constitutions grow pale when they look at the pictured arrest of the man with the cough by a heavily armed policeman.

separate wards in all hospitals for consumptives. In such an arrangement there can be absolutely no danger. In conclusion let us say again that the House of Providence has done a great service to the city by standing out against the exclusion of these poor patients.

ECHOES OF THE OTTAWA MEETING.

Irish and English Unionist journals would like to see something happen to Sir Wilfrid Laurier because he honored Mr. John Redmond and re-affirmed the faith in the Home Rule cause upon the occasion of the recent Ottawa demonstration.

In another column we publish an interesting letter from a citizen of the Dominion of Canada, who, while a temporary resident in our midst, has chanced to see the extraordinary comments of certain Unionist journals, both here and in London, on recent occurrences in his country.

The Freeman's Journal says: The reception accorded to the Irish delegates in Ottawa and Chicago is the climax to a most successful mission. It is not surprising that the chagrin with which the Unionist press in England has witnessed their triumphant progress through the United States and Canada, should at last have found expression in the hysterical denunciations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the baser Yellow Press of London.

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independent testimony to the success of the mission we recently arranged to have published, side by side with our own correspondents' accounts of the proceedings, the reports of the Laffan's Agency. These more than corroborate the description given by The Freeman's representative. The patronage of the mission by the President of the United States and the Premier of Canada have forced the boycotters to a reluctant confession of the falseness of their forecast.

LATIN A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

A correspondent of The Scientific American puts forward a plea for the thorough teaching of Latin in all colleges, in order to restore it to its rightful place as the international language of cultivated people.

"I started a movement eight years ago to restore Latin as an international tongue of cultured people. Latin being an international tongue by the fact of its being taught in all secondary schools of the world. That graduates of colleges do not speak it is the fault of the methods and teachers. That the schools do not lead in practical things generally but flit about among fads, etc. I need not explain to you. It is the outsiders, practical people of thought and knowledge, who invent or lead great movements. There have been numerous attempts at devising a 'universal language,' but they all failed, because the products were no 'languages.' France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia are still at work agitating the same question.

WAR AND FAITH.

We have a letter from a man who says that because of the silence of Christian ministers and the press—especially the Catholic press—upon the horrors of the South African, Philippine and other wars, he has repudiated Christianity. We do not publish the letter, which is couched in such language that its publication could tend to no good.

tion could tend to no good. We do not here attempt to justify the silence complained of. It may be for good or evil. But this we do say, that it is based upon reasons that appear good. This South African war has roused such a bitterness of party feeling that if the press goes up into the discussion of it either way, the result would be to spread contentions and bad spirit in thousands of domestic circles.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

We have now probably heard the last of the "Jesus Oath." It was safe enough for bigots in Great Britain and Canada to impute illegal oaths kept and lawful oaths broken to that vague thing they call "Jesuitism," but unfortunately when some anonymous contributor to a London daily dug up an oath made in Germany and maliciously attributed it to the Jesuits.

"On the 27th day of June last we published in our issue of that day a letter from Rev. John Gerard, a member of the Order of Jesuits, upon the subject of the Jesuits' oath. In our issue of July 4 and July 11 we published two letters from correspondents who made comments on the Rev. Mr Gerard's letter, and upon the Order to which he belonged. We published Mr. Gerard's letter, as well as those of his opponents, in order that both sides might be heard upon the matter. Our attention has been called by the Rev. Mr. Gerard to the fact that both of these letters appear to convey the imputation that his word was not to be believed upon a matter affecting his Order.

"We regret having published letters bearing such an imputation, and offer our apologies to the Rev. Mr. Gerard."

HEALTH OF THE POPE.

In view of the recent persistent revival of the alarmist rumors regarding the state of the Pope's health, it is gratifying to learn from the Rome correspondent of The Tablet what exactly is His Holiness's condition. According to the correspondent His Holiness is in excellent health, and is greatly annoyed by the statements of his weakness which have been circulated. His Holiness as a rule treats these alarms very lightly. One day last year while the newsboys were making small fortunes by the sale of a journal which described his exalted condition and the deplorable state of his memory, he referred to the subject in presence of two French prelates, and then recited a couple of pages of Dante from memory with great power and feeling, remarking afterwards "they say my memory is gone, but I doubt if any of them could do what I have just done."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Of the total increase of 65,957 in the population of Ontario in ten years, 61,520 was contributed by the French-Canadians resident in the province. That would leave 4,437 contributed by all the English-speaking portion of the population.

Poor little Queen Wilhelmina is feeling the balmy breath of news paper attention these days. She has been in love with a dozen members of her guard; her husband has killed a champion who resented being kicked in the stomach; the Queen with her own hands stanch the blood of the victim, and so on. One Toronto newspaper depicts her husband administering a black eye to the royal lady.

The British press has fallen on evil days. With sensational headlines the news is published that the Prince of Wales was able to make a good speech at the Guildhall. The impression thus given is that an idol supposed to be incapable of practical utterance had found speech and talked like a man. A large pie was then fed to the Prince, for which one thousand larks had been slain.

Mr. Goldwin Smith writes to The London Daily News in reply to an article in the new number of The National Review on an old book of his published in 1863. In that book Mr. Smith expressed the opinion that the ultimate destiny of Great Britain was to be "the mother of free nations," and not a centre of dependencies. That, at the time, was the view of the Manchester School. Mr. Disraeli, on the contrary, who is the god of the present Jingo party, spoke at the time of the "wretched colonies" as "mill-stones round the neck of England."

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE

Readers of The Register are numerous in the Dominion capital, and amongst them are a few who, in the absence of anything better, glanced over a portion of that effusion of mine which appeared in last week's issue, and now I am pronounced utterly unfit for public life, or any sort of life, because I made no reference to the eulogistic terms in which Mr. Redmond alluded to the contingent which Canada, a land of contingents, has furnished to the Irish Home Rule Party in the British Parliament. I confess that by perpetrating so grave an omission, I have committed a high crime and misdemeanor. No man felt more rejoiced than I did myself at the eloquent tribute which the orator of the evening paid to the sterling worth of the Hon. Edward Blake, and to the chivalrous sacrifices which he has made on behalf of the land of his ancestors. Not since the day O'Connell threw down his demand for Catholic Emancipation, has Galway, the home of the Blakes, failed to contribute one or more bearing that honored name to the cause of religious toleration and national liberty for which Ireland has struggled, and is still struggling. We, in Canada, have watched Mr. Blake's career on the other side of the Atlantic with deep interest, and with swelling pride, and having frequently heard his charming voice as it was raised in the Canadian Legislature, a scornful denunciation of the cruel barbarities inflicted on the land of his kindred, we were not surprised when, during the memorable Home Rule debate, the task of replying to the Hon. Judas

Chamberlain fell to his lot; and whilst exceedingly well pleased, we are not at all astonished that a sense of justice prompted Mr. John Redmond to bear the highest testimony to his incalculable services. CONFERENCE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

I cannot say that I have ever spent a few happier hours than those passed in the enjoyment of a genuine feast of reason in a large hall of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, where, on the evening of Sunday, 8th inst., the various conferences of the city held their annual meeting. It was a grand scene, made still grander by the fact that the assemblage was to promote the cause of charity by holding out a helping hand to the erring and to the needy; and to carry on this heavenly work as the Disciple of St. Vincent de Paul almost invariably does, unseparated by eye, except by the Allseeing Eye of Omnipotence itself. Accompanied by my old friend, Mr. John W. Hughes, to whose kind invitation I am indebted for a treat, the remembrance of which cannot be easily obliterated, I directed my footsteps to the place of meeting, which was well filled by the very best men of the various English-speaking congregations of Ottawa. A few minutes afterwards the Papal Delegate Archbishop Falconio, in response to a most respectful invitation, made his appearance, and was received with due homage, the whole audience rising as he passed to a seat on the platform. After the distinguished visitor had pronounced the Benediction, the chairman, Mr. John Gorman, delivered a most interesting address, which he closed by calling upon Mr. Tobin, a very talented boy, to read an account of the heroic labors performed by the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul in the great city of New York. Mr. E. L. Sanders, the Recording Secretary, read the interesting minutes of the last annual meeting, after which Mr. William Kearns, the Financial Secretary, gave a most gratifying report of the standing of the Conferences, their numerical strength, as well as an exhibit of the good work which has been transacted during the past year. The official business having been disposed of, Mr. Gorman called upon several gentlemen present to address the meeting. Dr. J. A. MacCabe, of the Normal School, was the first to respond, and in a style peculiarly his own delivered a speech which was well received. The doctor is always eloquent, but never more so than when pleading the cause of charity. Speaking this evening under feelings of emotion, I may say that he surpassed himself. The venerable John Heuey, who has been closely identified with the St. Vincent de Paul Society since its foundation in Ottawa, now forty years ago, was next called upon, and by the vigor of his tones, and the joy of his countenance, proved conclusively that the eighty-one winters which have passed over him, have not yet chilled the warmth of his charitable nature. Mr. W. L. Scott, in response to a call, delivered an able and most welcome address, in the course of which he reviewed the grand work performed by the "Children's Aid Society." The distinguished Ambassador of the venerable Pontiff, Leo XIII., Archbishop Falomo, having been called upon, delivered a charming address, in the course of which he reviewed the history of the organization since its establishment in France, now nearly 70 years ago. He showed that it was almost as universal as the Catholic religion itself, and that the balm which it had administered to the needy and the unfortunate can, in its nature and extent be known only to the Recording Angel above. At the close of the address each of the members was presented to Mr. Falconio to whom he gave his benediction. RAMBLER.

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Canadian News

PETERBOROUGH DIOCESE

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION AT TROUT CREEK.

The grand and imposing exercises of Forty Hours were ushered in at the Sacred Heart Church, Trout Creek, Ont., on Monday of last week at 10 a. m., by a solemn High Mass of Exposition, which was sung by Rev. Father Scollard, P. P., North Bay, attended by Fathers Fleming, P. P. Kearney and the rector of the church, as deacon and sub-deacon. The pastor, Rev. Father Kelly, made a strong appeal to his parishioners to avail themselves of the great opportunities given them during these few days of special grace, by turning out in large numbers to the different services, preparing for a good confession and worthy Holy Communion, thus making the hours spent in adoration profitable to themselves for their eternal salvation. Mass being ended, the clergy chanted the Litany of the Saints, the procession was formed and the Most Blessed Sacrament was borne around the church by the celebrant of the Mass, while the choir sang the "Pange Lingua." Monday evening devotion was well attended. After the recitation of heads and other prayers, Father Scollard advanced to the railing and delivered, in his usual eloquent way, a very instructive discourse on "The True Love of Jesus," which was a grand sermon. Tuesday morning at 10 a. m. the Solemn High Mass for Peace was offered by Rev. Father Collins, the energetic pastor of Braecbrige, assisted by Fathers Fleming and Kelly. Father Scollard again preached a practical and instructive sermon on Salvation. Tuesday evening service at 7.30, opened with the usual prayers, after which Rev. Father Fleming, P. P. Kearney, delivered a powerful discourse on "The Last Judgment." He held the vast congregational spellbound for forty-five minutes and many eyes in the assembly were moistened at the terrible truths being brought to their minds by the preacher. The Mass of Reposition was sung by Rev. Father Fleming Wednesday at 10 a. m. Fathers Collins and Kelly were deacon and sub-deacon. After the Gospel, Father Collins spoke on the Necessity of Frequent Holy Communion. He defined what benefits were derived from receiving our Blessed Saviour often in the Eucharistic Banquet, and exhorted the vast congregation present to continue their frequent communions, to profit by the many graces obtained during the pious exercises about to close; congratulated them on turning out so well to all the services and to thank God for the graces received. The Forty Hours came to a close by chanting the Litany of the Saints and "Pange Lingua." The Most Blessed Sacrament was again borne in solemn procession, and reaching the high altar Benediction was given, followed by the singing of the "Te Deum." The sanctuary and altar were beautifully draped with festoons, flowers and lights. The members of the choir deserve much credit for the manner in which they carried out the musical programme of the different services. The attendance at the services and the number approaching Sacraments was large, showing that Trout Creek ranks with the largest parishes of the diocese for practical Catholicity. VERITAS.

EX-ALD. GLEESON, OTTAWA. Ottawa, Dec. 6.—Last evening the city of Ottawa lost an esteemed citizen, in the person of ex-Ald. John Gleeson. Mr. Gleeson died at his home at the corner of Clarence and Friel streets, from appendicitis. He was fifty-nine years of age, and leaves a widow and five children. The children are Eddie, famous in football circles, now a member of the law firm of Scott, Scott, Curle & Gleeson; Joseph, of the Post Office Department; John and Peter, butchers on Rideau street, and Miss Margaret, residing at home.

THANKSGIVING CONCERT. Thorold Post. A very large audience filled the Grenville hall on the evening of Thanksgiving to enjoy the annual concert given by the children of St. Joseph's school. The opening overture as well as the other piano music was well rendered and showed both skill and training. In the song "For I Love You," the little tots handled their wounded dollies with care that would have done credit to trained nurses. Their sad feelings were soon dispelled, however, by the appearance of their little playmate, Tillie Battle, who coaxingly invited them out to play. Little Mary Cartmill captured the hearts of all by her recitation "Will Turned Into a Boy." In the vocal duet "Keep Your Playthings," the little girls, Marie Curtis and Eileen Kelley, who both possess sweet voices, acted their part admirably well. The song "Bedtime's Near," sung by the little boys, caused a great deal of laughter. Leo Rouse acted the part of the sleepy pickaniny to perfection, and the audience applauded heartily. In her song "Ireland, I Love You," Miss Albina Dusseau was the star of the evening. It was well suited to her sweet voice, and must have appealed to the many Irish hearts present, for it was received with great applause. The play, "Country Justice," given by our boys, was by far the most amusing feature of the entertainment. The dispute over the loan of a kettle was settled by the clever jury in short order. The boys did remarkably well, their quaint remarks and rustic attire calling forth much laughter from the audience. As two young ladies discussing their neighbor's faults during a social call, Miss Upper and Miss Heysel well deserved the applause given them. In the bird song the little girls won all hearts by their sweet voices and pleasing gestures. This number spoke volumes for the careful and patient training bestowed on the little ones by their teachers. The vocal duet "Calm is the wave," was one of the best numbers on the programme. Miss McAndrew and Miss Dusseau, by their pleasing duets are winning a prominent place among the singers of the town. As on all former occasions Master John Rouse was received with a heart round of applause. His recitation about "Boys" was very amusing and interesting, especially

John and Peter, and their uncle, James Gleeson. The pall-bearers were ex-Mayor Bingham, ex-Ald. Stairs, Messrs. Bernard Slattery, L. Gravelle, P. Cassidy and P. Byrnes. The Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Canon McCarthy, assisted by Rev. Father Prudhomme. MRS. PATRICK MORRIS, AYTON. Ayton, Dec. 5 — On Thursday morning of last week one of our oldest residents, Mrs. Patrick Morris, sr, died. Deceased was in her usual fair health until about two weeks ago when the collapse occasioned by old age came and she gradually lost vitality until early on Thanksgiving morning, when she passed away. Forty-five years ago deceased, with her late husband and young family, journeyed from the Owen Sound road, following the blaze through the then unbroken forest until they reached the foot of the big hill which is still known to many by the family name. Here they unpacked a pioneer's belongings, erected a crude shanty and started life in the "bush." Here, for years after, the incoming settler, who followed the same trail and who fair would rest before undertaking the arduous task of exploring the country on the other side of the big hill, was made welcome. He was a stranger and they took him in, provided shelter and gave liberally of a pioneer's cheer. Thus time went on and the young colony grew, and when it was raised to the dignity of a municipality and needed a regular system of local laws, etc., Mr. Morris, being a well-informed man and highly popular with his fellow settlers, was chosen by them as reeve of the newly-made council, a position which he held for many years. The family grew up and found homes for themselves in the surroundings, the subject of this sketch remaining constantly at the old home, ever doing her part as well as her failing energies would allow, and here the messenger who was entrusted with the final summons found her at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight years, with her life work well done, and surrounded by most of her children and many of her grandchildren, at perfect peace and harmony with them all and with all her neighbors as well. Her life partner pre-deceased her about seventeen years. The funeral on Saturday morning was largely attended, the remains first being borne to the Catholic Church, where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Owens, whence they were borne to the cemetery near by and laid to rest in the family plot. By request of deceased shortly before death six of her grandchildren acted as pall-bearers. These were Messrs. William Morris of Egremont, James Morris, Michael Morris, William Morris and John Lynett of Durham.

when he referred to the love of boys which is felt by "dear good Father Sullivan." The senior girls' recitation "Poborro of Seville" was well rendered. Their voices were clear and sweet and the recitation of such an interest kept the attention of the audience from the beginning to the close. Moore's beautiful melody, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" was pleasingly sung by the graduates of St. Joseph's, who are now attending the high school. In exact imitation of grandma's dancing long ago, the little girls gave the audience a delightful glimpse of the minut as the lods and girls of olden times were wont to dance it. At the close of the programme W. F. Bald, principal of the high school, was called on for a few words. He expressed his pleasure at being present and said he was delighted with the entertainment. It showed the care and training the children received from the sisters of St. Joseph. Their work was excellent, and these concerts a source of great pleasure to all who attended. Pupils from the separate schools were always well prepared for the high school, and were good examples of their teachers' work. David Battle, chairman of the school board, congratulated the children on the excellent concert with which they had entertained the audience. He had been connected with the school board for nearly twenty years and always found the position a pleasant one. Rev. Father Sullivan expressed his pleasure at the manner in which the programme was rendered and the good order which was observed. He was proud of the children and glad they showed their teaching so well. Our children are taught to be good, to do nothing which could reflect discredit on them and their success is due solely to their teachers, who devote their lives to this noble work. The good-will chorus was then sung by all, after which the entertainment closed by the singing of the national anthem. The piano used was a handsome Nordleimer, 125 downline style, kindly loaned by W. H. Blair and presided at by accompanist, Miss Nellie McGill. THE LATE MGR. LAURENT. Lindsay, Nov. 25. — At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 77, C. M. B. A., held Nov. 12th, 1901, the following resolution was moved by Br. E. Kingsley, seconded by Bro. L. A. Primeau, and unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased God, in His inscrutable wisdom, to take from us, after a brief illness, and in the full enjoyment of his physical and mental powers, our beloved pastor and chaplain, the Right Rev. Mgr. Laurent, V. G., who had won the highest regard from every section of the people of Lindsay (and far beyond), for his priestly virtues, his rare business ability, and broad citizenship; and who had for seventeen years endeared himself to the people, who proudly called him father and spiritual guide, by his assiduous attention to every duty of his exalted office, his punctuality, his earnest and pious preaching, his zeal in the cause of education, his love for the beauty of God's house. Be it resolved, that we members of Branch 77 of the C. M. B. A., Lindsay, who for seventeen years enjoyed his confidence, express our deep sense of the great loss, that not we alone, but the whole Diocese of Peterboro, has sustained in his death, which, for him, we hope, was a happy translation. May He, who has seen fit to call him unto Himself, give peace and rest to his soul, and let perpetual light shine upon him. Furthermore, be it resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to His Lordship, the Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of the Diocese of Peterboro; Rev. C. J. Phelan, Administrator of the Parish of Lindsay; to the Canadian, Catholic Record and Register, for publication. COWARDLY ROWDIES. A Kingston despatch of Dec. 9 says, After Queen's alma mater elections on Saturday, the students, as customary, paraded the streets, forcing everybody off the sidewalks. Mrs. Moran, an aged lady, was knocked down, trampled upon and seriously injured. Her son will sue the city for damages, claiming that the police were negligent. ANOTHER LIE NAILED. Some weeks ago the report was widely circulated through the press that Leo XIII., in an address to the Bishops of South Italy, counseled a propaganda against Jews and anarchists. It was shortly after the world had been shocked by the news of the assassination of President McKinley and indignation was generally expressed at the attempt of His Holiness to identify those outside the Catholic Church with the enemies of civil order. The International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn has just received a letter from the Secretary of State in the Vatican authentically denying not only the supposed identification of the Jews and anarchists, but the discourse itself. This authentic denial has likewise been sent by the Vatican to H. Pereira Mendes, president of the Union of Orthodox Hebrew Congregations.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL. The 20th annual commencement of St. Joseph's High School was held on Tuesday afternoon a representative gathering of clergy and laity and the parents of the pupils filled the De La Salle Hall, where an excellent entertainment was staged. While seasonable wreaths of Canadian snow covered the ground outside, the audience found all the more pleasure in contemplating an Irish May Day scene and the opening prologue recited by Miss Maud Courtney was aptly descriptive of the contrast. It was a very pretty and original operetta in two acts as follows: Dramatis Personae—Mrs. Carew, Miss Clara Mcagan; Mrs. Carew's daughters, Mary, Miss Carrie Dockery; Nora, Miss Evalene O'Donoghue; Sheila, Miss Vera Carey, Eileen, Miss Annie Corcoran; Finola, Miss Francis Lamphier; Patricia, Miss Alice Bolger; Daisy (the lost child), Miss Jennie Fulton; Aunt Mureen, Miss Nellie Corbett. Prologue, Miss Maud Courtney; opening chorus, "Tis the First of May." After the distribution of medals, prizes, etc., Vicar-General McCann addressed the pupils, in the course of his remarks emphasizing this point that the High School is an impetus to the work of the separate schools of the city. The following is the prize list, which was read by Miss Zoe Lyons: HONOR LIST. First prize for Christian Doctrine and Catholic Theology, a gold medal presented by Rev. J. P. Treacey, D. D., awarded to Miss Annie Crowe; second prize for Christian Doctrine, a silver medal, presented by Rev. T. H. Cruise, awarded to Miss Gertrude Kelly; third prize for Christian Doctrine, a silver medal, presented by Rev. J. Bench, awarded to Miss Josephine Neales; gold medal for highest marks at Junior Leaving Part II. Examination, obtained by Miss Gertrude Costello; silver medal for highest marks at Junior Leaving Part I, presented by Rev. J. Bench, obtained by Miss Annie Murphy; silver medal for highest marks in Form I, presented by Rev. J. Bench, obtained by Miss Martha Rush; gold medal, presented by Rev. J. M. Cruise for highest attainment in complete commercial course obtained by Miss May Creamer; gold medal, presented by Rev. P. Barrett, C.S.S.R., for highest standing at entrance of the Separate Schools of Toronto, obtained by Miss Sarah McGarry, of St. Patrick's School; gold medal, presented by the Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., for highest standing at entrance of St. Mary's School, obtained by Miss Mary O'Neill; gold coin, presented by Rev. J. J. McEntee, for highest standing at entrance from St. Anne's School, obtained by Miss Horatio Lyons.

Departmental Certificates. Part II. Junior Leaving Certificates obtained by the Misses Teesa Rush, Carrie Dockery and Gertrude Costello; Part I. Junior Leaving Certificates obtained by the Misses Annie Murphy, Ethel Menzies, Gertrude Kelly, Helen Todd, Stella Bruker, Agnes McGee, Lillian Maloney and Viola Sheridan; Junior Matriculation Part I. Certificate obtained by Miss Jessie Fulton. COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS. Business Diplomas for Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, awarded by the Nimmo & Harrison Business College, obtained by the Misses May Creamer, Rachel O'Donnell and Horatio Lyons; Diplomas for Shorthand, Typewriting, Correspondence, Spelling and Practical English, awarded by the Nimmo & Harrison Business College, obtained by the Misses May Creamer, Rachel O'Donnell, Marguerite Clancy, Viola Sheridan, Mae O'Reilly, Horatio Lyons, Alma Halligan, Katie Griffin, Gertrude McMahon, Annie Corcoran, Annie Nolan, Kate Gallagher, Mary Rooney, Gertrude Laughlin, Nellie Corbett, Mary Mitchell, Mabel Cooke; Provincial Art School Cer-

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St. Vincent de Paul Society. Archbishop O'Connor presided at the general meeting of the Toronto Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, held in St. John's Chapel on Sunday. Fathers Haud, Rohleder and Ryan were present, as well as the presidents of all the city conferences. A new conference was reported aggregated in St. Thomas. Dr. Goldwin Smith presented the general conference with his customary annual contribution of \$100. All the conferences reported that they were in pretty good shape to meet the demands of the coming season.

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Father Anselm's Experiences

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT
in the Ave Maria

Father Anselm's story affected his audience deeply, and he was beset with questions and cross-questions on the subject of the reality of such occurrences. "Why, if such things are allowed to happen, do they not happen more frequently, Father? How many souls could be saved, how much evil prevented, by a spiritual apparition or a supernatural message!"

The sweet-faced old missionary looked at us with a wistful smile. "These are among the mysteries," he said. "But that they do occur, when God pleases, who can dare to doubt? It is equally certain that to some persons, and even to particular families, a power is given, like an extra sense, leading them into communication with the spiritual world. Why? you ask me; and I can only say: 'Again the mystery!' Some of us are in the thick of it, while the great mass of our neighbors are neither comforted nor terrified by any such intercourse."

Some of his audience gazed at the good Father with envy, some with compassion; while all seemed eager to know whether he himself was a sharer in that marvellous gift which had been bestowed on his uncle. Had he ever had personal experience of the actuality of the spiritual world?

"Certainly," he said, simply; "many, many times."

A thrill ran through his listeners — a sensation of mingled curiosity, keen interest and fear.

"I will tell you one of my first experiences of this nature," he went on. "When I was a very young priest I was sent on the mission to assist an old reverend Father in his duties in a remote part of England. We had a small house, a small chapel and a small congregation, as a matter of course. It was my part to say the early Mass every morning; and, being a sleepy-headed fellow, I depended on our excellent elderly housekeeper to waken me in time for this sacred duty."

"It was in the dark wintry weather when, waking unexpectedly in the night, all hours seem the same, unless one hears a clock strike or one lights a candle to look at a watch. I was not accustomed to any such freakish awakings, invariably taking my full measure of allotted slumber right on to the end. I went to bed one night as usual, thoroughly tired and heavy with sleep; and when I found myself starting up at the sound of a heavy knock on my door, I, of course, thought it was my usual morning summons to get up."

"I lay for a minute collecting my senses and listening for the retreating footsteps (no fairy ones) of our rather ponderously constructed housekeeper; and it struck me as strange that I had not heard them, though they were always exceedingly audible to the least sensitive tympanum. In fact, though the knock had been unusually loud, it was followed by no sound whatever. There was that indescribable something in the air which gives assurance that the mysterious night voyage of our earth is still nearer to its beginning than to its end; also that there is a deathlike collapse of all animal vitality around us, while the waking, consciousness is aware of a chill rustling of the silence, perhaps the rushing of Time's wave, which is felt and not seen or heard."

"I sat up and struck a light. It was just 3 o'clock, about four hours from daylight. Yet I had distinctly heard the knock; and while I lay thinking with my candle alight, I heard it again. I called, but there was no answer. I got up and opened the door — no one was there."

"A strange conviction of the impossible, so far as natural things are concerned, seized me; but, shaking off suggestions of the uncanny, I turned my thoughts, in the most matter of fact direction. It was hardly probable that burglars would knock on my door to announce their presence in the house, and yet for burglars I felt myself bound to search. I thought of the church, the sacristy, the sacred vessels, the little poor-box behind the door of the chapel. My own valuables were few; my good superior, asleep on the other side of the passage, possessed scarcely anything pawnable beyond a rather antediluvian watch; and as for our elderly housekeeper, I could have sworn that the rings in her ears were made of gilded tin. To the chapel, then, I proceeded; armed with the poker, and looking in to all the rooms — not a very lengthy task — on my way."

"Nothing was stirring. Not a mouse squeaked or scraped. Even the homely cat failed to meet me on the stair with a mew that might have seemed to acknowledge guilt and apologize for disturbance.

The church was solemnly still, as all churches are at 3 o'clock in the morning; no watcher before the tabernacle; the Lord solitary on His humble throne; while poor human nature, even the disciples who love Him, are weakly elsewhere and fast asleep. "Could ye not watch with Me one hour? I felt sad and ashamed to think that only a human sense of alarm had brought me down there to kneel for a time under the speck of red light aloft in the silver lamp, which was the only customary faithful night-watcher."

"But after a certain vigil, during which serious and sacred thoughts had driven out of my mind almost all remembrance of the cause of my being there, the sleepiness of youth — Peter's sleepiness John's sleepiness — began to overpower me, and I rose from my knees and returned to my room. I was standing in the middle of the floor, about to spring into bed, when I was suddenly aware of a something in my neighborhood which caused me to say aloud: 'Who is here? Who are you? Is there anything I can do for you?'"

"Then there came an answer, clear and distinct — a voice I knew, the tones of which chilled my heart. 'I died an hour ago,' said the voice that I knew; nothing more."

"I wept. I need not say I was sleepy no longer. I gressed and remained in prayer till the slow daylight dawned and the hour for the early Mass arrived; then, before beginning the Holy Sacrifice, I made a brief announcement from the altar."

"The Mass about to be said will be offered for the repose of the soul of one who died this morning."

"The announcement produced a sensation, which the sense of propriety in our pious little congregation was with difficulty able to suppress. We were miles away from a postoffice or a telegraph station, and our one delivery of letters in the twenty-four hours reached us about the middle of the day. Therefore a death occurring that morning of which I had knowledge must be the death of a member of the congregation. This thought was at once forced into the minds of all who were about to assist at this Mass, which they were informed was to be a Requiem. The service was followed with intense reverence and earnestness, and when it was over the thing I expected to happen exactly took place. The congregation crowded round the outer door of the sacristy, anxious to know which member of their body had departed from amongst us in the small hours of that winter's morning. I quietly reassured them on this point, and steered through the difficulty of answering their further questions as best I could."

"There remained the great question for myself: What news would the postman bring me at noon on the morrow? The news came. A dearly-loved friend had suddenly expired on the morning and at the hour indicated to me by the voice I had heard in my chamber."

Father Anselm ceased, and we were all silent. Finally we summoned courage to put a few questions to him:

"What did you think of the condition of that spirit, Father? Was it a happy or an unhappy one?"

"He wanted the Mass, therefore he was happy. If he had been unhappy, he would not have come to me."

"But does it not imply that he was in purgatory?"

"In some degree of purgatory. But purgatory is a happy state," responded Father Anselm. "In some cases I do not doubt that it seems to the spirits there already heaven."

"That is a sweet doctrine, Father," said some one.

"It is very sweet," said the priest.

"Will you not tell us something more?" was the next appeal to him.

"Ah! I could tell much, but there are limits to such revelations. I relate only what is cause for rejoicing. And yet what I am going to tell now, though also a spiritual experience, is not of apparitions or actual communication with the other world, except by that spiritual telepathy which is indeed a frequent form of communication."

"I was in another part of the country, acting as temporary curate, some miles from a large central town through which many people passed on their way to more important places. Our new mission was small and struggling, and there was not always enough for a zealous priest to do. Often, not to be idle, I did a little gardening; and I read a great deal in the tiny brown parlor, where, as some one said, I could poke the fire, shut the

door and open the window, all without rising from my seat.

"One wet day I was particularly busy and interested in my studies. In the morning the rain had been light, and I had remained gardening, putting out tiny plants for the spring, till I was soaked with wet; and at last, feeling chilled, had come in and changed all my clothing and sat by the fire — thankful that there was nothing at all likely to occur obliging me to stir out of doors till the morrow."

"Suddenly I felt a kind of cloud come between me and my book, and a strong desire arose in me to get up and go at once to the Catholic Church in the town of R—. I put it out of my mind; it seemed such an unreasonable idea. There was nothing for me to do there on any afternoon, if I were to go the church would probably be shut up before I arrived. I tried to go on with my reading, but it was of no use. I looked at the rain streaming down the window panes. I thought of the long walk, without the possibility of meeting with any kind of vehicle; and I had already lit the worse of a wetting that morning. All my reasoning and temporizing were in vain; I felt that I had to get up and proceed at once to that distant church, and I went."

"St. Mary's of the Martyrs was a dark, dingy old chapel, frequented only by the poor employes, chiefly Irish, of the factories of the town. Having tramped the roads running with rain, and the flowing streets, I arrived after about two hours' travel at the door of the church. It was still open, though the gas lamps in the streets outside were lit, and the interior was quite dark. Entering the church I saw that it was empty. Still feeling sure that I had come for some purpose, at some call, if only to try my obedience, my faith, I walked up to the altar rails and knelt there, with the rain running down from my clothing and out of my boots. I had been so kneeling for only a few minutes when I heard a sound of some one stirring in a bench not far away, and a figure came forward in the twilight and stood beside me. It was a woman. I turned my head and looked at her."

"Are you a priest?" she inquired, in a low, faltering voice.

"Yes," I answered. "What can I do for you?"

"Everything," she said. I knew by her voice that she was in a state of suppressed excitement. "I am a great sinner, but the good God has worked a miracle for me."

"Praise God!" I cried, rising from my knees at once. "I know now why I have come here."

"I have brought you here," she said, "or rather God brought you here for me. I promised Him that if a priest came into the church within an hour, I would believe in Him and go to confession. I had heard the sacristan tell a man that the only priest in the town had gone away for the day."

"She went on to explain that many years before she had lost her faith and ceased to be a Catholic. Living among Protestants and unbelievers, she had felt no desire for any kind of religion, led a pleasant life, and never thought of the future. On that morning she had arrived in the town from a country house ten miles off, with a party of friends, to attend a mid-day theatrical performance. When they arrived at the place of amusement some unaccountable repulsion to the idea of entering it seized on her; and to the annoyance of her friends, she declared her intention of separating herself from the party and going at once to the hotel where they were to dine. After some remonstrance and persuasion, her friends allowed her to indulge her whim; and went into the theatre, while she remained without."


"At this moment she felt no desire to go anywhere in particular — only an unreasonable and, to herself, incomprehensible aversion to entering that place of amusement. Instead of proceeding straight to the hotel, she thought she would explore the town a little. Seeing the church door open, she went in. She thought it a dark, disagreeable-looking place; but something stronger than her aesthetic tastes urged her to remain. Sitting down in one of the benches, memory began working within her, and recollections of her early days and their forgotten teachings came stealing up out of the long-shut-up chambers of her brain. After an hour spent sitting in that dark, damp, solitary corner, her hands covering her face, her mind a battleground between the spirit of grace and the sceptical spirit of the world, she could endure it no longer — she dare not depart without making some effort to correspond with the suggestions of God's presence now so suddenly and unexpectedly put before her. All at once she surprised herself by dropping on her knees and speaking aloud in the silence of the sacred place."

"If Thou wilt send me a priest here within an hour," she said, "I will believe in Thee."

"No doubt it was an audacious address to the Almighty — to Him who said: 'An unbelieving generation asketh for a sign, and a sign shall not be given it.' But who can tell the designs or limits the favors of a God whose mercies are known to be beyond all His other

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AN IRISH FAIRY SONG.

By Rev. J. B. Dollard (Sluag-na-Mon.)
 By light o' the moon, at the gray cairn stone
 A wonderful sight you'll see;
 By light o' the moon when the ban-shee's croon
 Comes faint o'er moor and lea,
 Weird cloud-shapes hurry athwart the sky,
 The drowsy glens are still,
 And the march you'll see of the Sluag Shee.
 By light o' the moon on the hill.
 By light o' the moon you'll hear-ken soon
 Strange music throbbing sweet,
 The harp-notes hold of the bards of old
 Your trance'd ear shall greet,
 For theirs are tunes and the mystic runes
 By the fairies filched away,
 And they echo still on the moonlit hill
 When the elfin minstrels play.
 By light o' the moon, as the reed-pipes croon
 The Fairy Hosts are seen,
 And bright and gay is their war-array
 With the glint of shield and skeue;
 They wage once more the wars of yore,
 Fierce fights of the dim days past,
 When the Fionn brave, by Baskin's wave,
 Hailed Oisín's trumpet blast.
 By light o' the moon, at the cairn stone
 The fairy minstrels weep,
 And the melting tone of their sorrow's moan
 The winds of Eire keep,
 They weep her Harpers dead and gone,
 Whose songs would haunt and thrill;
 They mourn and wail o'er the wrongs of the Gael
 By light o' the moon on the hill.
 *Sluag Shee—The fairy army.

CHERISHED GIFT

The crowded streets, even at the hours after dark, the gaily decorated windows of the shops and stores the many people hurrying to and fro, each laden with as many bundles as he could carry, the omnipresence of holly and mistletoe, and the hundreds of cedar trees which abounded everywhere, told in the plainest language that Christmas was near — in fact, that it was the eve of the great festival. The downy covering of snow which lay over the city, and the clear, blue, starlit sky above gave premonition of an ideal Christmas. The hurry and bustle of the pedestrians and the muffled rumble of the delivery wagons showed the eagerness of all for the coming day.

At the crossing of the two prominent streets stood a young lad. He was scarcely ten years of age, and his clothes showed signs of poverty. Under his arm was a violin and bow. Now and then he would place the instrument in position, and then drawing the bow over the quivering strings, play some familiar air after which coins of different worth were tossed to him. The young fellow occupied his post in this manner until a late hour. The people on the streets became fewer; the lights in the show windows were extinguished and quiet was beginning to reign.

Our little hero was about to turn down one of the streets, when he was accosted by a number of hilarious young men who had been spending the evening in a questionable manner. "Play us a tune, Johnnie," said one.

"Yes, a tune," echoed the others. Richard Marlowe, for that was the youngster's name, did as he was bid. Upon completion of the one air another was demanded and then another. "Let me see the old thing," said one of the crowd, whose condition was worse than the others. "Oh, no, no," said Richard in a tone of alarm. "You might break it."

the fallen one as he endeavored to regain an upright position.

"But what shall I do now?" the young lad sobbed.

"I don't know what you do. Here's a quarter. The old thing wasn't worth any more."

With this the ruffianly crowd proceeded up the street, leaving poor little Richard with his broken fiddle in his hand. He looked at it mournfully for a while and then burst into tears.

Just then a kindly hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning towards the newcomer, Richard saw a man of pleasant appearance with long, curly, black hair standing beside him.

"What's the matter, little man?" said the kind voice.

"Some fellows have broken my instrument, and"—tears rendered the completion of the sentence impossible.

"And you will not be able to play any more?" added the other.

"I don't know what to do. I was here to earn a few pennies for to-morrow, and, besides, I promised our choir-master I would play the offertory at the first Mass to-morrow morning, and now I can't. My mother is too poor to buy me another instrument."

"Then you are a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you play the violin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you come home with me? I will see if I can't give you a violin to take the place of your broken one."

Richard hesitated.

"It is getting late, and I ought to be at home. My father will be waiting for me," he finally said.

"Where do you live?" his benefactor asked.

Richard stated the street.

"Then my home is on your way. Come with me. I will give you the violin and will come to hear you play to-morrow morning. If you play well enough you shall have the instrument for a Christmas gift."

They then repaired to the gentleman's home. He was not only a prominent violinist of the city, but his reputation as a teacher was still greater.

In musical circles Professor Von Vallen occupied a foremost position. One of his eccentricities was a fondness for violins, which led him to purchase every good instrument he discovered.

Consequently he possessed a large collection. One of these he proposed to give to Richard.

When they reached the professor's bachelor apartments and the welcome glow of the hearth had warmed them somewhat, the professor brought out an old instrument. As he drew the bow carelessly over the strings, sweet and mellow tones issued from beneath his fingers. Richard stood entranced. If he could only play that way!

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"Is this as good as your old one?" questioned the professor.

"Much better, sir, much better," eagerly answered the boy.

"And is this for me?" he continued, incredulously.

"It is yours for to-morrow morning, and if your playing pleases me it is yours for always. Take it now and hurry home. To-morrow I shall be at the church to hear you. What church is it?"

Richard told him, and bidding him good night, hurried home.

The next morning, as the pealing of the bells called the faithful to the first Mass on Christmas morning, Richard hurried to the church, the precious violin under his arm.

He was a favorite of the choir-master, who, recognizing the natural musical talent latent in him, had given him a number of lessons. In arranging his musical programme the genial organist has asked the boy to play the Adeste at the offertory.

The young fellow was only too glad to comply. So, as he hurried to church this Christmas morning, he was at peace with the world. His heart longed for the time when he was to play, for he knew that the professor was there; but he knew, too, that by playing he would do honor to the Christ-child, born that night in the cold and lonely stable at Bethlehem.

The Mass had begun. In humble adoration the large congregation bowed before the Infant-God and sent its prayers of thanksgiving and love to the Father in heaven.

The exultant strains of the Gloria in Excelsis had died away and the offertory was now reached. Little Richard, in the organ loft, placed his violin on his shoulder and to the subdued accompaniment of the organ sang from his instrument the simple yet devotional strains of the Adeste Fidelis. Sweetly and clearly the notes rang out upon the air and in each swell and crescendo the innocence of his boyish heart was manifest.

Below the people thought of that wintry morning centuries ago when the angel chorus with the accompaniment of celestial harps announced the birth of the Saviour, so sweet and pure the melody seemed to them.

The professor, in a rear pew, sat spell-bound. His face was a study. He was more than surprised. He had discovered a wonderful musical diamond. He, of all others, thought only of the musical possibilities of little Richard. This Christmas had no higher meaning for him.

Mass was over. The people, having left the house of worship, were greeting each other merrily and here and there the illuminated Christmas-tree and the gay chatter of children gave proof that Santa Claus had paid many a home a friendly visit. The professor waited for Richard after Mass. As the little fellow saw him his first words were:

"Is the instrument mine, professor?"

"Yours for all time, my boy," cried the professor. "Come, take me to your mother. I have something to say to her."

After the professor's talk with the mother it was agreed that little Richard should take lessons from him and that she and Richard should live at the professor's studio. Thus our young hero's musical education began.

Years have passed. The mother of Richard has gone to her reward, and the professor is old and gray. Richard himself has been to Europe to complete his musical education, and is now returning home to his first teacher and patron.

The meeting is a happy one, and as the professor recognized the same old violin he gave his protege on that Christmas eve years ago he feels young again.

To-morrow is Christmas. Will the choir-master at the old church permit Richard to play the offertory at the first Mass on the next morning? Yes. But the church is no longer the small building of long ago. A magnificent temple with arched roof and stately columns has replaced it. These topics form the material for a long conversation between Richard and the professor.

The professor became confused. "I will come to-morrow. Let us go to rest now." And they retired.

The next morning, upon entering the church, the professor slipped into a rear pew, while Richard proceeded to the organ loft. How his innocent boyhood days came back to him, days of childish happiness dearly and eagerly awaited.

The services proceeded. At the offertory, the soft, dulcet tones of a violin greeted the community below. The prayerful simple strains of the Adeste Fidelis as they swelled forth in tender harmony, in soulful inspiration; the cadenzas and trills as they rippled through the vaulted nave spoke to the soul of each listener as music, angel's voice, only can. Richard has played that same air years ago; but now a mature musician with the slumbering muse fully awakened, all the pathos and tenderness of his soul poured itself out into that simple melody. The professor was entranced. His spirit was lifted from within him, and burying his head in his hands he prayed that the peace of the season might enter into his heart. This Christmas had a more significant meaning for him. He heard not the earthly musician; he heard the plaintive call of an Infant. God asking him to hasten and adore. He would respond to the call.

After Mass, when almost all the people had left the edifice, Richard found the professor still on his knees.

"I must go," he whispered to Richard, pointing to the confession-al. "I must respond."

Richard's prayer was satisfied. Through all the years in which he had known the professor his greatest wish was to see him return to his religion. At last his fondest hope was to be realized. Was this a merry Christmas for him? Was it for the professor? Yes. And that violin, the instrument the little boy received as a Christmas gift years ago, is now the cherished treasure of the full-grown man and consummate musician.

YOUR SORROWS. When sorrow, humiliation, and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them. It is a service that He cannot always render you despite the pleading of His Heart. Lovingly ask Him to come and share your suffering. That is the service of a friend which He will never refuse you, and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. (Give heed to a cough; there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

NEWMAN AND SCIENCE. I remember distinctly getting at once the impression from my very first conversation with Newman that the view then very commonly held as to his position to the intellect of the modern world was quite erroneous, and I was confirmed in this view some little time afterwards. He spoke to me about Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species."

I saw at once from the tone of his observations that both Roman Catholics and Anglicans were equally wrong in their views of his attitude to free scientific inquiry. Nothing could be more mistaken than to imagine that he looked at it askance, or with any alarm whatever as to its ultimate effects on Christian faith. That was certainly not perceived by the world at large in 1860. Even men who knew him fairly well were quite mistaken about him. They imagined he closed his mind to the teachings of science and that he clung to the Church of Rome out of fear of free inquiry. I am afraid that even at the present moment there are some who ought to know better who still misunderstand him in this respect, and mistake the critical faculty which made it impossible for him to accept as gospel scientific propositions which may be true but are still unproven for a cowardly and untruthful state of mind which must culminate in hopeless obscurantism.—From "Some Recollections of Cardinal Newman," in The Cornhill Magazine for November.

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LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

MR. CLEARY APPOINTED.

Mr. Francis Cleary, of Windsor, barrister, has been appointed deputy clerk of the Crown, clerk of the County Court and registrar of the Surrogate Court for the County of Essex.

DEATH OF MR. LATCHFORD'S CHILD.

Word reached the Parliament buildings on Monday that Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works, had again been bereaved, this time by the death of his young daughter Margaret. Mr. Latchford's sister died about a fortnight ago.

ST. BASIL'S CATHOLIC UNION.

In spite of the inclement weather there was a very successful meeting of the St. Basil's Catholic Union last Monday night. On next Monday the Mock Parliament will be dispensed with for the evening. In its place Mr. J. M. Lalor and Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan will read papers and an interesting debate to abolish 'Trial by Jury' will be engaged in by Mr. Edward V. O'Sullivan and Mr. Frank C. Foy. These will be the only members taking part in the debate and an interesting time will be looked for.

LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT ON THE ICE.

Last Friday Miss Bessie Blair, fourth daughter of the Minister of Railways and Mr. H. A. Harper, assistant editor of The Labor Gazette, were drowned in the Ottawa River, going through an air hole in the ice. Miss Blair and a companion, Mr. Creelman, went in first, and Mr. Harper plunged in to the rescue of the young lady. Mr. Creelman was the only one rescued. The bodies have been recovered. The accident has cast a deep gloom over Ottawa.

ST. MARY'S C. I. & A. A.

The regular meeting was held in the rooms of the Association on Sunday afternoon, the president, Mr. C. J. Read, in the chair.

Reports were handed in by the various committees, and four new members were introduced. On motion of Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, it was decided to communicate with the various Catholic societies with the object of arranging a series of inter-club debates.

A pleasing feature of the meeting was the presentation of a fur cap and gauntlets to Mr. D. A. Carey, the retiring president, as a slight recognition of his past services. The presentation was made by Mr. J. J. Murray on behalf of the association, and Mr. Carey feelingly responded.

DEATH OF MRS. CURRAN.

Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, Branch No. 1, Toronto, passed the following resolution on the death of Mrs. Curran, the mother of their esteemed brother and president, Joseph Curran, on Wednesday, November the 20th:

Resolved, that we, the officers and members of Branch No. 1, of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada, while bowing in humble submission to the Supreme Will of our Divine Master, respectfully tender to our worthy president our heartfelt sympathy and earnest condolence in his hour of sorrow and affliction, and we pray that the All Merciful God may grant eternal rest unto the soul of the deceased. G. T. Wright, secretary; J. J. O'Regan, 1st vice-president.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

John O'Neill, chief of the second battalion of the Detroit, Mich., fire department, has devised an invention to do away with the necessity of sending men up the ladders where it is desired to manipulate a stream from the top of an aerial truck, as is often necessary when working on fires on high buildings. This invention renders the ordinary aerial truck available for the work of the water tower, which is a very expensive apparatus. The invention consists of a ring set on a swivel and fastened to the ring of the ladder next to the top. The ring supports the hose nozzle by a clamp, and the ladder is swung up beside the burning building with the hose attached. By means of a rope and the ordinary adjustments of the ladder, the stream is under

the absolute control of the fireman on the ground. It is possible to get closer to a burning building than would be otherwise possible. The device has been in very successful use for some time on the trucks of the Detroit fire department.

THAT YUKON PLOT.

The Boston Globe. Mr. Joseph Smith, of Lowell, was asked if he cared to throw any light upon the daring plot to seize the Yukon Territory, which has just been discovered by the Canadian police in that far-off, frozen country.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Smith, "that the sleepless vigilance of the Yukon police should have unearthed the conspiracy. Had the conspirators followed the advice of their best friends they would never have attempted this thing in an Alaskan summer; they would have waited for the Arctic winter, when the Canadian police enter upon their long season of sleep and hibernation; then they could easily have captured the whole country and sneaked off with it across the Japanese sea, down through the Indian Ocean, and landed in the neighborhood of Lorenzo Marquez before the police and polar bears woke up."

"It is a great mistake to imagine the Fenians had anything to do with this particular movement; they are too busy just now laying pipes to drain the St. Lawrence River and leave Canada high and dry."

"I am breaking no confidence when I say that the Yukon insurrection was a scheme of the Manhattan ice trust, which, owing to the defeat of Tammany, will cut no ice in New York next year. Their purpose was to seize the country, use it as a cold storage vault for kidnapped reformers, as well as using it as a base for supplying ice to the Philippines. They also intended to run a line of steamers to supply ice-cream to the natives of Hindoostan and northeastern Africa."

"It cannot be denied that British Alaska is seething with discontent, and any scheme which will make the country too warm for the British, or anybody else will be popular. The inhabitants of Dawson have vainly endeavored to have the Government adopt plans for warming the sidewalks in winter and supply free coal and steam to Canadian veterans."

"A Canadian veteran is a citizen who desired to go to the Transvaal War and who was prevented by previous engagements from doing so. Then, again, the people demand that the native tongue, Yukonese, be taught the children in the public schools. It does not matter that there are no children or schools there; a wise and prudent government would have promised these reforms."

"It is significant of the good relations existing between this country and Canada — showing the hopelessness of assaults on the integrity of the North Pole — that all the documents relating to the conspiracy were seized on American territory by the Canadian police. Any man who has attended the melodramas at the Harvard Athenaeum or read historical novels knows that this fatal habit of keeping the documents, proclamations, plans, specifications and military rosters of conspiracies lying around loose in trunks has wrecked some splendid schemes."

THE IRISH IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. J. F. Hogan also contributes an interesting article to the November number of The Contemporary Review. It is entitled "First Steps of the New Commonwealth," and embodies Mr. Hogan's impressions and experiences as an eye-witness of the recent Australian Federation. He gives some well-drawn pen-pictures of the members of the first Federal Government, and eulogizes the Irish member of the Cabinet, the Hon. R. E. O'Connor, for the "exceptional tact, knowledge and ability" with which he has led the Senate or Upper Chamber. Most of Mr. Hogan's article is occupied with a discussion of the two great problems that confront the infant Commonwealth — a "white Australia" and foreign complications in the Pacific. As for the former, Mr. Hogan is strongly of opinion that the

Karaka labor traffic, which has never been anything else but thinly-disguised slavery, should be suppressed as soon as possible.

CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

We have received a folder of the International Exhibition in Cork next year. The views of the Exhibition grounds and buildings are excellent and give promise of a satisfactory time in store for exhibitors and a good time for visitors on pleasure bent. The main building of the Exhibition, as is naturally supposed, is the Industrial Hall. This covers roughly about 120,000 superficial feet. Next in point of architectural and popular importance is the Concert Hall, which is capable of accommodating from five to six thousand people. The other buildings of note are the Machinery Hall, the Fine Art Hall, and the Agricultural Hall, which will be in the hands of persons who propose to make them as attractive and instructive as possible; and the grounds are studded with ornamental buildings of various kinds, such as Restaurants, Tea Houses, Kiosks, and arbors of various kinds.

A GOOD SIGN.

It is an encouraging sign of the times when a secular journal of the high standing of The Baltimore Sun takes the following stand on the divorce question:

"The hope of the land is in the unity of the home. It is the lack of this that promotes divorces and breaks up families, separating husband from wife and child from parent. It is a vice which attacks society at almost every point, but mainly at the two extremes, the highest and the lowest; and some of the exhibitions which are made in the divorce courts by the so-called 'smart set,' who hold themselves apart as being better or more select than others, have shocked the moral sense of the people. The ease with which divorces are obtained is one of the greatest promoters of vice, and it is doing its part in undermining the foundation upon which true civilization, and the social fabric rest. One of the first and greatest reforms in the interest of social purity would, therefore, be to do away with divorces, and so put an end to what has been not inaptly termed 'consecutive polygamy.'"

ROBERTS DID NOT HURT BULLER.

The London correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal writes: The belief current in the army, set about by no one knows who, is that Lord Roberts was the prime mover in the proceedings that culminated in the dismissal of General Buller. I am informed, on authority on which I can place absolute reliance, that this is the reverse of the fact, and that Lord Roberts was against the punishment meted out to General Buller. It was Mr. Broderick who insisted on placing General Buller in a position which it was known would lead to his removal. Lord Roberts, although he had not been on the best of terms with General Buller, was opposed to the Secretary of State on the line to be taken, but he ultimately surrendered his own judgment, when the King sided with Mr. Broderick.

DEATHS

CURRAN — In Montreal on December 5th, John Curran, a native of County Down, Ireland.

FITZGERALD — In Montreal on the 5th December. Francis Fitzgerald, waiter, aged 62 years and 9 months, native of County Longford, Ireland.

O'ROURKE — In Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 3, 1901, Joseph, fourth son of Lawrence O'Rourke, in his 30th year.

BERMINGHAM — In Montreal, on the 2nd inst., Mary Jane McCormack, aged 31 years, 1 month and 20 days, a native of Riverstown, County Sligo, Ireland, and beloved wife of Michael Bermingham.

GLEESON — In Montreal, on the 2nd instant, Margaret Burke, beloved wife of James Gleeson, and daughter of Gabriel Burke, aged 28 years.

TOOHY — At the mother house of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, on November 30th, Rev. Sister St. Elphege, born Florence Kate Toohy, second daughter of the late John Toohy, engineer on the Arthabaska and Three Rivers branch, died at the age of 33 years, 2 months and 25 days.

PRENDERGAST — In Montreal, on December 7th, Bridget Whelan, widow of the late Patrick Prendergast, of New Ross, County Wexford, Ireland, aged 71 years.

CONROY — At General Hospital, on 9th December, Joseph Conroy, in his 41st year.

COLLINS — In St. John, N. B., on December 2nd, Jeremiah, beloved son of Michael and Mary Collins.

DRISCOLL — At Halifax, N. S., December 7th, 1901, Mary Ann, daughter of Ellen and the late Cornelius Driscoll, aged 30 years.

FITZPATRICK — At Halifax, N. S., on December 2nd, 1901, John F. Fitzpatrick, aged 25 years, son of William and the late Mary Fitzpatrick.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat is Lower—The Live Stock Trade—Latest Quotations. Tuesday Evening, Dec. 10. Toronto St. Lawrence Market.

The receipts of grain on the street market were quite light this morning. There were only 600 bushels received. Prices were unchanged. Wheat—Was steady, 100 bu selling at 73c per bu. Barley—Was steady, 300 bu selling at 63 1/2c per bu. Oats—Were steady, 2 1/2 bu selling at 49c to 49 1/2c per bu. Hay—Was steady, 4 loads selling at \$11 per load for Timothy and \$8.75 to \$9 per load for clover.

Toronto Live Stock.

There was quite a revival in the trade at the Toronto Cattle Market this morning, as a result of the good demand caused by the approach of Christmas. Export cattle felt the impetus as greatly as any class, and butchers' cattle sold at prices as high as those for exporters. The best butchers' sold were really as good animals as some of the best exporters. Sheep also were a little firmer, while lambs were easier. There were 90 car loads received, including 1,000 cattle, 1,814 sheep and lambs, 70 hogs and 20 calves. Export Cattle—Were selling well on account of the extra good demand. The best lots brought \$5 per cwt. There were quite a lot of sales at prices in the neighborhood of \$5 per cwt. Butchers' Cattle—Were greatly improved in their selling ability. The Christmas trade advanced their prices. The quality of the butchers' cattle also was much improved. The best Christmas butchers, which were quite as good as the best exporters, sold at \$5 per cwt. Medium butchers brought \$3.25 to \$3.85 per cwt. Stockers—Were a little off color to-day, the demand being not so strong as formerly. Heavy animals sold at \$3 to \$3.55, and lighter ones at \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt. Sheep—Were about 25c per cwt lighter today on account of good export demand. They brought from \$3 to \$3.25 per cwt. Lambs—Were a little easier, the offerings being very numerous. They sold at \$3 to \$3.50 per cwt. Hogs—Were unchanged. They are selling now at \$6.12 1/2 for choice, \$5.87 1/2 for light and \$5.00 1/2 for heavy.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,000; steady; good to prime, \$6.40 to \$7.50; poor to medium, \$4 to \$6.25; stockers and feeders, \$3 to \$5.25; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.25; hogs, \$4.25 to \$5.30; canners, \$1.25 to \$2.25; bulls, \$2 to \$4.70; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.25; sheep—Receipts, 50,000; left over, 7,000; active; 5c higher for heavy.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

East Buffalo, Dec. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 220 head; steady at yesterday's prices; veals, best, \$7 to \$7.25; fair to good, \$5 to \$6.25; poor to medium, \$3.75 to \$4.25. Receipts, 12,000 head; higher; pigs unchanged; Yorkers, \$9.00 to \$9.50; light do, \$8.50 to \$9.00; heavy do, \$8.00 to \$8.50; pigs, \$5.25 to \$5.50; roughs, \$5.25 to \$5.50; stags, \$5.75 to \$6.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 10,200 head; steady to strong; active; lambs, \$4.50 to \$4.80; good to choice, \$4.40 to \$4.70; culls to fair, \$3.50 to \$4.40; sheep, choice hands, \$11.00 to \$12.00; heavy export ewes and wethers, \$5.50 to \$6.00; yearlings, \$3.75 to \$4.

Leading Wheat Markets.

Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Chicago Dec. 9 85 1/2 85 3/4 81 1/2 81 1/2 Dec. 10 85 3/4 85 3/4 81 1/2 81 1/2 Duluth 1st Nov. 81 81 79 1/2 79 1/2 Minneapolis 1st Nov. 77 77 75 1/2 75 1/2 Detroit 1st Dec. 81 81 79 1/2 79 1/2 St. Louis 1st Dec. 85 85 84 1/2 84 1/2

British Markets.

London, Dec. 10.—Close—Wheat, on passage quiet and steady; cargoes about No. 1 Calif., iron, passage, 30s 6d sellers; iron, passage, 20s 6d sellers; iron, December, 30s 6d sellers. Maize, on passage firm but active. Wheat—English country markets of yesterday firm. French country markets of yesterday quiet. Liverpool, Dec. 10.—Close—Spot wheat quiet; No. 1 standard California, 6s 3d to 6s 4d; No. 2, 6s 1d to 6s 2d; No. 3, 5s 11d to 6s 1d; futures quiet; March 6s 2 1/2d to 6s 3d; May 6s 1d to 6s 2d; June 6s 1d to 6s 2d. Paris, Dec. 10.—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; December 22 1/2, 60c, March and June 22 1/2.

ABOUT TEMPER.

There are three reasons why one ought to control his temper, and the first is self-respect. When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license, but there must surely come a recreation of regret. When he is calm again and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he

WANTED — TWO FEMALE

Catholic teachers, with second-class professional certificates, capable of teaching French and English, for primary and third forms of North Bay Separate School. Duties to commence January 3, 1902. Apply station salary and experience, with testimonials, on or before Dec. 15, to REV. D. J. SCOLLARD, North Bay, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR

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

TEACHER WANTED — TO

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

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for McINTY WATCH, featuring an illustration of a pocket watch and text describing its quality and availability.

Large advertisement for Confederation Life insurance company, featuring the headline 'THE TIME TO INSURE IS NOW' and details about their policies and head office in Toronto.

Text describing the benefits of insurance and the company's commitment to providing protection for families.

Advertisement for Grand Trunk Railway System, detailing Christmas and New Year holidays for 1901-2, including fares and schedules.

Advertisement for Bell Artistic Pianos and Organs, highlighting the quality and variety of their instruments.

Advertisement for Mantels and Grates, showcasing a variety of styles and materials available for home use.

Advertisement for Bell Organ and Piano Co., Limited, located in Quebec, Ontario, with contact information for their Toronto branch.

Large advertisement for The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, featuring the headline 'Not Only the Economy Nor Yet the Comfort Alone' and an illustration of a heating system boiler.